

earnest well-meant effort is followed by proportionate result. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Our painful attempts at self-culture will bring forth fruit in due time; our work for God will certainly not be labor wasted. "In due season we shall reap if we faint not." Apparent failure is a token of coming success. Christ taught us this when He said, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but *if it die*, it bringeth forth much fruit." The first step in the process of growth and increase is outward decay and apparent destruction. If, then, we have fallen into despondency, we will now rejoice the more in the voice of spring-tide, for "Hope is brightest when it dawns from fears."

There is another song of spring, and it is the great truth of the Resurrection. We see risen and awakened life all around us. Not only have the roots and seeds been quiet underground, but hosts of insects, in their pupa form, have been sleeping through the winter, and now break from their long-sealed cases and emerge into fairer and more perfect life. It is Nature's Easter-tide, and teaches us that we, too, should arise from the slumber of indifference or sin that has overtaken us, and go forth to renewed activity and higher life. And then, too, with what power spring speaks to us of the last great Resurrection day! It was on a spring morning that Christ arose from the grave and became the first-fruits of them that slept.

Spring, too, has a song of consolation for the mourner. The flowers that are springing up on that much-loved plot in God's acre, are messages to the sorrow-laden heart of a spring-tide not so very far distant, when the worn-out dust we laid there with many tears shall arise to blossom as a flower in the Eden above.

But what manner of men and women ought we to be, who are the heirs of so bright a hope?—*Sunday School Chronicle*.

## Death, as Seen from this Side and from That.

BY REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON, MIMICO

*For the Review*

A dark, heavy, threatening cloud overspreads the sky. But that cloud is heavy, and dark, and threatening on this side only. The other side, if we could but see it, is radiant with heavenly light. We can easily imagine that this storm cloud of ours may be seen on the other side by angels, and that they gaze with admiration on its glowing colors as we gaze with admiration on the golden glories of a sunset. How different the cloud appears as seen from this side and from that. We may well believe it is just so with death. Viewed from this side it is the "shadow feared of man." But wait till we get above the cloud; then what was gloomy will be radiant. Thus death has two sides,—a dark side that is turned toward the earth, and a bright side that is seen from heaven.

## Germans in the County of Waterloo.

BY REV. H. F. THOMAS, BRESTON.

*For the Review.*

A section of the Fatherland transplanted to Canada is found in Waterloo County, Ontario. There the *breizel* is still heard of and sturdy folk salute one another in the language of Martin Luther though Methodists and Baptists and Mennonites and Amish share the religious allegiance of the people. Devout feeling runs deep and steadfast adherence to right leads to strange results. No Mennonite wears a moustache. Hooks and eyes replace buttons. Hair is often uncut. The women wear a plain straight gown with a simple herchief pinned across the bosom, but under the poke-bonnet beams a kind face, and an honest glance in the eye shows a soul at peace with God and man.

Enter their homes. Humble they may be. A wide kitchen, which is sitting and working room combined. Doors lead out to bed rooms whose spotless covers and downy pillows promise much to the

wearied, one to the state parlor where cosiness and comfort reign and family ingenuity and skill are treasured up, another to the home held, it may be, by the married son or daughter. Trim and snug are the barns—sometimes better than the home, but not so often now that German thrift has begun to tell and the wilderness of wood to blossom with barley and wheat. Every German is a born gardener. The old ladies may be seen in autumn storing away seed for next year and you are favored if a share is loaned to be returned when the donor runs short. In spring-tide the earth fairly bubbles over with laughing flowers, and succulent vegetables, concealed behind this advanced guard, show the results of the home-made forcing box carefully fertilized and covered by a window sash. Talk of salads! No one has seen or tasted unless he has been favored by these skillful manipulators who take the despised "greens" and make tasty dishes not only to tempt the individual's appetite but restore his strength.

The love of color is seen in the picturesque costumes of the societies which flourish in the towns and villages. The gravity and solemnity of the ritual when employed by a German lodge is quite impressive. Musical taste keeps up a band, and it is one of the pleasures of summer evening sauntering or winter entertainment to hear the enlivening strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein," and see the grave faces light up with tenderness, while mellow voices, half-unconsciously, hum the accompaniment. The Turnverein, Liederkrantz, or German Club gives sociability a vent. Pleasant conversation with jest and song and, on the part of the young folks, a little hop pass a pleasant evening. All related, or at least acquainted, for a generation or more, it is almost a family party.

Their national respect for law and order is given freely to the institutions of our beloved Canada. They may be slow and cautious in forming friendships, but what would you have? A stranger must feel his way. During a Montreal merchant's absence, a port clerk asked a customer, "What per cent. do you make over cost?" "Oh! sometimes five" replied the German. After the laughter subsided, he added, "Perhaps I don't count like you. When I buy here in Montreal for \$1.00, and sell for \$2.00, that is one per cent." No time is wasted by this citizen in rocky lands or sandy hills. If he comes to Ontario, nothing but the garden of Canada takes his eye, and he knows enough to stay here too. One man related how his great-grandfather, about 1812, picked his way through the forest, going ahead with the axe to remove saplings, while one of the children drove, till he could squat on the site of his choice. Here he hewed out his home. Much more might be related did space permit, but come and see us. A warm welcome awaits the visitor.

## A Brief Meditation on the Lord's Supper—Communion.

BY REV. D. PATERSON, D.D., ST. ANDREWS, P.Q.

*For the Review.*

The Lord's Supper is frequently called The Communion and the day on which it is observed "Communion Sabbath." This is in accordance with Scripture phraseology: (1 Cor. 10. 16.) The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ? That is, a participation in His body and blood. It implies sharing something along with another, or others; joint participation in a common blessing, in which they have fellowship together.

But there is, in the first place, Communion with Christ Himself; reciprocal action between Him and His people, viz.: that of giving and receiving.

The ordinance is called "The Lord's Supper," and the Communion table, "The Lord's Table," and that, not merely because the Lord appointed it, but because He is present there. He is the entertainer, and the communicants are His guests. It is Christ that gives us His flesh to eat and His blood to drink; and we should receive it, not as from the minister or the elders who distribute the elements, but as from the hands of the Lord Himself.