

Service can be substituted for participation of the Gifts there offered. The Service is one whole, of which Partaking of the Gift is an *essential part*.

In this Holy Service we may see, as the early writers of the Christian Church saw, a wonderful fulfilment of the words of the Prophet Malachi (i. 11), "From the rising up of the sun even unto the going down of the same My Name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a *pure offering*: for My Name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of Hosts."

The word translated "*pure offering*," is "*Mincha*"—the offering of "*fine flour*." If the Holy Eucharist is not in a manner a "*Sacrifice*," this prophecy has no fulfilment.

In the Prayer after the Celebration in our Service we ask God "mercifully to accept this *our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving*."

"These words (as anyone who is in the least acquainted with any Communion Service besides our own well knows) allude not to any act of praise in the Service, but to the *Eucharist itself*." (M. F. Sadler.)

Family Department.

THE STREET CALLED "BY AND BY."

The street called "By and By" is smooth,
And down a hill it windeth;
And he who starts its crooked way,
Much cause for trouble findeth.
For at the entrance is a sign—
"Here put away Endeavor;
And down the street called 'By and By,'
You reach the house called 'Never.'"

The house called "Never" stands below
A grim and ghastly tower,
Whose broken windows, shattered roof,
And ruined turrets lower,
While from the casement gaunt Despair
A warning shrieks forever;
"Take heed! The street called 'By and By'
Leads to the house called 'Never!'"

What matter though the way be fair,
And flowers tempt my straying,
Tho' strife be hard, and rest be sweet,
And easy the delaying;
If, at the end, I surely find
That Hope and I must sever,
When down the street called "By and By"
I reach the house called "Never!"

—Selected.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Every child who has been to church and Sunday school, knows that on Whitsunday the Church celebrates the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the disciples which took place on the Jewish Feast of Pentecost forty days after our Lord's rising from the dead, and ten days after His Ascension into Heaven. He had bidden His Apostles wait at Jerusalem for this blessing, and they had obeyed His voice, spending the ten days in prayer and in the election of St. Matthias to fill the place of the traitor Judas. On this Day of Pentecost when the disciples were gathered together, the Lord's promise was fulfilled. The Holy Spirit came with the sound of a rushing mighty wind, and the appearance as of tongues of fire, and they were filled with the Holy Ghost, and that very day three thousand persons were added to the infant Church.

The Holy Spirit comes no more with any visible sign, but He is still present with the Church to comfort, to teach, and to help—as much the youngest child as the oldest man—as much in what we call small things as in great. If you are puzzled with a hard lesson or a difficult examination paper, you may ask Him to help you. If you are in trouble over some quarrel with a friend, or grieved with an unjust reproof from a teacher, for such things do some-

times happen—you can ask the Holy Spirit to set matters right. If you find it hard to restrain that hasty temper, to govern that unruly tongue, to conquer that bad habit, ask the help of the Holy Spirit and if you ask in faith and honesty you will surely receive it.

Never forget, boys and girls, that you are members of Christ's Church and soldiers in His army. Be faithful to your Great Commander, and be sure He will never forget you. He will help you in all your battles and comfort you in all your troubles. He has prepared for you a place in His Father's house, and He has sent His Holy Spirit to lead you thither—only follow His guidance and whether the road may be short or long, smooth and bright, or rough and thorny, it will surely take you home at last.—Selected.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

The pear tree stood by the kitchen window and was just six feet high. Jack had measured it on the first day of the month ever since it had been planted, and he was never an inch out of the way when he told its height. The fact is it was his own tree, and he had a right to watch its growth and lavish unusual care upon it. Last summer it had borne two pears, which a hail-storm had destroyed, and of the sixteen that had promised fair this season but six remained on the tree.

Jack watched the luscious fruit with as much anxiety as a mother bestows upon her baby. His grandfather had given the young tree to him on his eighth birthday, and he intended to celebrate the dear old man's seventieth milestone in life by carrying him the delicious pears that now hung so temptingly on the tree.

One bright September morning as he stood feasting his eyes upon the great yellow pears, his father said with a smile: "Take a good look my boy, for to-morrow will be the day to pick them."

"Grandfather's birthday will not be round till Thursday," answered Jack.

"But the pears should be picked a day or two before," said his father.

Jack dreamed of the beauties that night, and as soon as the sun was up he sprang out of bed and went to his window to get a glimpse of the golden fruit gleaming through the glossy leaves. The dew upon the leaves was shining as usual, but no pears were visible. He rubbed his eyes to be sure he was awake and looked again, but no pears were there. There had been a storm in the night, and Jack's next thought was that the pears had been beaten off, and downstairs he went, two steps at a time, to search among the grass for his treasure. He looked everywhere, but no pears could be found.

"Dorcas," he called to the cook, "do you know what has become of my pears?"

Dorcas came out of the kitchen, dishcloth in hand, certain that she had not heard Jack's words aright.

"You don't mean to tell me, Massa Jack, dat your pears has been took?"

"They are all gone, Dorcas; and as they could not walk off of themselves, somebody must have taken them."

"Seems mighty strange," admitted Dorcas, as she went back to her cooking.

"I believe Fred Colby took them," he said to himself after Dorcas had gone. "I saw him looking wistfully at them yesterday while he was talking to father."

Walking slowly across the grass-plot, he noticed footprints on the walk where the previous night's rain had left the ground soft and moist.

"Here's a clue to the theft, certainly," said Jack, following the footsteps with as much eagerness as an Indian follows the trail of an enemy.

Although Jack had fastened the crime on Fred Colby, he was surprised when he found that the

footprints actually led to the fence that separated Mr. Colby's lot from their own.

"What have you lost, Jack?" inquired his mother, from the sitting room window.

"My pears; they have vanished entirely."

"Why, that is very strange, indeed. The storm must have blown them off. Did you look carefully among the grass?"

"I have been searching for them everywhere, but it was a useless search, for they have been stolen. I found the tracks, and they lead directly to Mr. Colby's fence."

"Do not jump at conclusions. You may be mistaken," said his mother.

"I am not mistaken mother. The tracks are there to show for themselves; besides, if anything was wanting to prove my words, I found these leaves right by the fence, and they are pear leaves. Just judge for yourself," passing the leaves to her.

"What's up now?" asked Fred Colby as Jack still continued his search.

"Somebody stole my pears last night. The tracks are not hard to trace," answered Jack, reaching through an opening in the palings for a few leaves which, he said, belonged to his pear tree.

"You might as well accuse me of the theft," said Fred, turning very white.

"I think the evidence points that way. Just come over and examine the footprints for yourself."

"You will pay for this insult, my boy. I never touched your pears, and it is my opinion you have been sampling them yourself," retorted Fred.

There is no knowing how much longer the jangling would have continued had not Dorcas rung the bell for breakfast.

Just after Jack and his mother had taken their places at the table, Dr. Norris came in from seeing a patient, and joined them.

He listened gravely while Jack repeated the story of the missing pears.

"Am I not clever in working up a case, father?" asked the boy, with considerable pride.

"You have made a very good start if you can bring evidence to prove your statement," answered his father. "Are you certain that you are on the right track, my boy?"

"I was never more sure of anything in my life," answered Jack.

"Many an innocent person has been condemned upon circumstantial evidence, but I do not intend that Fred Colby shall suffer for my crime. It was I who took your pears, Jack. What about your chain of evidence now?"

"You, father? How came you to take them?" asked Jack, in astonishment.

"As you know, I was called away during the night. The wind was blowing then, and as I passed your tree I saw one of the pears lying on the ground. I saw, too, that a storm was approaching, and, to save your pears from being tossed about and bruised, I took them off. The steps that you thought belonged to Fred were made by me while searching for my knife, which I thought I had lost somewhere among the grass." Then, rising from the table, the doctor opened a door of a small press and from its upper shelf took down a basket containing the pears.

"How I wish I had known of this sooner," said Jack. "Now I must go and ask Fred to forgive me. If I could only learn to be less rash, I would save myself a great deal of trouble."

"And other people as well," said his father. "Don't you suppose that Fred was hurt when you charged him with being a thief?"

"He surely must have felt it; but I will try to make things satisfactory," and Jack ran across the yard to apologize for the wrong he had done his friend. Fred forgave him freely, and after that Jack never made any positive statements unless he was able to prove them. From experience he had learned that it was never safe to depend upon circumstances alone.—Belle V. Chisholm, in *Christian Inquirer*.