

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

A HYMN FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Just as I am," Thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me;
To consecrate myself to Thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve, and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

"Just as I am," young, strong and free,
To be the best that I can be,
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make bold,
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life I come.

And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

—Selected.

A THOUGHT AND A PRAYER FOR EVERY DAY IN HOLY WEEK.

PALM SUNDAY.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ—the story of the Crucified One—is the very antidote for human pride. A spirit of humility must pervade the Christian life, there must be a willingness to repose on the Saviour's merits—to work in His strength—to live by His life—to be saved by Him eternally. Let sinful self be abased, and the Sin-bearer exalted.—*Be Thou my Jesus and my all!*

MONDAY BEFORE EASTER.

We believe in a living Christ. The ministry which the Lord Jesus carried on when on earth, He continues by His Spirit—His work is now even greater and more extended. Christ is with His people—our privileges, as Christians, are such that we can speak to Him when we will, without any diffidence, or shyness, or reserve—there is no waiting for an opportunity—we can always bring ourselves into His presence.—*Lord, make me both earnest and thankful.*

TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

Set Christ crucified daily before your eyes—be not shaken in the great doctrine of the Atonement. Pray to know the burden of sin, and the blessedness of relief—to feel your need of the Saviour, and to rejoice in finding Him. Our natural pride rebels against the truth, but try to be humble Christians, to be childlike, to receive the Scriptural account of man's redemption.—*God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!*

WEDNESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

Looking in faith to Jesus the Crucified, we cannot fail to become personally enriched—good will come to us—strength will be ministered to us to go on in the path of holiness, to become more complete, more perfect in obedience, more entire and thorough in the surrender of ourselves to the will of God.—*O Father, make me to know the unsearchable riches of Christ.*

THURSDAY BEFORE EASTER.

Our spiritual crucifixion, burial, and resurrection with Christ are no acts done once for all, but progressive work. Only by continual striving can we live up to our Christian duties aright. Day by day we must die to sin, become more truly separated from the sinful, and rise to newness of life here, having a good hope of the Hereafter.—*Help me, O God, passing through life's varied experiences, to attain to true life.*

GOOD FRIDAY.

We must learn beneath the Cross of Christ—we must look to the Saviour and mark His dying love—we must linger around the death-scene of the Son of God until our hearts receive the impression of the Cross upon them. Then, wherever our lot may be cast—whatever our work may be, we must daily seek the blood that washes white—the blood of sprinkling.—*Make me, Lord God, to walk in Thy truth!*

EASTER EVEN.

Let each Easter Day mark a period in our lives—make a point in life's journey. Truly it is a joyful day on which we commemorate the triumph of the Victor—the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. In Him we have hope for ourselves, and for others.—Hoping for the resurrection-life we will live for it—the love of Heaven shall kill all sinful affections of earth.—*Grant, Lord, that I may have part in the resurrection of the just.*—Selected.

THE MARTYRS OF U-GANDA.

"Those days are over," said Dick, with a sigh. Miss Mary had been talking to the boys about the noble Army of Martyrs, and the Great King of Martyrs who, as at this time, laid down His life for us. Dick thought it would have been easier to do right in a time when men went gladly to their death rather than deny their Lord. "But those days are over," he said, and sighed, remembering how he had stolen away to the five o'clock service that very afternoon, fearing lest the boys who did not know or care about Lent and its duties should guess that he was going to church.

Miss Mary did not seem to notice the sigh. Instead, she changed the subject, as Dick thought, rather abruptly.

"When you go home, boys," she said, "I wish you would look up the Victoria Nyanza on your maps. I know some of you have been interested in the accounts of the discovery of this great lake, but something happened near it only last year, of which you may not have heard, that adds a new interest to it.

"The English Church Missionary Society established a mission in Eastern Central Africa some time ago, and has had its missionaries working in U-Ganda for a number of years—long enough, indeed, for them to see a whole generation of little black fellows grow up to manhood.

"In all these years one would think that the people must have learned that the patient, self-denying missionaries were their true friends, who had given up a great deal to come to them, with the one desire to do them good. But of late the chiefs have grown suspicious of these good men, and their suspicions grew in strength after the seizure a short time ago, of a large extent of territory in East Africa, by Germany.

"As soon as the news of this seizure reached the capital, a council of the king and chiefs was held, and it was declared that the missionaries were sent to prepare the way for white men to enter and conquer their country, and that the only way to prevent this was to kill those who were already there, and to keep any others from entering.

"Two of the missionaries appeared before the council, and tried to show them how untrue it was that they were in league with the invaders. They said that the King in Whose Name they had come to Africa was a King of Peace, and that they desired only to teach the people to know and love Him; and that when the men of U-Ganda had learned this lesson, they would be only the better subjects of their earthly king.

"Their words had some little influence with the chiefs, and it was decided that the lives of the missionaries who were already in the coun-

try should be spared, but that no more should be allowed to enter U-Ganda. At this moment a man whose name I want you to remember—Bishop Hannington, sent by the Church of England to superintend the mission work in Eastern Central Africa—was making his way toward the capital. He had come within four days' journey of U-Ganda, when a secret council was held, and a company of men was despatched by King Mwanga to kill the Bishop and his whole party. These men went out to meet them, and they were taken to U-Soga, and for several days were kept in the stocks. The 31st of October was the day appointed for the execution, and although the absolute truth is not yet known, there is little doubt that on that day—only five months ago, Dick—brave Bishop Hannington and his companions were put to death.

"But earlier than this, in the month of June, on a bright day when you boys were busy over your lessons and your play, three Christian lads of your own age, in this same far-away land, gave up their lives for Christ.

"Ah, Dick! the days of the martyrs are not over yet. These baptized boys—our brothers in Christ—were seized by a band of soldiers under the captain of the king's body-guard, and were taken outside the town, and there burned to death."

"Miss Mary, is it true?" demanded Dick.

"Yes, it is true. And it is true, too, that these brave boys, like the first martyr, Stephen, were filled with the courage that the Holy Spirit of God imparts, and standing calm in the midst of the flames, sang a hymn of praise to the Lord Jesus, to whom they were going in triumphant pain."

Miss Mary's eyes shone. She seemed to see the martyr boys, and to hear their song of triumph. Dick seemed to see and hear them, too; and at the same time he saw himself, stealing off to church, in the fear that it should be guessed that he went on a week-day to worship his Heavenly Father in His holy house. His cheeks flushed with shame at the thought of his own cowardice, and as he went slowly home, still meditating on the martyrs of U-Ganda, he resolved that he would no longer pay his Lenten service secretly, nor be ashamed to own the King whom he had promised to serve all the days of his life.—*The Young Christian Soldier.*

"I CAN AND I WILL."

A writer in a contemporary tells a story to illustrate the difference between "I can't" and "I can and I will." The difference between victory and defeat; and the story, we trust, will so impress our readers that they will adopt the latter as their motto:

I knew a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood; but the third, a very difficult one, he had not performed. I said to him:

"Shall I help you?"

"No, sir! I can and will do it, if you will give me time."

I said to him: "I will give you all the time you wish." The next day he came into the room to recite a lesson in the same study. "Well, Simeon, have you worked that example?"

"No, sir," he answered; "but I can and will do it, if you will give me a little more time."

"Certainly, you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like those who are determined to do their work; for they make the best scholars, and men too. The third morning you should have seen Simeon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had