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STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him
 Who left his Father's Throne for thee,
 Laid His imperial glory by
 A dweller on our earth to be.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him
 Who in a manger lay for thee,
 Though King of kings and Lord of lords
 No other resting place had He.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him
 The man of sorrows borne for thee,
 Who drank and drained the bitter cup
 The cup of human misery.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him
 Who in the dark Gethsemane,
 As prostrate on the ground He lay
 Trembled and wept and bled for thee.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him
 Who stood at Pilate's bar for thee,
 While Herod and his men of war
 Railed in their cruel mockery.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him
 Who, fainting, bore the cross for thee,
 Till with His life-blood it was stained
 Upon thy summit, Calvary!

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him
 Who sanctified the grave for thee,
 Passed through its gate that thou might'st sing
 "O Grave, where is thy victory."

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him
 Who stands before the Throne for thee,
 Daily and hourly pleading there
 That where He is his saints may be.

Stand up for Jesus—stand for Him
 Whate'er thy lot in life may be,
 And when with glorious clouds He comes
 Thy Saviour shall stand up for thee.

E. B. S.

AN AFTERNOON VISIT TO THE METHODIST ORPHANAGE, ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

PERHAPS some of your readers would like to go with me to visit our orphanage. We have decided to go Thursday afternoon. It is a very cold day. After knocking, we stand on the front door steps, and we notice in the sitting room window the plain but neat winter curtains, and a few plants, and make the remark, "How warm and comfortable it looks." Just then the door is opened by one of our little orphans. With a little courtesy and a smile she bids us come in. In the hall we meet Miss Dotchen, the matron, who shows us into the room with the warm curtains, which is the reception or sitting room. It is plainly but comfortably furnished, and a nice bright fire burns in the grate. On the mantle is a clock, and some cards and toys, which the children have received at Christmas. Back of the door is the book case; here are all their Bibles and hymn books, and the prize books, which some of them have received at school. Until last summer the children had attended one of our public schools. The matron is assisted in the care of the house by Miss Oldham, which leaves her free to attend to the studies of the children. This plan of having school by themselves is much more satisfactory. We listened with much interest to all Miss Dotchen had to tell us about the children, and their daily life, which I would like to tell your readers, but it would make my letter too long.

There are now twenty girls in the Orphanage. The eldest in the Orphanage is only fifteen years old, the youngest is seven years old, and has been there but two weeks. She is a funny and a bright looking little