

## THIS WEEK'S VACANCIES.

ADDRESS.	SITUATION.	SALARY.	APPLICATION TO
Barnhill Hospital, Glasgow.	Trained Night Nurse.	£24, rising £2 annly. to £28. £60.	Lady Superintendent.
Birmingham Midland Eye Hospital.	Matron.		Secretary.
Bristol Royal Infirmary.	Two Night Nurses and Two Probationers.		Matron.
Bythorn, Corbridge-on-Tyne.	Trained Lady Nurse.		Miss Edwards.
Canterbury Nurses' Institute.	Trained Nurses.		Lady Superintendent.
Chelsea Infirmary, Cale Street.	Night Superintendent.	£35.	Matron.
City of Glasgow Fever Hospital.	Probationers.	£18.	Matron.
East Suffolk Hospital.	Night Nurse (Children's Wards).		Matron.
Essex and Colchester Hospital.	Trained Nurse.		Matron.
Gateshead Children's Hospital.	Probationer.		Matron.
Glamorgan Infirmary, Cardiff.	Night Sister, also Day Sister.	£23.	Matron.
Leeds District Nurses' Home, Lovell Street.	Trained Nurse.	£25.	Superintendent.
Monkwearmouth District and Accident Home.	Trained Nurse.		Secretary.
National Hospital, Queen Square, W.C.	Paying Probationers.	Fee 21s. per week.	Lady Superintendent.
Newlands, Ryde, Isle of Wight.	Trained Nurses (Two).		Matron.
Perth Sick Poor Nursing Association.	District Nurse Superintendent.		Secretary.
Royal Hospital for Children and Women, Waterloo Bridge Road.	Ward Sister.	£30.	Secretary.
Sheffield Jessop Hospital.	Matron.	£50.	Secretary.
St. Mark's Hospital, City Road, E.C.	Trained Nurse.	£25.	Matron.
West Coast of Scotland.	Trained District Nurse.		Miss Guthrie, Tiltam, Godalming, F. E. B.
Woodlands, Glasbury, Radnorshire.	District Nurse, and Certificated Midwife.		
Workhouse Infirmary Nursing Association.	Nurses and Midwives.		Hon. Secretary, 6, Adam Street, Strand.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.—It was old Izaak Walton who said "Every misery that I miss is a new mercy"—a saying worthy of the profoundest philosopher. It is only too true that misfortunes come to us on wings, but retire with a limping pace; and yet one-half the world are ready to meet calamities half-way, and indirectly to welcome them. There is scarcely an evil in life that we cannot double by pondering it; a scratch will thus become a serious wound, and a slight illness even be made to end in death by the brooding apprehensions of the sick; while, on the other hand, a mind accustomed to look upon the bright side of all things, will repel the mildew and dampness of care by its genial sunshine. A cheerful heart paints the world as it sees it, like a sunny landscape; the morbid mind depicts it like a sterile wilderness; and thus life takes its hues of light or shade from the character or disposition upon which it rests.

## THE "HOUSE OF LIFE."

THERE is many a fair house builded,  
 Its windows wide to the sun,  
 Its stairways glad with voices,  
 Its life as a house begun.  
 Round its strong foundations vainly  
 December's storms may sweep;  
 It hears not the winter tempests  
 That hurry across the deep.  
 The doors are barred and bolted,  
 The windows curtained warm,  
 And the happy group in the ingle  
 Care little for the storm.  
 Yet, as sunset flames and darkens,  
 Beyond the shining sands,  
 One recalls a wider ocean  
 And homes not made with hands.

The air is sweet with clover;  
 Afar, on the upland lawn,  
 The song of peace and of harvest  
 Begins with the misty dawn.  
 Of peace? There is siege and tumult,  
 The outposts are slowly won,  
 Defeat and victory striving,  
 And conquest surely begun.  
 Oh, "House of Life" beleaguered!  
 Day wanes, and so does hope.  
 The adverse planets are rising  
 That mar thy horoscope.

The great house stands unshaken—  
 The house three centuries old,  
 That faces the storm and the ocean,  
 And the sunset's purple and gold.  
 Nor rot nor worm in its rafters,  
 Nor crumbling into decay—  
 But the house so sorely beleaguered,  
 Grows weaker day by day.  
 There is one who enters unbidden,  
 Whose welcome is never said,  
 Who mounts the wide oak stairway,  
 That sounds not under his tread.  
 The garrison fail and falter,  
 The strongest were early slain;  
 Defence has been long and bitter—  
 And bitterest—all in vain.  
 The vanquished yield in silence,  
 The enemy saps the wall,  
 The conqueror stands on the threshold:  
 And Death is lord of all.

BOOKS, we know, are a substantial world, both pure and good.—*Wordsworth*.

MAKE the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower. She steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.

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