

patients by trying to imagine yourselves in their places and by conscientiously trying to do for them exactly what you would in your heart of hearts wish done for yourselves in similar circumstances.

ENTHUSIASM—A SKETCH.

By MISS BONSER.

Will you forgive me if I begin my short sketch with a quotation ?

“ When the dumb hours clothed in black
Bring the dreams about my bed
Call me not so often back,
Silent voices of the dead,
To the low fields behind me
And the sunlight that is gone !
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights before me.
On—and ever on ” !

You will remember the note of united enthusiasm struck in the hymn with which we began our Conference morning.

One the strain that lips of thousands,
Lift as from the heart of “ one.”

I think the essence of the “ joy of service ” lies in “ united enthusiasm ”—surely the most youth giving thing in the world. You cannot imagine an enthusiast “ old,” for him, or her the world is still full of possibilities and surprises.

But if we let our daily offering, our daily work degenerate into mere routine, is not that the first breath of Autumn, the first sign that we are getting old, and that for us the world is losing some of its freshness ?

It is very difficult to keep the Ideal in sight. Among, sometimes surroundings sordid and unsympathetic one is often tempted like a well known giant in enthusiasm, to lie down faint and weary, under the juniper tree.

But for the sake of our work, our fellow workers, and for those we are training, we must by every means in our power study to save the gift of enthusiasm from the ashes of disappointed egoism.

We cannot expect to see the completion of all we begin—does it really matter if we have our hearts on fire for our work ? As long as we know that we have dug and planted, can we not, in enthusiastic unselfishness, rejoice in the hope of what possibly may grow from our planting—when new and untired workers come forward to take the spade from our work hardened hands.

Let us therefore not grow old but rather, like the missionary nurse of whom Miss Creighton told us yesterday, let those of us who are twenty-nine this year come to the conference in 1914 as twenty-four!

We need unflinching young sympathy with the lives we train and with the sick we train them to nurse; and above all we need to cast the mantle of "self" from us—thus in the joy of seeing things progress, whether it is due to *our* thought, or anothers, we shall still, as in the days of pinafores, be able to clap our hands and shout—"Hurray"!

In reading Raymond Lull's life, 1235 to 1315, I was struck by one remark. "It is among the many marks of Lull's first rate greatness that his mighty purpose never flagged, not even under the depression of illness, want of support, nor increasing years."

Let us all determine that the "mighty purpose" of our lives shall never flag, and that whether success comes to us or to others as long as it comes to our profession, let us rejoice with a single hearted enthusiasm and defy the Beauty Specialists!

POEM.

LIFE.

Life, believe, is not a dream
 So dark as sages say;
 Oft a little morning rain
 Foretells a pleasant day.
 Sometimes there are clouds of gloom
 But these are transient all;
 If the shower will make the roses bloom,
 O why lament its fall?
 Rapidly, merrily,
 Life's sunny hours flit by,
 Gratefully cheerily,
 Enjoy them as they fly!

What though Death at times steps in,
 And calls our Best away?
 What though sorrow seems to win,
 O'er hope, a heavy sway?
 Yet Hope again elastic springs,
 Unconquered, though she fell;
 Still buoyant are her golden wings,
 Still strong to bear us well.
 Manfully, fearlessly,
 The day of trial bear,
 For gloriously, victoriously,
 Can courage quell despair!

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË.