

then told me plainly that Miss Flint was her mistress, and not me, and when she wanted my advice she would ask for it."

I felt almost afraid to look at Jabez and Betsy whilst Jane Cartwright was telling her story.

Betsy made no answer, but her husband managed to say that these young things were so wilful there was no guiding them, more's the pity.

I was sure that the same thought was passing through their minds that crossed

my own, and it sorely increased my perplexity.

I was not in the habit of asking questions about cousin Dorothy and her guest, but, to turn the conversation, I did inquire if Mr. Kenningham were still at the Hall.

"He is, Mr. John, but he is to leave to-morrow. I hear he is to come back for Christmas, and then we shall see what will happen."

Jane looked most knowing, and was evidently so interested in something to

come, that she made no further allusion to Sarah's iniquities.

She left the house immediately afterwards, saying that she had outstayed her time, and should be wanted at the Hall; and I went for a short stroll in order to give Jabez and Betsy time to recover from the shock which I was sure Jane's gossip would have given them. In my own mind I associated Sarah's lover and the man in hiding at the old cottage, and I could not doubt that he was George Harwood.

(To be continued.)

## ST. BERNARD'S AT BRIGHTON.

BY ANNE BEALE.



EVERYONE who visits Brighton knows that it is well furnished with churches and chapels of all creeds and denominations. But everyone does not know of a quiet afternoon service that takes place Sunday after Sunday at the Invalid Gentlewomen's Home in Dyke Road. Week by week the Rev. Snowden Smith officiates, and reads the Church of England service, and gives

a suitable address to the inmates of the Home. On the first Sunday of every month he administers the Holy Communion, and if the heart is attuned to sympathy, it must be awakened by the simple but solemn service.

We were privileged to attend it more than once, and felt that if ever the consolations of religion were welcome and gratefully received, it was here. Although there was much pathos in the thought that the little congregation was composed chiefly of the sick, suffering, or wearied women who came to the home in search of health or rest, there was nothing melancholy. The music and hymns were bright and cheerful, and the responses and singing in which all joined might have shamed many a large congregation where they are occasionally performed by clergyman and choir alone. With the open Bible before him, the kindly pastor spoke, so to say, to his little audience, and when his words were ended and the blessing pronounced, he remained awhile to talk face to face with such as chose to linger. It was truly a *bon quart d'heure*. Cheerfulness prevailed, and the flowers on the table of the large dining-room where the service was held seemed to whisper of peace and hope.

Indeed, cheerfulness seems the keynote of the instrument. When we all adjourned to the good-sized drawing-room for afternoon tea, always ready punctually at five o'clock,

the buzz of voices betokened it. Said one lady who had arrived the previous evening, and who looked depressed and ill, "I do not understand how they can all be so cheerful." But we understood. It was because there was a homelike feeling in the house, and the spirit of true religion brooded over it. The invalids were invited to interest themselves in such small details as the arrangement of the flowers; and, at the moment, one was presiding at the tea-table. She had been long in the Home, and was daily at her cheerful post, surrounded by her friends. There was, apparently, no chief to overlook them, for the lady who superintends the establishment came and went without special recognition, and mingled with her household as a member.

After tea, such as were inclined for music returned to the dining-room, where a piano and pianist were ready, and joined in singing "hymns and spiritual songs" until the supper hour, which is half-past seven. Here again cheerful conversation beguiled the meal. It was succeeded by prayers, and as early hours are one of the rules of the establishment, all lights were duly extinguished by half-past ten.

Perhaps not "all lights," since there are patients who need light and watchful care by night as well as by day. All the dwellers of St. Bernard's are not capable of joining in the Sunday services below stairs, but are not unfrequently confined to their beds above. Here all is done to alleviate suffering and restore health that a good nurse and two kind medical men can do. It is called an "Invalid Gentlewomen's Home," and the name speaks for itself. It can receive twelve ladies, whose payments vary from fifteen to twenty-five shillings per week, according to the room occupied. During the nineteen years of the existence of the Home it has witnessed a great variety of suffering, and, happily, numerous cases of restoration to health. It was founded for the "medical and surgical treatment of gentlewomen by birth and education;" in other words, for refined ladies whose means will not admit of more expensive change of air, together with care, nursing, and doctoring. Although not near the sea, the house is situated in a very healthy part of Brighton, and has the air from the downs blowing upon it, and mingling with the sea air from below. It stands high, and is so near the Children's Hospital that the invalids are permitted to walk in the spacious grounds of that Institution. It is essentially a convalescent home, though, as we said above, death sometimes creeps into it. Where does he not come, "with stealthy step and slow"? Several daughters of clergymen have died here, some without homes. One, whose father was dead, Ethel by Christian name, was attended with

loving care to the last moment of life, and passed away rejoicing in her Saviour. Another, the orphan of a dignitary of the church, died with such relatives as could be summoned around her, and amid the tears of her friends of the Home.

But we would rather instance the numerous cures, and the benefits both to soul and body of a residence at St. Bernard's. We allude to the vital part of our complex system advisedly, since young people come here with strange notions of religion, and have often left with faith strengthened by prayer and teaching. A friend and patient who has lain for many years on her couch in spinal complaint in the Home, is instrumental in this. Strong in faith herself, she is ever ready to help others. So is the Lady Superintendent. It seems unnatural to use the word agnostic in connection with youth; but sometimes governesses or lady clerks, or girls educating for doctors, arrive, who know and believe nothing of eternal truths. One, overworked and tired of harass and worry, said she "felt as if she had no faith, and was forgotten by God." But she went back to her work, hopeful and cheered, because, she said, "God has provided me with this resting-place, where I have had breathing time to learn of Him." Another, weak and languid, had no Bible with her. One was lent to her, marked in various passages, which she read, and after she had left the Home, strengthened for renewed work, she wrote, saying she had never before realised how little she knew of the Bible. This induced occasional letters on the study of the sacred volume, which proved that she was seeking the truth for herself. After awhile news came of her death, "peacefully resting on the Saviour." A lady doctor from America came to recruit her health, after undergoing an operation. She was very entertaining, and had much to say of her life and adventures. She also spoke of religion, and of the difficulty of carrying out Christianity in the daily round of her professional duties. She joined a little Bible study in the Home, and till her death in America sometime afterwards, wrote openly on spiritual matters, acknowledging the help she had received both in soul and body.

"I shall never be afraid again, since I know I can come here when I am ill," said a homeless girl, when she left the other day, throwing her arms round the friend to whom numbers turn as to a mother.

And this is the general feeling. Sectarianism is avoided, indeed, not permitted, since women of any sect are welcome, and dogmatic disputations do not tend to the peace of an establishment, or the recovery of an invalid. The Bible is the rule of faith, and if there are any who are so unhappy as to question its doctrines, they can quietly make their doubts



known to the steadfast believer already alluded to, who has helped to dispel similar doubts from many a halting mind. In these times when people are wandering in a labyrinthine maze of speculation, it is refreshing to find oneself in a straightforward path, where the inspiration of Holy Scripture is unquestioned, and the Sunday kept as a "day holy to the Lord."

Some years ago there came a widow lady to the Home, halting between many opinions. She was aging, sick, and unhappy. Youth she could not recover; but health returned to her, and she has since found peace. She writes frequently, and expresses thankfulness not only for bodily relief, but for that far greater boon—spiritual freedom. Say what one will, the atmosphere of a dwelling, whether moral or physical, affects the mind imperceptibly, and we should all strive after good sanitary arrangements whether for soul or body.

But we are straying from our text, which is that St. Bernard's, like its great Alpine namesake, is a pleasant refuge for weary wanderers, or toilers up the heights of difficulty and labour. Even those who have encountered what seem insurmountable obstacles, and are arrested in their climb, unable to proceed or turn back, have been helped on their way by the rest and treatment of the Home. Many cases of special complaint have been effectively relieved, if not absolutely cured. One young girl was here for six months, who was engaged in an occupation injurious to the spine. She was wholly dependent on her own exertions for support, and could not have remained but for the prayers and efforts of the principals of the Home. They and the invalid lady already alluded to collected money from time to time to pay for her, and the last large sum sent appeared to come as a direct answer to prayer—was indeed a direct answer; for why should we doubt His promise, who said, "Ask, and ye shall receive?" This young lady is now engaged in teaching, and is a living and standing proof of the efficacy of Brighton air, and the care of Brighton medical men. It is needless to say that the attendance of the

latter is voluntary, and that they, like their brethren all over the world, and following the example of the Great Physician, give their aid "without money and without price." So do other generous friends, who would not like their names made public.

This is always a difficulty, for we are positively forbidden to name one who is the mainspring of the machinery, and who, like most mainsprings, lies in the very heart of the work. It has kept going nearly twenty years, having been begun in 1870. Many hundreds of ladies requiring rest or medical attendance have benefited by it during that time. The rules are simple. The period of residence is to commence with one month, and not exceed three without a renewal of the application. Payments must be made weekly in advance. As has been before stated, patients of all religious denominations are eligible, but religious controversy is strictly forbidden. The Lady Superintendent accompanies the medical attendant in his visits to the patients. It is, however, unnecessary to transcribe all the rules, since a report will be sent on application to Miss Draper, St Bernard's, 67, Dyke Road, Brighton. The overworked or suffering lady, of whatever profession, will be welcomed, kindly treated, and probably restored to health. That most trying of ailments, neuralgia, sends numbers to the Home, and one is heart-wrung by the pitiful details of the aches and pains of suffering womankind.

We began this sketch with a sacred service; we will end it with a secular entertainment. Invalids need mental distraction, as well as physical care, so our friend on the couch organises concerts from time to time, for the amusement of the inmates. The one we came in for was very entertaining. We all met at afternoon tea as usual, and in the midst of that social meal a fine baby was brought in. "This is our baby, and this our bride," was the cry; and it turned out that a former patient, who had been cured at the Home, was afterwards married from it. She and her year-old baby had come from their abode in the country to see their true and constant friends at St. Bernard's, and came in for the concert. This began punctually at

six, and ended at seven; for not even the charms of music must interfere with the clockwork regularity of meals.

The originator, manager, and director of the concert was the "invalid in the corner," and she contrived to wheel herself or be wheeled to the piano, and to become accompanist as well. Happily, and for a wonder, all the inmates of the Home, servants and nurse inclusive, were present, and we all forgot our "sicknesses and sorrows" for awhile. Not quite all, perhaps. There was one lady slightly paralysed, to whose dulled senses even music failed to penetrate. Hers was a sad story of neglect and desertion, but there was hope of her recovery. Two or three who had arrived the previous day were evidently *astonished* at this novel method of cure, for laughter is curative, and often proves the best of medicine. And how we all laughed! The more ridiculous the ditty, the more hearty the chorus. One of the servants was *prima donna*, and had been trained for similar performances, which would have gladdened the heart of a child, while they amused us all by their fun and simplicity. No vulgar comic songs, but innocent, childlike selections from many sources, which recalled youth and joy to the depressed soul. Long may the "Director" be permitted to infuse some of her Christ-inspired life and hope into the minds of her sisters in affliction!

While contemplating the happy party, it was difficult to believe that each member of it was an invalid, seeking health beneath the protecting roof-tree of the Home, or to realise that a weight of grave anxiety rested on the shoulders of her who sat in their midst as one of them. There were several bright and pretty girls who laughed and sang heartily, yet who had malady more or less grave, and whose future livelihood would depend on their cure. How impossible it is to realise fully what our nearest neighbours suffer! We try to sympathise, but fail to understand, unless we are, or have been, similarly afflicted. We should all pray for that Divine spirit of love which was and is in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that so we may console the sorrowful and uphold the weak. This, we believe, is the spirit that moves in St. Bernard's.



## CHEAP AND PRETTY.

It is not that which costs the most that is the most productive of pleasure. The truth of this remark one sees every day, and in nothing more clearly than in the matter of flowers.

We all love flowers in our rooms, or at all events, something green, whether we be rich or poor, idle or hard-working. I have often seen men and women trying to spare a penny on Saturday nights from their hard-earned and scanty wages to buy a few flowers or a bunch of green leaves at a street stall to brighten up their living room, and it always interests me. It is for this reason that I mention what I

have very frequently seen in the rooms of sick ladies and on the dinner-tables of well-to-do people, but never in the cottage of the artisan or in the lodging of the poor, and I think it must be that they do not know of it, otherwise at no cost whatever they could always have something green and graceful about them.

The crowns of carrots, beet, turnips, and other like roots if cut about half an inch in thickness and placed in a saucer of water and exposed to the light, will in a few days send out young leaves, green or coloured, which will grow into pretty sprays six or eight inches in

height, and in the case of turnips flower buds are produced.

Dr. Cogswell, speaking of the beauty and grace of these productions at the Botanic Gardens the other day, said he thought the tops of these roots were nothing like so much used as they deserved to be, and people were unaware of the pretty and ornamental combinations which could be produced from them.

In the time of Charles II. the young leaves of the carrot so produced were used as personal ornaments by ladies, and I could add that many girls of my acquaintance use them still for personal adornment.