

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.