

work of ivory and gold. This ivory and gold motive appeared again in a pretty mirror placed over the mantelshelf. There were several pretty little tables about, with dainty bits of china, photographs, and flowers on them; indeed the whole house was a perfect bower of flowers, sent by kind friends interested in the Home; and the delicate shade of the primrose, the oxlip, and the cowslip seemed delightfully in keeping with the whole tone and character of the place, and the rooms were full of the delicious fragrance of those delicate blossoms. The charming freshness and delicacy about the whole Home suggested to one's mind a fresh breezy spring day of sunshine and flowers.

Conspicuous amongst the photographs I noticed a large one of the Princess Christian, in a handsome rose-coloured frame. The drawing-room was not lighted by gas, but there were two handsome brass lamps with pale rose-coloured shades. With footstools, silk cushions, lovely pieces of delicate china, and flowers, the room looked a home that had been already lived in, and had none of the bareness of a newly-furnished house.

On the floor above I found three dainty bedrooms, all furnished alike—a pretty blue Art carpet, neat iron and brass bedsteads, each covered with a pretty crimson Art rug, a neat little wardrobe, and quite the nicest thing I have ever seen in the way of a combination washstand, dressing-table, and chest of drawers. The broad low windows were prettily draped with lace curtains, and each room was supplied with a neat little bamboo table and a comfortable arm-chair, as well as a single chair to match the suite. On the dressing-tables I noticed pretty little lace toilet covers over pink, and pretty pink puff pin-cushions. On the floor above were four other rooms identically the same, four of these seven rooms being larger than the others, and furnished with a duplicate of everything, with a Japanese screen to divide the room into two, so as to accommodate two inmates. The bedrooms looked so clean, so airy, and so sweet, that I felt how much valued accommodation of this sort would be by many tired Nurses, without touching on the other benefits the house offers to women who carry on the hardest and most exhausting work under the most trying circumstances.

As to their sleeping arrangements, I have heard from Nurses who are personal friends of my own—gentlewomen, accustomed to all the niceties, comforts, and luxuries of a refined and cultured home—of the crowded sleeping accommodation in Hospitals, of their cubicle arrangement, of their sharing a room with a rough woman of the lowest possible moral standard; and not only of their sharing a room with another,

but that room and that bed which they sleep in during the night, being occupied by a night Nurse during the day. And these are only a few of the many hardships to which some of the best of our women-kind expose themselves in giving up their lives to this grand work.

Is there, then, any institution that deserves to succeed, and merits support, more than this Nurses' Home at Brighton? It is indeed a Home—not merely in name, but in spirit—and truly a Home of Rest! It is an ideal place—too ideal, I hear some say; but I do not agree with them. Everyone knows how much one is influenced by one's surroundings—how bright and beautiful things around one serve to animate and cheer, and how dreary surroundings and sad-coloured draperies and garments depress; and therefore it is necessary that those people whose lives are of necessity spent amongst sad and depressing scenes should have provided for them, not only a change of air, but an entire change of environment. One grows so soon, too, down to one's surroundings—to all that is sordid, and squalid, and dreary. So let us provide nothing to grow down to; but something elevating, and pure, and lovely, to which one may grow up.

To me there is nothing so elevating or so productive of intense pleasure and enjoyment as the contemplation of something of beautiful and correct form, or of any pure colour, or any lovely fabric. In looking over this Home I felt throughout that the whole thing had been conceived, planned, and carried out by one master-mind; so I was not surprised to hear that, although the Home is in the hands of a Committee, they had wisely entrusted the entire decoration and furnishing of the house to one hand and head, and, I must add, heart—a wise arrangement, which has gained for them most perfect success. I was informed that to Mrs. Bedford Fenwick (whose unflagging energy and interest in all matters of Nursing import is well and widely known) is due the conception and fulfilment of the entire arrangement of this Home.

What a pleasure the Home must be, not only to all Nurses, but to those kind people who have so generously come forward to aid it. As I passed out from the doorway into the pure, fresh, sea air, those words of George Herbert's came into my mind:—

“All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.”

How true that is! And to those who do not know the depth and purity of this joy I would say, Taste of it now; begin at once by giving something, even though it be the merest trifle, to this beautiful Home for the rest and refreshment of wearied Nurses.

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