

mains of Florence Nightingale were hidden from view, and slowly and reverently, when the mourners had withdrawn, the public bade farewell to one of England's greatest heroines.

There could be no greater contrast between the burial place which the nation desired to place at the disposal of Miss Nightingale, and that which she herself selected in the quiet country churchyard of East Wellow, in Hampshire, near to the stately home where much of her girlhood was spent, the home where she dreamed of turning the drawing-room into a model hospital, and planned where she would place the beds; the home to which she paid a last visit some five and twenty years ago, before the property passed into the hands of strangers. A more secluded spot could scarcely be found than East Wellow, and one imagines Gray's description true of its people:

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the even tenor of their way."

and perchance a "mute inglorious Milton" rests in the churchyard up to the present scarcely known beyond its own immediate neighbourhood, but now suddenly become famous throughout the civilised world, as the last resting place of one who has been the means of saving more lives, of bringing comfort and solace to a greater number of the sick and dying than many of its armies have slain.

It is well that the shrine of the Foundress of Modern Nursing should be in so remote a spot. It can never become a place visited by the sight seer and the curious, but must always be the Mecca of devout pilgrims, like the grave of Charles Kingsley, at Eversley, where there is no need to point the way to strangers, for it is indicated by the tiny path in the turf trodden bare by hundreds of reverent feet.

The little church of East Wellow, holding perhaps 100 all told, was filled from end to end on Sunday morning with a village congregation. The hymns sung were "The King of Love," "Days and Moments quickly flying," "Lead Kindly Light," and "On the Resurrection Morning," and the Vicar, the Rev. S. M. Watson, preached on the parable of the Good Samaritan, which so appropriately formed the Gospel for the day. Nothing could be simpler than the arrangements of this little thirteenth century church. Oaken pillars, with a cross beam, serve to support the roof of the tiny south aisle, and oaken beams also give support to the main open roof. One imagines the congregation must have altered but little in character since the days when Florence

Nightingale sat in the Embley House pew in the chancel and worshipped there. On Sunday through the sunlit latticed windows on the south side one saw little but the wealth of lovely flowers which hid the monument over the Nightingale vault, and covered the ground for far around, tributes from princes and peasants, statesmen, and members of the profession she founded, to the genius of the great woman, who lay at rest in the vault, where her father and mother are also buried. Conspicuous amongst them was the standing cross, sent by the nurses of the London hospitals, and the model of the lantern, which she used in the Crimea, the laurels and roses of the International Council of Nurses, and the American Federation of Nurses, while on the monument gleamed the Red Cross, symbol of Miss Nightingale's work of mercy. The Queen Mother's cross of orchids, roses, and lilies was in a place of honour, and the beautiful Maltese cross sent by the Nightingale nurses was one of the most conspicuous emblems.

It is remarkable how many of our most distinguished heroes and heroines have grown to manhood and womanhood in the quiet of the countryside amongst "the mountains which bring peace," or the lovely and quiet valleys with which this country abounds, and yet, after all, it is not so strange, for something of the strength and spaciousness, aye, and the loneliness of their surroundings, seems to be incorporated with their nature, to have infused into it the quietness and confidence which is their strength, and though the countryside gives them to the great cities or the Empire for a space, where they live gallant lives, do noble deeds, and win honour and renown, their affections throughout life are given to the places where their early years were spent, and, their task finished, they instinctively and gladly return to lay their tired heads in the lap of Mother Nature, who in life understands so well how to comfort, strengthen, and restore her children who when weary turn to her for refreshment, and who gladly receives them once again when "Death the Consoler, laying his hand upon many a heart, has stilled it for ever and ever."

So it was with Florence Nightingale; so it was with Isla Stewart, one of the most distinguished pupils sent forth to the world by the training school which she founded. The one rests in a little village churchyard in Hampshire, the other on the quiet hillside at Moffat until that day when everyone shall "receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

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