

smaller Throne Room at the Vatican, to kiss the Papal ring, an exquisite sapphire, and to receive the Benediction of Pope Pius XI.

On our knees we Protestants realised the beneficence and purity of this Holy Father, vested entirely in white, who attended by gorgeously attired Monsignori, and standing before the Throne, blessed us in sonorous Latin in tones sweet and clear. E. G. F.

ON THE WAY TO THE TUBERCULOSIS CONGRESS.

Between thirty and forty members of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain attended the Congress convened by the International Union Against Tuberculosis, in Rome, from September 25th-27th, and the International Reunion of Nurses, held at the same time, and associated with it as an integral part.

The Congress was under the patronage of His Majesty the King of Italy, and the President of Honour was His Excellency Benito Mussolini, Head of the Government, and the Vice-President of Honour His Excellency Augusto Turati, Secretary of the National Fasciste Party. The International Reunion of Nurses was under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen; the President of the Committee of Honour was Her Royal Highness the Duchesse d'Aosta, who followed the proceedings throughout with the keenest interest, and the President of the Central Organizing Committee and the Executive Committee, the Marchesa Irene di Targiani Giunti. The Vice-President of the Executive Committee was the Duchesse Elizabetta Cito di Torrecuso, and the Secretary Miss Itta Frascara.

The journey across France through smiling valleys, past prosperous homesteads and chateaux, and wooded hills and swift rivers, was most interesting, and as we got further south the mountains of France gave place to those of Switzerland, till we came to Lausanne, and the blue waters of Lake Geneva lay smiling before us, with the background of the mountains of Savoy in the setting sun.

Between the Italian Frontier and Milan the country on all sides gives evidence of activity and prosperity; workmen's houses, substantially built, were to be seen almost continuously, vines laden with purple and green grapes formed festoons from tree to tree, the ripe corn was evidence of the determination of Signor Mussolini that the country shall as much as possible grow the produce for its needs, and the grey-green olive trees completed the essential trio for the provision of corn, wine and oil. The monasteries which crowned so many of the hill tops were an indication that the early settlers built their villages for safety on the highest points, trees appeared to take the place of hedges in dividing plots of ground, a very practical method in so well wooded a country.

MILAN.

A night spent in Milan gave an opportunity for a glimpse, all too short, of its wondrous Gothic Cathedral, built of white marble. Its graceful and lofty arches are borne by fifty-two pillars, and its double aisles and transepts, and glowing stained-glass windows increase the impression of vastness, mystery and ineffaceable charm. In the Church of Santa Maria della Grazia, near by, we saw the world-famed fresco by Leonardo da Vinci of the Last Supper. The nobleness of its composition is familiar from photographs and prints, but these can give no idea of its marvellous perspective. It was a fitting preparation for the wealth of beauty of form and colour, and of the treasures untold, enshrined in the churches of Italy.

FLORENCE AND FIESOLE.

Our next halt was at Florence, for we had had a most kind invitation from the Rev. Mother of the Little Company of Mary—often known, as the "Blue Nuns" from the

colour of their graceful veils—to stay with them at their house at Fiesole, a few miles out of the city. We were met at the station by Sister Alacoque, a member of many years' standing of the Royal British Nurses' Association, and quickly conveyed to the convent (San Girolamo), the view over the valley of the Arno and the surrounding country as we ascended being indescribably lovely. On arrival we received a most cordial and kind welcome, and spent three most happy days, the Mother and Sisters being kindness itself, and the peace and serenity of our surroundings creating an environment healing to body and spirit.

Just below San Girolamo it was interesting to see the Villa in which Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles spent the first days of their married life. A more ideal spot could scarcely be imagined.

Under the kind guidance of a Canon of the Cathedral of Fiesole we saw its architectural beauties, its lovely sculptures, relics, vestments and other treasures, but this and the Cathedral of Florence, with its beautiful Campanile, the Baptistry with bronze doors so beautiful that Michael Angelo characterised the principal one as worthy to be the Gate of Paradise, the Church of Santa Croce, where there is a mural monument to Florence Nightingale by W. Sargent, and many others, as well as the most interesting Foundling Hospital (Spedale degli Innocenti) must be the subjects of further articles. Who in a few brief columns could describe the glories of the city of Dante, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Michael Angelo, of Savonarola, of Lorenzo il Magnifico and countless other famous men. We visited the Uffizi Picture Gallery, and longed to stay and study the loveliness of its pictures in detail, and saw from the Piazzale Michael Angelo, in the centre of which is a monument in honour of the great sculptor, one of the most splendid panoramas in the world.

On page 249 will be found an account of a memorable visit to the birthplace of Florence Nightingale.

We left Fiesole with great regret, the Sisters speeding us on our way like old friends which, indeed, we felt them to be, and with precious memories of garnered happiness so long as life shall endure.

The journey from Florence to Rome, where other friends awaited us, passed quickly, and soon Miss Dorothy Snell was greeting us, and quickly disposed of ourselves and our luggage, taking us to the Policlinico in the car which the President of the Scuola Convitto Regina Elena, Donna Maria Maraini, had most kindly sent for us. A portrait of Donna Maria appeared in our last issue, but it gives no idea of her graciousness and charm; she came frequently to the School and as we got to know her we appreciated more and more the sweetness and sincerity of our very perfect hostess.

On our arrival at the Scuola Convitto we found in our rooms lovely flowers, with cards indicating that they were "from Donna Maria to welcome you," and these, and others, remained a joy throughout our stay there.

After dinner on our first evening there was a pleasant little function in the sitting-room, when Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, in the name of Miss Snell's guests, pinned on her gown the purple badge of the National Council of Nurses, and over it on behalf of those who were Fellows, with herself, of the British College of Nurses, its Silver Badge, inscribed on the back with her name and number, and congratulated Miss Snell on her pioneer and successful work at the Scuola Convitto Regina Elena.

The next day, the Marchesa Irene di Targiani Giunti and the Marchesa Maria Stagno di Soreta, Directress of the Red Cross School, Via Bagliva, gave a delightful luncheon party at which Mrs. Bedford Fenwick was the guest of honour; many of the pupils and staff were present, and afterwards we were taken over the Home and its purpose was explained.

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