

the Sisters with their vinting; when the last cartload of grapes has gone down the hill to San Girolamo, the white oxen are harnessed to the cart once more, they mount the hill, and the blue-veiled nuns enter their chariot and drive their white oxen home. An artist whom we happened to meet at Fiesole told us this was one of the most picturesque scenes he had ever seen. Sometimes, as you wander about the grounds, you come upon a little shrine carefully tended. One of those is of special interest, although we got only a rather fragmentary history of it. A sick traveller begged hospitality and care at San Girolamo when overtaken by illness; the Reverend Mother could learn little about him and he appeared to be none too well provided with this world's goods. She decided that, whoever he might be, it was not her place to ask questions, and he was taken in and cared for until his recovery. Afterwards he built this shrine in memory of his days at Fiesole and, when in Europe (he happens to be an American), he usually comes and visits San Girolamo and the shrine he had erected on the wooded hill behind it. Of the beautiful church of San Girolamo we shall have more to tell later, but here we would just mention the Benediction services which it was our privilege to attend, beautiful in the reverence observed and the lovely, almost girlish, voices of the blue-veiled Sisters; we have heard no sweeter singing anywhere than in this lovely chapel in the hills.

In closing, we would just give a quotation (which appears in a history of San Girolamo) referring to the Little Company of Mary, the present proprietor of this historic place:—

"Founded in poverty and obscurity, the institute formally approved by the Holy See, has spread across the globe . . . and in all these houses the twofold ideal of earnest prayer and self-forgetting labour prevails. It is this supernatural atmosphere, combined with the wonderful natural beauty of its surroundings, that makes the old home of the hermits of St. Jerome (San Girolamo) in so real a sense, a veritable Haven of Rest."

SLIGHT IMPRESSIONS DURING A FLEETING VISIT TO ROME.

I believe my first impression of the Congress which I had the privilege of attending in Rome last month as one of the five representatives of the British College of Nurses, and which will long remain in my memory was the delightful and warm welcome I received from our hostess, Miss Dorothy Snell. I shall not soon forget her great hospitality during my stay at the Policlinico Hospital. I was very charmed with the polite and natural manners of the Italian nurses, and was very much struck with their eagerness to learn the methods of treatment adopted in Britain for those suffering from tuberculosis. I was also impressed with the fact that so many of these ladies who had never been out of Italy could talk and read English so well. It rather made me feel ashamed of my ignorance of the beautiful Italian language.

I found everyone so helpful, even the tramway conductors went out of their way to direct and assist one.

I feel sure that the Conference will bear very excellent results. We British Nurses who had the advantage of attending in the National Council Group of Great Britain realised that Mrs. Bedford Fenwick's name was quite as well known among the Italian nurses as it is at home, and that they fully recognise the great work she has done for all nurses.

It was a thrilling experience to see and hear the great Mussolini who came to welcome the Delegates at the Reception given by the Governor of Rome, and to whom our President, Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, was specially pre-

sented. We also had the pleasure of hearing him the following day, at the Solemn Opening of the Congress, when as Honorary President of the International Congress on Tuberculosis, he, from the chair, addressed the Delegates.

S.A.R. The Duchesse D'Aosta, who is so well known in Britain, the Honorary President of the Red Cross Movement in Italy, in which she takes the greatest interest, is a much beloved personage, a singularly handsome woman with great charm of manner, who was on all occasions very gracious to the British Nurses.

I feel sure that the result of this conference will be that a great impetus and encouragement will be given to all those, who like myself, had the honour of attending, and that the work of the various Delegates in their respective spheres will benefit by the pleasant intercourse which we enjoyed.

MARY RITCHIE THOMPSON.

In the road map the termini station is indicated by many black lines running parallel for some distance before branching away in various directions. Think of these marked out by hundreds of electric lights and you will have the traveller's first view of Rome as he arrives in the evening.

Outside the station a city of contrasts. Old and new, Christian and Pagan, a city like that in a dream, where the most astonishing things appear natural. Noisy electric trams running beside ancient walls and through arches built before the days of the Caesars. Motors in wild flight passing quaintly coloured wine carts meandering along, the driver hidden under a hoodlike umbrella, the wool-decked pony nibbling at his will the truss of hay fastened to the shaft of the cart he pulls.

A beautiful church stands side by side with a temple dedicated to a Goddess worshipped in olden times. Another church has been made out of the remains of one of the great Baths. The altar to "The Unknown God" still has its offerings of wreaths. A street full of modern shops will give a sudden twist and leave you face to face with the Colosseum, at the sight of which all present-day affairs are forgotten and in imagination you are back in Imperial Rome of the second and third century.

You may have hot and cold water laid on to your room in the hotel. You may even have a private bathroom, yet every drop of water for drinking and cooking will be carried by hand from the large fountain in the Piazza near by, which has supplied the people for centuries. Inside the city a wonderful mechanical device will make sixty or eighty feet of strong iron fencing vanish before your eyes into a slot in the ground. Outside the walls the fields are being ploughed, not by any machine but with yoked oxen as in the days of the Early Christians. In the streets the policeman on point duty waves a magic white wand and the swiftly moving traffic obeys. In the Vatican stand on duty the Swiss Guard in the old world costume of scarlet, yellow and black, unchanging through the years. Yet being a City of Dreams nothing seems unnatural or out of place. All blends into one satisfying whole that is Rome.

M. G. ALLBUTT.

TWO IMPORTANT EVENTS.

The Queen will open the new buildings of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, Euston Road, N.W., in the Spring, and the Extension Fund Committee is appealing for purses to be presented to Her Majesty.

Lady Galway will preside at a meeting at the Central Hall on October 30th, at 2.30 p.m., convened by the Committee on Maternal Mortality, when the Minister of Health will speak.

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)