

## A DAY OF BEAUTIFUL MELODY.

The British College of Nurses celebrated the last week of Summer Time by organising a "Ramble" to the last resting place of Florence Nightingale. A letter to the owner of Embley Park (Mr. J. J. Crosfield) asking his permission to drive through this park and past the windows of the house where Florence Nightingale had spent a considerable part of her life, and where many "Nightingales" visited her, had brought to us a courteous reply acceding to our request, along with an invitation to view the extensive gardens as well. This is the first pilgrimage to the grave of the great Founder of modern nursing organised by the Social Section of the British College of Nurses, and we hope that there will be more, for such an experience as that we enjoyed on the 2nd of October last cannot fail to bring inspiration and new life, giving force to the impulse she gave towards the ethical and educational development of nursing.

When the large charabanc which we had chartered arrived at 39, Portland Place punctually at 9 a.m. the day looked far from promising, but the intrepid "Ramblers" were determined to defy the Clerk of the Weather and they trooped into their chariot with faces bright enough to put the grey sky quite out of countenance; their happy voices were enough to bring the sun peeping from behind the clouds to ascertain who could be so indifferent to the steady, dreary rain. Having roused himself, he, too, realised that summer time was not due to go until the midnight hour of a day or so on. So by the time we had left London well behind us he had sent the grey clouds scuttling and bits of blue sky were appearing as harbingers of the coming of King Sol. We settled down with a feeling that there was going to be not a single mitigating circumstance to detract from the joys of the expedition, especially as the chariot was running smoothly and our chauffeur appeared to realise that careful, steady driving would be appreciated by his passengers.

The English countryside is at all times and seasons beautiful, and to-day it was rich with the fiery glory that trails itself over the land a month or two before the passing of the year. In spite of the prolonged drought, the trees were magnificent in their wealth of foliage and the hedges were scarcely less lovely than when adorned with the blossoming of Spring. In some places they were splashed with the scarlet fruit of the brier, in others thickly sprinkled with deep crimson hawthorn berries, while yet in others they were misty in a covering of the foamy fruitage of wild clematis.

Long stretches of the road ran through beautifully wooded country where the ground was carpeted gloriously with the brown and gold of the bracken, or green where the trees had served to shelter the grass from the too persistent sun; in other parts flickering lights found their way through the canopy of the woods and chased one another over the ground, soft and brown with its covering of pine needles. On the trunks of the trees the sunbeams played until, in the bark, you could detect every colour of the spectrum, or they would shine, those sunbeams, on the dark green holly until it became like glittering crystal. They glided, too, among the birches, making more lace-like the delicate draperies that fall from the slender branches above the graceful trunks.

Now and again we skirted the banks of "Old Man River." "He don't care," but once in a while he, too, must make his exception just to prove the rule; so to-day his smooth shining surface reflected the good humour of the elements, for he was in harmony with them when they decided that this first College Ramble should have a day worthy of the aspirations that led us to such a Mecca as that which we had chosen.

Long before we reached Winchester, many of us had a liberal education on what we owe to our ancestors for

maintaining and adding to the beauty of our own country. The heritage they have left lies scattered around our high-ways and by-ways and gives evidence of a fine sense for architectural art in different periods of evolution, evidence, too, of a great love of the beautiful. Scarcely a mile was there when we did not enjoy some gem in a setting of lovely English woodland or park. Here, as you go, you chance upon some fine Queen Anne mansion or old Jacobean manor house; there it may be some Georgian place or just, perhaps, a cottage or two with thickly thatched roofs, a quaint gable, a window peeping out from under the thatch, or an old-fashioned porch beyond a garden planted by hands that have rested long in the peaceful graveyard round some ancient country church. How different the houses of an olden time from the red brick shelters that are appearing thick and fast as mushrooms in many localities now! Interlopers are these last when you compare them even with the cottages of other days; when we come across the old English houses we reach out to something that lived in the souls of our ancestors but which we are in danger of allowing to pass from our own and other folks' to-day.

Then the lanes! Surely it was only that inexorable man at the wheel who kept us from yielding to the temptation to forsake our chariot and wander to wherever they might lead. But, for the slaves of the candle and the pen, and for those who have delivered up their lives to the service of the sick and the dying, the enticing loveliness of those English lanes must remain as the road to the Never Never Land; yet it is good to have captured the memory of them for, from it, the sunbeams will come and play at times on the greys and browns of the daily round, the common tasks.

We drove through many a lovely old-fashioned street, through others less lovely, but busily and prosperously doing their bit to keep old England abreast of the times. As we passed at last under the hoary arch of Winchester town we felt that this must be the portal to the "Nightingale country." Just beyond the town we stopped to enjoy a sort of roadside picnic and a very gay and sociable meal it proved; then Jehu's hands were to the wheel again and we were speeding towards the beautiful old town of Romsey.

## "Here Rests in Peace."

Taking the charming village of Hursley by the way, we all alighted to visit the Poet Keble's grave, which side by side with that of his wife is in a peaceful corner of the beautiful churchyard under the shadow of fine trees.

The Rev. John Keble, author of the "Christian Year," was Vicar of Hursley from 1836 to 1866, and on his grave the inscription runs:

"Here rests in peace the body of John Keble, Vicar of this Parish, who departed this life Maundy Thursday, March 29th, 1866."

O happiest who before Thine altar wait,  
With pure hands ever holding up on high  
The guiding Star of all who seek Thy gate,  
The undying lamp of heavenly Poesy.

## II Paradiso Terrestre.

When we came to the beautiful wrought iron gates, flanked on either side by most picturesque "pepper-pot" lodges, through which we were permitted to pass into the demesne of Embley Park, we realised that we were on historic ground, where Florence Nightingale, vibrant, with restless feet might many times have passed. We directed our driver to go slowly—very slowly—so that we might absorb the sylvan beauty of the place and refresh memory. Embley is on the edge of the New Forest, and the drive through rich woods of oaks and beeches, little altered maybe since the time, a hundred years ago, when the little Florence must have rambled in this mossy woodland with her beloved pets (amongst them a pet pig),

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