

VISIT TO EAST WELLOW AND EMBLEY PARK.

On Tuesday, July 5th, the motor coach found the thirty-two guests and hostesses ready and waiting by 9.30 a.m., at 39, Portland Place, eagerly anticipating the pilgrimage to East Wellow and Embley Park. In a few minutes all were seated — with luncheon boxes, baskets of strawberries and lovely sheaves and bouquets of flowers packed away — yesterday's sun had disappeared, but nothing could suppress the animation of nurses from home and abroad, some of whom realised their objective as the aspiration of a lifetime. To come near to Florence Nightingale and to stand by her grave, to tread where her feet had passed, to touch the very earth which commingled with her mortal dust, to pay homage, to carry away into many lands such intimate

associations, which would be theirs for the rest of a lifetime—was indeed a day of days in the life of a nurse.

The drive through London, splendid old London, through magnificent West End streets, past the still white statue of Edith Cavell—Trafalgar Square, dominated by Nelson—the great lions very watchful and urbane—past the fine statue of Charles the Martyr keeping his merciful watch on Whitehall and the Cenotaph, past the stately palaces of Government, the Houses of Lords and Commons—the Clock Tower, the home of Big Ben (and there across the great river St. Thomas's Hospital and the Nightingale School), the Victoria Tower and gardens, where is placed the life-like statue of Emmeline Pankhurst—all were eager to catch a glimpse of the great and gentle emancipator—and so on over the river, through miles and miles of streets where hundreds of thousands of people live and work and have their being, and so on into the beautiful typically English countryside. The tour had been planned to pass through eighty miles of England's loveliest sylvan beauty, but alas! for many miles the misty rain obscured the wide spreading landscape; but the flowery greenness and scented air was sufficiently sweet, and when in a by-lane we halted for lunch, great was the satisfaction to find the various delicacies packed so carefully in the 32 cartons by order of Miss E. C. Leggatt, of the Cowdray Club (who evidently believes in placating the inner man) chicken-jelly, sandwiches, rolls, pasties, cheese, cakes, fruit, ginger ale and lemon squash! Miss Bushby's

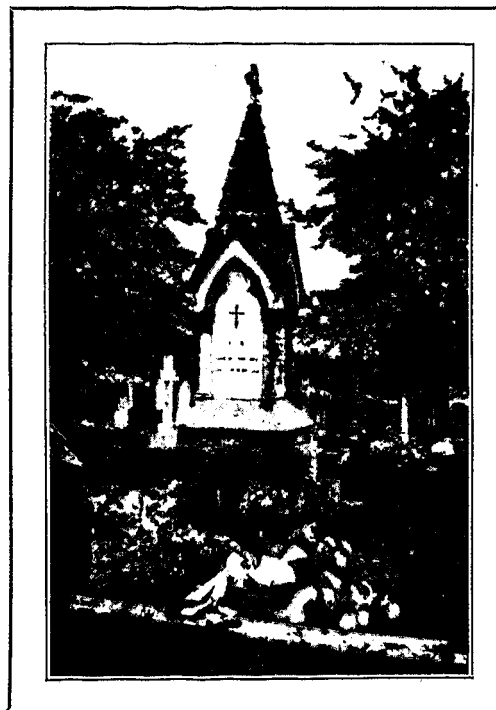
strawberries and Mrs. Temple's sweets! Even the sun came out to smile at such a feast. Thereafter we passed through historic Winchester and Romsey in beneficent weather, and so came to East Wellow in a glow of sunlight, to the singing of birds.



Nurses carrying Flowers to the Grave at East Wellow.

other flowers, then Sister Larsson placed on it a mass of white gladioli, blue delphiniums and scarlet carnations with the words reverently spoken "with love from the Nurses of Norway." Others followed:—Flowers and a

replica of her National Flag from Canada, white lilies from Belgium, blue delphiniums and white carnations from Finland, white lilies and scarlet carnations from Bulgaria, red and white carnations from Denmark, white and scarlet carnations from Holland, pink and white ones from India and still more carnations from the "Old Internationals' Association," and the League of Red Cross Societies. Miss Reimann, Secretary of the International Council of Nurses, placed roses, sweet peas and lilies on the grave. Flowers are the symbols of our thoughts for the dead, and very beautiful must have been the thoughts sent to Florence Nightingale that day if they were comparable to the glory of colour that lay around one simple wreath of rosemary placed at the base of the stone and on it the words, "With love and in grateful remembrance from her School." Miss Lloyd Still, Head of the Nightingale Training School, very kindly gave the delegates permission to take sprigs of this "rosemary for remembrance," away with them from the grave of the greatest of nurses. The sun was shining now as we stood reverently in this quiet spot, in fact one could not but feel impressed just then by the tremendous eloquence that there can be in silence. But also, too, there was an odd suggestion of what collective thinking can mean. It seems sometimes as



Miss Florence Nightingale's Grave decorated with Flowers.

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