

though such community and concentration of thought were reflected back again into the minds of the group of those from whom it arises and this produces an atmosphere that even those who would make no pretensions to psychic qualities can feel. Such thinking, on such an occasion, lifts people above the ordinary into what might be described perhaps as a sort of exhalation of sanctity, all the more impressive here because of the preponderance of beauty in the simplicity of the surroundings, the lovely landscape beyond and that wonderful mass of vibrating colour in the flowers from many nations, most of them tied with the colours of the countries whose gifts they were.

Later the nurses went into the old country church, so full of that strange, half-mystical "personality" that belongs to and is inseparable from old buildings of this kind. From the eleventh century the country folk of East Wellow have worshipped here; the remains of old frescoes and the odd paintings of the heads of King John and King Henry I helped to remind us of this and the stone and lime sank into insignificance in thoughts of the years, one piled on another, that this old church had seen to come and pass away. How blessed indeed was the childhood of Florence Nightingale—all the week the loveliness of Embley Park, its gardens laden with the flowers that are the thoughts of God; then, on Sunday, this peaceful old church wherein the thoughts of men have risen to God for a thousand years or so. The temptation to linger in the pervading elusive atmosphere of things untranslatable was insistent enough; but Embley Park with all the delights of beauty and inspiring association lay still before us. So the nurses of many nations mounted their chariot again and soon they had entered the policies of Embley.

II Paradiso Terrestre.

Surely this is sacred ground to nurses from near and far! Embley is on the edge of the New Forest and the rich woods of oaks and beeches are little altered maybe since the time, a hundred years ago, when little Florence must have rambled in this mossy woodland and through the far stretching park, with her beloved pets (amongst them a pet pig), a charming sprite, enjoying the lovely surroundings with her animal friends, listening to the sweet singing and calls of birds—always a music she loved.

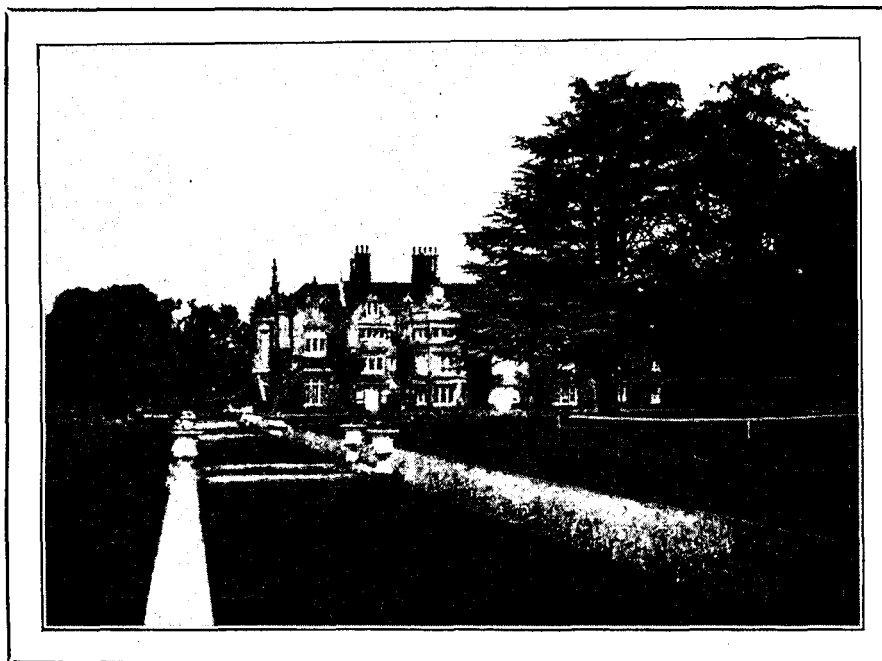
And then the beautiful house of Elizabethan character, in which so much of her eager unsatisfied youth was spent, came in view. On arrival we were most courteously made welcome on the garden front by our very kind hostess Mrs. Crosfield—to whom all the guests were pre-

sented—who eagerly availed themselves of every item of information to be gathered about Miss Nightingale. First was pointed out the window of the bedroom usually occupied by her—and the windows of the drawing-room which are recognised as those referred to in a letter penned in the year 1851 in which Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell wrote: "Walked with Florence in the delicious air . . . at Embley Park. As we walked on the lawn in front of the noble drawing-room, she said: 'Do you know what I always think when I look at that row of windows? I think how I should turn it into a hospital and just how I should place the beds.'"

A Garden of Rare Delight.

Then the head gardener arrived and it was a liberal education to listen to all his wonderful knowledge of trees and flowers.

We were shown by Mrs. Crosfield the lovely grounds and gardens on either side of the long walk which extends for a quarter of a mile from the house. We passed through wonders of sylvan beauty, first by the rose garden—in which a quaint fountain with Italian characteristics which is supposed to have been brought by Miss Nightingale from Italy was greatly admired; then we came to the rock garden and on to the erica garden. Thicket of flowering shrubs, rhododendrons and azaleas, which make this demesne a gorgeous paradise in spring. Now in high summer it is equally supreme. Read what an entranced visitor writes:—
"Nothing could have been more delightful than



Embley Park and the Cedar Tree.

the stroll through the grounds of Embley Park, typical of the stately homes of England, of which, alas! so many are passing from our ken.

"We started on the path leading by the great cedar tree, where Miss Nightingale taught the youth of the village on summer days; we leave the rose garden behind on our right to find a heavenly herbaceous border, in summer splendour.

"Wishing we could stay and gaze, we passed under spreading trees of great variety, and shrubby-skirted lawns on either hand, where Japanese maples of palest tender green, bright red and bronze, were ablaze in the sunlight; shady nooks misty with the soft blue of the Himalayan blue poppy, and magnificent royal ferns of great dimensions, seven and eight feet in height. Then we wandered up hill into wilder growth by a meandering stream at intervals broadening into pools brilliant with colonies of rare iris and primula, when reaching the crest of the hill, we came to the Wishing Seat, sometimes known as Cromwell's Seat, on which we are told he was supposed

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