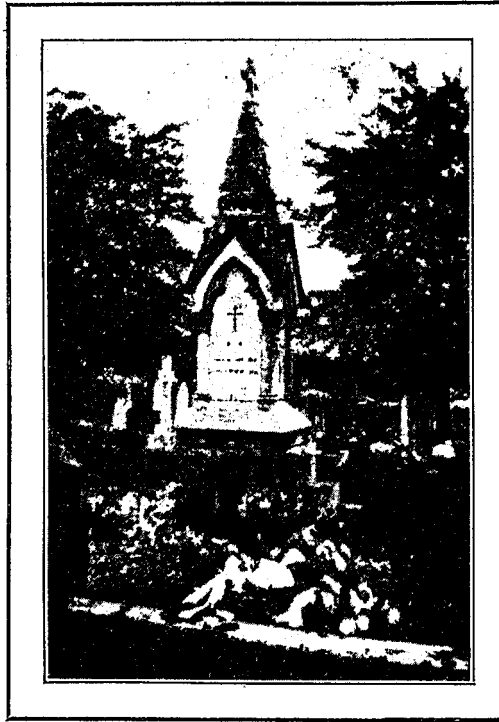


## VISIT OF HOMAGE TO MISS NIGHTINGALE'S GRAVE AT EAST WELLOW, HANTS, AND TO EMBLEY PARK.

So many friends in intimating their hope to attend the I.C.N. Congress in London impressed upon us their wish to visit the grave of Miss Nightingale at East Wellow that we communicated with our ever kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Crosfield at Embley Park and asked for the very great favour that the Members of the Grand Council, I.C.N., might be privileged to visit this beautiful demesne where once lived Florence Nightingale. Suffice it to say that Mr. and Mrs. Crosfield with their usual generosity invited the Council to tea—so that they might wander in the famous garden—and visit the rooms now sacred to the nurses of the world—where in youth Florence Nightingale spent many speculative hours. Thus it was arranged that on Friday, July 16th, five coaches would leave the Cowdray Club—entertaining the 130 guests—with a hostess in charge of each coach hospitably provided by constituent organisations of the National Council of Nurses of Great Britain; the National Council; the Matrons' Council of Great Britain; the Hospital Matrons' Association; the British College of Nurses and of the Royal British Nurses' Association.

Punctually at 9.30 a.m. on a perfect summer's day, luncheon having been stored and lovely flowers from the nurses of many nations carefully placed to be laid on the sacred grave in East Wellow Churchyard, the pilgrimage wound its way westward into Surrey—where over the Hog's Back views of exquisite English scenery could be seen for miles. By and by, by the wayside, a halt was made for luncheon which was enjoyed *al fresco*, and then down the coaches wound into Hants and so to picturesque old Romsey—the fame of its Abbey demanding a visit which was too short indeed—Miss Isabel Macdonald recalling in a brief description items of romance in its

famous history. From Romsey through six miles of "real country" we came to East Wellow—and through the Churchyard gates, carrying our tributes of lilies and roses, carnations of all colours, sweet peas, crimson poppies and laurels, a representative of each nation from the five Continents placed her offering at the foot of the grave of Florence Nightingale in that sweet sylvan spot, which is becoming a veritable Mecca for the world's nurses.



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S GRAVE, EAST WELLOW CHURCHYARD.

There was solemnity but no formality in this visit, and by and by some "nurses from the North" in national costume sang sweetly in their native tongue a hymn of praise—no dirge. The kind vicar directed the devotees into the lovely old Church of St. Margaret's—where the Embley Park seat in the chancel in the past century was pointed out. Here came Florence Nightingale in youth and beautiful womanhood to worship her God—for as a mystic she came closely into touch with the Deity of her worship. St. Margaret's Church, East Wellow, was built in the 12th century—it is one of the most interesting churches in the diocese—and is badly in need of repair—indeed if its unique features and its ancient frescoes are to be safeguarded in the future drastic remedial steps must be taken at the earliest possible moment. Writing so long ago as September, 1912, Miss Breay said: "It should be made a point of honour to restore and beautify this simple village church." Leaflets and Mrs. Rosalind Nash's "A Sketch of The Life of Florence Nightingale" were on sale at the church in support of its restoration.

Very reluctantly the international nurses moved away from the sacred ground in which the dust of Florence Nightingale has now become "for ever England." They were in no mood of sadness—all realised that here for ever they might return in spirit and inspired by a glorious example rise to heights of human endeavour.

The temptation to linger in the pervading elusive atmosphere of things untranslatable was insistent, but Embley Park, with beauty and inspiring association lay before us.



ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, EAST WELLOW, HANTS.

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