

## IL PARADISO TERRESTRE.

A mile away passing through the gates of Embley Park, flanked by picturesque "pepper-pot" lodges—the International guests came into touch with scenes which will for ever be associated with Florence Nightingale. At the entrance of the beautiful Elizabethan mansion, Mr. and Mrs. Crosfield received their guests with the kindest welcome—and passing through the beautiful hall they came into the famous garden, where some of the very trees still stand as in Miss Nightingale's day.

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 from a hundred years ago when little Florence must have wandered in this mossy woodland and through the far stretching park.

The garden was in its summer beauty (though in rhododendron and azalea time it is in its crowning glory) and all were drawn to gaze on the lovely lavender bed. See Miss Evelyn Lin, President of Chinese Nurses, entranced with its misty sweetness. We have written often of this lovely garden. With keen companions 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 colourful herbaceous border in summer splendour—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, magnificent royal ferns of great dimensions, and here we came to the Wishing-seat—sometimes known as Cromwell's seat, on which, we were told, he was supposed to have rested. Writing of this garden in 1932, when we first invited nurses internationally to take an interest in the Educational Memorial to Miss Nightingale, we wrote:

"We, of

course, all sat on the Wishing-seat and no doubt longed for delights which never will be ours."

"Some no doubt saw visions of a Florence Nightingale Memorial encircling the world bringing to countless millions buoyant health, peace of mind, and laughter rippling down the ages."

And here, five years later, those visions are coming true—here nurses from every continent are assembled—and from this day onwards will never lose the intimate sense of nearness to the great Lady whom we design to honour.

Later comes tea in the garden and in the beautiful drawing-room Florence Nightingale visioned as a hospital ward. And then we are permitted to pass from room to room of this exquisite house. Upstairs and into the very room, formerly the bedroom of Miss Nightingale.

This intimacy seems to touch our souls—never in all the far lands to which each visitor is returning can this soul to soul communion fade away.

Indeed a wonderful, wonderful day.

By and by we bid farewell to our kind host and hostess—words fail to really express our deep sense of gratitude, because a life-long privilege has been ours.

Our homeward journey through beech groves and old world villages, gives more happy hours—indeed we are very gay—friendships ripen—U.S.A., Canada, China, South Africa, Norway, Denmark, Holland, France, Great Britain—*que voulez vous le même chose.*

The lights of London, brilliant, cosmopolitan, twinkle into view. Good-night—happy dreams. A never-to-be-forgotten day.

## THE END OF A PERFECT DAY.

Dear Mrs. Fenwick,

I have been asked by the Canadian nurses who had the privilege of going to Embley yesterday, to tell you how much we all enjoyed the day. From the start in the morning until our return in the



MISS EVELYN LIN SMILING AT THE LAVENDER BED.



EMBLEY PARK, AT ONE TIME THE HOME OF MISS NIGHTINGALE.

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