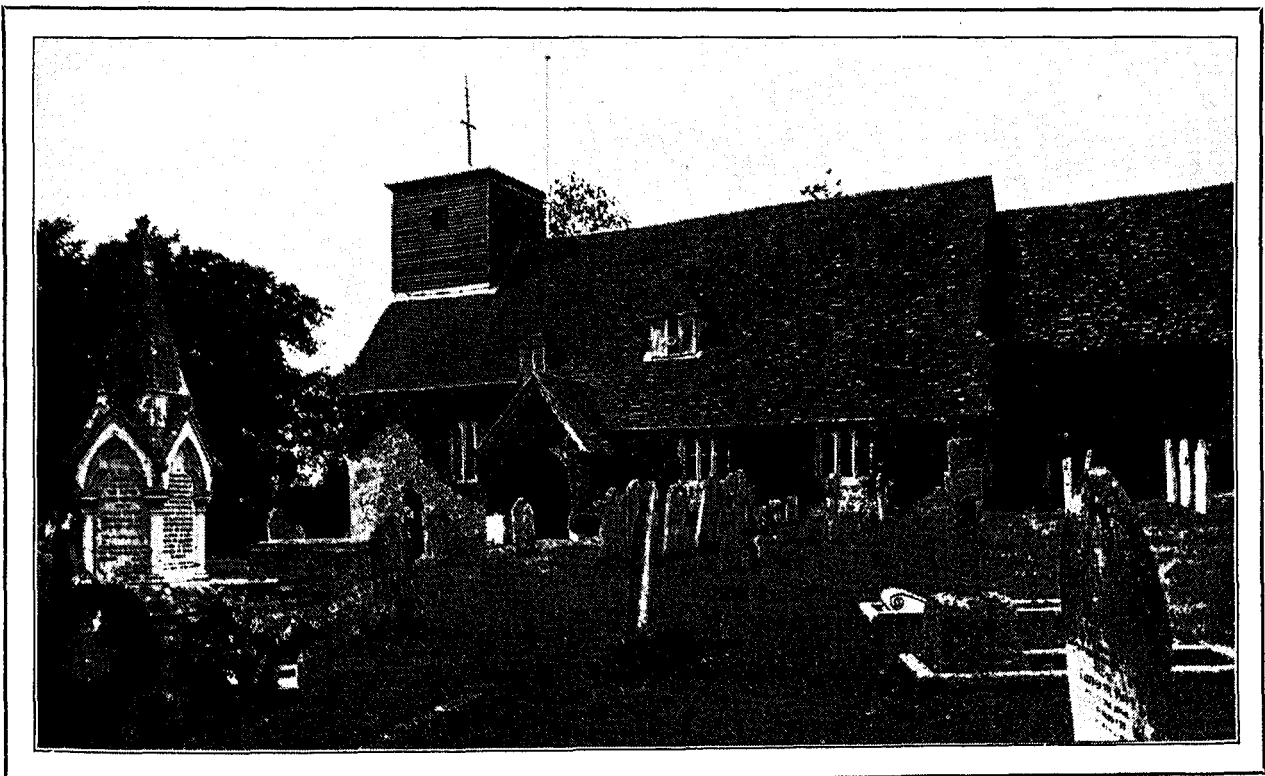


sider the organisation of "The Florence Nightingale Foundation," that an epoch-making visit was paid to East Wellow and Embley Park, and delegates from 32 countries were brought into personal touch with the Nightingale tradition. On Tuesday, July 5th, 1932, the delegates to the Conference, as honoured guests, drove through lordly London, and passed through 80 miles of England's loveliest sylvan beauty. We drew up at the gates of the churchyard at East Wellow, hidden away so peacefully from the ordinary thoroughfares, the nurses of many nations gathered quietly and silently round one of the world's graves of honour with only the letters "F. N." on its stone to show that here has been laid back to earth the garment that a great spirit used for its earthly pilgrimage. 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 in

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.



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

In this churchyard of sylvan beauty all that is mortal of Joseph John Crosfield is at rest.

the flowers laid reverently on her grave 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

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 presented—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.'"

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)