

vision. My quaker friends would call it a "leading"—and if I find Barone T.— cannot really start the school satisfactorily, I think it will be right to go to her. I would, in fact, gladly go at once; but she will need a month or so to arrange matters, and in August it would not be wise to risk the heat of Naples with work. So I told her that if she found it desirable for me to come for a few months in September, I would hope to do so; but for the new year, anyhow, I must return to Rome. She is leaving for Naples next week, and will write to me as soon as she has found out the lie of the land. She impressed me greatly by her capacity, determination, and kindness. One feels at once that she is not a woman who easily fails, and I hear she has created her girls' school through incredible difficulties and opposition, and that it is one of the best in Italy.

At two I went to say good-bye to S. Spirito, taking flowers and cakes, and a good little Mlle. von R—, whom I want to interest in Grazia—that she may take her to the church of the patron saint of Hysteria.

I found Grazia sitting up in bed writing a wonderful poem, which she afterwards gave me. Carlotta was most sorry at my going, and cried a good deal; massage has got her to the stage of moving about on a chair, and of being able to knit, poor soul—Grazia was very calm, and said she was certain she was going to be cured. We told her that whenever the Clinique closed and they sent her to the other hospital she should be taken to S. Silvia *en route*, for I had seen Dr. M— and got his authorisation, whilst Mlle. von R— and another friend are kindly willing to drive her there. Poor child, I tried to prepare her for a trial of her faith by the miracle not being granted, or the healing being at any rate very gradual. She answered very sweetly that she knew she was not worthy to obtain such a blessing; but one felt her whole soul was bent on doing so.

I hastened home at four to find four or five pupils, with a mother and a friend, waiting to say good-bye to me. I talked to the girls a good deal. Clotilde spoke nicely, showing she understood that one should care for the less pleasing patients. I said what I could of the ethics of nursing, and trust some of it may be of help to them; and then I asked them to write, and to look on me as a sort of mother, and they begged me to come back and teach them as soon as I could, which, of course, I promised. And now good-bye to Rome for several months.

Firenze, June 16th.

I have just heard from Grazia, as follows:—

Egregia Signorina, I reply to your note with the deepest pleasure. I left the Clinica yesterday; the Signorina came to fetch me, and my friend Ines. I had the triumphant consolation of being taken to S. Silvia, where I seated myself on her chair, and received the Benediction of the *Reliquia*. I trust in the Saint to grant me the grace which I need beside. I thank you kindly with the warmest affection of my heart for the many cares and charities you have bestowed on me. I do not deserve such kindness, but the Lord will reward you with many long years of happiness and content, and with peace in Eternity.

Yours affectionate servant,  
GRAZIA.

I also had a few lines from Sigrina G— who accompanied Grazia. She said it was very touching seeing the girl's joy and faith. Evidently she hopes

for the gradual cure, since the miracle of immediate relaxation of her "stricture" was not granted. And I am thankful that she must feel that now *everything* has been tried, both clinical and spiritual.

June 25th.

I have been thinking how the work could go on at Naples, if as Pasa di S— hopes we start it satisfactorily this autumn, but I have to leave it after Christmas. It seems that there are no nuns in the hospital into which she is trying to gain admittance so girls could not be left there without a *directrice*.

I can only think of one nurse who might be the right person to carry on the work. I wrote to her mother, as she is still in America, though her training is complete. I asked if she thought there was any chance of her daughter being willing to come, should I have anything hopeful to offer. The answer was that she had undertaken the charge of a ward for a year, anyhow, but I might write and find out if later she would come.

It is absolutely necessary to find a woman who, beside being thoroughly trained and with talent for directing, should also be sufficiently Italianised to really care for the people and to understand them. Miss D— was born in Italy, and considers it her *patria*; so I will write to her at once. It always seems right to make what effort is possible to prepare for future footsteps. A stumble or pause must entail so much retarding if not the actual failure of a cause.

July 7th.

Such a lovely letter from Grazia to-day, written still in shaky and rather stiff characters (though less so than in her first note), but full of charming feeling, so graceful and so dignified.

"Egregia Signorina—Thank God, I am much better, and can now walk the length of the ward without support, only resting occasionally. The ward contains over 120 beds, so, though they are in four rows, it is of considerable length. . . . We must have patience, dear Signorina, with the ills which at first oppress us, and also we must have courage to bear them for the love of God. One can never doubt that He abandons no one.

"As for the treatment I am undergoing, I do the usual electricity and suspension, one day one, the next the other. Internally, I take nothing, for it is too hot to continue the iron.

"I am very happy here, and am gaining much in strength. If I have the good fortune to soon get well, I will send you my address at home, but I am not worthy of this blessing; I am very unworthy.

I long for the moment of seeing you again, and hope these few months will pass quickly. . . . Dear Signorina, I have already made two Communion for good of your soul, and so has also Carlotta, for in no other way can we recompense you, and God will accept our weak prayers. . . . If all the charity you do for the sick you offer in honour of God, oh what degrees of celestial glory God grants to those who assist the sick for love of Him! God says that he who assists the sick for love of Him does it unto Him Himself.

Forgive me, and have patience, *mia Signorina*, if my discourse does not please you. I desire earthly blessings for you, and much more spiritual ones, blessedness in Holy Paradise.

*La reversica sua affma serva,*  
GRAZIA."

I think my hopes for her have been fully realised. She has evidently gained in faith and peace—and in love for others.

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