

her large, soft, dark eyes, which seemed literally to shine as she ejaculated, "Ed io l'abbraccio,"—"And I embrace it."

Adelina is particularly devoted to Sister G., and lies watching her with a look of dog-like affection. Vincenza is never satisfied; whatever she sees done to Adele she immediately asks for for herself, and five minutes after declares she is "abandonata," though at the moment she had thanked Sister and kissed her hand. I think she must be naturally of a jealous, exacting temperament, always wanting someone to listen to and sympathise with her, whilst Adelina prefers to lie alone.

Neither of them have any more the strength to wave the fly-switches, and they suffer much from flies, also from the streams of perspiration to which the infermiera seldom find time to attend. It is certainly hard not being allowed to have mother or husband to perform these simple but much-needed offices.

June 23rd.—Vincenza has gone first, without more hæmorrhage. This morning she refused to have her usual frictions, saying "non mi fido d'essere toccata"—"I do not trust myself to be touched." Thanks to Sister's care, however, her skin was in wonderfully good condition, one little abrasure having dried up rapidly under the "cuscianette" treatment. So her wish not to be touched was respected; we have to go very gently with these liberty-loving Neapolitans. I doubt if they will ever be *disciplinable* as are English patients.

At lunch time Vincenza roused strangely, under a very painful hallucination. I found her with stretched out arms and flashing eyes, tearing at Annuziata's (infermiera's) clothes, declaring she had robbed her of some money, and hidden it in her corsets. She found strength to turn on her side, and clutch at the infermiera with her trembling hands, raising her voice, which usually was only a whisper. It was terrible; the patients looked shocked, and Annuziata tried in vain to calm her (Sister was in the male ward at this hour). I told Annuziata not to leave her, or Vincenza would think she had given the money, and I tried to convince the poor creature she was mistaken by half undressing the infermiera, but quite in vain. I sent another infermiera then for the doctor, but they found the priest instead. It was not our kind Padre Filippo unfortunately who was in charge, but Padre Luigi, who never knows how to take our poor children. He was mainly possessed by the conviction, "What power the devil has!" and kept ejaculating this to us. But gradually the excitement passed away, and she sank into a state of unconsciousness, in which she lay for about two hours—the screens put round her—after which they told me she died quite quietly. But it was a sad way of dying! Her husband did not even ask for permission to stay (it was possible to obtain it for *after* the dinner hour), and none of the patients cared for her or said a kindly word to-day, and none of them stayed by her during those last hours.

Meanwhile, Adele was sinking fast; the perspiration always worse, whilst she, too, begged not to be touched, not even the belladonna frictions she so loved from Sister's hand. She opened her great, sad, dark eyes if we spoke to her, she even smiled faintly at times, but did not care for the flower Sister brought her, and when there was some difficulty in gaining admittance for her brother or stepmother, and we had to tell her that as they had not applied in time they could not pass to-day, she did not mind, but only smiled faintly.

Her father, whom she really loved, had gone to America a month ago; had he been refused admittance she would have minded—the others were no comfort to her. We left her at seven, an infermiera beside her to keep off the flies, and to dry the tiny shrunken face, which seemed all eyes and hair—I know I shall not see her again—but she is not to be pitied since she embraces her cross, and has been so uncomplaining, so courageous.

June 24th.—Adele died at nine last night. The others told me with enthusiasm that she had died like a saint! An hour before the end she had found strength to ask Annuziata to buy two candles "per quattro soldi, da mettere a Gesù Cristo" (before the crucifix). They were obtained and lighted, and Adele was quite happy, turning over on her side, kissing her crucifix, and so passing quietly away, whilst the infermiera and a few convalescents recited prayers or the rosary beside her.

How different these two deaths—the one, where the soul dominated the body, so beautiful; the other, where the poor body dominated the soul, so terribly sad.

## Humanism.

A writer in the Journal of the Kingston Infirmary Nurses' League describes "Humanism" as the "mind of humanity, that mind which comes from the 'mind of the Universe,' and returns to that mind enlarged, developed, and perfected." In the case of nurses, Humanism must thus gradually develop a personal force, which will more and more spend itself and be spent in the service of the highest humanity.

## The Passing Bell.

We regret to record the death of Miss Sarah Andrews, eldest daughter of Mr. H. Andrews, of Stapleton Road, Bristol.

Miss Andrews, who was trained at the Leicester Infirmary, and afterwards worked at the Dulwich Infirmary, the Hospital, Chesterfield, and the New Infirmary, Birmingham, joined Lady Amptill's Nursing Institute in India just a year ago, and went out to Madras.

When cholera broke out she volunteered to nurse it. On the risk she ran in undertaking to nurse cholera cases being pointed out to her, her simple reply was: "I would rather die at my post than away from it." Whilst engaged in this work she was one morning attacked by the disease and succumbed to it the same day. A friend writing to the Indian press says:—"Her death was one of the saddest, and yet one of the finest I have ever known. I find my thoughts alternating between the pity of it and the splendour of it—the pity of such an early death and the splendour of the self-sacrifice. Such a useful life and such a brave death well deserve some form of fuller recognition, and should, I think, be commemorated in some way that will permanently remind us of the noble example Miss Andrews has given us of devotion to duty."

[previous page](#)

[next page](#)