A. 56

June 30/81
6 a. m.

10, SOUTH STREET,
PARK LANE. W.

Dearest, ever dearest Madame Mohl

I always remember you. I "think of" you always. There is no danger of my "forgetting" you, if it were only for this, that I think of him. And how can you two be apart in my mind! He is living: I never think of him as dead. He is making the infinite progress in God which he did so long for on earth. God is everywhere: and in God he is nearer & no than he was when on earth. It is only of the Soul's ~~Which the soul has~~ System of relations that we can say: It is here: It is

there:

I was thinking of him - in God - & of you - [What people call: praying] in the night particularly, even more than usual, just before your letter came.

I am not worthy to meet him again: perhaps he would not know me with my body off. Because he thought better of me than I deserved.

But he would not have been happy without you here. ~~earth~~ Why should you think he will be ~~in the~~ hereafter?

~~future~~ He has taken up ~~another system of relations~~ the hereafter, & is waiting for you.

You two will pursue greater objects, a wider sphere together hereafter.

At least I don't think his objects could be greater: but he will pursue them in the 'glorious liberty of the children of God'. Here he was so chafed by the 'limits': so vexed by the narrowness. He wished so to write a history of religions: or as I should call it, a history of God - that is, of what we have found out about God. That was what all his study of Oriental languages & of discoveries of

Dr. S. S. L remains had
been for, he told me. And he
used to say, "but we
don't know enough".
How he knows: how he enjoys.
How he is ever gaining fresh
knowledge. You would
not grudge it him.
Hereafter you will be with
him.
Yes: I cannot remember
the time when I have
not longed for death.
After Sidney Herbert's death
& Clough's in 1861, 20
years ago, for years & years
I used to watch for death
as no sick man ever watched
for the morning.
It is strange that now

that I am bereft of all.

I crave for it less. I want to do a little work a little better before I die. But I have no guide to help me but God in doing anything.

Yes, dear friend, I do feel how you must long to die & be with him & with God, where he is.

But I dare think as all that your interests are all "individual". You have great wide sympathies & large interests.

O indeed I love you, love you dearly. Forty years & more have I loved you.

You speak of Ida. Would you not go & see her for the

dummer! dear Ida.
give her my love.

[You ask where Beatrice is.
they have taken a cottage
in Lavernake Forest.
But she may be at Embley
now. If you write to her
Mrs. Godfrey Huthington
Embley
Romsey
it will be forwarded.

Bertha Coltman has a
sick son: a most interesting
boy of 14 with a heavenly
face. She has left London
& taken a house at Walgate
near Margate for 6 months
for him to be by the sea.]

I am as usual (you kindly ask) & more than usual immersed in business every day far beyond my strength. India: trained Nurses, &c. People don't know how weak I am.

Yesterday we opened the new Marylebone Infirmary for pauper Patients (760 beds.) We nurse it with our trained Nurses, thank God. I have each of these women to see for 3 or 4 hours alone before she begins work.

Surely, dearest Madame Mohl, if you come to London, I shall hope to see you.

God bless you ever:

always yours & his

F. Nightingale