

30 Old Kensingtown St.
June 30

The child is safe - Thank
God - If, when you go to
Kensingtown, you would ask
for Margaret Daly & speak
of her as you know how to
speak, you would be doing
a true kindness - You will
find her absolutely ignorant,
but though she has led
the worst kind of life, I do
not believe hopelessly hardened.
But I never knew a case
of that kind permanently
regenerated -

I should have preferred
placing her under regular
sisters, with whom I believe

the blessing of God more
particularly so. But
the kindness with which
she has been received at
Kensington is beyond all
gratitude. If, however,
you should have such a
chance come in your way,
perhaps you will remember
this poor child. And I
should look to emigration
as her ultimate best
chance. But they will
kindly refer to me, when
means are wanted. And
I must thank you once
more in her name for all
your kindness. Without
you, she would never
have been rescued.

I will answer what you
have written, because I
know it was written in the
spirit of the purest kindness
& of love to Him, whom
we both serve - & not in
the spirit of prosekution.

But I think you
mistake my state of feeling.
You think the defect is in
the will. All Catholics do.
You think it would be a
sacrifice to me to join the
Catholic Church - a temptation
to remain where I am -

If you knew what a
home the Catholic Church
would be to me - all
that I want I should
find in her. All my

difficulties would be removed.
I have laboriously to pick
up here & there "crumbs by
which to live" - she would
give me "daily bread" - the
daughters of St. Vincent
would open their arms to me -
they already have done so -
What should I find there?
My work, all ready laid out
for me, instead of seeking
it to & fro & finding none.
My home - sympathy, human
& divine. No one asked last
night, "Is it well with the
child?"

I dislike & I despise the
Church of England - she
received me into her bosom -
But what has she ever
done for me? She never
gave me work to do for her
nor training to do it, if I

found it for myself.

May, If you knew. But
you do know now, with all
its faults, what a home the
Catholic Church is. And yet
what is she to you compared
with what she would be to
me? No one can tell, no
man can tell what she is
to women. Their training,
their discipline, their hope,
their home. To women,
because they are left
wholly uneducated by the
Church of England, almost
wholly uncared for. While
men are not.

For what training is
there compared to that of
the Catholic nun? I could
see that yesterday at the
house of St. Joseph at

Newington. Those ladies,
who are not Sisters, have
not the chastened temper,
the Christian grace, the
accomplished loveliness &
energy of the regular nun?

I have seen something
of different kinds of men.
Am no longer young & do
not speak from enthusiasm
but from experience. There
is nothing like the training
(in these days) which the
Sacred Heart or the order
of St. Vincent gives to women.
And do you think I do not
love her, my mother, tho'
she will not acknowledge
me as her child? I have
never had any other love.

"O Lord, my heart is not
"ready," it longs to find its
home. All "will" for me
is on the other side from
what you think. Conviction
alone hangs back.

The wound is too deep
for the Ch. of England to
heal. I belong as little to
the Ch. of England as to
that of Rome - or rather
my heart belongs as much
to the Catholic Ch. as to
that of England. Oh how
much more - The only
difference is that the
former insists peremptorily
upon my believing what
I cannot believe, while the
latter is too careless &
indifferent to know whether

I believe it or not. She
proclaims out of the Pagen
book what we are to
believe, but she does not
care whether we do (and
we don't) while the
Catholic Church examines
into the fact. If it were
not for that, I might
have a home where now
I have none -

What I have said now
I have never said of human
being, & to you I say it
as if a Catholic priest.

You say well, Controversy
is no use for me. The
reason why every body
agrees about Euclid is
that we all go out from
the same premises. We
all agree upon the twelve

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Axioms, the 3 Postulates,
the Definitions &c. But
in this case we do not agree
upon the premises. &
therefore it is of no avail
going on to conclusions.

Forgive me for writing
my private feelings to an
almost stranger - but I
answer the letter which
you have had the kindness
to write to me. & I know
Catholics too well to
suppose that anything
that is human is strange
to them. You will probably
have nothing more to do
with me now - but I
thank you all the same.
What I have suffered

Let God only know - But
my whole soul is His - &
provided He makes known
His name to the world, &
do not care what He does
with me - to the world,
which, at least in England,
do I believe, is very near
losing His name - It seems
very strange that when
such men as S. Ignatius
of Loyola, S. Bernard &
Hesley could find no rest
without finding God, &
travelled up & down the
earth to look for Him,
all the most Moral & most
intellectual, of the artistic
world in England are now
learning to live very
well without Him - &
even to think it does not

signify His not being there
They say, I don't know
whether there is a God or
not. but if there is, we
cannot understand Him &
shall not therefore look
for Him.

If your Church will
send a Mission to the
heathen, let her send one
here - to Manchester, to
Sunderfield, to Leeds,
Saltaire & Bradford - for
spirituality is dying out
of these places -

I hope you will not
think me impudent
but believe me sincerely
grateful for all your
kindness -

Florence Nightingale

[The page contains several lines of extremely faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the paper. The text is mirrored and difficult to decipher.]