

(Letter not dated, but addressed to Sister Clothilde, assistant at Alost.)

It is not for me to speak or to reason about what medicine might do for our dear invalid; I shall take care not to make myself appear ridiculous. All the same, I charge you to ask the doctor whether healthy nutrition or even caustics would be useful at the moment. A plaster of Burgundy pitch, between the shoulders, or a vesicatory on the arm, might be used. These are my thoughts. I do not attach much importance to them; they do not deserve it either. Never mind, I have no objection to speaking out of place through excess of zeal.

I am going to Grammont, God willing, on Wednesday after dinner. Write to me before that time and also on Saturday so that I find news again on my return here. I shall perhaps have the satisfaction of coming to see you next week. Tell your Rev. Mother so, and that I always love her very much in Jesus Christ. Do not be in too much of a hurry to buy clothes for the Sisters and postulants. I hope that the Rev. Mother will be able to do that herself in a few days.