

My Dear

I wrote you a letter a few days ago, but I can't do any more, unless I write again, I am sensible of the great burden that is upon you, and I feel your Troubles, Griefs and Sorrows, they reach my Heart, I can love you to me, and you are the nearest to my Heart, and we are at great Distances from each other, but you are not alone, and I am not alone, - but it is not that will of God, and nothing but the will of God in his Divine Providence, should have caused me to leave my dear Family, and it is the will of God, that you should have the whole care of a large Family, and let us have your whole trust in God, and cast all our burdens upon him, and let our duty, and let us with sufficient care, - I have thought some times, that I shall never see all my Family again, if I should ever come home again I can't believe I can ever see you, I can't believe, that it is no matter how soon any of us die, if we are but united to God, no matter where or how or when we leave this mortal world, if we do but rest in the certain world, let us then endeavour to give to God right and love for our selves, and for our poor Children - Be not ashamed of your Love, nor be afraid to pray with me for our poor Children, and read your Prayers, and I will pray for you, I trust and believe in the power of God as well as you, and I am sure to do so as much as you desire, if the Lord continues, let us hear from you as often as you can, - My love to you all, Duty to Mother, and love to all my Relations, and I shall express it in English words.

I am as ever your loving and affectionate

Samuel O'Connell

To Mrs Mary Ocom

To
Mrs Mary Ocom
at N. hogan in
New London
Connecticut