

well as to seculars in your great land, and I implore of each to send some little help to this forsaken place in Ireland, where we can get no assistance, and have not the means which other Convents have for obtaining help—remember I only ask help to give employment to those who are imploring for work to save them from starvation, and they know I cannot bear to see them suffer without an effort to do something for them. In return I offer them the constant fervent prayers of my devoted sisters in religion who will not cease to pray for every benefactor as long as they live, and in truth, I may say, after their decease,—for this very day some of the Sisters said to me of their own accord, “we will pray for those who help us, not only in this world, but when we go to our Lord,” and I know how faithful they will be to their word.

We have had bad typhus fever here for some time, the result, as we are assured by high sanitary authority, of the great distress which prevailed here last winter. Those who know what an epidemic of typhus fever is will understand how we need alms to help the sick, those who are struggling into convalescence, and still more the widow and the orphan. I met this day a case of which, if I give the even simple particulars, they might be almost questioned, yet, I can personally vouch for their absolute accuracy.

Several of the Sisters were sitting to-day working in the community room, as we are not allowed to have the schools open on account of the fever, lest the children should give the infection to each other, when we heard low, wailing moans at the enclosure door. Going out to see what was the matter, we found a comparatively young woman at the enclosure door in an abandonment of grief. Her husband, *Tadg-an-damam\**, died last night of the fever, and she was left with seven children, the youngest a baby one fortnight old. Such

sorrow and such resignation I have rarely seen. What could I do but put my arms round the poor creature and try to comfort her. One of the Sisters said something about her seven little children, and it was then the beautiful, and, if I may say so, unconscious faith broke out. “Sure, dear, I gave them all to God and His Blessed Mother, when he died last night.” Oh, rich faith that abounds in poverty and triumphs in weakness! The woman was dazed with grief. She said very little, but all she did say were words of faith and hope and charity, and prayers for her dead husband. “May the Lord open the gates of heaven to him this day” broke from her again and again. I am afraid I must plead guilty to a strong partiality, for my own people, but if those who had not heard spontaneous prayers for the dead breaking forth from the lips of the poor Irish, once heard them, I think they would forgive me. There is a vivid faith in their petitions and a realization of the glories at the other side of the “gates” which they ask to have opened, that does one’s soul good to hear.

We are about to have a winter here of the most unexampled severity and distress. We want to give employment during the winter, the best form of charity, so as to prevent at least a little of the terrible misery which must come. We want to begin to build a Home for homeless girls, and thus a double good may be done, as it will give employment. Will not the little children and the girls of America help us; they might if they set to work with a good will. A dollar collected here and there in cents, would soon come up to a good sum of money. And perhaps God may inspire some one who reads this to send a great many dollars to lay the foundation stone.

I ask the American printers and book-binders who are in good employment to help me. I have just had an appeal from the printers and book-binders in Dublin to give them employment, they tell me they are suffering severely from the hard times and, alas, I know it to be true. They say in their address to me: “knowing that you have largely patronized the Irish printers in the past, we take this liberty of now writing to you in the hope that you will be able to

\* *Teig of the two mothers!* I must admit that poor Teig (God rest his soul) had hazy ideas of political economy. He tried to support both his mother and grandmother, as he called both “mother” he obtained this soubriquet, not unnecessary where there are so many O’Sullivans and McCarthys, that a distinguishing name becomes unavoidable.