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DESCRIPTION OF REPRODUCED ITEM:

Elizabeth Huntington. ALS (Elm Valley), to My dear Frederic, 1847 Jan 14. In: Porter-Phelps-Huntington Family Papers, box 12, folder 10).

taken with his church; and believe if every Christian church would do the same, or in some respectful form make known their views and feelings with regard to the Mexican war, and their earnest desire that it may come to a speedy close great good might be done.

If as a people we are not willing to become subject to a military despotism - as a people our country must arise in her strength and break the fetters, before they are fastened upon her forever. - I thank you, my dear son, for the sympathy which you express, with regard to my attendance on public worship. It was the first sabbath of the New Year, and the death of our Lord Jesus Christ, was commemorated; many circumstances conspired, to make the occasion one of uncommon interest, and such it was

N. Hadley mmm
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Rev. Frederic D. Huntington

Dorbury

Mass.

indeed to me. The prayers and the thanksgivings, which I had particularly requested of our minister, were remarkably adapted to the occasion, and I cannot but hope they went up as an acceptable memorial before the mercy seat. We are all very glad to hear of Lizzie's arrival. By Mrs. Sam. Lyman who saw her at Springfield we heard of her and her misfortune, and rejoiced that she is again among friends. - We are looking for our part of the gift when she returns. - Bethia attended worship at Wm yesterday and spoke with Sarah Thent who told her that Mary had been gone away for two weeks but not able to leave her bed. She had felt much disappointed by not seeing her as she had hoped to do about this time. - turn to first page

A week ago to day Theodore sent a few pounds of butter to Boston, by Mr. Thos. a brown merchant, to be left with Crosby and Nicholas with accompanying it, with it I sent also a little box with a little butter, which may possibly prove for your griddle cakes one morning. - We have a greater number of water, and more milk than we have had consequently we shall have more butter. - I was, delighted to find your sermons lying by yours on Saturday. It was a great joy to me, that I should be with you, and your joy in your labors and your joy in rejoicing of heart to your most loving mother Elizabeth

Elm Valley Jan. 14th 1847. Thursday even.

My dear Frederic,

Your letter of the 9th we received today and I hasten to correct a mistake which I made with regard to the letter I sent you some time since. It was written and sent the week before Thanksgiving, and not after. Friday evening. As I was writing the last word, Mrs. Phelps and her sister Amelia Hastings who has been with her a week or two came in to spend the evening. of course my paper was laid aside.

I hardly know how to tell you how much I feel obliged by this letter, so kind, in its expression, so particular in its information, and so rich and full in its contents generally. and all this with such a variety and multiplicity of duties and labours on your hands; I am almost ashamed that so much time has been devoted to me when I think of these things, and of the many circumstances which may have a tendency to flatter your "self-esteem", I think of the example of him who having left the glory which he had with the Father before the world was,

came to this world to redeem it, and who when he had offered to him all the "kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," was able to say, "Get thee hence Satan". This was true courage, moral heroism. In view of these things I lift up ^{my} heart to God in earnest prayer that he "would keep you in the hour of temptation;" and not suffer the glare and glitter of high life, nor the praise and promises of the worldly-minded or the proselyting, to allure you from the plain humble path of every-day duties, so signally marked out by the hand of Providence, and so remarkably blessed, hitherto.

When I received your letter of the 11. Nov. I was just sending off that which I wrote on the 17th and fully intended thanking you for it very soon. But you know there is but a small part of the time that I am able to do any thing - some of the time when I can sit up, I have so much of what I call, perhaps without good reason, cramp, that I have hardly energy enough to write, and some of the time I take rest on the sofa or the bed - these things I mention not by way of complaint, (for I know that ^{the Lord's} mercies are more than I can reckon up, and eternally above can express the gratitude which I owe him.) but as a reason why I have not before this noticed the contents of that letter.

Sabbath evening - Now for the letter. What you say of my agency in the case of your preaching to mothers, is perhaps flattering to my self-esteem - and I can say with much more reason than you could in another case, I should be a fool to allow it. Indeed, I am