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DESCRIPTION OF REPRODUCED ITEM:

Elizabeth Huntington. ALS to Frederic Dan Huntington. In: Porter-Phelps-Huntington Family Papers (box 12, folder 8).

D. Huntington P. M.
8 Three

N. Madley
April 23

April 23
Mr. Frederic D. Huntington

Cambridge Ms

[illegible]

I think I will write to you
 I hope I shall be able to
 in near a
 you may be assured there has been no deficiency
 in kind remembrances, and kind wishes. Your frequent
 and patient watching, your unwearied care and atten-
 tion to me while sick, I cannot soon forget. I owe a
 debt of gratitude to my friends, which I cannot expect
 to pay. The only return I can make, is, to implore
 for them the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant.
 The account you gave your Father, of your situa-
 tion studies employments &c was highly satisfactory.
 Your visits and labours among the prisoners I should
 think would be interesting. If they are not, it cannot
 be expected that they will be useful; as sympathy seems
 to be considered most essential in the character of a missionary.

Perhaps you will have an opportunity to instruct the young men from Hadley, who have been sent to the State Prison. I hope I am not wicked enough to ~~wish~~ ^{wish} the religious advantages which you enjoy, but I must say that we are enduring some privations, with regard to these things. The top of the bridge has carried us some twenty miles distant from Northampton. While Mr. Thum was preaching north of us, we endeavored to be content and go and hear him; but ^{the society} they have heard him long enough, and are trying to suit themselves better.

However, after the vernal breezes are hush'd, of which we have had ^{unusual} share, I think we may occasionally find our way by Hunter's ferry, ~~through~~ ^{through} Hatfield to our old resting place. "There's no place like home." By this I would not have you understand that I cannot enjoy the sabbath while absent from this Lord's house, so far from this, I think we can never enjoy such free and intimate communion with our Father in heaven, as when in the secret of retirement, we pour out our prayers and our praises before Him.

And here I must just mention that I fear christians generally are deficient in intercessory prayer. Even ministers in their public prayers almost wholly omit it on some occasions. Do we realize as we ought that the prayer of faith can "shut the heavens that it rain not," and "remove mountains" even? Are we not too sparing of time for this duty? Considering the gross darkness which covers much of the earth, the heathen superstition and idolatry, the false religions that prevail, the melancholy state of the Jews, the indifference and vice that abound in christian lands, and the threatening aspect of affairs in our own beloved country, is it

not the duty of all ^{who} know how to pray, to cry mightily - and say as Israel of old I cannot let this go without a clipping - judging from my own experience, I think the duty of prayer is too much performed as a task, which the ^{more} ~~more~~ it is finished the better.

Wednesday morning 10 o'clock April 22. We have been refreshed this morning by two very interesting epistles, one from Mrs. Fisher to Theodore, and yours to Bethia. Under date of March 14th she says, "we have today received brother F's letter to Lizzie - glad were we to get it I assure you." On the 18th she writes thus, "Monday Lizzie came to make us a visit, several days. The principal of the school was hardly willing to consent to an absence of more than a day, but when Mr. F. told her, if they had any rules which prevented her taking her out when he chose, it would be necessary to take her away altogether, she yielded most graciously. If it were not meddling with other people's affairs, I should say your address to the Robin is delightful. I might also thank you for opening your mouth for the dumb, in the cause of such as are appointed to destruction."

When brother returned, he mentioned your being troubled with sore eyes, caused as he supposed, by the same eruption which has before been troublesome to you. As you say nothing about it to Bethia I hope it has subsided. Your father has had recommended him for the Erysipelas a decoction of the Red Root.

You have expressed my feelings with regard to Voices of the Night, very nearly. Not precisely. Footsteps of Angels I consider decidedly the best. The Reaper and the flowers comes next: then the Psalm of Life. - But they are all touching - too much so to be compared.

Your father gave Bethia and me a ride to Cabotville last week. We went and returned the same day. ^{Thursday} Had a pleasant ride and good visit. The spoke of having had a letter from you, not long before. The same day Mr. Neil was ordained at Hatfield. Mr. Bandit of South Hadley attempted to preach the sermon, but was too feeble to go through. - Your father has preached the two last sabbaths at Deerfield, so you see he has gained considerably since you left us. Mr. Ferrisden is dismissed, and they are looking high, for a man to take his place.

I must not forget to mention that Tucker man came puffing up yesterday and seeing your father in the yard said to him.

I am to me if I would borrow a new lamp, for my little which this was quite intelligible to your father; but he soon found means to ascertain that his wife had brought an accession to the why party, a few