

New York. Oct. 30: 179
no 12. Graceway Park

Dear Friend

Your last letter is much too good to have waited so long for an answer, but there have been lets and hindrances, and your letters are of the sort that require a response through the spirit - that is that the spirit should move me to the proper mood & ability to answer them for your thoughts are deep, and we live generally on the surface, at least I try to do so, because the depths do not bear stirring. -

But indeed inside things have been contrary - during all Oct^r when I ought to have been simply enjoying the glory and beauty of that pleasant time, I had to be full of thoughts and preparations for breaking up my little home, and since I came to the city, the same necessities in an inverse order have beset me, and I could not possess my soul in peace or patience - The effect of the city on me is always depressing at first, until I have sternly summoned all my powers of endurance and submission to meet what I cannot help. Don't you think and believe our lives are given to us here, just to break us in

to this self abnegation - to make us willing
to offer up all that we are or maybe - in the
altar of self sacrifice? - I have a friend
who grumbles into the world, and calls
me an optimist, because I will say that
"whatever is, is right" - that is that all things
work together for ultimate good. - My optimism
seems to consist mainly in "letting go" as the
Spirits say - and believing that God knows better
than I do. It is a lesson I have been learning
all my life - and it is only half learned yet - but
I am learning it - and I find it more and more
easy as I practice it, and I believe that I per-
fect more and more my true inward self, and
approach nearer the heavenly law, which the
Father has written in the consciences of all
his children. - It seems to me so beautiful
a faith, to believe that all is permitted here, to
work out a wise purpose, to perfect the better
part of us, to purify us as gold is purified in
the furnace, until it can reflect his image,
all seems to me so clear in that light, so
candid and hopeless in any other. - I pray
always that God's will may be done, I believe
in prayer, not that you can wish for a plume
and have it - but that through it, and
by well thinking - well thinking, and above
all by well doing - you can bring yourself

into the stream of spirit and influence, which
is ever flowing in and through all things.
Don't think I have talent to preach - if it
only that this subject chiefly interests me.
in these days - and I should like to have your
opinion upon it. -

I find in looking over your letter, a resume'
of your philosophy, such as you have grown
into - and you consider one of your most
"happy occurrences" - your belief in "the per-
manence of friendship, and the ever new-
ness of love" - wherein I wholly agree with
you - I lived with the embodied principle
of love so many years, that it became a
part of my being - and has grown into me
more and more since it was taken away
from me, so much so, that I have an ever
present consciousness that her spirit is
still suggesting to me the beautiful prin-
ciple - by which she lived and wrought.

On last Sunday Ev'g. I went with my
sister to hear Bro: Colyer preach. he has
lately come to our city from Chicago - he
is of the popular type of a speaker - a York-
shireman with a rather peculiar accent
and he was preaching in the value and
necessity of joy - from the text - "There
is a time to laugh" - they say he makes

his audience laugh - and in fact they
did so on this occasion. . . all the time
I listened to him, I was thinking of Charlotte
as I mostly am - and speculating on the
peculiar gift which makes some people
magnetic, and how wonderfully above
anyone of her day and generation she
was endowed with it. - When suddenly
I fairly jumped as I heard him utter her
name in the pulpit. he was telling how
he had been impressed with her final
scene in Meg Merrilies, when in the very
agonies of death, she laughs in delight over
her "bairn" ! - It is just such things
as this constantly occurring, which fill
me with my conviction of the reality
of spiritual influences - not in the
outward and material sense, which
most human nature seems to require,
but in the suggestive and subtle touches
which flow through our inner consciousness
-ness, "Touching the electric chain
wherewith we're darkly bound".
I don't know how much or how little you
are interested in these things - I ~~am~~ am
dully - but in a very quiet way.

I see by the papers that Boston does
herself the honour to want a copy of
your Samuel Adams - you have
fairly conquered Boston. I am glad
for you! - Does this involve the ne-
cessity of a new model? and can
it be cast in bronze to your satisfac-
tion here? - I ought to know all these
things - but I have been too long on
the shelf - and everything in the
art way has naturally gone by me.
This summer I have felt better and
brighter than for three years past -
I seem to be emerging from the cloud
a little - and if it came in my way
I might even essay to write ~~a little~~
the feeling is so strange to me,
that I hardly know what to make
of it - This winter I hope to be able
to go about a little in the art world
and see what is doing - by & bye I am

Going to make my usual Autumn
visit to Villa Carshaw, and perhaps
Lottie and I may make a trip to Boston
to see you & go to Mt-Auburn.
meantime I know you must be such
a busy woman, that I shall not
expect you to write to me, unless you
feel that "Spur to finish the sides
of your intent" of which you speak
is a sure sign you need to hear from
you - . But whether you do or
do not write - I am always
truly & affectionately,
Yours.
Edy

E. S. Adams

Miss Anne Whitney?

92. Mt Vernon St.

Boston (Mass)



BOSTON MASS. R.
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9AM

10-30-1879

Letter from Emma Stebbins, New York City, New York, to Anne Whitney, Boston, Massachusetts, 1879 October 30

Emma Stebbins

Wellesley College Archives

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