

1-1-1880

## Letter from L. Maria Child, [1880], to Anne Whitney

Lydia Maria Child

Wellesley College Archives

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Oh yet we trust that, somehow, good  
 Will be the final goal of ill,  
 To pang of nature, sins of will,  
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
 That not one life shall be destroyed,  
 Or cast, as rubbish, to the void,  
 When God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain,  
 That not a moth, with vain desire,  
 Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,  
 Or but subserves another's gain.

So runs my dream:— but what am I?  
 An infant crying in the night,  
 An infant crying for the light,  
 And with no language but a cry.

Behold we know not anything!  
 I can but trust that good will fall,  
 At last— far-off— at last, to all,  
 And every winter change to spring.

Tennyson.

Transcribed by L. Maria Child  
 on +

Calvinson