

7-9-1906

Letter from Harriet L. Scudder, Macugnaga, Italy, to Anne Whitney, 1906 July 9

Harriet L. Scudder

Wellesley College Archives

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I thank them for me to see you before very long.
Great peace
they who love
My dear
My law: I had
repeats - what your
Dear letter
Days to see
not - my eyes
are full of
Tears with
Standing.
Care of your
Lovers.
Harriet L. Conway
July 1/66

Miss Whitney,
Your loving noble
words out of a benumbed life have brought
consolation and strength to your anxious
friends on this side the waters and we
long to thank you for them. Like
your dear lover - friend you have thought
only of others & have given us the
assurance we craved that the dark
valley proved an easy path for her
we all loved and that you whom we
would cherish long have been mercifully

helped" even till now. Yes! your friend
is yours now & ever more. Who can think
otherwise when God opens an abyss &
shows us the foundations of our being!

I have always felt the rare purity
& nobleness & self-less-ness of dear Miss
Manning, & shall ever count it among
my life's privileges to have known her
& you.

All is indeed well with
her & since we read your dear letter
at ten o'clock last Saturday evening
I know that all is well with you
at Plymouth, even if there should
be bodily solitude for you.

Perhaps there is not even

enough of that. The eternal stillness
is sometimes so welcome. I thank
God & our Lord for His goodness
to you, instead of mourning as I
did.

I thought in my faithlessness
that you might run the way she
went all too quickly for us who
stay, but you are still a blessing
to us in your strength & love
Thank God.

We are having Carl days in
Italy just now, at the foot of
Grand old Mount Rosa. His head

Mounts higher into the heavens than any
mountain I have known & startles
us with his stern glory in such a
fair day as this. Fida & some friends
have sought his very feet today
on a point between the two great
glaciers, but I know she & Florence
want to speak to you & will do so
soon.

The last of this week we turn
our leisurely steps towards home,
delaying a while at Niimen & some
other spots. But we sail from
Liverpool the 14th of September

& shall then hope to see you before very long.

My dear
"Great peace
have they who love
thy law." That
repeats what your
dear letter

says to me
but my eyes
are full of
tears as I write
standing.
One of your
lovers.

Harriet L. Sewall