



1876-01-01

Letter from Ina Coolbrith to [John Muir], [ca. 1876].

Ina D. Coolbrith

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Mother was taken violently ill, -
so ill as to make me trouble for
the result, - and in the care of
her, and the crowding of my many
other duties, I have had ^{no} time
nor thought for anything else.
I have been able to give the Library
only one hour - in the evening -
and into that have condensed
the work of the ten, daily ex-
pected of me. O John Muir!
John Muir! Bless the destiny
which has permitted you to wander
through such "ways of pleasantness";
for were you to change with me
even for a little space, with no more
hope of escape, I doubt if you would
accept existence longer, at such
heavy cost!

Well, it was a balmy little let-
-ter that you sent me, tho' if you
could have enclosed "a lake or a
mountain", or even a cup of cold,
life-giving water from the one,

considered: which is, that the teacher's occupation is
never gone, and he therefore need have no fear of being
discharged!

My time is up, and I've given you absolutely
nothing, — have nothing to give!

No note of song to sing you,
No single flower to fling you, —
But these, O happy wanderer, you will not mind, nor miss;
Since forest-land and meadow
Are yours, with sun and shadow,
With bird-song, brook-song, breath of flowers, and all that in them is!

Ana Costello

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