



1879-10-09

Letter from [John Muir] to Louie [Strentzel], 1879 Oct 9.

John Muir

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Oct 14th ^{noon}
Leave for the North
in a few minutes
Indians ^{waiting}
farewell
Dear Louis.

Fort Wrangel, Alaska,
Oct 9th 1879.

Your letter of Aug. 12th has
just now reached me, forwarded from
Fort Townsend. It seems every summer
my gains from God's Wilds grow greater.
This last seems the greatest of all. For the
first few weeks I was so feverishly excited
with the boundless exuberance of the woods,
& the wilderness of great ice floods, & the
manifest scriptures of the ice-shrub that
modelled the lonely archipelagoes along
the coast, that I could hardly settle down
to ^{the} steady labor required in making any
sort of truth ones own. But I'm working
now, & feel unable to leave the field.
Had a most glorious time of it among the
stricken glaciers, which in some shape or
other will reach you. Surely you would not
have me away from this work, dawdling
in a weak witted way on your canoe, doing
& drying like a castaway ship on the beach.
The charm of time you want you now
renew safe & well. I'm fully at home
here now. Little Anna Vanderbilt, two years old is
the heart kernel of this home. She often makes
me think of Helen - a dainty white dot of a lass,
pink as a daisy, fair as any flower. in the dew -
our little doctor of divinity, preaching precious bits
of love. Ruckling & toddling over the carpet like a canoe
in a tidepool with sturdy gurgles of will, half angel half
angel, celestial & terrestrial happily blended.