



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1879-01-01

## Letter from Sarah [Muir Galloway] to [John Muir], [1879].

Sarah Muir Galloway

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[I don't go home, and take the Grand-son  
but the ferns were soaring and making  
beautiful arches in the shade of  
the oaks, the young timber is growing  
so thick and fast it is quite a trial to  
get there, unless we go around by the  
marsh and come to it on the further  
side. Harriet has gone up to his Father's to  
day, we heard that Grand-ma was feeling  
very low spirited and not very well at all,  
I was up in the spring, and was much  
pleased to see her looking so well, still  
she was quite feeble, feeling very tired by  
the time she got up, and dressed herself.  
But I don't say you would not see much  
difference in her appearance except  
that she looks more pale, and languid than  
she used to be, but it always seems to wake  
her up to talk about you, you remember  
in your last letter to the children when  
you sent your picture to Mother, you  
said you would have sent one to Grand-ma  
Galloway too, if she could have seen it

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I mentioned it to her, and she told me to  
 tell you that your picture would be  
 welcomed by every one in the family  
 but that it was already hung up in the  
 halls of her memory, and that she  
 could see you now as plainly as the day  
 you sat near her, with some little flowers  
 in your hand, telling her about a little  
 bird that always says "the day's done, the  
 day's done," she said the picture was so  
 plain she could tell which side of you was  
 next to her, and tell him <sup>she said</sup> he will yet see  
 all the glorious works of our Father, for  
 he is one of those, whose days will never be done  
 she also showed me, the little sprig of pine or  
 cedar you sent her by me, <sup>some time ago</sup> it was carefully laid  
 away corked up tight in a fancy full little bottle  
 where she said it would look always just the  
 same. I had a letter from Father about a week  
 ago, he was quite well, he seems to think it would  
 be good for him that he had broken away from among his  
 for he had found a number who were of like  
 mind with him self, they were holding open air  
 meetings every night where thous ands were hear-  
 ing the gospel preached, there is also a meeting  
 at his home every Sunday, he seems to be enjoying  
 him self very much, I hear by Mother's last  
 letter he is very anxious for her to go there, and  
 bring us news of the girls as care to come.  
 Mother was well when I heard last  
 be sure to let us hear from you as soon as you  
 feel it convenient.

lovingly your Sister  
 Sarah

many thanks  
 for the picture  
 and the sprig  
 of pine or cedar  
 and the letter  
 from Father  
 and Mother  
 and the girls  
 and the news  
 of the meeting  
 at his home  
 every Sunday

[Fragment of letter to John Muir, probably written in 1879].

but the ferns were waving and making beautiful arches in the shade of the oaks, the young timber is growing so thick and fast it is quite a trial to get there, unless we go around by the marsh and come to it on the further side. David has gone up to his Father's to-day. We heard that Grandma was felling very low-spirited and not very well at all. I was up in the spring, and was much pleased to see her looking so well. Still she was quite feeble, feeling very tired by the time she got up and dressed herself. But I dare say you would not see much difference in her appearance, except that she looks more pale, and languid than she used to be, but it always seems to wake her up to talk about you. You remember in your last letter to the children when you sent your picture to Mother, you said you would have sent one to Grandma Galloway too, if she could have seen it. I mentioned it to her, and she told me to tell you that your picture would be welcomed by every one in the family, but that it was already hung up in the halls of her memory, and that she could see you now as plainly as the day you sat near her, with some little flowers in your hand, telling her about a little bird that always sang "the day's done, the day's done." She said the picture was so plain she could tell which side of you was next to her. "And tell him," she said, "he will yet see all the glorious works of our Father, for he is one of those whose day will never be done." She also showed me the little sprig of pine or cedar you sent her by me some time ago. It was carefully laid away - corked up tight in a fanciful little bottle where she said it would look always just the same.

I had a letter from Father about a week ago. He was quite well. He seems to think it was good for him that he had broken away from among us, for he had found a number who were of like mind with himself. They were holding open air meetings every night where thousands were hearing the gospel preached. There is also a meeting at his house every Sunday. He seems to be enjoying himself very much. I hear by Mother's last letter he is very anxious for her to go there, and bring as many of the girls as care to come. Mother was well when I heard last. Be sure to let us hear from you as soon as you find it convenient.

Lovingly your sister,

Sarah.

"May the Lord bless thee and keep thee, and cause his face to shine upon thee."

[Envelope marked, in Muir's handwriting,

"Sarah's account of Grandmother Galloway's opinion of J.M. and his work. 'The day's done, the day's done.' etc."].