



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1881-04-08

Letter from Julia M[errill] Moores to [Muir Family], 1881 Apr 8.

Julia Merrill Moores

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Indianapolis April 5th 1881
232 N. Ala. St.

957

When you write to your mother
remember me to her. Neither
Merill nor I can ever forget
her kindness to him. He is
hard at work and happy in
his profession.

Janet is sighing over a sprained
ankle wh. keeps her shut up
in the house.

Charles has been home for a
vacation and gone back to
college. increasing in wisdom
and stature.

Tell me the baby's name, & kiss her
sweet mouth & dimpled chin for
me.

Yours truly & affectionately
Julia M. Moore

00986

My dear Friends,

Your letter of March
27th reached me on the 5th of April.

"And a little child shall lead
them." You are given your first lesson
in this sort of love. I thank God
that he has in his goodness brought
to your hearts this treasure. We
all rejoice with you.

Janet says - "Oh this baby will be
a poet. I wish she had come on
my birth day - only five days before."
Merill smiles and makes some
quizzing remarks about their
never having seen such a child
before. Of course there never was to
these parents. I appreciate it all,
the joy of the father & mother and of
the grandparents. The curiosity, the

Miss Burdick's was pleased & proud of your happiness.

wonder over the perfection of this gift of
God. Do I not recall the happiness in
the dear old homestead when my
Merrill came?

God then comes to us in His own
image. The dear Saviour comes in
His sweet love, setting a little
child in their midst.

And now how I am sure
be the lives, lest these little feet
go astray. That prayers will go
up to the dear Father, a fever in
them, which they never before
knew. God bless and keep your
darling, my dear friends.

Kate & Mina and
all of the kindred rejoice in
your happiness.

Your story of the apple, peach, &
plum and cherry blossoms & the
fragrance of the vines. seems all
like a miracle.

No spring has yet blessed our eyes
The trees are dead, apparently. the
vines closely trimmed & not yet
trained hang aimlessly about.

Only a faint tinge of greenness
is on the grass. Yesterday a
yellow crocus opened its eye for
a little while under the fierce
sun - but fell asleep again dis-
heartened.

This morning, a robin came and
tripped before the dining-room
window - Sweet harbinger of
spring. By his side an English
sparrow hopped. who with his
mates has not driven this dear
robin from the evergreens where
he yearly builds his nest.

By the way. tell me sometime what
you think of these English Sparrows.
I want to love all birds.

232 N. Ala. St., Indianapolis,
April 8th, 1881.

My dear Friends:

Your letter of March 27th reached me on the 5th of April. "And a little child shall lead them." You are given your first lesson in this sort of love. I thank God that He has in His goodness brought to your hearts this treasure. We all rejoice with you. Janet says, "Ah, this baby will be a poet. I wish she had come on my birthday only five days before." Merrill smiles and makes some funny remark about there never having been such a child before. Of course there never was to these parents. I appreciate it all, the joy of the father and mother and of the grandparents. The curiosity, the wonder over the perfection of this gift of God. Do I not recall the happiness in the dear old homestead when Merrill came? God thus comes to us in His own image. The dear Saviour comes in His sweet love, 'setting a little child in their midst.' And now, how blameless must be the lives, lest these little feet go astray. What prayers will go up to the dear Father, a fervor in them, which they never before knew. God bless and keep your darling, my dear friends.

Kate and Mina and all of the kindred rejoice in your happiness. Your story of the apple, peach, and plum and cherry blossoms and the fragrance of the vines seems all like a miracle. No spring has yet blessed our eyes. The trees are dead apparently, the vines closely trimmed and not yet trained hang aimlessly about. Only a faint tinge of greenness is on the grass. Yesterday a yellow crocus opened its eye for a little while under the fickle sun, but fell asleep again disheartened.

This morning a robin came and tripped before the dining-room window, sweet harbinger of spring. By his side an English sparrow hopped, who with his mates has not driven this dear robin from the evergreens where he yearly builds his nest. By the way, tell me sometime what you think of these English sparrows. I want to love all birds.

When you write to your mother remember me to her. Neither Merrill nor I can ever forget her kindness to him. He is hard at work and happy in his profession. Janet is sighing over a sprained ankle which keeps her shut up in the house. Charles has been home for a vacation and gone back to college, increasing in wisdom and stature. Tell me the baby's name, and kiss her sweet mouth and dimpled chin for

Yours truly and affectionately,

Julia M[errill] Moores