



1881-05-04

Letter from Louie [Strentzel] Muir to [John Muir], [1881 May 4].

Louie Strentzel Muir

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Wednesday
day break,

My beloved husband,

All this weary night I have held our baby in my arms, and waited, waited for the sound of your voice, the touch of your hand, wildly hoping, refusing to know that fate could be so cruel and deny me the comfort of your presence for yet another day.

O John if only I could look upon your face

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their touch is over all this paper, and the rosebud mouth has kissed your name.

I believe and trust that our Heavenly Father will be good to you because of her, and O my husband if the love and unceasing prayers of your faithful wife can at last avail to shield you from peril and sorrow, your life

once more before you go
away into the awful
silence and darkness
of the North, it would
not be so hard to bear

O my husband if
there can be any delay
in the Corwin's sailing
I beseech you, come
for the love of our own
wee, wee bairnie

However it be, pray,
pray that God will
bless her and hold her
always in His loving care.

How beautiful she has
been to night nestling and
clinging against my breast

and looking up with her
great starry eyes as if
she would understand
and comfort me. She
was sick all yesterday
so I cannot leave her
out of my sight and arms.

I try with all my
strength to be brave for
her dear sake, and when
you come again home,
please God, she will be
the bonniest sweetest
lassie that ever gladdened
a loving father's heart
while I write, her
little hands are still
clinging to mine and

will be safe and
blessed, and the love
of God will lead you
and abide with you
evermore.

Louie Muir.