



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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Letter from William Reid to John Muir, 1858 Jul

William Reid

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My dear Friend John

July

1855

I received your kind letter
and was glad to see it on account of not getting one
from you for sometime and also that you were so far
recovered as to be able to write one, which gave
me much pleasure in reading it. We are all well here
at present - which is a great blessing, and we may be
thankful to give of life and health that we are not
on beds of sickness and languishing, while others
are dropping away around us we are yet the spared
monuments of his glory, but we don't know what a
day or an hour may bring forth, death comes to men
of this world in various ways, some will see him
along way of coming riding along on his pale
horse, slowly he comes on till he reaches the gate
he then slowly dismounts from his horse and ties
him to the post, opens the gate and goes through shuts
the gate after him, slowly he bends his steps toward the
house, opens the door, shuts it, wends his way to sick
chamber, takes a seat sit down converses with his
victim, and gradually and by slow degrees takes him away
at other times he comes like a furious fiend rushes
in at the back door grapples with his victim and
takes him in an instant without any warning,
we do not know when or how we shall be called
away, for the son of man comes as a thief in the night.
therefore it is our duty to be diligent in watching
and prayer so that ^{which he} ~~we~~ comes at ^{my} ~~me~~ at midnight.

cock crowing, or in the morning, we can bid him enter
 as a welcome guest, - and go with him and leave this
 world of affliction and our souls be carried to that
 world above where pleasure banish pain, what a blessed
 exchange from a world of troubles and trials to a world
 of happiness and peace, to dwell in those bright realms
 above with all the ~~unassisted~~ assistance of the Lord, and to sing
 hallelujahs to him that sits upon the throne, for ever more.
 Oh, that we may reach that happy land, where all rest in the
 bosom of God, where all behold the Redeemer's face, where
 all are singing that wondrous "new song" which fills heaven
 with joy, and eternity with undying melody as it ascends
 in pealing notes from the mansions of glory, unto him
 that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood
 and hath made us kings and priests unto God, to him be glory
 and dominion for ever and ever, we have only a short
 time here on earth to live, therefore let us be patient in
 well-doing, having our eyes fixed on the prize, leaning
 on that mighty arm that is able to uphold us and
 keep us from falling, relying on the merits of a dying
 Saviour for we have nothing of our own to make us men-
 servants, we are simple creatures, ^{our hearts} ~~we~~ are prone to wander
 from the God that made us, and to go into by and forbidden
 paths, it is our duty then to pray for the guidance of the
 Holy Spirit - to lead and guide us in the ways of all truth,
 to lead us in that narrow way that lead to everlasting life
 and to promise us to stand of God slain from the foundation
 of the world, Dear John I hope this will find in good
 health, I must bid goodby for the present, from your friend
 write soon Wm. W.