

I have a rare chance of getting your plants packed out of the Valley tomorrow & so have determined to send all together together with a few seeds in a box by

Wells Fargo Ex -

I am ever cordially  
Your friend John Muir

The books, both Hutchings & mine }  
are along all right, Mary }  
Thank Ms! }  
I am hard at work on dead glaciers }

Yosemite Valley  
Dec<sup>r</sup> 18<sup>th</sup>, 72

My dear Gray, I received the last of your notes two days ago announcing the arrival of the ferns. You speak of three boxes of Primula, I sent seven or eight.

I had some measurements to make about the throat of the South Dome so yesterday I climbed there. & then ran up to Clouds Rest for your Primulas. & as I stuffed them in big loads into a sack, I laid down I wonder what-mouthfuls this size will accomplish for the doctor's primrose hunger. Before filling your sack I witnessed one of the

most glorious of our mountain  
 sunsets - not one of the assembled  
 mountains seemed remote - all  
 had ceased their labor of beauty  
 & gathered around their Parent  
 Sun to receive the evening blessing  
 & waiting angels could not be  
 more solemnly hushed. The sun  
 himself seemed to have reached  
 a higher life as if he had died  
 & only his soul were glowing  
 with rayless bodiless light,  
 & as Christ - to his disciples  
 so this departing Sun-soul said  
 to every precious heart - to every  
 pine & weed, to every stream  
 & mountain, My Peace I  
 give unto you,

I ran home in the  
 moonlight with your sack  
 of roses slung on my shoulder  
 by a buckskin string, - down  
 through the junipers - down through

The firs - now in black  
 shadow - now in white  
 light. Past great South Dome  
 white as the moon - past  
 Spirit-like Nevada - past  
 Pyriack - through the groves  
 of Illilouette & spiny pines  
 of the open valley, star-  
 crystals sparkling above -  
 frost crystals beneath, &  
 rays of Spirit beaming  
 everywhere.

I reached home a  
 triple weary but could have  
 wished so Godful a walk  
 some miles & hours longer  
 & as I slid your roses  
 off my shoulder I said  
 This is one of the big  
 round rise days that so  
 fatten our lives - so much  
 of sun on one side, so much  
 of moon on the other