



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1903-08-10

Letter from [?] to John Muir, 1903 Aug 10.

Unidentified

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New York Aug 10th 1903

Mr John Muir;

Dear Sir: I take a privilege that greatness bestows upon its beneficiaries in letting the impelling impulse have way and let some of the pleasure your book "Our National Parks" has given me, have expression that reaches the giver of it. Being an ignoramus in Science (as well as in much else) this is the first of your published works I have met: and being of stern necessity tied up to an office business - into the hills and streams out of sight, and the love of them strong in me - imagining the delight of seeing the Sierras, of breathing the fine clear air - of making acquaintance with those blessed trees of yours - and all the other dear mild exquisite flora - and seeing with

trained eyes and hearing learned explanations. hearing with the subtle wisdom not learned in books, which it is a treat. a vacation more enjoyed than many a one that has lost much and profited little judging from its chatter.

"I look unto the hills whence cometh my strength" when I can see them. but now the hills have come to me. four poems have filled my mind eye and the "thoughts of God" gleam through the phrases that tell so clearly, wisely, poetically and devoutly about the wonders and glories of that beauty land that is lifted above the blight of plough and smoke and mut-roar and din of traffic and the now sickening masses of sordid, grovelling

humanity.

nameless ³³ 316

Parks

Near as own breath comes into you
dear sir and I think all who visit with
you a mountain height. a wild meadow
glacier or woody dell must find some
new songs springing from the heart.

I will hope other children than my
own will read all the pretty stories of wild
game (not game). It must be better than
browns and fannies. You will think me
as saucy and venturesome as any of your
wild friends to be so frankly eulogistic
but you will have one more proof of
having found friends of the forests. from
which no one ever comes down without
something caught from the burning bush.