



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1907-01-01

Letter from [George Hansen] to [John Muir], [ca. 1906-1907 ?].

George Hansen

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Dear friend:

I feel that I must talk to you a little while, and perhaps can say more fully what I wish in this way than in another.

You know me, now, more fully than any other living soul upon earth, for you have known me when most weak in body and mind, when deeply hurt and most anxious, and doubtful about myself. I feel stronger now, and wish you to know me at all times.

I believe I ^ewant to you, in my loneliness, as a bird would fly to a grand old cedar in a storm -- as I would have gone to Christ had he been here in human shape, and I believe that He sent me, for I prayed to him to help me.

You will remember, in reference to the note I sent you, saying that I must not think so deeply of it, but, dear friend, I do not believe it a trivial matter. Living, as God has willed it, so little in material things, I cannot feel any spiritual matter -- its calm, or storm -- as insignificant, and I thank Him, Oh! I thank Him so much, for the shadowed, rocky cañons, and for the peaceful mountain-tops, where the evening and morning sunlight dwells.

I thank Him that He has so blessed me by nature and circumstances, and that He has given me such sure faith -- when the sick body cannot obey the strong soul in the substantiality of the other Land; its human love and truth.

I wish, besides, to say that, if in God's future He should so will it, that I must step out alone into the roughness of the human world, although I believe there are few that would go, so like a little child, still not seeking any earthly gain, loving and trusting in others-- I believe I would receive the protection that would be given to a little child.

There are plenty of dear old trees to rest under, and I should not starve. So you see I have no fear for the future, and though I have seen many living lives that seem to run through peaceful sunny days without storm, or shadow, I would not exchange my life for theirs; No -- not even when walking, barefoot, over the rough stones in the cañon's shadow.

Where will the deeply learned and keen-eyed scholar go for comfort and strength in bereavement, when the veil seems partly to withdraw and material things lie far below. To Plato, or the Vedas? Deep and lofty truths, as, undoubtedly, are often in great men's thoughts of olden time, they have not, altogether, had a minute part of the power and love (as its Divine music rolls down the centuries) of those few simple words of the Gentle One, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."