



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

---

1901-12-10

## Letter from Eliza Munro to John Muir, 1901 Dec 10.

Eliza Munro

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence>

---

### Recommended Citation

Munro, Eliza, "Letter from Eliza Munro to John Muir, 1901 Dec 10." (1901). *John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)*. 4496.

<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence/4496>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in John Muir Correspondence (PDFs) by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact [mgibney@pacific.edu](mailto:mgibney@pacific.edu).

by Olef Ellison, <sup>[4]</sup> I have read it  
again and again with delight  
I am going to take it with your letter  
etc, to a lady, an old and valued  
friend of your father and who is  
very familiar with your writings. She  
spent a winter in California a few  
years ago, and was in San Francisco  
and much regretted that she did not  
see you. Our family doctor who was  
resident Physician at the General  
Hospital often speaks of your father  
saying how much he was liked both  
by the hospital staff and patients.  
But I fear I am exhausting your  
patience, so will conclude with  
kindest regards to yourself and <sup>family</sup>  
also your brothers & sisters.

I beg leave to remain  
Yours most sincerely  
Elegz Mums

216 Robinson Street [1901]  
Bancroft  
Dec. 10<sup>th</sup>  
Dear Mr. Mieser  
A very severe illness  
is my excuse for not ac-  
knowledging long ere this your  
letter to my daughter Beunette.  
It was so good of you to write  
and give us Mrs. Browne's ad-  
dress as well as the whereabouts  
of the other members of the family.  
I see that with the exception of  
your Mother, the family circle  
is undiminished. Long  
wishing it continue so. Your  
father and myself were always  
good friends, coming from



[ 23 ]

Berwick on Tweed, not very far from your own Dunbar. We had many a chat of bygone times and places. He had been in Berwick and it must have been about the Christmas time, for he heard the "Waits" and could remember the tune they played: it brought the tears to my eyes so well did I remember it too, and what a peculiar delight we children had in listening to the wind-like music. He was fond of my children, especially Bennetta, and always spoke of her to me as the "Lord's Lamb". Seldom a day passed without one (sometimes

[ 33 ]

the three) going in to read a Chapter and sing a hymn. And no matter when, or at what time they went in, they were always sure of a hearty welcome; and his face fairly beamed as they sat round his table reading verse, and verse about, he pausing now and then to explain something. Those were happy days; they will never forget them. After they took him a bunch of wild flowers, he was pleased to get them, saying he loved the flowers for God made them. I have read with much interest the sketch of your life, much it brings your good father to my mind. I also read a short sketch with quotations from your writings