



1912-11-16

## Letter from Marie A. Fisk to John Muir, 1912 Nov 16.

Marie A. Fisk

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and keep up <sup>up</sup> courage knowing  
that there is a blessed reunion  
and after all the years are  
short. Was much entertained  
in reading your story of the  
Boyhood in Scotland in the  
Atlantic for November, and  
shall watch with much an-  
ticipation for every installment  
of your life history. There can be  
more interesting than the Nov-  
ember number. Just imagine  
the little three year old boy totting  
off to school, then the little  
chaps in their games of "scotch"  
It is all very delightful. I so  
hope you will come and see  
me again. Wait you?  
November sixteenth, Very cordially,  
Marie A. Fisk

11  
[1] Pasadena Cal.  
510 N. California St.  
  
My dear Mr Muir:-  
Lowell informs  
me that you called at the  
house while I was away. I am  
indeed sorry to have missed  
seeing you. I went East for  
two months and had a very  
happy trip. I went across the  
continent with Mr Kellogg  
his daughter Ellen, and that  
very companionable lady,  
whom you christened "Finnie  
Sky-lark", so you can be  
assured that I enjoyed the

05300

journey very much. I visited  
 Buffalo, friends up in Canada  
 then back to Philadelphia,  
 Atlantic City, and last but  
 not least New York City,  
 where I was happy indeed  
 for it is like home, yet, altho'  
 so many old friends are  
 gone, as are the dear husband  
 and son with whom I used  
 to enjoy so much. I had my  
 dear daughter in law with  
 me, and met so many who  
 were connected with my  
 former life in New York,  
 and there is so much of  
 interest in that metropolis as

I really found it I dreaded  
 leaving it all and coming  
 way across to my lonely  
 home here. But nature in  
 California is kinder to one  
 as age comes on, and the  
 blood chills, there are many  
 attractions in this land of  
 so much sunshine, and  
 there are kind hearts every  
 where. When one has lived  
 to see their loved ones pass  
 over into the "better land",  
 the only thing left to comfort  
 is the pleasure to be found  
 in books and the joys whi  
 are common to every one