



1886-10-15

## Letter from Unidentified to Mrs. Muir [Louie Strentzel Muir], 1886 Oct 15

Unidentified

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

---

### Recommended Citation

Unidentified, "Letter from Unidentified to Mrs. Muir [Louie Strentzel Muir], 1886 Oct 15" (1886). *John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)*. 6720.

<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence/6720>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the John Muir Correspondence 1856-1914 at 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).

Martinez Cal. Oct. 15-86

"Oh we love this world that we live in and we do not know much about any other world. Oh we love the days in this beautiful world, for we can run and play and have a grand time, and the Lord can see us all the time and we can not see Him. Oh how grand and great He is! (Repeat.) He makes all people, all dogs, and even all hens. He makes gold and silver. How grand and great He is! He makes frogs and elephants - the lovely stars and moon, and all things. We love Him, oh we love Him! The stars are fires up in the sky. The sun is a bigger fire. Oh the lovely, lovely stars! But one thing He did not do - He did not name the stars, but I suppose He could if He wanted to.



And He made mountains, and even  
mountains in the moon - that great  
fire - and little daisies too, in that great  
moon that we see. Oh we love the moon!  
The moon is a big fire - as big as from here  
to Martinez.

Oh how great, and good, and wonderful He is!  
He made the pretty, pretty, little girls, and  
when they are grown up they can have  
houses of their own, and then they can  
talk to the Lord though they can not  
see Him.

Oh how great, and grand, and good He is!  
He makes shells and birds and the little  
chickens - and He makes rose-bushes  
and water and stones.

Oh how we love Him!

And He makes ivy to run up the porches,  
and He even makes walruses and tusks  
for them. Oh it is very great and strange  
to us but I suppose it is not at all strange  
to Him.

The page is ended and this song is ended."