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n.d. Caspar Morris Incoming Letters H A94

William and the sacred vow that he took, by forgetting which he brings dishonour on the Church of his God and Saviour, that there seems a depth in the misery which words would vainly express. Both Mary and myself feel that there is great risk in bringing him to the City, but where, My dear Cousin could he be secure from the means of temptation? This is as secluded a place as it appears possible to find, no village no tavern, entirely an agricultural district, with only one store, kept by a very respectable man whom Mary says would not sell any stimulant for personal use, (the laws of Connecticut forbid its sale) and yet, alas, it is to be got some-where. Yet, indeed, we should "be thankful that we have not been tempted" as the poor Quaker woman said, and my father's prayer for me, on his death-bed, that I might never become intemperate, has always had to me a peculiar warning in it, and tho' I have taken stimulants, as medicine, and believe it right to do so under careful medical advice, yet, I desire never to forget the impression of that dying prayer. May our Heavenly Father give me grace to be watchful.—

It would be impossible for Mary to administer the prescription you recommend, as she could not know the amount of brandy or whiskey to be mixed with the Infusion of Wormwood in this particular case and though, for fear of my anxiety, she hesitates about coming to Phila^da, yet I urge her to make the trial, we must do every thing to save him, that offers any hope, and staying