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"Biographical Sketch of Caspar Morris, M.D." MS 1994

many a time have I availed myself of it without putting him to the suffering caused to him by directly giving advice.

He was never physically strong, though he had such wonderful endurance. In early life his hair was light brown, and complexion clear and slightly ruddy, and his eyes grayish-blue, as shown in a portrait painted when he was twenty-two. He returned from India with very black hair, and slightly sallow complexion, which contrasted strongly with the color of the eyes. He was a handsome man, of light step and easy carriage, with an earnest, thoughtful expression of countenance, but with a cheerful sympathy which made him invaluable in a sick-room. As a physician his views were clear and simple, and his practice directed more to the removal of *laedentia* and free administration of *juvantia*, than to niceties or extravagances, however fashionable. He formed his diagnosis quickly, after a careful, minute examination; and never shrank from telling his patients the truth kindly but firmly, giving them advice simply and clearly; he thus won their entire confidence. If the least doubt remained in his mind, he always urged a consultation with those in whom he or the patients had reason to confide, and was always glad to divide responsibility. He was beloved by all, even by those who differed with him. He carried his Christianity everywhere with him, not wearing it as a cloak, or hiding it for occasional use when convenient, but as that which saturated and permeated his being and his life. Quite recently a member of this College told me of an occasion when Dr. Morris and the late Professor Darrach were both called in consultation to see a difficult and obscure case under his charge; after seeing the patient, they withdrew to another room. Dr. Darrach said, "Doctor, this patient needs higher wisdom than ours." "Let us seek it," replied Dr. Morris, and in an instant both of them were on their knees. The patient

got well. In manner he was cheerful, often vivacious, but never trifling; he was one of the best conversationalists I have ever known, his rich and varied knowledge and experience and hearty sympathy rendering him popular alike with old and young. He kept himself constantly informed of the best that was going on in the world of science and literature, and was himself no mean poet, though none of his writings in that vein would he ever publish. A small volume of *Heart Voices and Home Songs*, printed for private circulation, is all that remains, from which, by request of a Fellow of this College, I add four selections. His strength gradually but steadily declined. Without acute disease, or trouble other than that due to a gouty, feeble heart, which he inherited, he found himself obliged to relinquish active life, and one after another of his cherished employments. In 1880, one year after the celebration of their golden wedding, at which their assembled children and grandchildren made quite a numerous company, his beloved wife passed away, after much suffering, to her rest. And three years after, on March 17, 1883, he also "entered into the joy of his Lord," leaving three sons and a daughter surviving; two children died in infancy.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

"Even so, saith the Spirit: for they rest from their labor, and their works do follow them."