the power that formed us, for we tarnish the lustre of His Glory when we disobey His Divine command. We were created for the glory of God, and everlasting happiness. If we rob Him of the glory which is His due, we render ourselves objects of His hatred instead of children of His love, and insinuate ourselves eternal misery. God is holy and requires us to be so. If we desire to be raised into the glorious Liberty of His children, I am convinced there is no solid happiness but in practicing pious, which renders youth irresistible, beautifies deformity, and yields our Suffering Sun with the brilliant rays of hope and joy that will never terminate.

The expectation of hearing from Nancy has prevented my writing sooner. I rejoice to hear from her that Abby was conjugal and you advanced to the respectable station of Grandmamma. I should like to see you in this character, and will furnish you with a pair of spectacles and mob cap — let me hear from you immediately respecting Abby — giving love to her with every tender wish for present and future happiness — when you write send my letters to Swan and tell her it will give me pleasure to hear from her likewise to those of her Grandpapa and Grandmamma — this will save me postage and in future I will include my letters to Swan if you wish. Give my love to Nancy and believe me with affection your father,