

I was absent from home nearly all the time, and the war came on in 1861, and I believe those were the causes of our meetings being suspended. We have never since called another meeting.

In 1869, and for several years following I had a fearful cough, and moved out of Boston. My historical studies were somewhat interrupted and I let my membership of the Historic Geneeological Society lapse. But the simple life of a farmer restored me to health. It was a wonderful cure without much medical aid.

So I am now at the age of 70 as well as ever. Catarrh and bronchitis were the cause of my cough. They lead to consumption if not prevented by some means. I used magnesia and bicarbonate of soda, and kept my stomach free from acidity. This is suggested in some medical works. The parasites of such diseases are killed by various means.

I have lived here over twenty years in Wakefield, on a little farm of about thirty acres, tillage, meadow and woodland at Moutrose Post Office and R. R. depot. Our house is surrounded by green fields and shady trees, close to a little river, the "Sangus." The enjoyments here are, good air, grassy walks, clear, nice water, fruits and vegetables at hand fresh and free, cows, fowls, and singing birds. My children have grown up here and they love to come home in the pleasant season. I enjoy such gifts of nature very highly.

We should make the most we can of all the good things of this life. We should be frugal, generous, affectionate, forgiving, kind, virtuous, honest, truthful, industrious, temperate, peaceful, grateful for all benefits, polite, neighborly and just. Such are my sentiments and my religion.

I have always had an undying antipathy against drunkards and liquor-sellers. It is never safe to trust them with any important business, or even associate with such people. I lately came across a good scrap of moral advice which runs as follows:

"The man who drinks liquor is not a fit companion for a young woman. His drink brutalizes him, and makes him forget the ideals of his better hours. A young woman takes serious chances who marries a young man addicted to his cup. He may promise to reform, and that promise may be good. It more frequently proves a snare. He is more apt to return to his glass after the honeymoon is past. He should be given a long time to prove himself before the least intimacy was allowed. We say without fear of successful contradiction that any young man who has been in the habit of drinking intoxicants is not a proper associate for a decent young woman, and should be regarded with suspicion by any parent. Drink will make a demon of anyone who indulges in it. A young man who has once formed an appetite for it is never after safe.—*The Progressive Age.*"

It often happens, that young men, whose fathers have died dirty, drunken sots, will begin their career by indulging in wine, beer or some such deceptive stimulant, and, before they fully comprehend