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Mabel Grant

Miss Ruby Hill.
R. 2, Box 113, Saltville, Virginia.

I am sending the formula for the lemon cure for lung-trouble, copied from our paper, trusting it may be printed again for the benefit of many who ask for it: Put one pound of pure whole flaxseed in a granite or porcelain kettle, add three quarts of cold water, cover tightly, and boil gently for two hours. Add six scrupulously clean, large

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Mutual Benefit Society

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lemons, sliced very thinly, and boil one half hour or longer, or until the lemon-rinds are very soft, keeping tightly covered all the while. Strain through doubled cheesecloth, and return the liquid to the kettle; add one pound-card of pure bees' honey, in cells, wax and all, crushing or breaking it up well before putting it in, let boil up once or twice, strain again and bottle. I now add two ounces of glycerine; it is also good for the lungs, and I think it helps to keep the lemon syrup. Keep in a cool place. Start with one teaspoonful three times a day before meals, and increase the dose until you can take a tablespoonful every two hours. Do not drink water for one half hour after taking. It may require two fillings of this prescription, but the remedy is a harmless one, and good. In cases where a hot application is required, try this: Take two bags of outing-flannel, fill with white navy-beans, and keep one in the oven while the other is being used. This idea has been the means of saving a life given up by doctors.

Mrs. Pearl Bernard.

Cassadaga, New York

25-4

Quotation Book

Mabel A Grant

E. C. T. S.

Greenville,

N. C.

1918–19

My

Lo, with the ancient
Roots of man's Nature
Twines the eternal
Passion of song.

Ever Love fans it,
Ever Life feeds it,
Time cannot age it,
Death cannot slay.

— William Watson
England, My Mother

m A story, unenriched by strange events.
— William Wordsworth: Michael

m . . . a child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts.
— Ibid.

m There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the heart.
— Ibid.

m . . . this tale, while I was yet a boy
. . . . . led me on to feel
For passions that were not my own, and think
(at random and imperfectly indeed)
On man, the heart of man, and human life.
— Ibid.

4

m

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorns
buds
That ope in the month of may.
— Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
The Wreck of the Hesperus

m

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a
chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow
sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and
higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd
mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray
down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.
— Alfred, Lord Tennyson
Enoch Arden

Then came a change, as all things human
Change.
— Ibid.

There did a thousand memories roll upon
him,
Unspeakable for sadness.
— Ibid.

. . . . . and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was
dark.
— Alfred, Lord Tennyson: Dora

And the sun went down and the stars
Came out, far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of
the one and fifty-three.
— Alfred, Lord Tennyson
The Revenge

O, Young Lochinvar is come out of the
west,
Through all the wide Border his steed
Was the best;

And, save his good broadsword, he weapons
had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young
Lochinvar.

— Sir Walter Scott: Lochinvar

m
Oh, god! It is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing.

— George Gordon, Lord Bryon
The Prisoner of Chillon

m
A light broke in upon my brain,
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard.
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with a glad surprise.

— Ibid.

m
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: — even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

— Ibid.

m

Why should we wait for New Year's
Day to come - and disappear?
When ever Conscience moves, or duty pleads,
Then make resolves, and of resolves
make deeds,
And let each day begin a new and
happy year.

New Year's, 1919

m

Speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve every word before you let it fall.

— Oliver Wendell Holmes

Class Song

W

Cheer for the class of twenty-two,
Cheer with a right good will!
Cheer for the Class that is always
true,
Faithful and loyal still!
Wave our colors - purple and white -
Emblem of a class that stands for
the right.
Oh, Cheer for our class with all your
might,
Three Cheers for twenty-two!

Dear alma Mater, our heart shall be thine,
Where'er our lot be cast,
Round thy image our fond memories twine,
As the years flit past.
In thy name we'll win the fight,
Uplifting the banner of purple and
white.
Oh, Cheer for our Class with all your
might,
Three Cheers for twenty-two!

— S. Elizabeth Davis

(Class Adviser of the Class of 1922)

The rude mind with difficulty associates the ideas of power and benignity.
—George Eliot: Silas Marner.

Marner's inward life had been a history and a metamorphosis, as that of every fervid nature must be when it has felt, or been condemned, to solitude.
—Ibid.

m
The yoke a man creates for himself by wrong doing will breed hate in the kindliest nature. —Ibid.

The light of his faith quite put out, and his affections made desolate, he had clung with all the force of his nature to his work and his money; and like all objects to which a man devotes himself, they had fashioned him into correspondence with themselves.
—Ibid.

m
Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more

than without us. — Ibid.

m

If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men as well as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable.

— Ibid.

m

. . . . she had the essentials attributes of a lady — high veracity, delicate honour in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits.

— Ibid.

. . . . that wide-gazing calm which makes us older human beings, with our inward turmoil, feel a certain awe in the presence of a little child, such as we feel before some quiet majesty or beauty in the earth or sky — before a steaday glowing planet, or a full flowered eglantine, or the bending trees over a silent pathway.

— Ibid.

If ever'n done our part, it isn't to be believed as Them as are above us 'ull be worse nor we are, and come short o' Their'n.

— Ibid.

(Dolly Winthrop's philosophy of life)

All as we're got to do is to trusten, Master Marner — to do the right thing as fur as we know, and to trusten.

— Ibid.

(Speech of Dolly)

m

Aladdin

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful Castles in Spain.

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose,
For I own no more Castles in Spain!

— James Russell Lowell

M

The First Snow-fall

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,

As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying 'Father, who makes it snow?'
And I told of the good All-father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar that renewed our woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
'The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father,
Alone can make it fall!'

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,

Folded close under deepening snow.
—James Russell Lowell

To the Dandelions

Dear common flower, that growist
beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless
gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and full of pride
uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed
that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's, ample
round
May match in wealth, thou art more
dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms
may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the
Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,

Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she
scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space nor
time;
Not in mid June the golden cuir-
assed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravish-
ment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles
burst.
Then think I of deep shadows on
the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,

Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand
ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy
maze,
Or whiten in the wind, of water blue
That from the distance sparkle
through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a strong lamb
doth move.

My child hood's earliest thoughts are
linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he
alone can bring
Fresh every day to my untained ears,
When birds and flowers and I were
happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature
seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common
art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty
gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous
secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom
look
On all these living pages of God's book.

— James Russell Lowell

M

Song

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?

Loved one of my youth thou wast,
Of my merry youth,
And I see
Tearfully,
All the fair and sunny past,
All its openness and truth,
Ever fresh and green in thee,
As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart that hath with love
Grown colored like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever,—
Can it know
All the woe

Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing,
To these hearts of ours belongs?

Out on it! no foolish pining
For the sky
Dims thine eye,
Or for the stars so calmly shining;
Like thee let this soul of mine
Take hue from that where for I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
Not satisfied with hoping - but divine.

Violet! dear violet!
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love for Him who sent thee,
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all Nature meant thee!

- James Russell Lowell

M

The Fountain

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moon light,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;

Into the star-light
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,

Motion thy rest;

Full of all nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant
Upward like thee!
— James Russell Lowell

M

The Changeling

I had a little daughter,
    And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
    To the Heavenly Fathers knees,
That I, by the force of nature,
    Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
    To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
    But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heavens she came
                from
    Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
    And so many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
    On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
    Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
    And dimpled her wholly over,

Till her out stretched hands smiled
also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelve
month,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Jingan
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling
A little angel child,
That seemed like her bud in full bloom,
And smiled as she never smiled.
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone neath an awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful also;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rains fall, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly,
And bless it upon my breast:
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

—James Russell Lowell

"To drill in Glass"

Make a solution of one ounce of Camphor, one and one half ounces of spirits of turpentine and three drams of ether. In drilling keep the end of the drilling tool wet with this fluid,

Sept. 21, 1924.

Cure for Bone felon.

Yolk 1 egg
Blue stone
Salt
green sage beat fine
Mix together make poltice and put on
finger several times.

For Pneumonia

Grease the patient with sweet oil Vaseline or lard and sprinkle well with powdered lobelia

(Sweet pickeled Peaches)

12 lbs of peaches put

plus of sugar

1 qt of Vinegar

Spice to flavor