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The measure of Poe's "Raven" is a favorite one with satirical poets. The following is from the London *Figaro*, of February 10. It is a spirited effort, and we publish it by request:

A SOUTHERN LYRIC.

A Black Bird That Could Sing But Wouldn't Sing.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
O'er the War of the Rebellion and the things that were before;
While I sat absorbed in thinking, brandy cocktails slowly drinking,
Suddenly I saw a blinking, one-eyed figure at my door—
Saw a nasty, stinking, blinking, one-eyed figure at my door,
Standing up as stiff as steel yards, just across my chamber floor,
Peeping in, and—nothing more.

Ah! I never shall forget it, how in glancing round I met it,
And I ever shall regret that I looked towards that door,
For I saw a monstrous figure—like a giant, only bigger,
And there stood a big buck nigger, with his back against the door,
Darting, with a hideous snigger, glances right across my floor,
A reeking, lantern-jaw'd buck nigger, bol upright against my door,
Glancing in, and—nothing more.

Quick instinctively espying where my ham and eggs were frying,
There I saw a poker lying near the hearth upon the floor,
And with most determined vigor, seized and hurled it at the nigger,
But so quick was he on trigger, as he jump'd it struck the door,
Struck beneath him, as he bounded just like lightning from the floor,
As like a tarr'd and feathered Mercury, up he bounded from the floor.
Grazed his heel, and—nothing more.

Backward toward my hearthstone looking where my ham and eggs were cooking,
Shaking, quaking as no mortal ever shaked or quaked before,
Soon I heard the ugly sinner mutter forth these words, "*Some dinner*,"
Looking still more gaunt and thinner, even than he looked before,
These the words the heathen mutter'd—the sole and only sound then uttered,
As down from his high jump he flutter'd lighting on his major toe,
'Dinner' said he—nothing more.

Then his impudence beginning, he displayed his gums in grinning,
And with eyes aught else but winning, leer'd upon me from the door,
Speaking thusly: "'Tis your treat, man, I'll never go into the street, man,
Till I get some grub to eat, man, I shall *never* leave your door,
Never quit them aigs and bacon, now just done, I'm very sure,
Never, till I've cleaned the platter, tho' you beat me till I roar,
Treat me, or I'll charge 'em sure.'

Then toward the fire place marching, where my coffee too was parching,
Boldly stalked this sassy nigger right across my chamber floor,
Never stopped to bend or bow, sir, then I knew there'd be a row, sir,
For I made a solemn vow, sir, he should soon recross that door,
And I kicked him through the room, sir, back again toward the door,
Kick'd and cuffed him, in my anger, back against my chamber door,
Then I kicked him yet once more.

But this midnight bird beguiling my stirred spirit smiling,
By the wretched, rabid, ravenous look his hungry visage wore,
'Tho',' I said, 'thou art a freedman, thou hast gone so much to seed, man,
So I'll give you one good feed man, as you seem to be so poor—
One good feed is your sore need, man, as you seem so very poor—
The eggs and meat *shall* be my treat, if with light work you'll pay the score,'
Quoth the nigger, 'Work no more.'

Much I marvnled this ungainly nigger should refuse so plainly
Just to do a little work, for food he craved and needed sore,
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Should decline to labor seeing that he was so blasted poor;
Should refuse to earn a dinner, which he hungered for I'm sure,
And would have damned his soul by stealing had he hoped to make the door,
Escaping thence to—work no more.

Awhile I sat absorbed in musing, what meant he by thus refusing,
Till, mad, I turned into abusing the odious, odorous blackamoor,
'Sure,' said I, 'you must be crazy, to be so infernal lazy,
So crazed, outrageous lazy, as to want to work no more;
[illegible]

clothes and payment sure?'
Quoth the nigger—Work no more.

'Nigger,' said I, 'horrid demon! *Nigger still, if slave or freeman*,
Pause and ponder ere you answer this one question I implore;
Have you got no sense of feeling? do you mean to live by stealing?
Or by working and fair dealing; tell me truly, I implore,
On your honor as a nigger, will you ever labor more?
Plow in corn or hoe in cotton, as you did in days of yore?'
Quoth the nigger—Nevermore!

Startled by the stillness broken by reply so flatly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'this big nigger once could eat enough for four,
When on some grand rice plantation he could out-eat all creation,
Until his corporal situation warned him he could eat no more;
Scorning any calculation of how much cash it cost, I'm sure,
For the master paid the piper in good old days of yore,
Days he'll revel in no more!'

'Nigger,' said I, 'thing of evil! quit my sight, *go to the devil*,
Or even yet pause, reconsider terms I'll offer you no more,
Tell me truly, I implore you, for the last time I conjure you,
If good wages I insure you, and clothes the best you ever wore,
Will you work three days in seven, at tasks far lighter than of yore?
Only three short days in seven—labor light and payments sure?
Quoth the nigger—Work no more.

'Be that word our sign of parting, nigger man,' I said upstarting,
'Get you gone to where you came from, let me see your face no more,
Quick, vamose, cut dirt—skedaddle—seek some far off, distant shore,
Haste, relieve me of that visage—*darken* not again my door;
Join the army—go to Texas! Never come back here to vex us,
Take your gaze from off my victuals—take your carcase from my door'—
Quoth the nigger—Nevermore.

And the nigger, never working, still is shirking—still is shirking
Every kind of honest labor in the house or out of door,
And his eye has all the seeming of a vulture's starved and dreaming,
And my bacon, gently steaming, tempts him still to cross my floor,
But I'll gamble with the poker that I hurled at him before,
And I'll maul his very lights out, if he dares to pass that door,
He *shall* work or—eat no more!

MR. EVARTS'S VERMONT FARM.

The farm of Mr. William M. Evarts contains between seven and eight hundred acres, seventy head of cattle, including twenty cows, three yoke of oxen, averaging four thousand pounds per yoke, fifteen calves, a three-year-old Durham bull—a splendid specimen of that famous breed—a fine Jersey bull and other young cattle, all of which show care and skill in handling and feeding. There are two hundred sheep on the farm, many of them being superior animals. Of horses and colts there are sixteen; one span, as smooth and active as colts, aged, one twenty-five and one twenty-six, showing that generous feeding and careful usage are strong incentives to longevity. Several spans of young horses show good blood. Mr. Evarts has his best pair of horses in New York, no doubt competing, as far as he may, with Bonner and other horse fanciers in that city. Last but not least come the swine, twenty-five in number. Brick from the old Baptist church, bought by Mr. Evarts, furnished materials for the walls of a new and convenient piggery, and the interior was finished with due regard to neatness, ease of feeding, and the comfort of the inmates. One breeding-boar, imported from Lancashire, England, is as near a perfect type of the hog as we have ever seen.

The products of the farm average two hundred tons of hay yearly. This year two thousand two hundred bushels of corn were raised on twenty acres, besides several acres to fodder fed to cows in the fall. Oats and roots of various kinds are largely raised.—*Rutland (Vt.) Herald.*

☞ The most important lesson of life is to know how to be happy within ourselves, when home is our comfort, and all in it, even to the dog and cat, share our affection. Do not refine away happiness by thinking that which is good may be better.

☞ Death is the wish of some, the relief of many, and the end of all. It sets the slave at liberty, carries the banished man home, and places all mortals on the same level. Inasmuch that life itself were a [illegible] without it.

☞ To escape trouble from noisy children, present them to your neighbor's visiting

EVE'S JEALOUSY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

She had promised him that she would mend the lining of his new overcoat, if he would wear another and leave that at home. And so, as he had left it, she took it from the hall-rack and carried it into her sewing room.

She was Mrs. Wilton, and she had been married five years, and never—never—never during that time had had one unhappy moment. Mr. Wilton had been very attentive, very kind, very generous and never made her jealous. She often said she was the happiest woman living. Now, as she looked at the lining and compared the silk with which she was about to replace the torn portion, she was thinking these thoughts.

They had never had any children, but when people are all in all to each other that is no very great grief. All her care was for him—all his for her.

'And he is just the dearest, best truest fellow in the world,' said Eve Wilton to herself. "I'm not half good enough for him. I wonder what this is in his pocket it bulges it all out of shape.'

She put her hand into the breast pocket as she spoke and drew out little package wrapped up in silver paper, and tied with blue ribbon.

'Something he has bought for me, I expect,' said Eve. I wonder what it is. I think I won't open it until he comes home;' then she laid the silk across the small hole and cut it out, and basted it down.

'I wonder what it is,' she said. 'Tom did mean to get me an opera glass, I know, but that is not the shape of the parcel. It dosen't seem like a book.—It might be lace wound on a card—real lace—'

She looked at the package again.

'I do wonder what it is?' she said, and hemmed the patch down.

'There wasn't much to mend after all,' she said, I thought the tear much longer. He caught it on a nail at the office I know. Now I do wonder what there is in that package.'

Eve put the coat over a chair and took up the package.

'Tom wouldn't mind,' she said. 'I will just take a peep. I'm sure it is for me.

Then she untied the ribbon, unfolded the paper, and saw letters.

'Dear Tom,' said she, 'he must keep my old letters next his heart, and he never has told me.'

But the writing was not her's, she saw that at a glance.

'His mother's letters,' she said. 'He loved his mother so.'

Then she began to tremble a little, for the letters did not begin: 'My dear son,' nor anything like it.

She cast her eyes over them. They were love-letters.

'Tom has loved some other woman before he met me,' she said, begining to cry. 'Oh, what shall I do?' Then she cried out: 'Oh foolish, foolish creature that I am! Of course she died, and he only loves me now. It was all over before we met. I must not mind—' but there she paused, gave a scream, and threw the letter from her as though it had been a serpent and had bitten her. It was dated the last week. It was not four days old.

'Oh! oh! oh!' cried Eve 'Oh, what shall I do? Oh where shall I go?' At every cry a thought pierced her breast like an actual stab. 'Tom, my Tom? What shall I do? Tom! Tom! He to be false—Tom! Oh, I have gone mad! No. There they are! They are really there—those letters! Why do I not die! Do people live through such things as these?'

Then she knelt upon the floor and gathered up the letters, and steadily read them through. There were ten of them. Such love-letters! No other interpretation could be put upon them. They were absurd love-letters—such as are always produced in court in cases of breach of promise. And they called him 'Popsy Wopsy,' and 'Darling Darlingy,' and 'Lovey Dovey,' and 'Own Sweetness,' and 'Angel of my Soul,' and they were all signed "Your own Nellie.'

'It is all true,' said poor Eve, wringing her hands. 'And it is worse than anything I ever heard of. I trusted him so. I believed in him so. My Tom—mine!'

Then she wiped her eyes, gathered up the letters, packed them up, wrapped the silver paper around them, tied the blue ribbon, put them back in the awful breast-pocket of that dreadful overcoat, and hung it on the hall-rack.

'Tom shall never know,' she said. I'll not reproach him. I will never see him again; when he comes home I shall be dead. I will not live to bear this.

Then she sat down to think over the best means of suicide. She could hang herself to the chandelier with a window-blind cord, but then she would be black in the face and hideous. She could drown herself, but then her body would go floating, floating down the river to the sea; and drowned people looked even worse than strangled ones. She was too much afraid of fire-arms to shoot herself even in this strait. She would poison herself, that would be best; and then she would never see Tom again, he would see her, and remorse would sting him.—Here she made a great mistake.

'A man who is coolly treacherous to woman never has any remorse. Remorse in love affairs is a purely feminine quality, and even the worst of our sex are not without it. However, it is natural to believe that remorse is possible to a man whom one has heretofore believed to be an angel in human form, and Eve took a little, miserable comfort in the thought Tom would kneel beside her coffin and burst into tears and passionate exclamations of regret, while she, perhaps, might see from some spiritual post of observation. So, having put on a hat and a thick veil, Eve betook herself down the street and around the corner, to the nearest German druggist.

The druggist was an old man, a benevolent-looking one, with red cheeks and a smiling mouth; and when she asked for "poison for rats' he said 'So!' and beamed mildly upon her.

'I want it very strong,' said Eve.

'So!' said the druggist.

'But not to give more pain than is necessary,' said Eve.

'To the rats?' asked the druggist.

'Yes,' said Eve, 'of course; and it must be quick, and not make one black in the face.'

'So,' said the druggist, slowly. 'Well, what I shall give you shall not make de rat black in de face.

And with a grave countenance he compounded a powder and handed it across the counter.

Eve took it, paid the few cents he asked, and walked away. Once home she went at once to her room and undressed herself and retired to bed, taking the powder with her. Once or twice she tasted it with the tip of her tongue, hoping it was not very disagreeable. Then, finding it sweet, she bravely swallowed it at once.

'It is over,' she said. 'Oh, Heaven, forgive me, and forgive Tom.'

And then she laid herself down upon her pillow. Just as she did so, the familiar sound of a latch key in the door below startled her. Tom never came home at noon—but there he was now; no one else but him would walked in, in that cool way, and now he was calling her.

'Eve—Eve—Eve—where are you?'

Never before had she refused to answer that voice. Why had he came to torture her dying moments? Hark—

Now he was bouncing up stairs. He was in the room.

'What is the matter? Are you ill, Eve?' he cried.

'No,' she said, very faintly, 'I am only tired.'

'Ah! You look tired, little one,' said he. 'I came home to get the overcoat, suppose you've found out by this time that that in the hall is not mine. I wore Johnson's overcoat home from the office last night by mistake, and he is anxious about it. He asked me if there was any one in the house that would be apt to meddle with papers or anything in the pockets.

I said I thought not. I hadn't a jealous wife—eh? What's the matter, Eve?'

'Oh, Tom!' cried Eve, hysterically. 'Oh, Tom, say it again! It was not your coat? Oh Tom, kiss me.'

'Why, what is the matter, Eve?' cried he. 'You must be ill!'

Then Eve remembered all.

'Oh, I am a wicked woman, Tom!' she cried. 'There were letters in the pocket—love letters. I read them. I thought you false to me. I—I took poison, Tom. I'm going to die—and I long to live so. Oh, Tom, save me!'

'Yes, yes!' cried he. 'Oh, good Heaven! what poison?'

'Mr. Hoffman will know. I bought it of him. Perhaps he can save me!' cried Eve.

And away went Tom, his face white as death, to the druggist's around the corner.

He burst into the shop like a whirlwind.

'The lady!' he gasped. 'The lady who bought poison here an hour ago! She took it by mistake! Can you save her? Have you an antidote? She is dying!'

'No, no,' said the old gentleman. 'Be calm, be at rest. No, no, she cannot die of dat. When a lady ask me for poison dat will not turn a rat black in de face, I say to myself so: 'I smells something;' and I gives her in de paper shust a leetle sugar and sometings. She could take a pound. Go home and tell her so. I never sells poison to womens dat cry and do not vish de rat to become black in de face. So—be calm.'

So Tom flew home again, and Eve rejoiced; and hearing that Johnson was a single man, who admitted himself to be engaged she did not rip the patch off his coat as she had at first intended.

HOW A FRENCH ACTRESS WON A NOBLEMAN.

At a fair given for the benefit of the poor at one of the Paris theatres a very pretty actress presided at one of the stands, when a Russian nobleman, who chanced to be present, banteringly asked her how much she would take for a kiss. She glanced at him rather sternly, and replied that she would not kiss any man but her betrothed. The prince passed on; but returned to the stand a quarter of an hour afterward, and said, rather thoughtfully, to the actress: 'Will you permit me to ask you another question, mademoiselle?' 'With pleasure, sir.' 'Have you a betrothed?' She eyed him a moment in surprise, and then said, with a blush and smile, 'No, sir.' 'Would you like to have one?' 'That depends upon circumstances,' she said, laughing. 'Well, then, would you take me?' So saying he handed her his card. She was greatly surprised, and finally stammered that she would give him an answer [illegible] day. On the following [illegible] called at her house, the reply [illegible] affirmative, and to-day madame [illegible] and a happy wife.

Illegal Corn Measure

WHY SHE WAS AN OLD MAID.

BY LIZZIE MULLERN.

She is such an old maid; I tried to be nice to her, mamma, but could not.

Mrs. Hayward looked up from her sewing as Bertie threw herself into a chair beside her.

Bertie was a pretty, blue-eyed girl of twenty, with a loving, generous heart, but rather thoughtless in her speeches.

Bertie, her mother said gravely, do you intend "old maid" as a term of reproach to Miss Deane, or as one of honor?

Bertie looked up in surprise, but made no answer: in fact she did not know what to say.

I wish to tell you a story, Bertie, her mother continued, and perhaps you will change your opinion of old maids, as you call them; at least after you have heard this, I am positive you will never speak disrespectfully, much less unkindly of them. I am going to tell you why one woman is an old maid, tell you why she never married.

But, mamma, I do not dislike old maids, only—only they are generally so peculiar.

I was just your age, Bertie, Mrs. Hayward said, when I was married to your father, and married me against his father's wishes, for your father's people were wealthy and aristocratic, while mine were simply honest hard-working people, equal in honesty to even your father's friends, but far from equal in wealth or position; but we loved each other, and when he asked me to marry him, I did so.

It may have been wrong in us to marry against our parent's wishes, for mine were opposed to their daughter entering a family where she was not welcome; but we loved each other and would not be separated.

After our marriage your grandfather was very bitter against us, and refused to be friends with his son; in fact, completely discared him.

This happened in England, Bertie, and a few months after our marriage, your father decided that he could make no headway, as he called it, in his native land, bade farewell to it, and came out to America.

We came strangers to this country, Bertie, and for years your father labored to make himself a home, and at last succeeded.

Your father had a friend of his own age, a handsome, talented, young fellow, and he having no particular ties to bind him to home, he left England with your father

His name was Harry Oakland, and a nobler man never lived.

After he had been here many years, he met a fair young girl, with whom he fell in love.

She was the eldest of a family consisting of two other sisters and a brother.

She was well worthy of any man's love, for along with her fair face, she had an earnest, loving heart, and a firm will in performing whatever she thought her duty.

When Harry asked her to be his wife, she told him she had promised her dying mother to watch over her sisters and brother till they came of age, and that she would not break her promise.

You love me? he said, and will you reck my happiness to keep a promise like that. Can you not care more for them as well when you are my wife as you can now?

No, she answered gravely, my promise was that I would not marry till they were all of age: besides, Harry believe me, you would soon tire of your self-imposed task.

You do not care for my happiness, he said, if you loved me you would not send me away.

I do care for your happiness, she answered, but I cannot break my promise.—In five years more Frank will be of age, and then, Harry, I will gladly become your wife. If you love me as you say you do, love me, as I love you, you will wait willingly.

I love you well enough to wait even longer than that, he answered, and he placed a golden circle on her finger, and then they promised to be true to each other until death.

Almost four years passed after that, and Harry began to talk of the happiness that would soon be his, for the years of waiting had not cooled the tender love he gave his betrothed.

Just then there came a letter from your grandfather, he was now growing old and feeble, and he longed to see his son again.

Come to me? he wrote, and stay with me till I die, and then if you like, you can return to your adopted home.

Your father longed to see his own land again, so, in a few weeks from that day, we left here for England, and Harry Oakland came with us.

Harry had been intending to go for some time before, and he took the opportunity of going with us.

You were then six years old, a tiny ventuous child, and one day when far out on the ocean you stole away from your nurse, and, reaching the upper deck, you climbed the rails to get a good look into the water, and the vessel giving a sudden lurch you disappeared over the side of her.

Harry Oakland had come to the [illegible] he saw your danger, but was afraid to call least he should startle you by doing so. He felt the vessel give the lurch, saw you disappear, and the next moment he had sprang after you, calling for help as he did so.

A boat was lowered as quick as possible, but [illegible] were right, and it took [illegible] of the [illegible] before them, and by the time the boat reached them, his strength was gone.

As it reached him, his hold on you relaxed, one of the old sailors sprang in, and caught you, but Harry Oakland sank never to rise again.

There was a short silence, broken at last by Mrs. Haywood.

We stayed in England, Bertie, till your grandfather died, then we came back here.

Bertie raised her face.

Who was the girl, mamma, that Harry Oakland was to be married to?

The mother swept back the girl's clustering hair and looked half sadly into her face.

Bertie, she said, the girl was she whom you designate as the cross old maid—Miss Deane.

Mother!

Yes, dear, it was Mildred Deane's lover who gave his life for yours, and it was through her love for him she never married. She has been faithful through her life to her first, her only love.

Bertie's face was very grave.

I knew my child, the mother said, that your speech was made in thoughtfulness; but no one has a right to be thoughtless, and you pained me beyond measure.

Many years after when Bertie Hayward was a happy wife, people wondered why, out of all her friends, she was strangely tender and loving to those whose lone lives earned them the title of old maids.

CORN FODDER.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, in a letter on steam-feeding, gives the following directions in regard to raising:—

Last winter, owing to the failure of the hay-crop, I kept over my entire stock, consisting of twenty horses, about twenty head of cattle, and between 1,600 and 1,700 sheep, without a pound of hay, and they came into spring in better condition than they have ever done on dry feed.

The sheet anchor of steam-feeding is the fodder of sowed corn, or, in short, fodder-corn. Perhaps your readers will be interested in the plans followed here in sowing, harvesting, and curing this crop, as they differ in some respects from those pursued and recommended by other practical farmers.

The ground is prepared the last week in May by ploughing, and a sufficient number of harrowings and rollings to bring it into good tilth. The corn is sowed the first week in June with a Buckeye wheat drill—all the hoes down and working—at the rate of two bushels per acre. Nothing more can be done to the crop till the latter part of August or first of September, when it is ready for harvesting.

This is done with a Champion table-rake reaper, rigged as for cutting wheat. The reaper is driven around the field as in cutting wheat, and delivers the fodder in gavels at the side. Eight men follow the machine, arranged in four pairs, each pair having, of course, one-fourth of the circuit of the field for a "station," and a light two-legged corn "horse," like those in common use for shocking corn. Each pair after taking its station, carries its "horse" past two gavels, sets down the "horse," stands four gavels into the four angles formed by the "horse" and its cross-pin, brings the tops of the shock neatly together, and ties them with wool twine, draws out the cross-pin, and is ready for another shock. For the eight followers, the team, driver, and machine, eight acres is a fair day's work. The stalks themselves may be used for tying the tops, but twine is found to be sufficiently more expeditious to compensate for the cost. After standing ten to fifteen daes, till the fodder is nearly cured, and is in a tough state, the shocks are taken down, and each tied into four or five sheaves or bundles, the stalks themselves, in this condition, making excellent bands, and twelve or more bundles made into a large shock, the tops being secured either with fodder bands, or with the twine used in the first instance. The shocks stand in the field till they are wanted for use.

Just here comes the most serious objection to the feeding of fodder-corn. There are times in the winter when both weather and roads are bad; when a deeply-ploughed corn-field is anything but an agreeable road-bed for the hauling of heavy loads, when the fodder [illegible] is wet or covered with sleet, ice, or snow, or the lower end perhaps tightly glued to the ground by frost. But the fodder [illegible] charged with rich saccharine matter [illegible] however dry it may seem, and however cold the weather may be, [illegible] that if stored in bulk in a mow, or even in stacks, it will ferment, heat, and spoil. At such times it is well to have other feed under cover to depend upon.

An experience covering three years and the growth of over 700 tons of fodder, [illegible] clu[illegible] feet to [illegible] ages from [illegible] to nine feet, according to soils and seasons.

2. Fodder grows on land of good average fertility stands better, and makes better feed than on soil too rich, where the growth is too tall, rank, and coarse.

3. The proper time for cutting is before [illegible] season, and when the lower six or eight inches of the stalk assumes a yellowish tinge. It is then ripe. If cut sooner, there is danger of its moulding in the shock; if later, the fibre is more woody and there is risk of frost.

4. It is vastly less dependent upon the weather for its curing than hay. The idea that fine weather is absolutely necessary for its curing, and the fear that a little rain would spoil all, was expressed by others, and felt by myself at first, but turned out to be a "bugaboo." During the cutting and curing of the two largest crops, very rainy weather was encountered; yet not one fifth of 1 per cent. of the fodder that stood in the shock, and was kept from lying on the ground, moulded. After it is well secured in the small shocks, neither rain nor frost seems to damage it; as indeed they do not usually do the large fodder that has matured corn.

5. A ton of bright fodder-corn is worth more than three tons of *corn fodder* that has matured grain, and as much as an equal weight of good hay.

6. An average crop of fodder-corn on good land is *six tons per acre.*

7. It may be grown at a cost,—not including interest on price of land, nor expense of carrying from the field to the barn,—including expense of preparing the ground, seed, sowing, cutting, binding, and shocking, of about $1.30 per ton.

THE SOUL'S HUNGER AND THIRST.

Lord, give me evermore
A portion from that store,
Which, when dispensed, grows never less;
The manna from above
Of Thy sweet peace and love,
Thy pure and strengthening righteousness

Lord, is it not indeed
The craving of deep need,
The utter emptiness of good,
That prompts these urgent cries
For liberal supplies
Of unmixed, satisfying food?

May it not be a sign
Of coming health divine
That thus I hunger for Thy truth?
A sign that, deep within,
The malady of sin
Has loosed its deadly serpent-tooth?

Alas, I cannot tell,
But this I know full well,
I faint to be made whole at once;
To be sustained and fed
By Thee, the Living Bread,
And gladdened by Thee, Living Vine.

Oh, make my faith so true,
Such unsuspecting trust,
Founded upon Thy steadfast word,
That I may take my share
Of sorrow, and of care,
Without a murmuring question stirred.

Grant that my truth may be
Perfected, Lord, in Thee;
So that each deep, unspoken thought,
May be as clear as light
Created in Thy sight,
Never with false vain fancies fraught.

Purge Thou my charity
That it may spotless be;
And, that I may Thy law fulfill,
Show me who are my foes,
That I may pray for those,
And do them good, who work me ill.

Attune my temper, Lord,
So that its every chord
May ready be for love and praise;
That no harsh sound be heard,
No sullen, angry word,
That may a jarring discord raise.

And that this may be so,
I pray that there may grow
And blossom in my weedy heart,
That plant of fragrance rare,
Humility so fair,
Whose every [illegible] can peace impart.

And root out every thorn
Of haughtiness and scorn,
That might awaken sudden pain;
And smother every seed
Of an ambitious greed,
Whether for honor, love, or gain.

Grant that my powers may be
From all self-seeking free;
That so I may with untired heart
For others ever pray,
The near, and far away,
Knowing how dear to all Thou art.

I [illegible] were
[illegible] all things fair,
All [illegible] good report,
Lo[illegible] and pure,
So [illegible] ensure
A passport to Thy heavenly court.

And this can only be
When grafted into Thee!
Then will its yearnings all be stilled,
Hunger and thirst be blest
When in Thyself they rest,
And feel Thy promise is fulfilled.

☞ It is vain to cling to the youth which is past, be our unbelief of the fact ever so stubborn. Rather should it be [illegible] for the cheerful [illegible]

☞ To make a girl love you, [illegible] to love somebody else. If [illegible] say things that women relish, it is to be very [illegible]

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