

CHARITY.

Sweet sister, God has made us all
 To do his holy will ;
 Each excellent, as He hath planned,
 Each good, but differing still.
 May Faith still teach of things unseen
 And Hope's bright iris smiles between
 The earth and sky :
 And by-and-by,
 When earth is done
 And Heaven won,
 When mortals have immortal grown,
 May we still meet around the Throne !

ALL.

Faith, Hope, and Charity ! may we
 These childrens' guardian angles be,
 To watch them through this life, and wait
 To lead them through the Eternal Gate.

WHAT THE LEDGER SAYS.

FOR TWO MALES.

[This most ridiculous colloquy we give for variety. We do not approve the introduction of the "fictitious negro" upon the school-stage, though we concede the fact that a good "burlesque in black" is a *very* laughable affair. If two real negro boys could render the piece, it would be quite acceptable. As a piece of satire it is a capital thing]

(Enter the two, talking)

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Mr. Wite, does you eber dispill de exbresshun ob spirits w'en you's laborin' under lusination of carnivorous dctractions wid literary pussoots?

BRUDDER WITE. Wha'—wha'—wha' dat?

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Do you eber, Mr. Wite, read de magazines, de newspapers, and dem like scarificators of de mentallets? Jist you gib fo' cents for de Ledger. I's been a-read-in' sich a putty story in da'. *Sich* a story. It was jist de most interestinest dat eber was, and dat's a fac' done gone for sartin.

BRUDDER WITE. Bound to hyar dat story. Jist am.

SAMUEL JOHNSON. Nuf to make a feller trimmle all ober. Dem stories are allers so harrerin'. Lo' bless you, honey, dey claws you and scar's you like a cat does de mice, dat's a fac'. Jist t'ink of a feller's bein' in a battle, killin' all de enemy wid de hannle of