

CHARITY.

SWEET Charity! fair maid divine,
 Kind, unassuming, pure,—
 Within thy heart all graces shine,
 Thy footsteps ever lure
 Poor sinners from the brink of woe,
 And save them from the fall,
 Whilst thou, in modesty, dost throw
 Thy mantle over all

Concealing faults they fain would shield,—
 While yielding to thy wand
 Their secrets by thy lips are sealed
 As in a sacred bond.
 Then Charity! sweet maid, be blest,
 On Mercy's errands bent,
 To hide within thy humble breast
 Thy works of love, content.