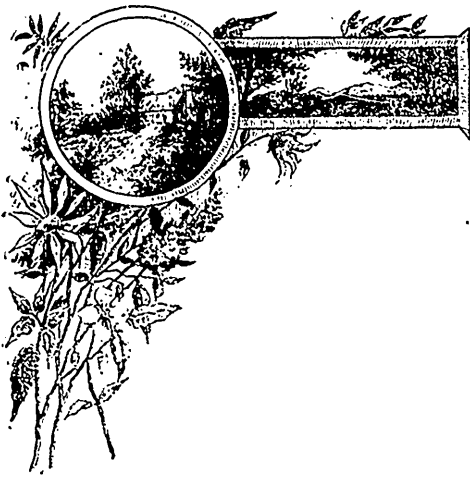


*CHARITY.*

Love-woven mantle, white as winter's snow,
 Whose sparkling crystals lend their glist'ning sheen
 To hide the barren patch of earth below,
 Beneath thy folds, frail human nature's screen,
 Poor mortal's imperfections rest unseen.

91.

