

ON THE
SUDDEN DEATH
OF A
YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

THE veil of night was drawn aside,
The sky was beaming red ;
In youth and health's luxuriant pride
Ross lightly left his bed.

He call'd his dog—he seiz'd his gun—
He flew to yonder plain,
Elated with the rising sun,
But ne'er return'd again.

“ In luck,”—he cries, “ I've shot my bird”—
He stops—and pants for breath—
He never spoke another word,
But clos'd his eyes in death.

An Angel mark'd him from his birth ;
 And, when the doom was given,
 Did crop the sweetest bud on earth
 To bloom and blow in heaven !

THE