ONTHE

SUDDEN DEATH

OFA

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 feiz'd his gun— He flew to yonder plain, Elated with the rifing fun, 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.

Nor till our sizeis with testi

Although of the last a tooth last

Cally Liverside cycs are black enjoy,

And picity it the mouth;

Before you lolled tooth.

this fundir thus you firive to file.

in oil the charie of youth a

onivib to's sound the spallment

office Of god voted a tooth.

the state of the state of the

CHANGE CONTRACTOR

You Hill may charm fome humble twain,

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

THE