

THE ROSE.

One evening, as was usual, John
Did to the tavern go ;
The night was very dark and cold,
The wind did wildly blow.

The father also left his home,
To see a neighbor went,
And when he had his errand done
His steps were homeward bent.

The thunder rolled most mournfully,
Fast fell the heavy rain ;
He stepped beneath a large oak tree,
A shelter to obtain.

Near him he heard a heavy groan,
And, by the lightning's aid,
He saw it was his only son
Who on the ground was laid.

He took him up, him carried home
And laid him on his bed,
And looked upon his face, but Oh !
His much loved son was dead.

Who can describe the father's grief,
When he was left to mourn,
That in a period so brief
His children both were gone !