

train had all departed, he came forward and stood by the green heap which covered all that was mortal of her he had loved so well. He did not weep; it was rather a feeling of consolation and calm joy that took possession of him. And lo! above that dark heap he saw fluttering in the air once more, the splendid blue butterfly which soared away while he gazed, and mingled with the kindred azure of the skies.

"Immortality, immortality!" whispered Milton, as he turned away.

We know that Milton was afterwards unhappy in the marriage connections which he formed. Could it be that his heart in remaining faithful to the object of its first attachment, could, in spite of himself, recognize no other tie? Perhaps!—truly, the heart hath its own mysteries.

AN APPEAL TO THE FREE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

OFFSPRING of heaven, fair Freedom! impart
The light of thy spirit to quicken each heart.
Though the chains of oppression our free limbs ne'er bound,
Bid us feel for the wretch round whose soul they are wound;

Whose breast is corroded with anguish so deep
That the eye of the slave is too blood-shot to weep;
No balm from the fountain of nature will flow
When the mind is degraded by fetter and blow.

The friends of humanity nobly have striven,
But the bonds of the heart-broken slave are untriven!
Whilst Religion extends o'er those champions her shield,
May they never to party or prejudice yield
The glorious cause by all freemen espoused.
A light shines abroad and the lion is roused;
The crush of the iron has struck fire from the stone;
Bid them back to the charge—and the field is their own!

Ye children of Britain! brave sons of the Isles!
Who revel in freedom and bask in her smiles,
Can ye sanction such deeds as are done in the West
And sink on your pillows untroubled to rest?
Are your slumbers unbroken by visions of dread?
Does no spectre of misery glare on your bed?
No cry of despair break the silence of night
And thrill the cold hearts that ne'er throbbed for the right?

Are ye fathers,—nor pity those children bereaved
Of the birth-right which man from his Maker received?
Are ye husbands,—and blest with affectionate wives,
The comfort, the solace, the joy of your lives,—
And feel not for him whom a tyrant can sever
From the wife of his bosom and children for ever?
Are ye Christians, enlightened with precepts divine,
And suffer a brother in bondage to pine?
Are ye men, whom fair freedom has marked for her own,
Yet listen unmoved to the negro's deep groan?

Ah no!—ye are slaves!—for the freeborn in mind
Are the children of mercy, the friends of mankind:
By no base, selfish motive their actions are weighed;
They barter no souls in an infamous trade,
They eat not the bread which is moistened by tears,
And carelessly talk of the bondage of years:—
They feel as men should feel;—the clank of the chain
Bids them call upon Justice to cleave it in twain!

SICKNESS.

BY WILL.

Go! boast of thy strength—Herculean it may be,
And beard thy weak foe-man with insolent glee;
Rear up thy proud crest like the foam on the wave,
Undaunted, contemning all pity to crave.
I'll prostrate thee then as thou wouldst a child,
And derisively mock at thine agony wild.
I can humble that form, though defiance it seem,
Like the pale drooping lily adown by the stream.

I will come when the cold chill that creeps through thy frame
Makes thee fancy affrighted the sound of my name.
I will lay a wan hand on thy feverish brow,
And charm the warm blood from thy vitals below.
Thou shalt rave in despair as the torrents upmount,
And thine eye-balls shall burn for the tears at their fount;
But still must the red stream ebb swiftly away,
Like rain from the flowrets beneath the sun's ray.

And thy strong limbs bereft, like a wind shaken tree,
Shall rock on thy couch; but their resting shall thee,
And thine arms shall be raised, and madly about
Cleave the air which resounds not unto thy wild shout,
Till exhausted 'gainst phantoms no ill can betide,
All powerless sink by thy quivering side.
Damp vapour shall start from thine every pore,
And lie like the dew when the daylight is o'er.

Another, I'll lay on thine agonized breast—
With an incubus spell I will bind thy broad chest,
So thy breath shall be stifled—through frantic thou be,
Impotent thy writhing, thou shalt not be free!
Thou may'st woe balmy sleep with soft breathed names,
But slumber forsake thee until starlight wanes;
While time's flagging pinion shall leave the lone night
More wearisome watching for morn's rosy light.

When for mercy thy cheek its mild glow shall assume,
And thy dim sunken eye with fresh hope shall relume;
Thy pulse timely throb the heart's beating shall tell,
As the slight heaving bay marks the sea's wonted swell:
When faint, worn and weary, thine eyelids may close,
And thy weaken'd frame shall be wrapt in repose,
Till nature appeas'd, shall thy fetters unchain,
And restore thee to freedom and vigor again.

Till then wilt thou vaunt of thy gathering might,
Or exult o'er the vanquished that quail 'fore thy sight;
Beware! I but chasten—there oft lurks in my rear
A grin visaged form whom thou even must fear;
Before him thou shalt bow, like the sun-glitt'ed rye
When'er the rude blast cometh wand'ring by.
Far mightier than sickness—he slays with a breath!
Wouldst know him?—that ghastly attendant is Death.

Ye must scorn me while healthful and robust ye are,
And your eye flashes light, like a meteor afar;
Disdainful, ye heed not the snares I have lain
To entangle your pride in the meshes of pain.
Now learn this, vain man! from the place of thy birth
I govern thy power, thy sorrow and mirth,
Despise me not then ere thou feel'st at my stern hand,
That thy days may be joyous and long in the land.

Toronto, January, 1850.