

Such meetings are the sweetest drops in life's mingled cup of sweet and bitter.

"I dunna what can be the reason he don't like Mr. Max," said Brian to himself as he returned home alone. "May be he's brought that gentleman with him to court Miss Helen. Faix and if she marries him, which I'll never believe till I see it, it's not for love, for her heart's with Mr. Max Werfenstein, so sure as there's lakes in Killarney."

(To be continued.)

THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

BY MICHAEL RYAN.

Poland the famed, for her prowess is fallen,
And vandal-like victors apportion her plains;
Henceforward she's fated to slavery galling,
To weep o'er her wounds and to writhe in her chains,
Like the tigress she sprang thro' the battle field gory,
But the blood of the bravest was lavished in vain,
She's now in her might—the bright star of her glory,
Hath shed its last glimpse on the casques of her slain.

Although but a handful compared to the numbers,
When cannons around her had bristled and blazed,
Unawed by the carnage she brunted their thunders,
And fought by her flag, while a wrist could be raised,
But strown are the banners she boldly defended,
And wrung from her brow is the crown that she wore,
To widen dominions, too widely extended,
In ruin she lies, and her name is no more.

And is it the will of an all ruling Heaven,
That accepted assassins should sunder such spoil?

Must the triumphal cars of leagued tyrants be driven,
Through the blood and the tears of a ~~same~~ slashed soil?

No,—it was not for conquest that Heaven had crowned them,

And if they be robbers, Jehovah is just—
Poland! thy wreckers have ravaged around them,

But yet, they'll atone for their deeds in the dust.
Tyendenaga.

DAY-BREAK.

Beautiful Day! has awoke from her sleep,
And down o'er the hill tops in rosy light creeps!
Beautiful Day, from her rest has awoken,
And off from her tresses bright dew drops has shaken.

Beautiful Day! oh how glad seems the heart,
When thou spring'st from thy Night couch, and shadows depart;

When with light and with gladness thou mantlest each scene,

Where the cold shades of Night with their silence have been.

When thou liftest Night's dark wing from Heaven's pure blue,

And dip'st thy light foot-steps in Morning's sweet dew;

When earth wakes to glory, to life and to light,
And thou chase'st with beauty the gloom of the night.

When the birds wake to music, and lift up their song,

And thou spanglest with glory the dewy clad thorn;

When the bee to his labor goes humming away,
And soft o'er the flowers the morning winds play;

When sly, to the couch of the sleeper thou creep'st,
And steal'st on the lids of the child as it sleeps,
'Till it wakes! and its knee, by its mother, it bends,

While the prayer of thanksgiving to Heaven ascends;

Oh! beautiful! beautiful! beautiful day!
Spreading joy over all as thou wingest thy way!

Spreading life! spreading light! spreading glory around!

And each object of beauty refreshment has crowned.

Oh! thus may it be when death's shadows shall creep,

And fold me at last in their silence to sleep.

May the Day-Break of Heaven spring bright to my eyes,

And my soul, like the prayer, to its Saviour arise!

E. B.

Everything is possible for him who possesses courage and activity; and to the timid and hesitating, everything is impossible because it seems so.