

the old man prevented any further remark on the question."

J. M. K.

Your Eyes and Mine.

SWEETHEART! I seek your gentle eyes
 When for your grace I sue;
 I cannot tell what there I read
 To anyone but you.

Your eyes and mine! how fair they meet
 And yet how different they;
 For yours are dark like shadowed lakes
 And mine are palely gray.

I wonder if you read in mine
 The things I know so well;
 The heart's intenser, fuller speech
 My lips have tried to tell.

For yours, are Oh! so plain to me,
 But yet I beg once more,
 Their same old tale, a sweeter one
 Than e'er was told before.

WEBSTER ROGERS.

The Y. M. C. A.

SOME forty years ago there was started in Charlotte-town a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, with a reading room in connection.

It was with the most laudable objects in view that the