

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 Charlottetown 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