

I could but thank her for the strain  
That call'd up these forgotten lays,  
And kindly bade me share with her,  
The "light of other days" —

And I pray'd that the light of the days to come  
Might brighter and brighter prove,  
And the gloom of this darken'd world be lost  
In the light of the world to come —

W. E. Potts.

F. L. Key

For Mrs. Binnie