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## CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Clouds are forming pictures  
In the sky to-day;  
Even as I watch them  
They seem to move and play.

Some like fairy castles  
In a garden fair;  
Then a ship comes sailing,  
To vanish into air.

Elves and sprites are dancing,  
In a circle neat;  
See the golden buckles  
Sparkle on their feet.

When the sun is sinking  
And the pictures fade,  
Shadows of the twilight  
Deepen in the glade.

Even as I'm watching,  
The night creeps over all  
And faintly through the darkness  
I hear the grey owl's call.

—JEAN CURTIS.

## MY DREAM.

One very bright, sunny day I decided to take my doll for a walk in the bush. I walked slowly through the trees, stopping now and then to listen to the songs of the birds.

Soon I came to a clear, sparkling stream. Its banks were shaded by beautiful big gum trees. I sat down by one of them, feeling tired, and very, very drowsy.

Suddenly I heard a tiny voice say to me, "Would you like to come and see my palace?" "Yes, but who are you?" "I am the Fairy Queen. I live down among the green mosses at the foot of this tree. Follow me."

I gradually felt myself becoming smaller and smaller. Down, down, I went, till we came to the beautiful gardens which surrounded the Queen's wonderful palace. She showed me all her