

I built a beautiful castle,
 In a strange and wonderful land,
 And the glitter of gold and silver
 Was about on every hand ;
 I built it with bars of iron,
 But I built it upon the sand.

I built me a little cottage,
 In it never a bar nor lock ;
 I opened it up to the sunshine,
 To the mother-bird and her flock ;
 I built it with trust and longing,
 And I built it upon a rock.

The gold and silver and jewels,
 And the castle that towered above,
 All fell with a crash together,
 And great was the fall thereof.
 But the cottage remained forever,
 For the name of the rock was Love.

—Anon.

OF late, various exchanges have been reporting phenomenal dreams, alleged to have been the somnolent experiences of their business managers. Upon enquiry, we find that the slumbers of our own business manager, Mr. Robertson, have been haunted by visitations of a like kind, which compressed into verse would read somewhat as follows :

“I had a dream the other night,
 When everything was still,
 I dreamed that each subscriber came
 Right up and paid his bill.”

It is quite gratifying to know that in the case of our own MONTHLY, at least, this night vision, has of late had many a counterpart in actual experience. Possibly the moral suasion being exercised by our business staff accounts in part for this healthy state of affairs.

RALLYING SONG.

Canada, Canada, offer your loveliest
 Spirits outflaming with patriot fire ;
 Brains that were winning fame,
 Hopes no reverse could lame ;
 Dream-fed and love-fed, and
 Strong to aspire.

Canada, Canada, cheer them to victory,
 Let your love follow them, patient and strong.
 Though your heart break for them,
 Eyes weep and wake for them,
 Trust them to God's care, and
 Speed them with song.

—Elizabeth Roberts McDonald.