

One can well appreciate the impatience of "Farmer's Son" at hearing of the spiritualizing of agriculture, especially when one bears in mind the idea of culture held by the class to which he belongs, namely, that it is an indefinable something possible only to a few, and inseparable from the study of the ancient classics. But Dr. Hanus says:

General culture, through secondary education, means much more than classical scholarship; it may indeed mean something entirely different.

It is quite probable that "Farmer's Son" owes more, physically, mentally and morally, to his varied experiences in connection with farm life than he does to Plato or the calculus. He obtained his highest ideals rather from incidental nature study and English literature than from Greek or Latin paradigms.

It is well to notice that many of the best educationists to-day, like Dr. Dewey, Dr. Hanus, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, and others, claim that the utility subjects can be cultural, and that authorities in agricultural science, like Dr. Bailey, of Cornell, and President Butterfield, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and others, make this claim for agriculture. On the other hand, we have the opinion of "Farmer's Son" that agriculture cannot make an appeal to the highest in human nature. Before accepting this opinion in opposition to the opinions of authorities in education and agriculture, would it not be reasonable to ask, at least, that "Farmer's Son" show us either that he has some familiarity with the content of agricultural science or of the science of education?

PERCY J. SHAW.

Agricultural College, Truro, N. S.

[In the article by Mr. Shaw in the October REVIEW, the types made him say, "The farmer is more important than the farm." It should read, "The farmer is no more important," etc.]

When my beginners know about thirty sight words, chosen so as to comprise all the letters of the alphabet as near as possible, we become critical, and compare what different words say. For example: *nest* says an S just like *eggs*. It also says a T like *hat*, an N like *man*, and an E like *me*. The children delight in dissecting the words and know the alphabet in ten days or even less.—Selected.

### Let Children have Their Fancies.

We forget, in this matter of Santa Claus, that the average child will be quite as willing to "play" that Santa Claus comes down the chimney as to "believe" that he actually does. Very few children actually believe in fairies, though fairies are very real to them, just as are all the creatures of their imaginings. In talking about Santa Claus to our children, we are not deceiving them unless we reiterate to them that Santa Claus is a real entity and actually comes down the chimney. The child-world does not demand human limitations and attributes for its heroes, and the parent who cannot adapt truth to the uses of an imaginative child, but must be constantly pulling him to the earth by leading-strings of dull fact, is sadly lacking in the vocation of teacher. Allow the child to imagine, if he chooses, that "any hillside may open upon fairy-land," but do not tell him so. Let him have his fancies, but it is indeed a grave question whether we want ever to give a child a chance to reproach us with having told him a falsehood. For it is a far more serious thing than we imagine to tell a child that Santa Claus will come down the chimney and fill his stocking if he is a good child. It is an injustice to the child, and very often the first seeds of unbelief and doubt are sown in the child's mind in exactly this way. It is even more important to teach our children how to believe than what to believe. Let us teach them how to accept ideals as such, and to preserve them safe and unharmed. In our earnest endeavor to keep our child's faith in us, let us have a care not to rob him of his fancies; let him keep them as fancies, for thoughts are things, and we do not know how many childish dreams come true when the soul comes at last into its own! —Selected.

Margaret was getting to be a big girl—she would be nine years old in February—and Mrs. Darby's heart was sad with the realization that her baby was a baby no longer.

"And what's more, I don't believe in Santa Claus," announced Margaret one afternoon in December, at the end of a declaration of independence during which she had renounced her allegiance to paper dolls and declared her conviction that her dresses should be increased in length by an inch at least. "I don't believe in any old man with a pack