

could be woven from the fanciful brain of man. We can read or tell them of the little child from heaven, born in a stable; and laid in a manger, with a star placed in the heavens to keep sentinel over His birthplace, while, not far from it, the gates of heaven opened, and the shepherds beheld the angels, and heard them singing and praising God. Or we can read to them of Joseph and his coat of many colors; of the shepherd king, David, the sweet singer, who, with his pebble and sling, went forth and slew the giant who had defied the armies of Israel—surely no giant of fairyland could equal the thrilling narrative connected with this one; of Daniel, and of Samuel, that sweet child, who, as soon as he was weaned, was presented to the Lord, and became of such an exalted character that, when in his old age, challenging Israel to bear witness whether he had ever injured any one or not, they had to declare his blameless life. There is also the story of Moses, placed in his little ark of bulrushes, watched by his sister, and found by a princess. (What fairy tale contains more to excite the imagination than this?) My firm conviction is, the early years should be *entirely* filled with Bible story, so that the good obtained