

and may tend to shake its belief in things of more lasting importance, and prove a shock difficult to recover from.

The story is told of a bright little boy who was once teased at Sunday-school for believing in Santa Claus. Being an only child, he was no doubt kept more petted and under the influence of childish fancies than he otherwise would have been. He protested that he believed in Santa Claus and knew it was true about him—"because his father and mother had told him, and *they* would not tell him anything that was not true." Going home, he demanded of his mother about Santa Claus, and she had to tell him it was a fiction; the child was greatly grieved, and said: "Oh, mother, you have told me about *God*, too; how am I to believe that that is true?"

I would advocate that the first reading for the young should always be taken from the Bible, that marvellous book, the grandeur of whose imagery and the purity of whose diction is unrivalled in all the world. In it can be found incidents of the most stirring and interesting character, well suited to please and satisfy the most exacting and imaginative of children, and which are at the same time true and undeniable, and more interesting than any that