

tions of the child. Then, as intelligence increases, the little one is told that it must be good, because a loving Father, an all-seeing Presence, is ever about it. It confides and has implicit faith in these early instructors, and believes and trusts what it is told, and we know that the very foundation of the future character of a child can only be well and happily laid on the principles of *truth*.

Never to tell a child anything but what is true is an exceedingly safe course. I will, I fear, be challenging the prejudices of many when I condemn entirely all fairy tales and fictitious literature until the age of at least eight or ten years, when a child is old enough to understand what fiction means. A sensitive child can never forget the rude awakening it receives when it learns for the first time that the enchanting creatures for whom its heart has throbbled have no real existence. The child, never before having doubted anything that parents have told it, when awakened to the fact that these stories, so sweetly read and told, have no foundation in truth, is in a maze of perplexity and doubt, wondering that the teachers of truth have themselves told them things which were not true. It is a trying time to a child,