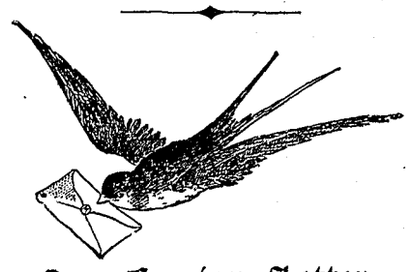
In gratitude for his good services, the Company had sculptured by Rysbrach, a marble statue of Sir Hans, all complete in full-bottomed wig; and ever since it has presided on a pedestal with much solemnity over the garden.

But besides the statue, now somewhat worn by exposure, this old Physic Garden contains another interesting relic in the lonely, aged, yet noble cedar of Libanus, which stretches its dark, grim, flat branches over the path leading on to the Thames Embankment. It might well feel lonely, for it is the sole survivor of four planted in the year 1683, when they were not more than three feet high.

Formerly the apprentices of the Company made, we are told, monthly herborising excursions in the vicinity of London, accompanied by a botanical demonstrator, who explained the medicinal uses of the plants.

It would be somewhat difficult to find, in the vicinity of the City of London, in these days, any plants to justify an excursion—unless in a shop.

But Londoners need not therefore be debarred from making their intelligent acquaintance with our flowers and plants. For every year a course of lectures are delivered in the creeper-mantled house in the gardens, on Saturday afternoon from 3 to 4 p.m., beginning towards the end of the present month of April. These lectures, delivered by Professor Baker, of Kew Gardens, are entirely free, all that is necessary is to write for tickets to the Society of Apothecaries. It would, indeed, be a pleasure to see a few Nurses attending some of these lectures, which are far too little known. They will have at least one pleasant afternoon if they take a penny steamer in lieu of "an ornamental barge," or a coach ride on top of an omnibus to famous old Chelsea, then spend an hour at the lecture, where, *if they feel too tired to learn anything* about Ranunculaceæ, or Papaveraceæ, or Rosaceæ, or any other *aceæ*, they will see how lovingly plants can be handled by a learned botanist, and can enjoy the balmy air as it floats in at the wide open window; and they can take after it is over a short stroll round the garden, and through the greenhouses.



Our Foreign Letter.

German Nurseries.

(Continued from page 247.)

The "Krippe" of the "old and new town of Hanover" receives 160 children. It differs from the generality of nurseries in affording board and lodging to a limited number of children, whose family circumstances render such an arrangement exceptionally desirable. The children received are of the respectable working classes. The offspring of degraded parents are not received.

The house and grounds have been lent to the "Krippe" by the town, but the greater part of the expenses are defrayed by private endowment, the children themselves contribute sixpence a week each.

There is much system in the organisation of this nursery, and great importance is evidently attached to physical and mental drill. This actually begins with the mites of 1½ to 3, who have a regular class-room of their own, with rows of formal looking benches adapted to the length of their legs. The effect is rather comical, and it is a comfort to know the drill is musical, and enjoyed by the babies themselves. Large coloured pictures form the subject of the lessons, and knitting is taught to children of 4.

The ages of the children received range between 1½ and 14.

The babies were out, playing in the yard when we arrived, and there we found them. They at once left their various occupations at our approach, and gathering round us began to clap their hands in time, while they sang a greeting. They bowed their little bodies in rhythm during this performance, which did not take us by surprise, for in Germany it is quite usual to find children singing correctly before they can speak. Having fulfilled the requirements of their nursery's etiquette, they toddled back to a beloved sand heap in the corner of the yard, in which, my guide told me, *they never wearied of digging and building.*

Leaving the blue pinafored babies to the joys of excavating, we went upstairs to a large class-room in which a dozen little girls were having a singing lesson with a gentle and youthful "Aunt Caroline" (all caretakers are "Aunts" for the children).

"God is Love," sang the children, "Once again I say: God is Love." Then followed a verse enumerating in simple words the blessings Providence had bestowed upon them, the refrain always being, "God is Love." The children sang, without instrumental accompaniment, with expression and correctness. In England, listening to a choir of labourers' children of from 5 to 10 years of age would, in the majority of similar cases, have been an infliction. Here it was a treat—one common enough in Germany, where sense of time and tune is innate.

"Aunt Caroline" kindly showed us the children's toys in an adjoining room. While she was thus employed, she left the door open, and her class went on by itself, singing tune upon tune, correctly as though a band-master were beating time.

The toys we were called upon to admire might almost have stocked a shop. There were toy-houses, toy-kitchens, toy-horses, soldiers, beasts and dolls of every description, from the French doll lying in an embroidered bed, to the honestly ugly Dutch doll, whose reliable qualities are apt to make her a more cherished friend than the fragile waxen babies of higher price.

"Most of the toys you see are Christmas gifts," said our guide, "and then," (very kindly) "come and see our Christmas treat to the children. It is a pretty sight. You will enjoy it."

I regretfully explained that I would not be in Germany at the time, while my companion gladly accepted the invitation.

On the second floor were bright bedrooms for the children who boarded at the nursery.

"What they like best," said our guide, smiling, as she pointed to the neat iron cots, is the fact of owning a bed to themselves. Few have ever known such

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