

ful bouquets; bouquets are in pretty vases; but, above all, there is a wealth of green things growing, potted plants in large variety and in a very thrifty condition. This idea of growing plants, you must understand, is one of Frœbel's essentials. It is good for the body, he thinks, to tend them; it is good for the soul to love and watch them. Each child has one or more. His plant is as much his own as his cap or his mittens. He waters it—he picks off the dead leaves—he turns it toward the sun—he is proud of it beyond measure. The children who are present each day are allowed, as a favor, to tend the plants of the absent; and they do this faithfully and with great delight.

“Imagine, in this picture-adorned, blossoming room, a dozen little tots, more or less—girls and boys being about equally represented. Fancy them seated in little chairs, so as not to tire their tiny legs, before long, low tables, just about as high as the seat of a grown-up person's chair, made of light, polished wood, divided by black lines into square inches, by which the eyes of the children presently become accustomed to measure objects. Here they sit for half an hour, busy, perhaps at building with blocks, perhaps at modelling in clay, perhaps at folding paper, or drawing, or embroidering on cards; for no John or Richard who has been trained in a kindergarten will be necessarily dependent on his wife's caprices as regards his buttons. This work goes on for half an hour, and then there is half an hour of play. But, first, I must tell you about the ‘occupation,’ as they call it.

“Building with blocks sounds like mere fun, doesn't it? but, really, it exercises these little minds very actively. They were given, when I was t^here, a cube, which in Frœbel's list of ‘Gifts’ is numbered the fourth. It is composed of eight wooden oblongs, two inches in length, an inch wide, and half an inch thick. These little oblongs are shaped like bricks, you perceive, and with them the children are instructed to build. Each one must have his own idea, and plenty of room is thus given for invention. One built a bridge, with steps leading up to it, suggested by the one in the Public Garden. Another made a summer-house and explained his notion of its construction. Another made what he called an engine, with the gate shut when the bell rings, and the sign-board over it. He had a spare oblong, and he set it up on end and said it was the man to tend the gate. Another little fel