

imagination of children is lively enough to fill up all deficiencies, and, as may be expected, their sale is immense. But quality is also to be looked for from Germany. Some of the best modelled toys in the world come from Grunheincher, in Saxony, where modelling is attended to in a most artistic manner. Prussia where the schools of art are fast educating the people in all matters of design, is the seat of those elegant little toys in which the details are made of papier-mache. In Germany the Government educates its children in the construction of toys, hence the comparative cheapness with which we procure from that country models of interiors made in paper, and coloured to the life. So excellent are some of these designs, especially of animals, that they are used in this country as ornaments rather than playthings.

Nuremberg is the great seat of the metal toy trade, such as leaden soldiers in boxes, locomotives and railroads. Leaden toys, as a rule, are not to the taste of healthy robust lads; indoor games seldom are. There is something derogatory and feminine in sitting round a table setting up toy soldiers. Boys who indulge in such amusements are either weaklings or of an effeminate disposition. It may be said that a love for mechanics would be fast elicited by model steam engines or locomotives; but there is no subterfuge here, and no lad but one with a turn for mechanics would crave after these mechanical toys. It is extraordinary, the completeness to which toys of this description are finished. Only in England would care be taken to complete every detail in the most elaborate beam-engines, locomotives and marine engines. We do not allude to the tin affairs which are mere shams—these are of German production—but the brass specimens we see in the windows of the opticians. There are some establishments in London where the whole process of constructing these elegant toys is taught. The rough castings ready for the lathe and the bench can be purchased separately, and the youth of a mechanical genius taught

TO CONSTRUCT THESE MACHINES;

this is a speciality worthy of note. Perhaps they can scarcely be strictly placed in the category of toys, but we feel certain they afford an amusing training of mind for pursuits in which large numbers of English lads are pretty sure to be thrown. The military toys are all German, they mainly come from Hesse Cassel. It seems strange that these peaceful people should help to feed the warlike spirit of childhood. The French, we should have imagined, would more naturally have turned to this kind of trade, but it is as we have said. The swords and guns, and breast plates we see in the shop windows, all come from the pretty dukedom we have referred to.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

12. USES OF DISCIPLINE.

Beethoven said of Rossini that he had in him the stuff to have made a good musician if he had only been well flogged when a boy; but that he had been spoiled by the facility with which he produced.

When Mendelssohn was about to enter the orchestra at Birmingham, on the first performance of his "Elijah," he said laughingly to one of his friends and critics, "Stick your claws into me. Don't tell me what you like, but what you don't like."

Washington lost far more battles than he gained, but he succeeded in the end. The Romans in their most victorious campaigns almost invariably began with defeats. Wellington's military genius was perfected by encounters with difficulties of apparently the most overwhelming character.—*Dr. Smiles.*

13. FAITH AND PRAYER OF A LITTLE PRINCE.

A thanksgiving hymn was sung at St. Lawrence Jewry, on the recovery of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales; and the vicar, in his sermon upon the subject, paid a high tribute to the way in which the Prince and Princess bring up their children. The night before the Queen left Windsor to go to Sandringham, when the Prince was most dangerously ill, she told his children that their father was very ill, and perhaps they would not see him again, and bade the elder, Prince Victor, pray to God for his father. The next morning Prince Victor said to the Queen, "Grandmamma, father will not die." I have been to God; and He says father shan't die. Such an instance of faith is indeed worthy of record.—*Church Times.*

14. THE FLOWER MISSION.

The following account of a beautiful charity is taken from an American Juvenile Magazine. We copy it in the hope that it may suggest to our "Young Folks" new means of doing good:—

The Flower Mission of Boston is one of the simplest and sweetest of her charities. This is the fourth season that it has dispensed comfort and blessing to the bedsides of sickness and the work-rooms of weary toil. As it was the idea of a Boston girl, it seems fitting

that it should be brought to the notice of the girls who read this Magazine. And the boys, too, I am sure, need no less to learn how a little thoughtfulness may contribute to the happiness of many.

Walking along the streets one hot summer day, with a bunch of flowers for a sick friend, this girl noticed, as probably many others would have done, how many of the passers-by turned to look at it; how little children begged for "just one flower please;" and the weary and dusty seemed to brighten a little as it passed. And the thought occurred to her, Why could not the flowers so abundantly lavished upon the country be brought to those who cannot go to them,—to those who by sickness, or poverty, or toil, are confined all the long, hot summer months in the city.

Being not only a thinker, but a doer also, this idea resulted, by the aid of others, in what is known as the Flower Mission of Hollis Street Chapel, so called because of the pleasant room kindly offered for its headquarters, and not because of the patronage of any one church. All denominations delight to aid in its gentle labour of love.

From May until October this room is open every Monday and Thursday morning from eight till twelve, for the reception of flowers; and young ladies are in attendance, to make up and distribute the bouquets. All are free contributions from the fields, the gardens, and the conservatories. First comes a basket of wild flowers, lupines, and columbines, and bright green ferns, and then a large box full of aristocratic tea-roses, and dainty and hybrid heliotropes; then great branches of lilac, and the sweet wild azalea; or, perhaps, rich pansies with their laughing faces, from the "Pansy Man," who has made this contribution a speciality.

Here comes a lady with a basket of nosegays picked early this morning from an old-fashioned garden—bachelor's buttons, and spicy pinks, and feathery grass. Now some boxes of strawberries arrive—not as many as we could wish; but the lady with the list of sick well knows to whom these will be the greatest treat. 'Tis a busy and a pretty scene—the table piled high with its floral offering, and the cheerful tongues keeping time to the flying fingers. As fast as the bouquets are made, they are put in a tank of water, there to await deposit in the baskets, dozens of which hang upon the wall gaping for their fragrant burdens. By noon a hundred or two bouquets are made, and the baskets are filled for the hospital. Carriages are sent to convey them there, where their coming is awaited with eagerness by the suffering inmates.

We who are well, and so surrounded by nature's beauties as to be almost unmindful of them, can scarcely realize how a simple bouquet will brighten the tedious routine of hospital life and suffering. Smaller baskets are also filled, and sent to private persons who are known to the different young ladies. And it is not unlikely you may overhear snatches of low conversation, which show that the gift of flowers is but a cover for other and more substantial bounties.

Indeed, the flower itself is but a trifle compared with the thought and good-will which prompts the offering. And it is *this* which makes the Flower Mission thrice blessed.

The flowers that are left after these donations are generally sent to the work-rooms of the city. Of course they are utterly inadequate to supply the number of people to whom they would afford pleasure. Three hundred bouquets a day, with two hundred to hospitals, &c., leaves hardly enough to supply a single work-room of many large tailoring establishments. But as far as they go, they give great pleasure. And if the boys and girls in the country could tell how much, more hands would be picking them on evening walks and afternoon holidays, I am sure.

These who distribute the flowers can tell many interesting incidents attendant upon their pleasant task. Oftentimes the flowers are declined at first, the girls thinking they must be paid for; and it does not take a profound mathematician to calculate how much, out of a week's wages of four or five dollars, a girl can spare for the luxury of flowers. But when they understand that they are a free gift from those in the country to those in the city, the pleasure with which they are received and put in some improvised vase, and set upon the sewing machine or on the window seat, where the sight of them may shorten the weary hours, and suggest, in the midst of heat and steam, and stifling air the green woods,—and this, if seen would repay, many times over, the trouble that the gift has cost.

Sometimes they are sent to the city jail and state prison; and wherever they go, they are seen to touch and awaken that which is best in every human being. They are also sent to the city missionaries for distribution in miserable quarters which they strive to purify. And one of them told, with tears in his eyes, how he had seemed to reach, by the simple gift of a flower, hearts which for months he had been trying in vain to touch. Their report tells us that during the working months of 1871 between eleven and twelve thousand bouquets were distributed; and of fruit there were nearly