

tender, and never be cooked at all if tainted. Bread should be neither new nor stale. Bread can seldom be procured quite free from adulteration of some kind, but the adulterations a respectable baker adds to his loaves are not very detrimental. It is a good plan nevertheless to change one's baker frequently.

Puddings are most nutritious, whether mingled with fruit or with eggs plain. I can forgive a girl from the very bottom of my heart for passing her plate twice for pudding. The only kind of dried fruit that is likely to produce indigestion is badly done currants. They ought to be soft and pulpy to be safe.

Pastry should be partaken of but sparingly, especially such as has been bought in shops; it being often made with fat which cannot be otherwise used.

Tarts, on the other hand, are deliciously wholesome and ought to form a part of the diet almost every day in summer. Talking about tarts brings me naturally to say one word about fruit—this is really the *utile* with the *dulce*. I cannot speak too highly in praise of *good ripe fruit eaten in season*, and the whole of that sentence will read the other way, for I cannot condemn too severely the practice of eating *bad unripe fruit out of season*. We ought to indulge most freely, with one or two exceptions, in the kind of fruit which is native to the country we live in. The orange and some of his brethren are citizens of the world, however, they are at home anywhere; but we here in merrie England possess the gooseberry, the raspberry, and the strawberry. Need we envy then the fair daughters of sunnier climes the possession of the luscious mango, the fragrant banana, the perfumed pineapple, or the glorious guava? No, let us be content with what we have and use them well. They are most wholesome in summer, they cool the blood and calm the mind, and greatly aid digestion. At what time of the day should fruits be partaken of? In the morning before breakfast they do one a world of good, they may be trifled with at breakfast, they may be eaten at mid-day, and after luncheon and dinner, and they are even tempting at eventide. But there I must draw rein. I fear I am giving my gentle readers *carte blanche* in the matter of fruit, and I have visions of some of them retiring for the night with sly grapes to place beside their pillows.

Fish makes an excellent change from meat. With the exceptions of the stronger and more oily kinds, such as salmon, mackerel, herring, &c., fish is more easily digested than meat and quite as nutritious.

Vegetables of all kinds are both nutritious and healthful. They ought, however, to be eaten with moderation, else they are apt to induce fits of indigestion. Raw they are much more apt to hurt one, so that even a salad is not always so safe as it is tempting.

Next month I hope to have a useful paper on toothache and neuralgia to lay before my fair readers, complaints which far too many of them suffer from, often without receiving either help or sympathy.



## A PEEP AT SCHOOLGIRLS IN EASTERN SIBERIA.



THE Rev. Henry Lansdell in his interesting and instructive work, "Through Siberia," recently published, gives the following description of a high-class

girls' school in Eastern Siberia:—

"Besides the boys' school at Vladivostock I visited the girls' institute for the daughters of naval officers, and witnessed the opening religious ceremony of blessing the house after the long vacation. Each child as she came up to kiss the Gospels was sprinkled with holy water, as were also the visitors; after which the priest and his assistant went over the building, sprinkling in all directions. The inspector subsequently declared what children were to be advanced to higher classes. The subjects taught were in keeping with those of the boys' gymnasium, from which the institute differed in that the children were lodged, clothed, and boarded; 12 free, the rest on payment of £20 per annum. The Government gives a grant of £1,000 per annum towards this school, and the remainder is made up by the children's fees and voluntary contributions. The cleanliness and good arrangement of this building were striking, not to say luxurious. A great deal, no doubt, was due to the fact that the Governor's wife visited one of the schools every day. The senior class had two girls of 15 and 16 years of age. To my questions in geography they gave good answers, and in the Gospels fair. They had not read the Epistles, but were expecting so to do that year. One girl was from a peasant home, the other the daughter of a foreign merchant, but they appeared throughout to stand on a level with the officers' daughters. They had a custom of posting up on a red board for a year the name of the best girl in the school. At the time of my visit the same maiden had held this 'blue ribbon' for five years consecutively. Whether it was for excellence of intellect or conduct I know not, but I amused them by offering a prize, such as I had seen given in the schools of the Irish Church Missions, called the 'best beloved' prize. The girls were ranged in a line, and each came and whispered in the ear of the teacher the name of the schoolfellow she loved best, and the girl who gained the highest number of votes received the prize. The idea was new to them, and they said the whispering was like going to confession.

"There was yet another school the Governor's wife took me to see—the little free school—built by the society she had founded, and of which it is not too much to say that it was

the neatest and best-built house in the town. It was furnished in a manner that would be thought too good for a ragged school in England, and it struck me, as did the institute, that it was somewhat over-provided with teachers.

"There were 30 children on the books, of whom one class came in the morning, and the other in the afternoon. The religious instruction consisted in learning the ten principal prayers of the Russian Church from a small primer, the contents of which would be as much or, I was told, rather more religious knowledge than the average Russian peasant would know. The children received at Christmas presents of clothing, and a marked increase of attendants takes place as the time for the gifts draws near—a phenomenon not confined to Siberian schools!"

## NEW MUSIC.

JOHN GUEST.

*A Stranger Here.* Sacred song. Composed by Frederick Croft.—The words and music of this composition are good, but, to our mind, the rhythm has been overlooked in the third part of the hymn. We think it would be more euphonious if it corresponded with the first part.

FREDERICK CROFT.

*The Warrior's March.* By Frederick Croft.—An excellent military march in a very easy key, but requiring a firm and clear touch to give effect to the octave passages.

C. W. GUNSTON.

*The Moonlight Mazurka.* By Frederick Croft.—A drawing-room piece in E flat, adapted for moderate performers. It has the advantage of being short as well as pleasing.

LAMBORN COCK.

*The Blue-eyed Maiden's Song.* *The Green Cavalier's Song.* Words by the late Lord Beaconsfield. Music by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice.—These tender words by our late lamented statesman have been artistically set to appropriate music by the royal composer. These songs are most uncommon, and we specially call the attention of our musical girls to Her Royal Highness's refined productions.

*Time Passes On. Ten Years Ago.* Composed by Walter Maynard. Words by Madge Kendal.—Two pathetic songs for mezzo-soprano voices. They have the great advantage of being simple in style as well as melodious.

*I Love but One Fair Face.* Hunting song. Words by R. E. Egerton Warburton.—Wedded to most appropriate music by the well-known composer, John Hullah.

*For Thee.* Written by Charles Rowe. Composed by Charles E. Finney, is extremely pretty and cheerful, and we think will become a favourite.

*I Praised the Earth in Beauty Seen.* Sacred song by Bishop Heber. Music by J. Greenhill.—A most touching and beautiful melody set to Bishop Heber's well-known words, and deserves to become universally popular.

RANSFORD AND SON.

*My Soul is Dark.* Words by Byron. Music by A. Antoine. In the key of E flat.—Moderately difficult, compass from D to E.

H. E. WARNER.

*L'Espérance Mazurka.* By H. E. Warner.—A smooth and graceful little piece; having arrived at a second edition, proves it to be a favourite.