

What could Miss Chichester have going on in her house? Led by the indistinct noise, Ruby went on, until in a few moments she stood outside the door through which it found its way.

Ruby hesitated a little, then she knocked, and a voice, which was Miss Chichester's, bade her enter. What a pretty sight it was that met Ruby's wondering gaze! There, crowding round Miss Chichester, who seemed the active centre of the whole scene, was a band of tiny, merry children, many of them little more than babies. They were all busily employed, and yet all appeared to be playing at the same time; some were marching hand in hand to the tune of a little, wavy chant sung by themselves; some, with eager, earnest faces, were stringing beads in many-coloured hues; some were bending over gaily-tinted picture-books, their heads making a fresh bouquet of roses and of smiles; some, who were not old enough to do anything else, were lying on the floor, all rippling over with baby laughter and fun, as they played some small, sly trick to each other, or flung about balls of varied gaudy hues, or tried to catch the dancing sunbeams in their chubby fingers; for there was no lack of sunshine in the wide, airy room: it came streaming in in golden rivers through three large, open windows. And all about among the different groups of children, thus bathed and washed in summer air and summer light, moved Blanche Chichester, now stooping for a kiss, now holding up a playfully-threatening finger, now pausing to set a bit of badly-succeeded work in order, now laughing as merrily as the veriest babies themselves.

Miss Chichester greeted Ruby with a smile on her entrance, and, noticing her perplexed face—for the girl, new as she was to the house and its ways, could not understand the scene—came to meet her, and said, kissing her and pressing her hand,—

"Why, Ruby, you have found your way into my garden of buds: that is what I call it, though the fashionable name for it is a kindergarden; but we are not fashionable here. I always wanted our country labourers' children to enjoy the same privileges as the children of richer parents in great cities; and so, after wishing it for a long while, I one day made up my mind to do something better and more effectual than wish. I set about establishing a place of play-teaching for our little ones on my own account, and you see here the results."

"Oh, what a charming notion!" cried Ruby. "And how clever of you to carry it out, and what a pretty picture you make with the children. I could scarcely think where I was when I first came into the room."

"Couldn't you?" said Miss Chichester, smiling; "we always begin school an hour before breakfast, because there's a good deal else and a good many others to be attended to besides these babies; they can only have their share."

"Isn't there a story about someone who turned whatever he touched to gold?" cried Ruby. "You seem to

have just that same power, Miss Chichester, in the way of making people happy. How did you get all these babies to be so entirely at home with you? I think you must use some spell."

"Just the spell, Ruby, of taking a real, hearty interest in them while they are with me; it is a spell in which I find there lies a wonder-working power with grown-up people as well as with children."

"It seems an easy spell," said Ruby, laughing, "but I think very few people know how to use it."

"Try it yourself, dear. I don't think you will find it hard, if you put thorough earnestness into it."

Those words of her new friend filled Ruby's mind a good deal, as did many other words she had heard from her throughout that whole long morning she spent with her. It deserved the title of a long morning, not because it went wearily, but because Miss Chichester contrived to get so much into it, and yet without any hurry or fuss. Ruby had seen Ella spend more time in settling what scarf she would wear than it took Blanche Chichester to teach her whole infant school; and Miss Nancy in a far greater state of fidget and excitement in ordering dinner than this lady was in discussing the affairs of her whole property with old Noah.

In all Miss Chichester did Ruby noticed a great repose, and yet a great quickness and regularity; it seemed as if there was a deep well of sweet water in the woman's nature that nothing could make bitter or dry up. In the little school Ruby sat down among the babies, and at first got on very merrily with them, but when one or two of them grew somewhat mischievous and tiresome, Ruby felt that she was fast becoming very irritable, when Miss Chichester drew near, and stilled the threatening storm in a few moments. Her influence was just as sovereign with the roughest men who worked on her farm. Old Noah declared that very morning that there was one with whom he could do nothing; would the missus please to take him in hand? And the missus did please, and he left her presence—this same rude, apparently unmanageable farm labourer—after he had half an hour's conference with her, with a bow that would have done honour to a gentleman.

"How is it you manage to make everyone better?" asked Ruby of her friend.

"I think it may be, in the first place, simply because I give each one who has anything to do with me credit for having some good in them," she answered, smiling; and then added in a lower tone, "But, Ruby, I know it comes most of all from a strong prayer each morning to our Master, Who went about doing good, to show me how I may follow Him ever so little in helping others."

SOME EGYPTIAN COOKERY RECIPES FOR HOT WEATHER.



MISS M. A. Whately, who has long been resident at Cairo, and is also familiar with life in Syria and other parts of the East,

sends some oriental recipes. They may be relied on as correct, and Miss Whately hopes that young friends in England may find them useful as a variety from the more solid food, which is sometimes apt to pall in summer weather. The directions are purposely minute in order to make the trial easy.

REAL EASTERN NEBABS.

This is the simplest of all Eastern dishes, and is useful when something light and relishing is needed in a hurry. It is exceedingly good also for invalids who are forbidden "made" dishes. Take tender mutton, not too fat, cut into bits the size of a large hazelnut, have a rather long iron-skewer ready, and spike them upon it, after sprinkling with a little salt and pepper. When much is needed you should have two or three skewers at least. Place over some bright red coals (charcoal is used here, but red coal, perfectly clear of smoke, will answer), and turn once or twice till roasted well. Chop some fresh parsley on a plate, and with a knife push off the bits of roast meat upon the bed of parsley and serve at once. Of course, an invalid might not be able to eat parsley, but this is the way it is served for ordinary persons in the East, and if the meat be tender, and yet fresh, for any taint will spoil it—it is a capital dish and remarkably digestible.

ROLLED VINE LEAVES.

This is a particularly pretty and nice summer dish. Take young fresh vine leaves, dip for half a minute into boiling water, then lay them beside you while you prepare the stuffing as follows:—Take some raw mutton, not too fat, chopped up fine, about equal bulk of raw rice, well picked and washed, season with a little onion minced very fine, salt and pepper; put a vine leaf in the palm of the left hand, and put a very small quantity of stuffing in the centre, roll in an oblong shape; if much stuffing is put, the swelling of the rice making it swell, the leaf bursts open in cooking, and is spoiled, therefore a good many are needed for a dishful, as they should be a *pile*. When each leaf is done it must be placed in the saucpan, and squeezed slightly against the rest till the pan is nearly full. The bones of the meat, or some of them, are usually laid lightly on the top; a little water—only just enough to keep from burning—is added, and a little clarified butter (this last may be omitted if the dish is for invalids, &c.), one or two tomatoes, raw and cut small, should be put on the top, if to be had; if not, a squeeze of lemon can be substituted. Cover close, and boil gently till done. Ascertain this by taking out one to try. If carefully cooked and nicely arranged on a dish, this will tempt many a delicate appetite in hot summer weather, and looks pretty on the table; but the directions must



be accurately followed. If cooked rice or cold meat be used, the dish will not be worth eating, and *old* vine leaves will spoil it.

KUFTA (EGYPTIAN STYLE).

Take some fresh meat, either beef or mutton, cut from the bones and put these to stew in a saucepan while preparing the *Kufta*. Pound the raw meet in a mortar (it ought to be a marble one, but a perfectly clean metal one might answer), till it is like a paste, adding a few drops of water from time to time. Then add dry bread crumbs, chopped parsley, and a very little minced onion, pepper, and salt. Dip the hand in water and roll the paste into balls, not larger than walnuts. Fry these slightly in butter, when rather brown, add some tomatoes cut into the pan, stir for a few minutes, then turn all into the stew-pan, where the bones have been cooking (having carefully skimmed the same, of course), and properly season it. Let there be enough gravy to make a plentiful allowance of sauce. They should be done in an hour and a half or less from the time of putting them into the broth. Have a dish of nicely boiled rice, and when this is very nearly tender enough, but not *quite*, heat a spoonful of clarified butter to boiling point, pour into the rice (in its stewpan), and set by the side of the fire for five or six minutes; serve to eat with the *Kuftas*, but they must be in a separate dish. I have never met any one who did not like this, if properly cooked. But if you do not pound the meat *very* well your dish will be quite unpalatable; there must be no bits of gristle or hard fibre, recollect.

ORIENTAL RICE MILK.

This dish, which is only a resource for invalids when forbidden better fare in England, is really a very nice one, prepared Oriental way. But the milk should, if possible, be unskimmed milk, if partly skimmed or *watered*, allow *more*. Boil the milk, and when just commencing to boil put in the rice, carefully washed, in the proportion of about a tablespoonful, not heaped, to a half-pint of milk; as soon as it boils again, slacken the fire, and simmer or boil slowly, stirring *almost all* the time, add white sugar to taste, and a little cinnamon ditto; if the milk be real country milk, you add a very little water, as it thickens, now and then; if the milkman has saved you the trouble, add a little cold milk; stir every few moments lest it burn. It should be of the consistence of thick cream when done, and the grains hardly to be recognised. If well done it is a really tempting invalid dish, and not to be despised by healthy people. The English way is to put far too much rice and boil far too quickly, and serve when half cooked, in fact. This way takes more time and trouble, but few good things are to be had without. If you will try it, my dear girls, some invalid will one day thank you, I feel sure.

NEW MUSIC.

The Sleeping Beauty. Cantata for female voices. The poetry by ALFRED TENNYSON. The music by HENRY LAHN. (Novello, Ewer and Co.)

It requires very little discernment to discover in this cantata the work of a musician, and of an exceptionally clever one. The introduction, a very good specimen of ideal music, has but one fault, and that an unusual one, to wit, brevity, a fault which is, however, amply atoned for by No. 1, a four-part chorus, "The varying year, with blade and sheaf," extending over twenty-one pages and maintaining its interest throughout. We would especially notice the masterly treatment of voices and instruments on pp. 15 and 16, as means employed to return to the first subject on page 17.

No. 2, Contralto Air, "Year after year." Although simple in character, this will require very careful treatment at the hands of the singer to avoid a possible feeling of monotony. A graceful serenade follows for soprano and unaccompanied four-part chorus, "She sleeps."

No. 3, Duet for two sopranos, "All precious things," heralds most appropriately the arrival of the fairy prince deliverer; commencing with a kind of bolero accompaniment, it presents a fine contrast to the preceding. Action is gradually developing where all before was rest. The spirit of the words is here most thoroughly caught, showing us the utmost sympathy between the poet and the musician.

No. 4, Chorus, "The revival," is a grand awakening after the hundred years' repose. Now all is bustle and stir, a veritable tone-picture. We cannot help being amused a little farther on, at the quiet awakening of the king, whose drowsy conversation with his chancellor forms an agreeable rest to the ear before we come to No. 5, "The departure," where the Prince carries off his newly-awakened bride.

We would strongly recommend this cantata for the use of choral societies, the vocal parts being so well arranged for the voices. It has the further advantage of a harmonium accompaniment in addition to that for the pianoforte, this of course lending great colour to any performance of the work.

METZLER & Co., Marlborough-street:—

Only the Sound of a Voice. Words by ADELAIDE PROCTOR. Music by MICHAEL WATSON. A plaintive melody, suitable to the words; full of feeling and tenderness, and well arranged.

Light. By JOSEPH BARNBY. Words by F. E. WEATHERLY. Another telling song, the burden of which is a poor blind mother recalling the places where once her sailor son was wont to gladden her heart "fifty years ago," and dreaming that she is about to join him with restored vision in the higher and better land. J. Barnby's songs are deservedly favourites, and always well received.

CRAMER & Co., Regent-street:—

At Benediction (a dream of peace). Composed by ODOARDO BARRI. With harmonium accompaniment (*ad lib.*). Words by MARY MARK LEMON. Whilst we are involuntarily reminded of the "Lost Chord" in some few of the passages, "At Benediction" is no mere copy of that beautiful, well-known song, yet exceedingly nice, and much easier both for the voice and accompanist. The harmonium score is well marked, and adds greatly to the effect. It can be had in F major for contralto, from B to D or A major for soprano or tenor; compass from D to F.

W. MORLEY, JUNR., Upper-street, N.:—

Before the Shrine. Music by HUMPHREY J. STARK. Words by MARY MARK LEMON. Another song arranged for piano and harmonium. The accompaniment for the piano is very effective, the left hand having the sustained notes, whilst the light, detached, and *legato* chords form a pleasing accompaniment. The harmonium part is very simple, yet adds a fullness and richness to the whole. This is an excellent composition, and deserves a wide circulation.

The Child's Mission. By ODOARDO BARRI. Words by MARY MARK LEMON. With harmonium accompaniment (*ad lib.*). The subject is a child's voice singing unheeded by the passers-by in the cold night, amid drifts of snow, but heard by a little suffering boy, bringing solace in his dying hours "as music from heaven." Both vocal and instrumental parts easy to acquire, and pleasing.

The Child's Dream. By JACQUES BLUMENTHAL. Sung by Mrs. OSGOOD. This song is written in three keys, No. 1 in E,

No. 2 in G, No. 3 in A, full of variety in rendering, and very dramatic. The transitions from pianissimo to fortissimo passages are thrilling, and when sung with feeling will be classed with our "picture songs."

The Fairy Castle.—By ANTONIO MORA. Words by LEVIS NOVRA — is of quite a different character, light and airy, with no difficulties either for the voice or accompanist, coming as a relief after more elaborate and ornate compositions.

SWAN & Co., Great Marlborough-street:—

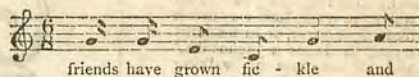
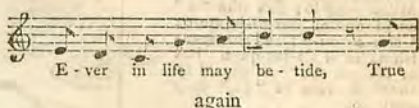
Near Thee, Still Near Thee. Words by Mrs. HEMANS. Music by ALLON MACBETH. A smoothly-written song with good accompaniment, words and music flowing together harmoniously.

Jeanette: The Flower Girl's Song. By the same composer. Words by WILLIAM M'OSCAR. A very pretty song, light and graceful. Sure to be a favourite.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co:—

My Fisher Lad. Words by SARAH DOUDNEY. Music by C. E. RAWSTONE. Thoughtful words of a trustful heart. The music, perhaps, not quite equal to the words, still by no means unpleasing, and quite easy for a high soprano voice.

Our Dirlings at Home. Words by JOSEPH HATTON. Music by WALTER MAYNARD. A BARITONE song in 6/8 time with a decided swing in it, but containing a disagreeable novelty in the manner of accenting some of the words, as under:—



We are the more surprised, at this, as the composer in other works shows that he knows better.

Why should we part? Words and Music by WALTER MAYNARD.

In this song we have an evidence of the composer's ability to write suitably for the voice. The melody is extremely pretty, and the accompaniment easy. It may be sung either by a mezza-soprano or a baritone, preferably, as far as the words are concerned, by the latter.

Meeting again. Sequel to *When shall I see you?* Words and Music by WALTER MAYNARD.

A FLOWING melody in the key of D with an easy accompaniment, thus presenting no difficulty either to singer or player. Being written within the compass of an octave, this song should be very useful. On page 3 a misprint occurs in the treble line of the pianoforte part, where A is written for B, a little error that can easily be corrected for future editions.

J. and W. CHESTER, Brighton. *The Song of the Owl.* Composed for and dedicated to her little friends by MARIA LOUISA BLAON. Words from the *Sunday Scholars' Companion*.

WE are sure this song has only to be heard to become a favourite, and although one or two phrases seem just a trifle familiar, taken as a whole, it is very nicely conceived and well put together, sparkling and gay.

Capriccio. By A. H. JACKSON. QUAINNESS is evidently the point aimed at in this piece, which is of moderate difficulty, but rather too full of repetition.