What could Miss Chichester have going on in her house that caused the indistinct noise Ruby was going 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 not Miss Chichester's voice, cried, "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, little and large by the hundred. They were all busily employed, and yet all appeared to be playing at the same time; some were marching hand in hand in 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 had no hands 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 frit about balls of varied gaudy hues, or cried to each other to come and see the baby with the chubbier 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; laughing as merrily as the veriest babies themselves.

Miss Chichester greeted Ruby with a smile on her face, and noticing her perplexed face— for the girl, as always, was at the same time flurried, 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 a garden of birds: that is what I call it, though the fashionable name for it is a kindergarten; 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 effective than wish. I set about establishing a place of play-teaching for our little ones, and see here the result."

"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 at half-past eight, because there's a good deal else and a good many others to be attended to besides these babies; they can only have their shelf."

"It 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 do 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 making 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."

One of Ruby's new friends 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 was long, 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 a whole infant school, and Miss Nancy in a far greater state ofidget 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 a very irritable, unmanageable young lady, drew near and steadily 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 farmer labourer—after he had 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 low 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.""

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**SOME EGYPTIAN COOKERY RECIPES FOR HOT WEATHER**

**M. A. Whatley,** who has long been resident at Cairo, and is also familiar with parts of Syria and other eastern countries, sends us some oriental recipes. They may be relied on as correct, and Miss Whatley hopes that some of her friends in England may find them useful as a variety from the more solid food, which is the rule in England, and is in such demand in summer weather. The directions are purposely minute in order to make the trial easy.

**REAL EASTERN NIBBLS.**

This is the simplest of all Egyptian dishes, and is useful in an emergency, as it is quickly made, and relishing is needed in a hurry. It is exceedingly good also for invalids who are forbidden to eat meat. Take tender mutton, not too fat, cut into bits the size of a large hazel nut, have a rather long iron-screw ready, and spike them upon it, after sprinkling with a little salt and pepper. When much is needed, let it have two large plates. Place over some bright red coals (charcoal is used here, but red coal, perfectly clear of smoke, will answer), and turn once or twice. 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 a good chutney sauce is served for ordinary persons in the East, and if the meat be tender, and yet fresh, for any tint 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 filling followings. 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 spoilt, therefore a good many are needed for a dishful, as they should be a plate. When each leaf is done it must be placed in the saucepan, 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 stop it 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, and both hills of 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 see whether cooked, and not 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 must be used, the dish will not be worth eating, and old vine leaves will spoil it.

KUFTA (EGYPTIAN STYLE).

Take the finest fat or mutton, cut the bones and put these to stew in a saucepan while preparing the Kufta. Pound the meat in a mortar to a purée (one might say, till it is like a paste), adding a few drops of water from time to time. Then add dry bread crumbs, chopped parsley, one little minced onion, pepper and salt. Dip the hand in water and roll the paste into balls, not larger than walnut; 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 skinned 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 neatly boiled rice, and when this is very nearly tender, but not quite, heat a spoonful of clarified butter, pour this into the rice (in its stew-pan), and set by the side of the fire for five or six minutes; serve to eat with the Kufta, but they must be in a separate dish. If these are not to your taste, you may not like this, if properly cooked. But if you do not pound the meat very well your dish will be quite unpleasant; there must be no bits of bone or fat in the rice.

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 by Oriental cooks. 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 onehalf-pint of milk; as soon as it boils again, sprinkle the rice, and simmer or boil slowly, stirring about 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, when done, take it off the fire and add a piece of butter, and allow a piece of rice to the milk. The dish is delicious.

We should very 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 to go with the piano part, of course lending great colour to any performance of the work.

METZELER & CO., Marlborough-street:—

Only the Sound of a Voice. Words by ADAM CLARKE. Music by H. FRANCIS WATSON. A plain melody, suitable to the words; full of feeling and tenderness, and well arranged.

LIGHT. By JOSEPH BARNBY. Words by F. E. WHITE. 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.

CRASER & CO., Regent-street:—

At Berneville (by trade). Composed by OGDORO BARR. With harmonium accompaniment (ad lib.). Words by BARNBY MARK LEMON. Whilst we are in the region of voluntariness, it is worth mentioning in some few of the passages, "At Berneville" 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, JUNE, Upper-street, N.:—

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

THE CHILD'S MISSION. By OGDORO BARR. Words by MARK LEMON. With harmonium accompaniment (ad lib.). The subject of this song is the first year, comprehended 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. The music is very beautiful, and the numerical parts easy to acquire, and pleasing.

THE CHILD'S DREAM. By JACQUES BLYMENTHAL. 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 LEWIS NOYER is of quite a different character, light and airy, with no difficulties either for the voice or accompaniment, coming as a relief after more elaborate and ornate compositions.

SWAN & Co., Great Marlborough-street:—

Near Thine, Still Near Thine. Words by MRS. HARRIS. Music by ALISON MACFERRAN. A smoothly-written song with good accompaniment, words and music flowing together, harmoniously.

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

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER & Co.:—

My Fisher Lad. Words by SARA DOUGHERTY. Music by C. E. RAWSTONE. Thoughtful words of a truthful heart. The music, particularly not-quite-baritone parts, still by no means unpleasing, and quite easy for a high soprano voice.

Car Dordings at Home. Words by JOSEPH OSWALD. Music by WALTER MAYNARD. A 마로트so 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:

E - ver in life may be - side - True

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 another 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 a mezzo-soprano or alto, preferably, as far as the words are concerned, by the latter.

Meeting again. Sequel to When shall I see you again. 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 piano forte 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 Ow! Composed for and dedicated to her little friends by MARY LOUISE BALD. Words from the Sunday Scholars' Collection.

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

Copied by A. H. JACKSON.

Quantities are evidently the point aimed at in this piece, which is of moderate difficulty, but rather too full of repetition.