

"We mustn't finesse it too much, sir, as the card-sharpers say;" such was his reply. "I don't say, mind you, that it wouldn't be a good game, and a safe game, but, bless you! they always do feel the need of a bit of a change, somehow, and like to get to a crib that's not a bit like the one they've left. Wouldn't wonder, not I, if we found him in Hoxton, or say Highgate. But life's not long enough to rap at every door within the six-mile radius, Mr. Preston."

"And all this time he may be speeding away, as fast as steam can hurry him, to France or America!" exclaimed Frank, half bitterly.

"He may, certainly," rejoined the detective; "but if he goes to Liverpool, or to Dover, or to Newhaven, he'll find sharp eyes on the look-out for him as he reaches the pier to go on board. I sent off last night three of the photographs you were careful enough to bring, sir, to the places I have mentioned. But it's my belief that the party will hang about yet in London. He must have had a deal of business on hand, to judge by the letters he used to write and get, and maybe some of his irons are yet in the fire, and not quite so hot as he could wish."

The main difficulty was, however, to ascertain in what particular furnace these commercial irons of Mr. Ralph Raeburn might be heating.

Frank Preston and the inspector left no stone unturned that seemed likely to reward them for the trouble of turning it. They were perpetually making inroads into this or that place of business where stock and shares were vended, where money was exchanged

for foreign notes and cash, and so forth. Their cab—or, rather, succession of cabs—was constantly rattling from street to street, as fast as a double-paid driver could be induced to hurry on, while every now and then the inspector would alight to dash into a police-station, or to drop with easy joviality into the bar of some queer public-house, but always without success. There were taverns kept by Yorkshiremen, and patronised by Yorkshiremen, and these the detective seemed to know, and to be known there; but neither landlord, nor barmaid, nor footman, nor customers lingering over their ale, and with the broad Yorkshire accent yet distinguishable in their speech, had seen, or so much as heard of, one Lawyer Raeburn of Woolton.

It grew late. The long day, spent in fruitless toil, with scanty refreshment hurriedly snatched, and no rest, was over, and the street-lamps were lighted, and the gas in the shops was glaring brightly. Weary and baffled, Frank and the detective looked blankly at one another.

"I'm afraid," said the inspector, with somewhat of a crestfallen air, "we're in the wrong box, sir, unless Mr. Collins can scent out something. Yet I'll do what I can to-night, and to-morrow, Mr. Preston, we can again hunt in couples, if you please."

"I'll find the fellow, if I tear down half the house-fronts in London to unearth him," answered Frank Preston. "Ten o'clock to-morrow, Inspector." And they parted.

END OF CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

## OUT OF THE SILENCE.



one or two small primitive-looking shops, survivals of the time when the voice of the builder was not heard in the land, and we come upon an old-fashioned sort of house, standing in its own acre of grounds, which may well have stood there when, as elderly folks are so fond of telling us, they "picked daisies and butter-

UST off the labyrinth of stuccoed terraces and crescents and desirable detached residences of Notting Hill, lies a quiet little road, which has not yet been absorbed into that modern suburban maze. Under a railway arch, and past

cups" on the present surrounding site of macadam and asphalte. But if quiet lanes and the sweet silence of green fields be among the traditions of the old house, no violence is done to such associations in its present tenancy. If the house has grown out of its lonely state and been drawn into the circle, so out of a more solemn silence, out of a deeper solitude, are its little inmates now being gently led into the healthy every-day babble of human intercourse.

It is a Deaf and Dumb Home, so called—a home, more accurately, for little totally deaf Jewish boys and girls—to which we are going to introduce our readers. We have lingered long enough on the threshold, we will ring and pass in. The little committee-room on our left, or the Director's private parlour on our right, need not detain us: we give one look to a closed porch-like door a little further along the passage, but the sounds at the end attract us, and we go direct, without pause, to the school-room: a large, light, cheerful apartment, with five windows looking out on a pleasant break of turf and flower-bed which is bounded by a railway embankment, on the top of which trains pass constantly to and fro: a delightful variety to the brick walls and chimney-pots which make the horizon of most London "views."

A little orderly crowd of some five-and-twenty boys and girls rise on our entrance, and a distinct chorus of "Good morning" greets us in response to a word or two from the courteous Director, explaining that we are visitors, desirous to see and hear something of the Home. The elder children, whom our entry interrupts, are writing their diaries, as is forthwith explained, and these not being privileged communications, we are permitted to glance at two or three whilst, in obedience to another promptly understood direction, the black-board is being got out and mounted on the little *estrade* at the end of the room. In very striking contrast to the "diaries" and "memoirs" with which most of us are familiar, proved these cleanly-written, unblotted records of still life—life which, in spite of all

were for the most part as distinct, and with a curious reproduction, in their broadened vowels and their slighted consonants, of the strong German accent of their master; for this gentleman, although he speaks our language most fluently, one perceives at once is not an Englishman. We found very little difficulty in understanding the quick replies, although the absence of that varied, expressive tone to which we are used in ordinary speech, makes the monotonous sound at first confusing. There is no suggestion of play in deaf children's talk, no echo of unconscious, mother-learned babble; it is all evidently lesson, lesson, of the kindest, patientest sort, but still showing the pathetic inevitable difference, in its dull, level, careful articulation and the entire loss of ring. But if animation



"SOME EIGHT OR NINE CHILDREN STOOD . . . LOOKING, NOT LISTENING TO THEIR DIRECTOR."

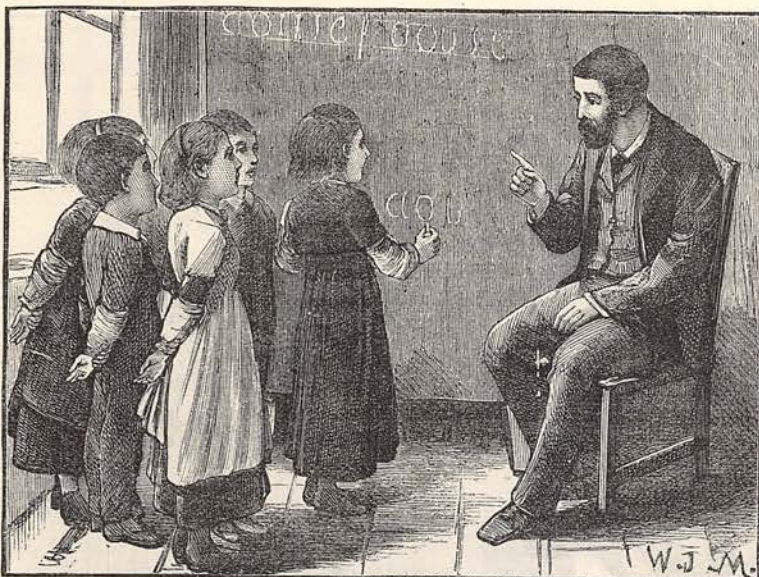
effort, must surely be very still. Simple little every-day notes, for the most part, of every-day "most quiet needs," of dinner, and walk, and work, and lesson, but with the routine varied every now and then with a red-letter day experience in the form of a parent's or an old pupil's visit, or, as it seemed to us, of a pretty frequent "treat." We are sure our cursory researches discovered allusions to Hampton Court, and to the Crystal Palace, and a conjurer, within very few pages of each other; and we were reluctantly called from some *naïve* remembrances of sponge-cake and a swing to the little circle of children who were waiting to show off their attainments in the three R's for our benefit. Some eight or nine children stood on the raised platform, looking, not listening to their Director, with very pitiful literalness "hanging on his lips," as he asked question after question upon the ordinary subjects with which we should expect a 4th or 5th Standard child to be familiar. He spoke distinctly, but with no louder or more careful emphasis than is usual in cultivated conversation; and the answers

of speech was wanting, brightness of look and gesture made some amends, the smile *not* "upon the lips" was well "within the eyes," and the eagerness to reply was as remarkable as the readiness. This elder class, it seemed, had been some four or five years in the Institution, and their answers showed their elementary knowledge to be fully up to the average standard of hearing children of the same class and age. Their apt reading from the master's lips, and their quickness of reply in one or two instances, indeed, inclined us to be sceptical as to whether it was a prepared lesson to which we were listening, and we ventured therefore to hint our doubts to the Director. Instantly he paused, and said to his scholars, "These visitors are not sure of your knowledge; they would like to question you themselves," and added, "Write what I have just said on the black-board." At once, with quite a surprising celerity, a bright-eyed little Percy transferred this sentence to the board, substituting, without being told, "our" for "your," and "us" for "you;" and, our blushes not-

withstanding, we had to accept the position we had brought upon ourselves and to turn interlocutor.

Mental arithmetic suggested itself as a choice of subject, and we propounded a sum. "A gentleman bought a pair of horses," we falteringly began—"A gentleman bought a pair of horses," came the swift repetition, in chorus-like monotone—"for one and ninepence," we hazarded, our self-possession suddenly deserting us. A quick, indescribable, mirthful sound instantly showed us our mistake. "Too cheap," said our little friend Percy, so with a laugh we corrected ourselves, and, determining not to err this time on the side of bargains, stated the purchase to have been made for £165, and further mentioning that the horses were sold again for 200 guineas, inquired "how much

parrot-like attainment of pronouncing simple detached words; and the Pestalozzian plan of object-lessons is here applied in its widest sense, and with its greatest efficacy. The child is shown the book, the chair, or table, and the master by dint of constant effort gets him, "after many days," to follow the motion of the lips and to repeat the word after him; at the same time he writes "book," "chair," "table," on the black-board, and thus spelling is taught by sight, and writing by imitation, and every word is made, so to speak, its own symbol. The eyes of the deaf, like the ears of the blind, or indeed like our own right hands, are trained by use, and seem really to respond to the greater effort required, and to the greater strain put upon them. The first twelvemonth is the hardest



"SPELLING IS TAUGHT BY SIGHT, AND WRITING BY IMITATION."

money the gentleman made by his transaction?" "Forty-five pounds," came the prompt chorus of reply, prompter, we are afraid, than some of our own young folks would have been. The Director explained this quickness, as it seemed to us, very aptly, by dwelling on the greater power of concentrative thought which these children gain from their loss of the distracting and disturbing influence of indefinite sounds, a conclusion which all sufferers from German bands and barrel-organs will, we fancy, be inclined to endorse. Their memory also, he told us, as a rule is good; and their imitative faculty, which is naturally strong, is further trained by a system of tuition in which imitation is necessarily the key-stone. For the first year, whilst the eye is being trained to wait upon the lips, and the child is making that conscious effort after speech which the ear manages unconsciously for more fortunate little ones in the nursery—for this first year, the education of deaf children is almost entirely mechanical. With extreme patience, a whole twelvemonth, sometimes more, has to be devoted to the

to teacher and child, but the initial difficulty of articulate language once in a fair way to be overcome, the worst is over; the range of words gradually grows extended; the words begin to suggest their own uses and meanings; verbs and adjectives, by degrees, group themselves around the little simple stock of nouns, and short phrases to be literally "expressed and understood." Then, accustomed by this time to the forms of written and printed words, reading soon follows and opens wide portals to its own beautiful illimitable world.

We now responded to the invitation to see how a younger set of children would answer in an object-lesson. We took an ivory pen-knife from our pocket, and presently on the black-board we had ranged a goodly array of properties, beginning with "smooth," and ending with "sharp," to which last description, however, a very handsome dark-eyed little girl of nine or ten quickly added, "inside," the knife up to this moment having been exhibited in its shut state. Our attention was presently called to the drawings, a large

portfolio of which was brought out for our inspection. There were some excellent specimens of free-hand and model drawing, and in answer to our inquiries we learnt that the Home had been formerly visited twice a week by an excellent certificated lady teacher, at the cost of one of the Rothschild family, but that the children were now taught by the assistant master, who had been trained in the Institution, and was the holder of South Kensington certificates and prizes.

The pleasant-faced, pleasant-voiced matron was waiting at the adjoining table with her specimens of skill; and here, too, we could not help admiring the various neatly-sewn garments which she told us were all "made at home," the solitary exception to the general practice being the girls' dresses, which, she added, "the ladies made, and generally gave too;" the "ladies" turning out on explanation to be members of the committee who manage the Home.

These same dresses, pretty and warm-coloured, and not wholly destitute of trimming, seemed to convey a hint that the charitable training in this Home is not conducted on the Gradgrind principle. And when the comfortable matron took us upstairs and showed us the airy dormitories with their bright-counterpaned little beds, and the empty infirmary, which, with the counterpane there tucked away and the washstand covered up, looked the only comfortless apartment in the place—but then, as the matron explained, it "hadn't been used for such a while, and she didn't expect company"—we were on the whole inclined to think that these little Jewish nudes were not altogether to be pitied.

Our visit had grown to a great length, but there was still that closed door in the corridor left to pique our curiosity. A big Bluebeard-like key was fetched, and the solid oak door opened to disclose the tiniest little miniature synagogue, with oak benches, and painted

windows, and scrolls of the law reverently bound up in the "ark" called cupboard. This discovery opened up a whole new catechism of inquiry. Did the children learn Hebrew? could they read it? and write it? and, we think one member of our party asked, "talk it?" But the fluent Director was equal to us all, and soon made us understand all we wanted to know. Yes, he said, Hebrew was taught, but not as a language, rather as a medium—for instance, the children learnt English grammatically, to read in it, write in it, and converse in it; but Hebrew they learnt to read and write in a much less thorough fashion. The printed Hebrew characters were symbols to them, little more; arbitrary words with arbitrary meanings, of use to them mainly for translating the ancient prayers and the easier parts of the Bible into the vernacular. Within these limits, it was explained, the older children could "read and write Hebrew," and we liked the honesty which acknowledged these limits to the presumably ignorant ears of the listener. But an illustration remained yet to be given to us of this last-named attainment, and a messenger was despatched to delay dinner—which had been giving forth pleasant premonitory odours for some time past—for a few minutes, and to send up the elder class. The book on the reading-desk was opened, and one child after another read a few words in that strange, sacred, unfamiliar tongue, to which their sad voices seemed to lend an extra suggestiveness. We asked that a line or two might be translated for us, and, oddly enough, the page was turned at a portion of the prayers in which some verses from the fifty-first Psalm had been incorporated. Pathetically significant came that beautiful appeal, "Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall declare Thy praise!" Surely, it seemed to us, doubters in a doubting age, there be some prayers still which are, literally, "answered."

K.

## Devotion.

Song Without Words.

J. GORDON SAUNDERS, Mus. D.

*Andante con molto espressione.*

PIANO.

PED.

*cres.* *mf.*

\* PED. \* PED. \* PED. \*