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 mutes 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."





