

Duncombe, a Protestant clergyman, and Richard Dowden, an Unitarian. They believed that this was the only way of checking the fearfully prevalent drunkenness of the lower orders in Cork and other parts of Ireland; but they found but few followers. "Oh, Theobald Mathew," said Martin, over and over again, to his friend the priest, "if *thou* would but take the cause in hand, thou couldst do much good to these poor creatures." But Father Mathew did not see his way to this business for many years. At last he was convinced, and William Martin's expectations proved true. On the 10th of April, 1838, a meeting was held in his school-room, and a book was produced in which all who pledged themselves to total abstinence, as the term is, were asked to sign their names. "Here goes," in the name of God!" exclaimed the good priest, as he made the first entry. In three months the number of signatures amounted to 25,000, in five months it was 131,000, and by the last day of 1838 it had risen to 156,000. Delegates were sent to all parts of Ireland to preach the new Gospel of Temperance, and pilgrims from all parts hurried into Cork to sign the wonderful book in Father Mathew's parlour.

It was in this celebrated apartment that scenes such as the following might be daily witnessed. At all hours of the day and evening—even to ten or eleven o'clock at night—"batches" of some twenty, or even thirty, might be seen waiting to be enrolled. Some were sober and penitent; others smelling strongly of their recent potations, and ashamed to commit themselves by uttering a word more boisterous and rude, their poor wives and mothers endeavour to soothe and keep them under control. One of this class—a big, brawny fellow, with rough voice, bloodshot eyes, and tattered clothes—would roar out: "I want to take the pledge—I'll be—if I do. Is it me? What oc-casion have I for it? I won't demane myself by taking it. I always staid a trate, and I'll stand it again. Me take it! Let me go, woman! I tell you, lave me go!" "Oh, Patsy, darlin', don't expose yourself. You know I'm for your good. And what would his reverence say to you if he heard you? Do, always be quiet, an' wait for the holy priest." "Well, hold off of me, any way. Can't I take care of myself? Can't I do what I like? Who'd dare say I can't?" "Oh, Patsy, darlin'!" "Is, indeed, Patsy, darlin'! Let me go woman!"—and, bursting away from the trembling hands of the poor creature, who struggled to hold the drunken fool, Patsy would make a wild dash to the door, amidst muttered expressions of sympathy, such as—"God help you, honest woman! 't is you're to be pitied with that quar man." "Yes," another would remark, "an' a fine man he is, and a decent man, too, he'd be no sober." But just as Patsy was about effecting his escape, and avowing that "he would never be the one of his name to demane himself by taking his dirty pledge," he was certain to be arrested by Father Mathew himself, who at a glance knew the nature of the case. Catching Patsy with a grasp stronger than that from which he had escaped, Father Mathew would say, in a cheerful voice, "God bless you, as if that gentleman had come of his own free will to implore the pledge at his hands—"Welcome! welcome! my dear. Delighted to see you. Glad you are come to me. You are doing a good day's work for yourself and your family. You will have God's blessing on your head. Poverty is no crime, my dear child; it is sin alone that makes the eyes of God. Kneel down, my dear (a strong pressure on Patsy's shoulder, under which Patsy reluctantly sinks on his knees), and repeat the words of the pledge after me; and then I will mark you with the sign of the Cross, and pray God to keep you from temptation." What could poor Patsy do but yield, as that man gently rested affectionately on his tangled locks? And so Patsy's name was added to the long muster-roll of the pledged.

In this way thousands of teetotalers were made. Whether permanent good was thereby effected it is not for us to say; but, if the statistics of crime in Ireland may be taken as guides, the immediate result was very striking. Comparing the years 1837 and 1841, we find that the number of homicides sank from 247 in the first to 105 in the second, of robberies from 725 to 257, and of fiction fights from 20 to 8, while the diminution of other offences was in something like the same proportion. At any rate Father Mathew laboured honestly, if with a roughness not to be expected from his previous exhibitions of character, and his zeal was not slackened because, after a few years, crowds of the old pilgrims returned to give up their medals and reverse their pledges, these crowds of course suggesting the far larger numbers of renegades who had not the courage or honesty to go and formally renounce their bonds. He travelled over Ireland, Scotland, and England, and at length set out on a mission to America, doing wonders wherever he went, though not everywhere, it is to be hoped, placed in circumstances as trying as those that attended his visit to an out-of-the-way part of Galway, where he was the guest of the parish priest.

The best room in the house was prepared for the honoured guest, who was conducted to it by his host. The room was on the ground floor, and was lighted by a large bay window, which was without blind or curtain of any kind. Father Mathew, whose bedroom in Cove street was as plain and simple as this apartment, only thought of preparing himself, by a good night's rest, for the labours of the following day; and turning his face to the wall, and his back to the window, he soon fell into a deep slumber. Awakening, as was usual with him, at an early hour in the morning, he opened his eyes, blessed himself, repeated a prayer, and turned toward the window. But imagine his dismay when he beheld a crowd of people—men, women, and children—in front of the blindless and curtainless bay window, and at least a score of noses flattened against the glass, the better to enable their respective proprietors to obtain a peep at his reverence. A more modest man did not exist than Father Mathew; and great was his embarrassment at this indication of his popularity. He glanced at the head of the bed, and at the table near him, to see if he were in reach; but such a luxury in the house of a priest, in a mountain parish of Galway, was not to be thought of. No help, therefore, from that quarter. There was something resembling a bell-pull on one side of the fire-place; but it was a real bell-pull and not a mockery and a delusion, it might as well have been twenty miles away, for any practical advantage at that moment; for it would be difficult to say what would induce Father Mathew to quit the shelter of the bedstead, and walk across the room to grasp the tantalising cord. The crowd outside was momentarily on the increase, and the deepening murmur of their voices testified to the animation of the conversation carried on. Occasionally might be heard such of the following: "Do ye see my Mary, an' how?" "Danny, agna, lave me take a look, an' God bless ye, child!" "Oh, wisha! I've pushed the blessed priest!" "Honest man, would ye be placed to life off our back—one 'ud think 'is a horse I was." "Tis a shame for ye to

be there—what curiosity is in ye all?" "Mammy, mammy! there he is!—I sees his poll!" "Whisht, an' don't be after wakin' him." Father Mathew ventured another peep; but the slightest movement on his part only evoked increased anxiety outside; and it seemed to him as if the window-panes were every moment accommodating a larger number of flattened noses. The poor man felt himself a prisoner, and listened with eagerness for any sound which gave hope or promise of deliverance; but it was not till after three mortal hours of his guest's comical captivity that the considerate host, who would not "disturb" his guest too early, entered the apartment, and thus became aware of the presence of the admiring crowd, who, it need scarcely be said, were quickly dispersed, to Father Mathew's ineffable relief.

Some dozens of amusing stories are told by Mr Maguire, in illustration of his friend's mode of working for his newly adopted cause, and of the success attending his labours. His other, less noisy but perhaps more useful, undertakings for the good of his people had of course to be neglected. But his charitable disposition was the same to the last. Broken in health, he returned to Ireland in 1851, to spend the rest of his life in the comparative quiet of his brother's house.

As long as he could, he kept up his visits to old friends; and, with that purpose, he frequently drove into the city, which was about two miles distant from Lehenagh. One day he returned unusually animated. "Something must have pleased you very much, sir," remarked Mrs Mathew. The priest then told how he had been invited to dinner by the little son of a respectable mechanic whom he met in the street. "Father Mathew," said the little fellow, "do come and dine with us—we have such a nice dinner." "What have you, my dear?" inquired Father Mathew. "We have a fine leg of mutton, and we have turmps, and we have potatoes," replied the child. "Have you no cakes, my dear?" said Father Mathew. "No, sir," answered the little fellow, with an almsed air, as if he had no right to have given an invitation under such circumstances. "Then, my dear, you must have them," said Father Mathew, putting a half-crown into the hand which he held in his own.

The next day he returned from the city with a more than usually depressed air. "What is the matter, sir?"—has anything annoyed you?" inquired his sister-in-law. "My dear, I received a hundred invitations to dinner from a hundred little boys to-day!" was his reply, in a mournful tone of voice.

In a man who had been for many years made so much of as Father Mathew, the simplicity of mind revealed in that last anecdote is especially interesting. He died in 1856, at the ripe age, for so overworked a man, of sixty-six.

The Water Babies: A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley. With Two Illustrations by J. Noel Paton.

The Christmas books are beginning to come out like the Hawthorn blossoms in May, by ones and twos and threes, before the great burst of the season, and before we can go Christmasing among them, we must do our duty by the *Water Babies*, a book for all the seasons of the year, which came out in the early summer-time. The story was first published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and is, perhaps, not well suited for fragmentary reading, at intervals of a month. When it was collected into a volume, some of the wise men who do not see with the minds and hearts of children, and who believe that only Peter Parley knows what will exactly fit into a child's mind, said, that it was too full of man's satire, too bewildering, too deep for a child's understanding. But of one child lying on a sick bed, hovering between life and death, to whom this tale of the *Water Babies* was read, the simple criticism was that 'It is like fresh air.'

The air and sunshine are great mysteries, yet there is no child too young to be taught by the delight they give. A baby may dance in the sunshine without knowing anything about calorific and actinic rays, the spectrum, or—and what man knows?—why a leaf is green. And so, too, there may fall a sunshine from the cultivated intellect of any true-hearted man, that may owe its warmth and brilliancy to all the subtleties that can be sure to human thought, and that will, only the more strongly for that, delight a child better than all the prosing of its formal would-be entertainers. In such sunshine of the whole and cheerful wit of man, the child may grow intellectually, as it grows bodily in open air, none shall say how or how. It is the healthy influence to which the minds of the little ones turn, as the leaves of the plants turn up their faces, sunward. It is one thing to put a man's soul into a child's book, as Mr Kingsley has here done, frankly and manfully, frolicking in fairy with a genuine extravagance, that belongs quite as fairly—let us hope so, for the man's sake—to the wise man as to the little child; and it is quite another thing, it is a most detestable thing, for a man to suppose that he is condescending to amuse a small reader by the confection of such thoughts as he and all the blockheads suppose, theoretically, to be the thoughts most entertaining and instructive to young persons.

For young and old, then, Mr Kingsley has written this book of the *Water Babies*, a fairy tale told by the Old Nurse Nature.

And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book,
Thy father hath written for thee."

Those lines are a part of one of Mr Kingsley's chapter mottoes, and they contain the spirit of his book. The thread on which he hangs the play of his fancy about marvels of nature and the life of man is very simple. His hero, Tom, is a poor neglected chimney-sweeper's boy, with a hard master, Grimes.

Lost among the fumes of a great country house, he comes down the wrong chimney into little Ellie's dainty bed-chamber, is screamed at, and hunted as a thief through the cover, over the wall (with a fairy Irishwoman in unseen attendance), over the moor, and down Leuthwaite Crag,

for he sees the roof of a little cottage and a little garden close below.

So Tom went to go down; and first he went down three hundred feet of steep heath, mixed up with loose brown gritstone, as rough as a file; which was not pleasant to his poor little heels, as he came bump, stump, jump, down the steep. And still he thought he could throw a stone into the garden.

Then he went down three hundred feet of limestone terraces, one below the other, as straight as if Mr George White had ruled them with his ruler and then cut them out with his chisel. There was no heath there, but—

First, a little grass slope, covered with the prettiest flowers, rockrose and saxifrage, and thyme and basil, and all sorts of sweet herbs.

Then bump down a two-foot step of limestone.
Then another bit of grass and flowers.
Then bump down a one-foot step.

Then another bit of grass and flowers for fifty yards, as steep as the house-roof, where he had to slide down on his dear little tail.
Then another step of stone, ten feet high; and there he had to stop himself, and crawl along the edge to find a crack; for if he had rolled over, he would have rolled right into the old woman's garden, and frightened her out of her wits.

Then, when he had found a dark narrow crack, full of green-stalked herbs, such as hangs in the basket in the drawing-room, and had crawled down through it, with knees and elbows, as he would down a chimney, there was another grass slope, and another step, and so on, till—oh, dear me! I wish it was all over; and so did he. And yet he thought he could throw a stone into the old woman's garden.

At last he came to a bank of beautiful shrubs; whitebeam with its great silver-backed leaves, and mountain-ash, and oak; and below them cliff and crag, cliff and crag, with great beds of crown-ferns and wood-sedge; while through the shrubs he could see the stream sparkling, and hear it murmur on the white pebbles. He did not know that it was three hundred feet below.

You would have been giddy, perhaps, at looking down; but Tom was not. He was a brave little chimney-sweep; and when he found himself on the top of a high cliff, instead of sitting down and crying for his baba (though he never had had any baba to cry for), he said—

"Oh, this was very just me! though he was very tired; and down he went, by stock and stone, sedge and ledge, bush and rush, as if he had been born a jolly little black ape, with four hands instead of two.

And all the while, he never saw the Irishwoman coming down behind him.

But he was getting terribly tired now. The burning sun on the fells had sucked him up; but the damp heat of the woody crag sucked him up still more; and the perspiration ran out of the ends of his fingers and toes, and washed him cleaner than he had been for a whole year. But, of course, he dirtied everything terribly as he went.

There has been a great black smudge all down the crag ever since. And there have been more black beetles in Vendale since than ever were known before; all, of course, owing to Tom's having blacked the original papa of them all, just as he was setting off to be married, with a sky-blue coat and scarlet leggings, as smart as a gardener's dog with a polyanthus in his mouth.

There was a gentle old village schoolmistress in the cottage, who pitted the worn-out little chimney-sweep, gave him a draught of milk and a sweet bed of hay. But in his fever he went to the stream and plunged into it. There he left in the water the black husk that was taken by those who found it for his body, and being himself specially cared for by the Fairy Queen, he became an elf that, with gentle watching, was to work its own way through the water world. Tom, the elf, was not only to earn his place among the Water Babies, but to grow by his own effort, by self-denial and by active sympathy, into something higher than the water-baby state.

Here, from the record of Tom's elf days, is one of the simpler wonders of the stream, a tale of a fly, "and it is 'all quite true.'"

He was basking at the top of the water one hot day in July, catching duns and feeding the trout, when he saw a new sort, a dark grey little fellow with a brown head. He was a very little fellow indeed; but he had made the most of himself, as people ought to do. He cocked up his head, and he cocked up his wings, and he cocked up his tail, and he cocked up two whisks at his tail-end, and, in short, he looked the cockiest little man of all little men. And so he proved to be; for instead of getting away, he hopped upon Tom's finger, and sat there as bold as nine tailors; and he cried out in the tinziest, shrillest, squeakiest little voice you ever heard.

"Much obliged to you, indeed; but I don't want it yet."
"Want what?" said Tom, quite taken aback by his impudence.

"Your leg, which you are kind enough to hold out for me to sit on. I must go and see after my wife for a few minutes. Dear me! what a troublesome business a family is!" (though the idle little rogue did nothing at all, but left his poor wife to lay all the eggs by herself.) "When I come back, I shall be glad of it, if you'll be so good as to keep it sticking out just so;" and off he flew.

Tom thought him a very cool sort of personage; and still more so, when in five minutes he came back, and said—"Ah, you were tired waiting? Well, your other leg will do as well."
And he popped himself down on Tom's knee, and began chatting away in his squeaking voice.

"So you live under the water? It's a low place. I lived there for some time; and was very shabby and dirty. But I didn't choose that that should last. So I turned respectable, and came up to the top, and put on this grey suit. It's a very business-like suit, you think, don't you?"

"Very neat and quiet indeed," said Tom.
"Yes, one must be quiet, and neat, and respectable, and all that sort of thing for a little, when one becomes a family man. But I'm tired of it, that's the truth. I've done quite enough business, I consider, in the last week, to last me my life. So I shall put on a ball-dress, and go out and be a smart man, and see the gay world, and have a dance or two. Why shouldn't one be jolly if one can?"

"And what will become of your wife?"
"Oh! she is a very plain stupid creature, and that's the truth; and thinks about nothing but eggs. If she chooses to come, why she may; and if not, why I go without her;—and here I go."
And, as he spoke, he turned quite pale, and then quite white.

"Why, you're ill!" said Tom. But he did not answer.
"You're dead," said Tom, looking at him as he stood on his knee as white as a ghost.

"No I ain't!" answered the little squeaking voice over his head. "This is me up here, in my ball-dress; and that's my skin. Ha, ha! you could not do such a trick as that!"
And no more Tom could, nor Houdin, nor Robin, nor Erikell, nor all the conjurers in the world. For the little rogue had jumped clean out of his own skin, and left it standing on Tom's knee, eyes, wings, legs, tails, exactly as if it had been alive.
"Ha, ha!" he said, and he jerked and skipped up and down, never stopping an instant, just as if he had St Vitus's dance. "Ain't I a pretty fellow now?"

And so he was; for his body was white, and his tail orange, and his eyes all the colour of a peacock's tail. And what was the oddest of all, the whisks at the end of his tail had grown five times as long as they were before.

"Ah!" said he, "now I will see the gay world. My living won't cost me much, for I have no mouth, you see, and no inside; so I can never be hungry, nor have the stomach-ache neither."

No more he had. He had grown as dry and hard and empty as a quill, as such silly shallow-hearted fellows desire to grow.

But, instead of being ashamed of his emptiness, he was quite proud of it, as a good many fine gentlemen are, and began flirting and slipping up and down, and singing—

"My wife shall dance, and I shall sing,
So merrily shall the day;
For I hold it one of the wisest things,
To drive dull care away."

And he danced up and down for three days and three nights, till he grew so tired, that he tumbled into the water, and floated down. But what became of him Tom never knew, and he himself never minded; for Tom heard him singing to the last, as he floated down—

"To drive dull care away-ay-ay!"

And if he did not care, why nobody else cared either.

In good time Tom went down to the sea, making friends by the way with an aristocratic salmon and his lady, for the salmon were then coming up, and on his way he saw his old master, Grimes, drowned in a night-scuffle with keepers while he was salmon-pouching, and feared greatly lest, having got into the water, he might find his drudge again. From the salmon Tom learnt of the Water Babies in the open water. But when he reached the sea, still chiefly disposed to amuse himself, and rather disposed to be mischievous, though he had many adventures, and saw many wonders, until he had done, at some risk to himself, a kind turn to a lobster, he could never find the other Water Babies. Little Ellie did, too, and had wings brought her by the fairies, but neither did she become one of the Water Babies. But after his adventure with the lobster it was not five minutes before Tom found a real live Water Baby, sitting on the white sand, very busy about a little point of rock. Then when they had delighted in the meeting with each other,

"Now," said the baby, "come and help me, or I shall not have finished before my brothers and sisters come, and it is time to go home."

"What shall I help you at?"

"At this poor dear little rock; a great clumsy boulder came rolling by in the last storm, and knocked all its head off, and rubbed off all its flowers. And now I must plant it again with sea-weeds, and coralline, and anemones, and I will make it the prettiest little rock-garden on all the shore."

So they worked away at the rock, and planted it, and smoothed the sand down round it, and capital fun they had till the tide began to turn. And then Tom heard all the other babies coming, laughing and singing and shouting and romping; and the noise they made was just like the noise of the ripple. So he knew that he had been hearing and seeing the water-babies all along; only he did not know them, because his eyes and ears were not opened.

And in they came, dozens and dozens of them, some bigger than Tom and some smaller, all in the neatest little white bathing dresses; and when they found that he was a new baby they hugged him and kissed him, and then put him in the middle and danced round him on the sand, and there was no one over so happy as poor little Tom.

"Now then," they cried all at once, "we must come away home, we must come away home, or the tide will leave us dry. We have mended all the broken sea-weed, and put all the rock pools in order, and planted all the shells again in the sand, and nobody will see where the night storm swept in last week."

And this is the reason why the rock pools are always so neat and clean; because the water-babies come in shore after every storm, to sweep them out, and comb them down, and put them all to rights again.

Only where men are wasteful and dirty, and let sewers run into the sea, instead of putting the stuff upon the fields like thrifty reasonable souls; or throw herrings' heads, and dead dog-fish, or any other refuse, into the water; or in any way make a mess upon the clean shore, there the water-babies will not come, sometimes not for hundreds of years (for they cannot abide anything smelly or foul); but leave the sea-smones and the crabs to clean away everything, till the good tidy sea has covered up all the dirt in soft mud and clean sand, where the water-babies can plant live cockles and whelks and razor shells and sea-cucumbers and golden-combs, and make a pretty live garden again, after man's dirt is cleared away. And that, I suppose, is the reason why there are no water-babies at any watering-place which I have ever seen.

And where is the home of the water-babies? In St Brandan's fairy isle.

And there were the water-babies in thousands, more than Tom, or you either, could count.—All the little children whom the good fairies take to, because their cruel mothers and fathers will not; all who are untaught and brought up heathens, and all who come to grief by ill-usage or ignorance or neglect; all the little children who are overladen, or given gin when they are young, or are let to drink out of hot kettles, or to fall into the fire; all the little children in alleys and courts, and tumble-down cottages, who die by fever, and cholera, and measles, and scarlatina, and nasty complaints which no one has any business to have, and which no one will have some day, when folks have common sense; and all the little children who have been killed by cruel masters, and wicked soldiers; they were all there, except of course, the babes of Bethlehem, and the crabs to clean away by wind King Herod; for they were taken straight to heaven long ago, as everybody knows, and we call them the Holy Innocents.

But I wish Tom had given up all his naughty tricks, and left off tormenting dumb animals, now that he had plenty of pig-fellows to amuse him. Instead of that, I am sorry to say, he would meddle with the creatures all but the water-snakes, for which they would stand no nonsense. So he tickled the madpores, to make them shut up; and frightened the crabs, to make them hide in the sand and peep out at him with the tips of their eyes; and put stones into the anemones' mouths to make them fancy that their dinner was coming.

The other children warned him, and said, "Take care what you are at. Mrs Bedonchysouid is coming." But Tom never heeded them, being quite riotous with high spirits and good luck, till one Friday morning early, Mrs Bedonchysouid came indeed.

Playfully, gently, and wisely, with freaks of wholesome, whimsical satire, with such earnest throbs of human feeling as there is no heart more ready than a child's to answer to, the rest of the tale passes from one quaint allegory to another, until at last, always by exercise of his own energies, by sympathy and self-deceit, under the helpful guidance of the fairies of life and nature, Tom is brought into the sublime presence of Nature herself, as

Mother Carey, and at last, grown to full stature, sees the Creator in Creation.

Mrs Bedonchysouid has a great deal of work upon her hands. But, as she tells Tom,

I work by machinery, just like an engine; and am full of wheels and springs inside; and am wound up very carefully, so that I cannot help going."

"Was it long ago since they wound you up?" asked Tom. For he thought, the cunning little fellow, "She will run down some day; or they may forget to wind her up, as old Grimes used to forget to wind up his watch when he came in from the public-house; and then I shall be safe."

"I was wound up once and for all, so long ago that I forget all about it."

"Dear me," said Tom, "you must have been made a long time!"

"I never was made, my child; and I shall go for ever and ever; for I am as old as Eternity, and yet as young as Time."

And there came over the lady's face a very curious expression—very solemn, and very sad; and yet very, very sweet. And she looked up and away, as if she were gazing through the sea, and through the sky, at something far, far off; and as she did so, there came such a quiet, tender, patient, hopeful smile over her face, that Tom thought for the moment that she did not look ugly at all. And no more she did; for she was like a great many people who have not a pretty feature in their faces, and yet are lovely to behold, and draw little children's hearts to them at once; because, though the house is plain enough, yet from the windows a beautiful and good spirit is looking forth.

And Tom smiled in her face, she looked so pleasant for the moment. And the strange fairy smiled too, and said:

"Yes. You thought me very ugly just now, did you not?"

Tom hung down his head, and got very red about the ears.

"And I am very ugly. I am the ugliest fairy in the world; and I shall be, till people behave themselves as they ought to do. And then I shall grow as handsome as my sister, who is the loveliest fairy in the world; and her name is Mrs Doasoyouwouldbedonchysouid."

So she begins where I end, and I begin where she ends; and those who will not listen to her must listen to me, as you will see. Now, all of you doing; and Tom, and he may stay and see what I am going to do. It will be a very good warning for him to begin with, before he goes to school.

"Now, Tom, every Friday I come down here and call up all who have ill-used little children, and serve them as they served the children."

And at that Tom was frightened, and crept under a stone; which made the two crabs who lived there very angry, and frightened their friend the butter-fish into flapping hysterics; but he would not move for them.

And first she called up all the doctors who give little children as much physic (they were most of them old ones; for the young ones have learnt better, all but a few army surgeons, who still fancy that a baby's inside is much like a Scotch grenadier's), and she set them all in a row; and very rueful they looked: for they knew what was coming.

And first she pulled all their teeth out; and then she bled them all round; and then she dozed them with colomet, and jalap, and salts and senna, and brimstone and treacle; and horrible faces they made; and then she gave them a great emetic of mustard and water, and no basons; and began all over again; and that was the way she spent the morning.

And then she called up a whole troop of foolish ladies, who pinch up their children's waists and toes; and she laced them all up in tight stays, so that they were choked and sick, and their noses grew red, and their hands and feet swelled; and then she crammed their poor feet into the most dreadfully tight boots, and made them all dance, which they did most clumsily indeed; and then she asked them how they liked it; and when they said not at all, she let them go because they had only done it out of foolish fashion, fancying it was for their children's good, as if wags' waists and pigs' toes could be pretty, or wholesome, or of any use to anybody.

Then she called up all the careless nurserymaids, and stuck pins into them all over, and wheeled them about in perambulators with tight straps across their stomachs and their heads and arms hanging over the side, till they were quite sick and stupid, and would have had sun-strokes; but, being under the water, they could only have water-strokes; which, I assure you, are nearly as bad, as you will find if you try to sit under a mill wheel. And mind—when you hear a rumbling at the bottom of the sea, sailors will tell you that it is a ground-swell; but now you know better. It is the old lady wheeling the maids about in perambulators.

And by that time she was so tired, she had to go to luncheon. And after luncheon she set to work again, and called up all the cruel schoolmasters—whole regiments and brigades of them; and when she saw them, she frowned most terribly, and set to work in earnest, as if the best part of the day's work was to come. More than half of them were nasty, dirty, frowzy, grubby, smelly old monks, who, because they dare not hit a man of their own size, amused themselves with beating little children; instead, as you may see in the picture of old Pope Gregory (God man and true though he was, when he meddled with things which he did not understand), teaching children to sing their fa-fa-mi-fa with a cat-o-nine tails under his chair; but, because they never had any children of their own, they took it into their heads (as some folks do still) that they were the only people in the world who knew how to manage children; and they first brought into England, in the old Anglo-Saxon times, the fashion of treating free boys, and girls too, worse than you would treat a dog or a horse; but Mrs Bedonchysouid has caught them all long ago; and given them many a taste of their own rods; and much good may it do them.

And she boxed their ears, and thumped them over the head with rulers, and pandered their hands with canes, and told them that they told stories, and were this and that bad sort of people; and the more they were very indignant, and stood upon their honour, and declared they told the truth, the more she declared they were not, and that they were only telling lies; and at last she reached them all round soundly with her great birch rod, and set them each an imposition of three hundred thousand lines of Hebrew to learn by heart before she came back next Friday. And at that they all cried and howled so, that their breaths came all up through the sea like bubbles of salt-water, and that is one reason of the bubbles in the sea. There are others; but that is the one which principally concerns little boys. And by that time she was so tired that she was glad to stop; and, indeed, she had done a very good day's work.

Tom did not quite dislike the old lady; but he could not help thinking her a little spiteful—and no wonder if she was, poor old thing, for if she has to wait to grow handsome, till people do as they would be done by, she will have to wait a very long time.

On his way to Shiny Wall, under which he must dine upon the way to his crowning adventure, Tom

asked all the beasts in the sea, and all the birds in the air, but none of them knew the way to Shiny Wall. For why? He was still too far down south.

Then he met a ship, far larger than he had ever seen—a gallant ocean-steamer, with a long cloud of smoke trailing behind; and he wondered how she went on without sails, and swam up to her to see. A school of dolphins were running races round and round her, and three feet for her one, and Tom asked them the way to Shiny Wall; but they did not know. Then he tried to find out how she moved,

and at last he saw her screw, and was so delighted with it that he played under quarter all day, till he nearly had his nose knocked off by the fans, and thought it time to move. Then he watched the sailors upon deck, and the ladies, with their bonnets and parasols; but none of them could see him, because their eyes were not opened, as, indeed, most people's eyes are not.

At last there came out into the quarter-gallery a very pretty lady, in deep black widow's weeds, and in her arms a baby. She leaned over the quarter-gallery, and looked back and back toward England far away; and as she looked she sang:

"Soft soft wind, from out the sweet south aiding,
Waft thy silver clouds westward atwark the summer sea;
Thin thin threads-of-mist on dowy fingers twining
Weave a veil of dappled gauze to shade my babe and me.

"Deep deep Love, within thine own abyss abiding,
Pour Thyself abroad, O Lord, on earth and air and sea;
Worn weary hearts within Thy holy temple hiding,
Shield from sorrow, sin, and shame my helpless babe and me."

Her voice was so soft and low, and the music of the air so sweet, that Tom could have listened to it all day. But as she held the baby over the gallery-rail, to show it the dolphins leaping and the water gurgling in the ship's wake, lo! and behold, the baby saw Tom.

He was quite sure of that; for when their eyes met, the baby smiled and held out its hands; and Tom smiled and held out his hands too; and the baby kicked and leaped, as if it wanted to jump overboard to him.

"What do you see, my darling?" said the lady; and her eyes followed the baby's till she too caught sight of Tom, swimming about among the foam-beads below.

She gave a little shriek and start; and then she said, quite quietly, "Babies in the sea? Well, perhaps it is the happiest place for them," and waved her hand to Tom, and cried, "Wait a little, darling, only a little; and perhaps we shall go with you and be at rest."

And at that an old nurse, all in black, came out and talked to her, and drew her in. And Tom turned away northward, and wondering; and watched the great steamer slide away into the dusk, and the lights on board peep out one by one, and die out again, and the long bar of smoke fade away into the evening mist, till all was out of sight.

And he swam northward again, day after day, till at last he met the King of the Herrings, with a currycomb growing out of his nose, and an sprat in his mouth for a cigar, and asked him the way to Shiny Wall.

Tom met that ship again when he was being helped on his road by the petrels:

And, as Tom and the petrels went north-eastward, it began to blow right hard; for the old gentleman in the grey great-coat, who looks after the big copper boiler in the gulf of Mexico, had got behind-hand with his work; so Mother Carey had sent an electric message to him for more steam; and now the steam was coming, as much in swishing and hissing, as in writing, and you could not see where the sky ended and the sea began. But Tom and the petrels never cared, for the gale was right abaft, and away they went over the crests of the billows, as merry as so many flying-fish.

And at last they saw an ugly sight—the blank side of a great ship, water-logged in the trough of the sea. Her funnel and her masts were overboard, and swayed and surged under her lee; her decks were swept as clean as a barn floor, and there was no living soul on board.

The petrels flew up to her, and waited round her; for they were very sorry indeed, and also they expected to find some salt pork; and Tom scrambled on board of her and looked round, frightened and sad.

And there, in a little cot, lashed tight under the bulwark, lay a baby fast asleep; the very same baby, Tom saw at once, which he had seen in the singing lady's arms.

And he wanted to take it; but behold, from under the cot out jumped a little black and tan terrier dog, and began barking and snapping at Tom, and would not let him touch the cot.

Tom knew the dog's teeth could not hurt him; but at least it could shove him away, and did; and he and the dog fought and struggled, for he wanted to help the baby, and did not want to throw the poor dog overboard; but, as they were struggling, there came a tall green sea, and walked in over the weather side of the ship, and swept them all into the waves.

"Oh, the baby, the baby!" screamed Tom; but the next moment he did not scream at all; for he saw the cot settling down through the green water, with the baby smiling in it, fast asleep; and he saw the fairies come up from below, and carry baby and cradle gently down in their soft arms; and then he knew it was all right, and that there would be a new water-baby in St Brandan's Isle.

And the poor little dog?

Why, when he had kicked and coughed a little, he sneezed so hard, that he sneezed himself clean out of his skin, and turned into a water-dog, and jumped and danced round Tom, and ran over the crests of the waves, and snapped at the jelly-fish and the mackerel, and followed Tom the whole way to the Other-end-of-Nowhere.

We are tempted to quote more, but we have said and quoted enough to show the spirit of a book that is not likely to find an equal, though we wish there might be peradventure five equal to it, or only somewhat like it, among the newly-written children's books prepared for Christmas, 1863.

Revolutions in English History. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. Vol. III. *Revolutions in Government.* Longmans.

With this volume Dr Vaughan ends his account of "the action of change and progress" in English history, and it is in every way better than its forerunners. Of things irrelevant the volume contains little, and the things proper to the subject are handled in a manner that shows Dr Vaughan to be an original student and a wise teacher of the later parts of English history. Seven-eighths of the book comprise a painstaking and intelligent review of the successive struggles for political and religious liberty between the accession of James the First, in 1603, and the expulsion of James the Second, in 1688. The last eighty pages contain a hasty sketch of the progress of the nation since the time of the Revolution. So much has been written, and so much has yet to be written, about the great battle against Stuart tyranny and its issue that there is room for a sensible summing up of the question as it at present stands. Dr Vaughan says little that is not already known to all well-informed readers of history; but his statement of the salient points of the subject is skillfully