

position. These were just the qualities which best fitted an ecclesiastical leader for ascendancy at the time when the late Bishop of London rose to éminence ; and they enabled him to glide along the stream of ecclesiastical preferment with as much ease as dignity. . . . He was an honest, liberal, clear-sighted, and able man of the world, with sufficient tincture of formulated piety to make a good ruler in the Church ; but, as for any of the impulses which have impelled men 'to leave all and follow Christ,' he probably understood no more of them than he did of that passionate pursuit of Truth of which we have spoken. He loved power, and used it well ; he loved order, and introduced it wherever he went ; he loved learning, and turned it to good account ; he loved decorum both of the outward and inward man, but assuredly he was never consumed by any of the higher religious passions, and always presented the dignified spectacle of a clever statesman transmuted by a superficially modified education into an ecclesiastic of eloquence and tact, who understood the civilizing duties of a rich national establishment, and the humanizing power of a seemly religion, much better than he understood that 'Word of God which is sharp and powerful as any two-edged sword to the dividing asunder of soul and flesh.' Bishop Blomfield was one of those men whose powers are eminently useful to the Church, but who make one wonder more than ever how the Christian Church rooted itself in the earth. Christianity, bleeding and in rags, is not quite inconsistent with the notion of some of our greater and even titled divines. We can imagine Bishop Butler painfully pondering its announcements, and slowly fixing upon it the grave eager eye of his insatiable spiritual nature till he would have thrown down everything else to press either the thorns or the cross to his heart ; we can conceive Bishop Berkeley with swifter and happier enthusiasm welcoming the same sacrifice ; but we cannot conceive that Bishop Blomfield would ever have been one of these. His virtues, though great, are all of the salutary civil class. He is, as his son calls him, *vir pietate gravis*, whose piety increases his social influence, and is thought of chiefly in that light ; but it is much easier to think of him without his piety than without his social influence. He would assuredly have been shocked by the dreaminess and enthusiasm of the primitive Christianity, would have thought S. Paul flighty, and S. John *exalté*, and the whole proceedings of the early Church a very regrettable inroad on the natural influence of wealth and learning."

The Water-Babies: a Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. London and Cambridge : Macmillan & Co.

AS a "Fairy Tale for a Land-Baby," this work is certainly described very absurdly by its author ; for the greater part of it consists of a farrago of crude ideas and jesting allusions, either to science or the economy of human life, which could neither be understood by children, nor afford them the amusement they often receive from that which they but imperfectly comprehend. This applies to the bulk of the volume, for the introductory part is pleasantly written as a story, but passes off disagreeably and unartistically into an allegory of a clumsy description, treated with great prolixity, and in a manner that gives one the impression that the writer thinks himself extremely clever for throwing out a succession of fancies, the darlings of his own mind, but which others may not equally appreciate. But we must endeavour to give the reader a general notion of the plan of this fairy-tale.

It begins with the story of a little chimney-sweep, Tom, who is brought by his hard master, Grimes, to sweep the chimneys of a great country-house. Whilst engaged in this occupation, he makes a wrong descent, and enters the chamber where the beautiful little daughter of the hall is lying asleep. She wakes in a fright, and the poor little sweep makes his escape up the chimney and over the roof, pursued by the household, whom the cries of the little lady alarm. He runs across a moor, clammers down a crag (well described), and is sheltered by the old mistress of a dame-school in a hay-loft. But waking up after some rest, he strays to wash himself in a stream, falls in, and is drowned. Then begins the allegorical part of the story. Tom becomes forthwith a "water-baby;" for it appears that, in Mr. Kingsley's imaginations, there is a new world under the waves, for infants—

"Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes et ab ubere raptos
Abstulit atra dies."

It would be useless to analyse what is written in so vague and rambling a manner as most of what follows. It resembles, on a larger scale, a little German tale some of our readers may remember—"The Story without an End." Tom makes acquaintance with caddises and dragon-flies, lobsters and salmon, sea-anemones, sea-snails, and the other wonders beneath the waves. And he goes through a sort of probation with other little water-babies in S. Brandan's Isle, under the care of two fairies, one ugly and the other beautiful, called Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did and Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, representing respectively the punishments of bad, and the rewards of conscientious, that is to say, principally of kind, actions. Meanwhile, Ellie, the little girl whom he had seen in his terrestrial existence asleep in the country-house, has died from a fall, that is, flown away on a pretty pair of fairy wings, and meets Tom in the sub-aqueous regions. Presently afterwards, the writer, apparently conscious that his allegory is weak, sends Tom off "to see the world," and he goes upon a long voyage of discovery to the "Other-end-of-nowhere," when he visits such countries as the Island of Polupragmosyne, the Land of Hearsay, the Isle of Tom-toddies (Laputa, borrowed from Captain Gulliver), and Old-wives-fabledom, ending by finding his old master Grimes, apparently in a model-prison, and finishing his own education by bringing that gentleman to a better frame of mind. Here and there (as some of these names will indicate) we observe a trace of the study of Rabelais, enough to give a sort of colour to the parable. And, to speak chemically, we may notice also the presence of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and of Southey's "Doctor." Mr. Kingsley has not failed here and there to aim a bird-bolt at the Catholic Church, showing bitter animosity under the veil of jesting. Thus his childish readers will learn to regard "monks and popes," together with famines, wars, measles, and quacks, as children of self-will, ignorance, fear, and dirt. These are things which some Protestants think us very touchy if we object to, in a finely-printed volume, rich with green and gold. They only show how all-penetrating is the atmosphere of anti-Catholic feeling which reigns in English literature.