honest men he ever drew,—and, unlike Le Sage, he did occasionally draw honest men,—two are clergymen,—Dr Harrison in "Amelia," and the world-renowned Parson Adams in "Joseph Andrews;" and both are represented, though in the case of the latter with many a ludicrous accompaniment, as at least as good and sincere Christians as Fielding could make them. Nay, curiously enough, one of the novelist's last works,—a work which he did not live to finish,—was a defence of religion against Bolingbroke, and a very ingenious one. But alas for a Christianity such as that of Whitefield when it came across him! If the devoted missionary could have been annoyed by anything, it would have been by the ruthless humour with which his brother and his brother's wife are introduced by name into "Tom Jones," as the landlord and landlady of the Bell public-house in Gloucester; and the terms in which the lady is spoken of as "a very sensible person," who, though at first the preacher's "documents" made so much impression on her, "that she put herself to the expense of a long hood in order to attend the extraordinary movements of the Spirit," got tired of emotions, "which proved to be not worth a farthing," and at once "laid by the hood, and abandoned the sect." Smollett was of a similar spirit. We know nothing better on the subject in our language than the essay in which he argues against Shaftesbury that ridicule is not the test of truth; but no little ridicule does he himself heap on Methodism in his "Humphrey Clinker." There is no bitterness in his exhibition; his untaught Methodist preacher is not a disagreeable fool, like the Rev. Mr Chadband, or a greedy rogue, like the Methodist preacher in "Pickwick," whom old Weller treats to a ducking; but, on the contrary, a thoroughly honest fellow, and, in his own proper sphere, a sensible and useful one. He is, in short, no other than the faithful Clinker himself. But he never associates religion of any earnestness save with charac-