

ters of humble parts and acquirements, and always accompanied with points of extreme ludicrousness. Goldsmith was of a more genial temperament than Smollett. His Vicar is one of the most thoroughly honest men that ever lived, and has all the religion that poor Goldie could give him. It was not until a later time, however, and in Scotland too,—for we need not reckon on the now forgotten novel of Mrs Hannah More,—that religious characters were most largely introduced into our novel literature. Scott, Lockhart, Wilson, Galt, Ferrier, have all brought religion in review before the public in their novels,—some of them with great power,—some with considerable truth,—some with truth and with power too; and at least one novelist of considerable ability,—the excellent authoress of “Father Clement,”—made it her leading subject. They all at least knew more of religion than the earlier novelists; and, save when carried away, as in the case of Scott, by Jacobite predilections, or in that of Lockhart, by Moderate ones, did it more justice. Even in some of Scott’s pictures there is wonderful truth. The few words in which poor Nanty Ewart is made, in his remorse, to describe his father, are those of a great master of character. “There was my father (God bless the old man!), a true chip of the old Presbyterian block, walked his parish like a captain on the quarter-deck, and was always ready to do good to rich and poor. Off went the laird’s hat to the minister as fast as the poor man’s bonnet. When the eye saw him, Pshaw! what have I to do with that now? Yes, he was, as Virgil hath it, ‘*Vir sapientia et pietate gravis.*’” Still more distinctive is he, however, when he speaks of him in connection with two charitable ladies of the Roman Catholic Church. “These Misses Arthcuret,” says Nanty, “feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and such like acts, *which, my poor father used to say, were filthy rags; but he dressed himself out with as many of them as most folk.*” There is