

ostentatious degree on that which is merely conjectural. There has been too much made of what may be called the surmisings or the longings or the presentiments of nature. For example we should hesitate to urge either nature's dread of annihilation, or its desire of posthumous fame (that is of a species of life, because of living in the recollection of yet unborn generations) or its towering wishes and capacities beyond all which earth and time can satisfy—we should not very anxiously expound, or very confidently insist on these as reasons for immortality—not but they have some force when viewed in analogy with the general fact that for each appetency in man whether mental or corporeal, there is a definite object in external nature—so that it seems to exhibit the anomaly of what may be called a waste feeling or a waste faculty in our constitution, should there be a heaving of the soul towards eternity without an actual eternity to meet and to satisfy its aspirations. Still we would view these things, not in the light of substantial proofs, but rather of slender presumptions. They are not manifestations of the truth—but to make use of a homely yet expressive term peculiar we believe to Scotland—they are but *inklings* of the truth. Now we hold that natural theology abounds in such faint and distant notices, as may very aptly be denominated *inklings*. And if we have at all succeeded in conveying our sense of the worth and magnitude of a principle which we have much insisted on, they are very far from being destitute of practical importance. They may not challenge the belief—and yet most rightfully may they