

victed to our own minds of a hardened and habitual carelessness to the question. If our whole lives long have been spent in the midst of created things, without any serious or sustained effort of our spirits in quest of a Creator—if, as our consciences can tell, the whole drift and practical earnestness of our thoughts are towards the gifts, with but a rare and occasional anxiety towards the Giver—if the sense of Him touch but lightly on our spirits, and we, by our perpetual lapses from the sacred to the secular, prove that our gravitation is to earth, and that in truth our best-loved element is atheism—if the notices of a God, however indistinct, wherewith we are surrounded, instead of fastening our regards on this high contemplation, do but disturb without at all influencing the general tenor of our engagements—these are things of which the light of Nature can take cognizance; and these are things because of which, and of their felt unworthiness, nature is visited by the misgivings both of remorse and of terror. She has data enough on which to found the demonstration and the sense of our own unworthiness; and hence a general feeling of insecurity among all spirits, a secret but strong apprehension that all is not right between them and God.

30. And without fetching the lesson of our guilt from the depths and the subtleties of our latent ungodliness, it gleams forth obviously upon us, from the palpable misdoings of outward and visible history. We do not need to dive among the arcana of our inward nature to be informed of that moral perversity which is so broadly announced by act