

however dim her objective view of the Deity, there is no such dimness in her ethical notion of what is due even to an uncertain God. Without having seriously resolved the question, we may stand convicted 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 her 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.