

I look up to the highest summits of science, and I reverence properly, I hope, all that is established by the scientific method ; but when I lift my gaze to the very uppermost pinnacles of the mount of established truth, I find standing there, not Häckel nor Spencer, but Hemholtz of Berlin, and Wundt of Heidelberg, and Hermann Lotze of Göttingen, physiologists as well as metaphysicians all ; and they, as free investigators of the relations between matter and mind, are all on their knees before a living God. [Applause.] Am I to stand here in Boston, and be told that there is no authority in philosophy beyond the Thames? Is the outlook of this cultured audience, in heaven's name, to be limited by the North Sea? The English we revere ; but Professor Gray says that there is something in their temperament that leads to materialism. England, green England ! Sour, sad, stout *skies*, with azure tender as heaven, omnipresent, but not often visible behind the clouds, sour, sad, stout *people*, with azure tender as heaven, and omnipresent, but not often visible behind the vapors. Such is England, such the English. We are to extend our field of vision to the Rhine, to the Elbe, to the Oder, to the Ural Mountains ; and, when we look around the whole horizon of culture, the truth is, that philosophical materialism to-day is a waning cause. It is a crescent of the old moon ; and, in the same sky where it lingers as a ghost, the sun is rising, with God behind it. [Applause.]