

The real philosopher, who knows that all the kinds of truth are intimately connected, and that all the best hopes and encouragements which are granted to our nature must be consistent with truth, will be satisfied and confirmed, rather than surprised and disturbed, thus to find the Natural Sciences leading him to the borders of a higher region. To him it will appear natural and reasonable, that after journeying so long among the beautiful and orderly laws by which the universe is governed, we find ourselves at last approaching to a Source of order and law, and intellectual beauty :—that, after venturing into the region of life and feeling and will, we are led to believe the Fountain of life and will not to be itself unintelligent and dead, but to be a living Mind, a Power which aims as well as acts. To us this doctrine appears like the natural cadence of the tones to which we have so long been listening; and without such a final strain our ears would have been left craving and unsatisfied. We have been lingering long amid the harmonies of law and symmetry, constancy and development; and these notes, though their music was sweet and deep, must too often have sounded to the ear of our moral nature, as vague and unmeaning melodies, floating in the air around us, but conveying no definite thought, moulded into no intelligible announcement. But one passage which we have again and again caught by snatches, though sometimes interrupted and lost, at last swells in our ears full, clear, and decided; and the religious “Hymn in honor of the Creator,” to which Galen so gladly lent his voice, and in which the best physiologists of succeeding times have ever joined, is filled into a richer and deeper harmony by the greatest philosophers of these later days, and will roll on hereafter the “perpetual song” of the temple of science.