

When the elements he mixed
In his laboratory—space?"

"Yes; he who would shun mathematics must fly the bounds of 'flaming space,' and in the realms of chaos that

'——— dark
Illimitable ocean, ——,'

where Milton's satan wandered from the wrath of heaven, he may possibly find some spot visited by no figure of geometry, by no harmony of proportion. But nature, this beautiful creation of God, has no resting place for him. All its construction is mathematical; all its uses reasonable; all its ends harmonious. It has no elements mixed without regulated law, no broken chord to make a false note in the music of the spheres."

There are fields of scientific research in which mathematics has not yet proved her prowess. Yet she alone can interpret nature, and what is nature but the thoughts of God? Then may we not hope that there will yet be found certain relations existing that will make it possible to penetrate into the deeper musings of the infinite mind, and interpret with certainty its operations in these mysterious realms of metaphysics? This much we do believe, that unless some means of certainty can be discovered to pilot the philosopher over these mysterious seas, they must ever remain impenetrable, a secret, hidden from the gaze of mortal wisdom. True, man may speculate. He has been doing so for ages. But viewed in the light of the present he seems only to have been wandering aimlessly along the shore, wildly guessing whither that trackless expanse of the unknown might lead him, but wholly unable, with the means at his disposal, to explore it for himself.

But what of the future of this majestic science? Has she reached the limits of her kingdom? No; her conquest must continue until earth and nature have yielded up their last secret and man has solved the great equation of the universe.

History portrays her as the only open door through which the