

The lady was saying :

We are but clay in the hands of the potter, Nothing we do can change the current of our lives. The hand of Fate is over all, leading us on, whether it be for good or for ill. From the cradle to the grave, from birth to death, there is a power ruling our destinies. In infancy our cradles are rocked by the invisible hand of fate, in middle age we are driven by it, in old age we are led by the same hand. I see before me a vessel starting out under full sail. The sky is clear ; the air soft and balmy, and everything speaks of a favorable voyage, but when in mid-ocean, the sky grows dark, the wind arises, the waves roll higher and higher ; soon the vessel gets beyond control, and the sailors find themselves drifting towards the breakers Efforts are redoubled, all that human energy can do is done, but of no avail. Fate is beckoning them onward to their doom. We see a boy starting out in life full of youthful hopes and boyant in health, happiness and strength. He sees in his mind's eye a thousand chances of success. Life is before him and there is one haven he must reach before his ambition is gratified. About mid-way in his career he stops. Clouds gather and he finds he has been driven from his course by adverse winds and tides—struggle as he may his efforts are futile for fate has intervened. The hand of destiny has led him, perhaps to misery, perchance to happiness, but which-ever it proves to be, he finds there is a hand, shaping, ruling, guiding, and that is the hand of Fate.