

everything that is necessary and desirable for our progress, comes on demand,—we, whom Science serves as an Aladdin's lamp, realising every imaginable delight—we, with whom Love, which with many human beings is judged the most variable and transitory of emotions, is the very Principle of Life, the very essence of the waves of the air through which we move and have our being. The attainment of such happiness as ours is possible to all, but there is only One Way of Attainment, and the clue to that Way is in the Soul of each individual human being. Each one must find it and follow it, regardless of all 'influences' which may be brought to bear on his or her actions,—each one must discover the Centre-poise of Life's movement, and firmly abide by it. It is the Immortal Creature in each one of us whose destiny is to make eternal progress and advancement through endless phases of life, love and beauty, and when once we know and admit the actual existence of this Immortal Centre we shall realise that with it all things are possible, save Death. Radiating outward from itself, it can preserve the health and youth of the body it inhabits indefinitely, till of its own desire it seeks a higher plane of action,—radiating inwardly, it is an irresistible attractive force drawing to itself the powers and virtues of the planet on which it dwells, and making all the forces of visible and invisible Nature subject to its will and command. This is one of those great Truths which the world denies, but which it is destined to learn within the next two thousand years.

If anyone should desire to know the fate of Morton Harland and his daughter, that fate has been precisely what they themselves brought about by their way of life and action. Morton Harland himself 'died,' as the world puts it, of a painful and lingering disease which could have been

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