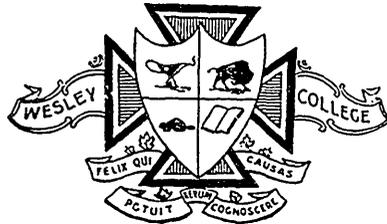


Vox Wesleyana

January, 1900

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"Waiting to strive a happy strife,
To war with falsehood to the knife,
And not to lose the good of life.

"Some hidden principle to move,
To put together, past and prove,
And mete the bounds of hate and love.

"As far as may be to carve out,
Free space for every human doubt,
That the whole mind might orb about.

"To search thro' all I felt or saw,
The springs of life, the depths of awe,
And reach the law within the law."

Tennyson: The Two Voices