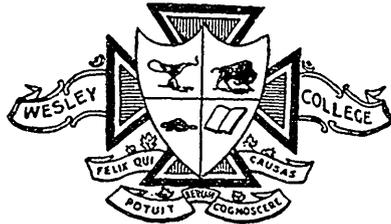


Please
Exchange

Wor Wesleyana

February, 1899



Turn, turn thy wheel! all things must change
To something new, to something strange;
 Nothing that is can pause or stay;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
To-morrow be to-day.



Turn, turn my wheel, What is begun
At day-break must at dark be done;
To-morrow will be another day.
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will scorch the heart and try the frame
And stamp with onor or with shame
 These vessels made of clay.

—From "Keramos," by Longfellow.