

"Still waters "where the weary find sweet  
rest,

"Fountains of water " in the city blest,  
Where the pure river runs a stream of life,  
O'erflowing sin and sorrow, pain and strife !

God's choicest gift, for man's refreshment sent  
To cleanse, restore, or yield him nourishment ;  
How cool in summer rising from the well,  
Or dripping on the stones within the dell ;  
How temperate in its deaths it sheltered lies,  
When frosts usurp the earth, and storms the  
skies !

Who would not quench their thirst, and drink of  
thee,  
Thou Heaven sent type of grace and life and  
purity ?  
England. MARGARET FELLOWS.

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### THOUGHTS.

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Please contribute to the "Thoughts"  
column. We have made up our mind  
to continue it, and are determined to  
make it a success.—E.D.

The highest privilege of man is spirit  
communion with God ; it is the soul's  
bread and wine, and therefore its life.

No faith that is not founded on the  
Christ within will stand the proving.

The soul expands in proportion to  
the difficulties it overcomes.

There are a great many Christians  
among the heathen, and a great many  
heathen among the Christians.

Morality without religion may be, but  
religion without morality cannot. Z.

A life that runs too much in one rut  
is apt to grow deformed. Some of its  
faculties will become worn out by over-  
work, while others remain undeveloped  
for want of use. M. V.

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"We are all placed here to do some,  
thing. It is for *us* and not for *others*-  
to find out what that something is, and  
then with all the energy of which we  
are capable, honestly and prayerfully to  
be about our business."

### LIFE.

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How strange is life, with all its smiles and tears  
with all

Its summer verdure and its winter's frost,  
And yet we call this life—e'en  
The death that comes with the hoary  
Winter's chill is but the precedent  
Of a newer, fresher life.

Who can doubt the motive power of growth,  
When to behold the mighty stride  
Which nature takes  
Is but to feel that we are born anew.  
God grant to all a sense of newness now  
Like the flowers and budding trees  
That just stepped forth from their long winter's  
nap.

The purity of blossoms, like the  
Purity of soul, springs from a  
Creator's spotless hand,  
And life—how full and lovely  
Would it be, could we remember well  
The source from which it came !  
The feathered warblers of the spring,  
How they do fill the scented air with music !  
And such melodies as tune the  
Soul to higher, sweeter life.  
Living in this age of gladness,  
When all is bursting forth afresh, and  
When the past seems buried  
'Neath hibernating snows,  
Why not smile and call this  
Life in earnest.

ELLA WEEKS.

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### FREE SCHOOLS.

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In the YOUNG FRIENDS' REVIEW of  
5th Month, S. P. Z. says the Free School  
System is one of the best in the world,  
and, apart from a moral training, he  
knows of no other source by which our  
children can better procure a thorough  
education than from our common  
schools. While I am not a prominent  
educator, and consequently should not  
speak on this question, I would like to  
give my experience as a graduate of a  
Public High School. I do not suppose  
what I shall say shall apply to all Free  
Schools, but I know my remarks will