

Pelham Half-Yearly Meeting will be held at Pelham on the 11th and 12th of second month.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

John L. Thomas, Pendleton, Ind., says in sending us three names: "We like the paper, and I hope to meet the workers in the paper at the F. D. S. G. C. next summer."

Lizzie Lippincott, Moorestown, N. J., says on renewing her subscription to the REVIEW: "Am very much pleased with it, and hope the paper may have a wide circulation and benefit all its readers as it has me."

Wm. F. Searing, of Scipio, N. Y., says: "We like the paper very much, and hope that it is, or soon will be, on a paying basis."

J. D. Noxon, of Mendon Center, writes in sending more names: "I hear people speaking commendingly of your paper, and think that you are gradually raising the standard in editorial management and matter, and I may add that I trust you will be enabled to continue to broaden and deepen its channel of usefulness, and may further add that you have done remarkably well, as new beginners, in the enterprise without previous experience."

Thomas O. Matthews, of Maryland, writes: "Enclosed thee will find \$1.50 to pay for three subscriptions to the REVIEW. And with little effort I do not see why every former subscriber could not obtain a similar number. It is a welcome visitor, and every article that it contains is read with much interest."

E. S. Smith, Canandaigua, Mich., says: I hope the REVIEW may continue a success. Its visits are very pleasant. It seems to keep us a little nearer to Friends."

Cynthia A. Green, of Farmington, N. Y., says: "Enclosed I send a few lines, written after reading the REVIEW this month. Though not a member of

Friends' meeting, I am heartily in sympathy with your work. The REVIEW has been a great comfort and inspiration through long weeks and months of sickness."

These are a few from among many like expressions we have received, indicating the opinions of our readers.

A PLEA FOR THE OLD LIBRARY.

Oh, those old and musty volumes,
Packed away with moths and dust,
How I've lingered o'er their treasures,
Years gone by so well discussed.

Many years have they reposed there,
Lost in this world's dashing haste,
Now they're deemed as fit for nothing,
Nothing but a mass of waste.

Newer books have filled their places,
Seemingly with wise intent;
I will not deny that they are
As a blessing to us sent.

Nor shall I complain of new books,
Well I know we need them much—
Happy homes their presence causes,
Charmed as by a fairy's touch.

O'er those old books I have pondered,
I have read them day and night,
And I cannot see them mouldering
Without grieving at the sight.

Prose and poem heaped regardless,
Order there a thing unknown,
Like an old professor's cranium,
All things in confusion thrown.

They have filled the vacant longing
For a knowledge of earth's store,
Pleasure, too, with wisdom furnished,
From the vastness of their lore.

Do you wonder that I love them?
Will you stand with me and say
That they never shall be scattered,
But together kept away?

May the dollar, god of nations,
Ne'er their bidding place invade,
May long life to them be given
When my debt to dross is paid.

CHARLES I. ALMER.