

walls are four feet thick, and have sixteen sides, with a flying buttress at each angle. Anthony Trollope declared that to see this building was worth a trip across the Atlantic. It is an architectural gem of exceptionally external grace, and well deserves the encomiums that have been passed upon it by all visitors. The flooring is of Canadian oak, ash, cherry and walnut, the fittings and bookcases in pine, three stories high, with eight divisions. The inside workmanship is superb in its elaborately carved wood. The varied and richly tinted bindings form a beautiful contrast to the varnished pine-panels, no two of which are designed alike. The room is well lighted, with artfully devised recesses for reading and studying. The centre is adorned with a noble life-sized marble statue of Queen Victoria, by the late English artist, Marshall Wood, a replica of which work is also to be seen at Calcutta. Marble busts of distinguished personages are also treasures of this room. Its late head, Dr. Alpheus Todd, is everywhere a recognized authority on constitutional law. The distribution of literature in English speaking countries has assumed such proportions, that to keep pace with modern thought, not to speak of the treasures of the past, more room must soon be found for incoming volumes.

It now contains about 250,000 volumes, the production of the greatest minds for ages:—in poetry, in fiction, in the literature of the fine arts and of the sciences, in biography and in history. As the use of literature is to bring the minds of men into contact, into fuller understanding with each other, and into greater sympathy with each other, through what agency can so much be accomplished in that direction, as through our Parliamentary Library?

A broad carriage drive runs round the three blocks, encircling handsome and well-planned flower beds and stretches of green lawn. Longfellow once wrote:—

“Do you not know that what is best
In all this restless world is rest
From turmoil and from trouble?”

This can in part be obtained in the pretty summer house that overlooks the cliff, where the weary can rest and feast their

eyes on the entrancing beauty around. A charming view of the river and of the distant mountain range beyond, is afforded. The broad, silver, shining water, losing itself in the far distance, is bright and picturesque in the irregularity of its outlines. The stream hurries and plunges along. Steamers and tugs go up and down with barges of timber for the markets of the world. The tender strains of “*A la claire fontaine*,” and many other traditional French airs, float up on the evening breeze from the rafts congregated at the base of the wood-fringed cliff, strains which link the Past with the Present, floating down intact from the primitive days of the early French rule. On the opposite bank is the city of Hull, its distant cottages blending with field, farm and forest, to form a landscape beyond description.

Then comes the faint buzz of the saws from the Chaudière mills, where the boiling mass of water hurls itself over the rocks. When seen in the purple shades of evening the tumbling body sends forth various colored sprays, changing every instant, and blending together so beautifully that one would think it spouted up rainbows instead of water. Then there are the timber slides, which almost every visitor to the city has gone down. Even the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, the Duke of Albany, and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia have experienced this exhilarating and exciting pastime.

Winding round the slope of the hill, shaded by trees in wild profusion, is “*Lover’s Walk*,” where, when the mercury hovers in the nineties, an enticing spot is offered for a stroll; view the gleaming river flowing leisurely below; hear the thundering sounds of the misty cataract, “by distance tamed,” softened to sweet music as they come mingled with the murmur of the waters splashing against the rock, or gently rippling over the myriad shrubs and flowers at the base. Here you can laze yourself in dreamy contentment, embowered in trees, and completely shut off from city life. The breeze from the stream brings with it a touch of sharpness. The silver river gleams, busy and beautiful, many feet below. Its calm waters glistening in the sun, throw back from its clear