

Part of St. Basile, N. B., as seen from the United States side of the River.

the Nova Scotia Government will be asked to appoint a royal commission to make the necessary searches and rectify the errors that have found their way into the compilations made by Mr. Akins.

After the adoption of the reports of the several committees, the election of officers took place. The choice of president fell upon Mr. J. F. Berote, editor of *l'Impartial*, of Tignish, Prince Edward Island.

Senator Poirier was chosen general secretary, His Honour Judge P. A. Landry, treasurer. Vice-President for Nova Scotia, Hon. W. Comeau; for Cape Breton, Dr. A. A. LeBlanc; Prince Edward Island, Mr. Aiseneau; New Brunswick, Hon. Dr. Landry; State of Maine, Senator Thereault; other New England States, Remi Benoit; Louisiana, Hon. Judge Breau. The next convention will be held at

Tignish, Prince Edward Island.

The delegates from the different Acadian centres were loud in their praise of the generous hospitality of the good people of St. Basile and St. David, and desire your correspondent to extend their heartfelt thanks to Mgr. Dugal, his assistant, Father Cyr, and the good Sisters of Hotel Dieu for their many acts of good will and kindness.

THE MUSINGS OF A LIBRARIAN

Second of Three Articles

By ANDREW BRAID, WINDSOR PUBLIC LIBRARY



DURING my wanderings in the British Isles in the summer of 1907, being bookishly inclined, I visited a number of public libraries; and, in the hope that they may prove interesting, I venture to make a few brief observations.

The library of Trinity College in Dublin owes its origin to English soldiers, being founded in 1601 after the battle of Kinsale by subscription of Elizabeth's soldiers from arrears of their pay. This is one of the five British libraries which has a right to claim a presentation copy of every book published in the kingdom. The library is a very handsome room, well lighted, fitted entirely with oak, and adorned with marble busts of great writers; but I was pained to notice the thick coating of dust which had been allowed to accumulate on these busts. Here I saw beautifully illuminated manuscripts hundreds of years old; books with the signatures of Mary Queen of Scots, Milton, Ben Jonson and Samuel Johnson, Pope, Newton, Wellington and other famous people. Also a copy of the Koran captured at the siege of Delhi; and a small talisman which was taken by a German soldier from a Turk at the siege of Vienna in 1683, the scroll containing passages from the Koran promising victory in conflicts with Christians. I was much impressed with a Bible printed in Amsterdam in 1679, a double-page picture being exposed showing the mocking of

Elisha. Two bears were depicted as attacking the children, one of the bears having taken a generous bite at the back of the head of a youthful mocker. Another curiosity is a book of hymns of the eleventh century, the pages black with age. Of chief interest, however, is that chef d'œuvre of ancient illuminators—the far-famed Book of Kells; the delicacy of the work is marvellous. This treasure is carefully locked away in a safe every night; and during the day is as carefully guarded from the light, a thick velvet curtain being drawn over the glass case in which it reposes, and only pulled aside when the book is being examined. Older even than the Book of Kells are the Gospels of Darrow of the seventeenth century, and the Latin Gospels known as Codex Usanianus dating back to 600 A.D. Goldsmith's signature is also exhibited, cut by the poet when he was a student at Trinity; and the walls are adorned with the roll of the Irish Parliament of 1683-90 and several rare and very interesting old maps. The librarians were exceedingly courteous, types of the very best class of educated Irishmen.

In Chester, that quaint old town, I found a library building quite in keeping with the architecture that seems only natural to Chester. But in all their buildings, the good folks of that town have taken care to imitate the beautiful old houses; even the grand-stand at the race course, visible from one part of the walls, and not honoured by me with a near-hand inspection, is of old style architecture.

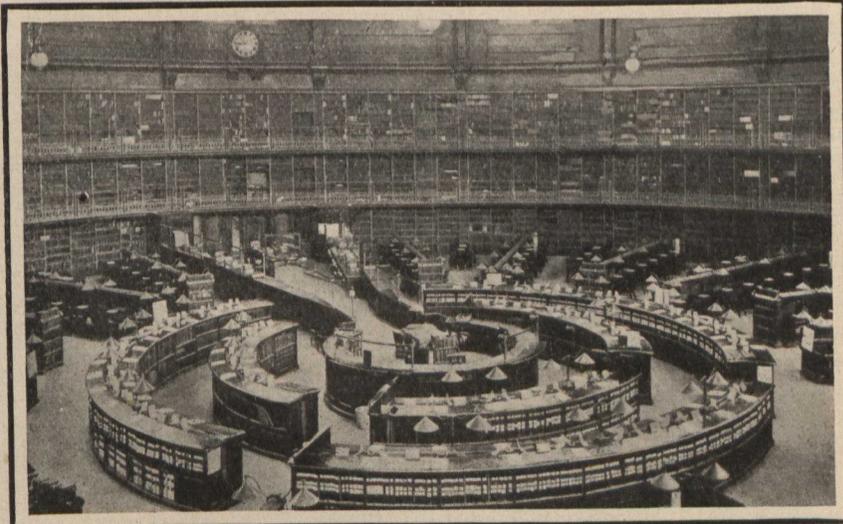
I was particularly unfortunate in London, as the

British Museum reading room and the Guildhall library, visits to both of which places had long been looked forward to by me, were closed; the former for repairs and cleaning, and the latter to allow of its being decorated for a reception to the King and Queen of Denmark. Rambling through the British Museum, I tried hard to get enthused over the Elgin Marbles, but—tell it not in Gath!—without success. I spent a very pleasant hour among the manuscripts, however, and was much amused over a letter of Tennyson to a friend, complaining, half humorously, half peevishly, of the appalling number of unwelcome letters he constantly received.

In Paternoster Row I saw the shops of book-firms with whose names I have been acquainted ever since my boyhood, and I was much struck with the small quarters occupied by some of the famous publishers. The Row is a mere alley, of very narrow width and hardly any sidewalk. Into Bagster's, celebrated for Bibles, I entered to purchase their edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." In the days of my youth I had possessed a copy of this Bagster, with the innumerable little cuts inserted in the margin, sometimes two on a page. These illustrations had been a source of much enjoyment to me, as was also a folding plan of the pilgrim's progress from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City. The copy I now possess lacks this folding plan, but has all the wood-cuts. It is wonderful how a few wavy lines are made to complete a landscape of hill and plain that will bear close inspection; while the



Bodleian Library, Oxford.



The Reading Room, British Museum.