

prominence, by means of a crown of lights above the royal head. The likeness of that Sovereign, who will never be forgotten, is splendid.

Round the pedestal are ornamental desks carved with rare skill forming the inner ring.

The interior of the Library is about ninety feet in diameter. Buttresses extending inwards from the wall correspond with those on the exterior and divide the outer ring of the interior area into sixteen bays which are continued for three stories, around which run galleries with floors of glass and railings of hand-beaten iron.

Between each alcove are passage-ways. On either side of them are closets wherein rare books on Art and History are kept. Their exterior is richly carved. Above the passage ways are most artistic arcades covered with wonderful carving which, as a matter of fact, is everywhere to be seen.

The ground floor is used for the Librarians' offices and the books most constantly in demand by the members, such as House Reports, Law Text Books and Constitutional Histories. There are all kinds of surprises for one who is fortunate enough to be permitted to roam around. One could spend hours in the Canadian Literature section and days in looking through the collections of Art and Coins and medals and other things scarcely to be found anywhere else.

Underfoot are great vaults where large quantities of books are stored. These underground chambers have doors of solid iron and somewhat resemble the dungeons one reads about, in some ancient castle.

The two galleries hold priceless treasures. In the first of these are scores of standard works dealing with the City of London. There are histories of every nation and country in the universe. The American Historical Collection in itself is valuable beyond estimation. When the

Librarians' Convention met in Ottawa last summer, and a thousand members came from all parts of the United States, this Section received marked attention. One of the best known members stated he considered it equal to any he had ever seen.

Travels are also to be found and Biography and Memoirs and a large number of French Works, as one-third of the books are written in that language.

The second gallery is more varied still, some of its shelves are filled with English Poetry. The bindings of these books are most beautiful. They are relics of a practically lost Art and could not be purchased today for any price. There, are English Literature and Philosophy. There, one finds works dealing with the Army and Navy. One runs across all sorts of books on Engineering and Architecture. One discovers lectures on Music and translations of ancient and modern tongues. One beholds medical publications and Guide books, discourses on every subject under the Sun, and one comes to earth again, realizing how very little he knows, and convinced that it is a crime to complain of a single dull moment, when so much knowledge awaits the coming of the seeker.

Too much is taken for granted today. We Moderns seem to have lost that sense of keen appreciation and enjoyment our ancestors possessed. None of us though can visit this Library on the Hill without feeling the better for having done so and being proud that, notwithstanding the wonderful strides Canada has made in the commercial world, the Dominion has such a glorious reminder of days gone by when literature and the finer arts flourished and were at their height.

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“When you spoke to father did you tell him you had a hundred pounds in the bank?” “Yes.” “And what did he say?” “He borrowed the lot!”