

who establish Libraries, either public or private, are rarely bad men; and the worst of them would shrink from placing on the shelves of *any* Library works of an immoral or vicious character. Such works are mostly secreted away in drawers, or boxes, or dark closets; even those persons who indulge in them are usually ashamed of them; and after being read, they are generally destroyed.

This being the case—when we look at a great Library, we then contemplate a monument of greatness, the most perfect that human intellect and philanthropy can erect; it is a Beauty and a Utility—whether we regard it in the light of conferring present happiness, or as promoting the progressive amelioration of human beings in future ages.

The place that does  
Contain my books—the best companions—is  
To me a glorious court, where hourly I  
Converse with the old sages and philosophers.  
And sometimes, for variety, I confer  
With Kings and Emperors, and weigh their counsels;  
Calling their victories—if unjustly got—  
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy  
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then  
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace  
Uncertain vanities? No: be it your care  
To augment a heap of wealth; it shall be mine  
To increase in knowledge.

The following pages are devoted to a brief enumeration of the various sections of the Parliamentary Library, and to a summary analysis of its contents.