

lie thereon. But a greater thing than this Oberon invites his queen to undertake. He says:

Then, my queen, in silence sail,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon."

In "Clarence's Dream" (Richard III), imaginative art is powerfully displayed. There is brought before the mind of the reader inconceivable stores of wealth lying hid in the bosom of the ocean, and the ghastly mockery of human pride portrayed in the setting of gems in sockets of dead men where once had been the humid eye. He says:

O Lord! me thought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks,
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea,
Some lay in dead men's skulls, and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep
And mock the dead bones that lay scatter'd by."

Again, the sublime in Shakespeare becomes extremely potent, tending at times to much pain. Macbeth is at his wit's end. He has tasted the glories of state; but to him they have proved wormwood. Life now has no charms and the future is less inviting. He says:

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in his petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterday's have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing —"

Ruskin elevates to a proud position the much neglected and despised blade of grass:—"Think of it well," he says, "and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green."

Carlyle, in his "Lectures on Heroes," thus eloquently pictures time:—"That great mystery of Time were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called time, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean tide, on which we and all the universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which *are*, and they *are not*; this is for ever literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb, for we have no word to speak about it. This universe, oh, me! what could the wild man know of it; what can we yet know? That it is a Force, and thousand-

fold complexity of Forces; a Force which is *not we*. That is all; it is not we, it is altogether different from us. Force, Force, everywhere Force; we ourselves a mysterious Force in the centre of that." We have here a striking illustration of sublime imagination. The writer asks the question, What is Time? He can define its characteristics, but its real essence baffles and outstrips even his powerful intellect. "The wild man can know nothing of the universe." All that our enlightened age has been able to contribute to the unfolding of the mystery is, that "it is a Force; a Force which is *not we*." This is an unsatisfactory and painful conclusion. It is, however, the natural outcome of an imagination which in its operations transcends unaided the sphere of the natural and wings its flight towards that of the sublime.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE AND PRACTICE

BY JNO. GEORGE BOURINOT.

THE Clerk of the House of Commons at Ottawa has followed in the footsteps of the late eminent and laudacious librarian, Dr. Alpheus Todd, in devoting his leisure to the compilation of a work on a subject cognate to his duties, embodying the results of wide research matured by experience and observation. Dr. Todd's works on parliamentary government were so complete and reliable as to secure the first place as standard textbooks upon that important subject in England and throughout the empire. This must have proved a surprise to our old country cousins, accustomed as they are to regard Canada as a certain number of "arpenes of snow," an intellectual desert where the spring, which it is hoped will bring the blossoms and fruit of literature, still delays. If there are even yet persons who think that no good thing can come out of a colony, their ideas will surely be corrected when they peruse the book whose title stands at the head of this notice. Although founded to a large extent upon the work of Sir Erskine May, it will be seen on inspection that Mr. Bourinot's volume is by no means a copy. The amount of wholly original matter comprised in it, drawn mainly from Canadian examples is surprising and gratifying, while that which has been obtained from English sources has at least been passed through the alembic of our author's critical reflection. The style of the book is graceful, and the arrangement orderly. No one who is interested in parliamentary procedure and practice will do without it prudently.

THE *Concursus* met on the 5th inst. to hold an *ante-mortem* examination on a well-known Smith's Falls freshman. The room was packed and the attempt to keep order was an obvious failure. The prosecution was directed by Messrs. Mitchell and Dennistoun, and the prisoner, against whom whatever may have been the facts, the evidence was very slim, was ably defended by Mr. G. F. Henderson. It took two whole hours to prove that the culprit had sinned to the extent of fifty cents. The court is not consistent. Some are fined; others, for the same offences are not; some refuse to pay and are promptly expelled; other refuse to pay and are allowed to stay. Then again the court evidently is not sure how to conduct itself sometimes. The opening was very flat and the judge held the unique view that in summing up, the counsel for the prosecution should speak first. Of course this is wrong. The members of the senior French class found next day that the privilege of attending the *concursus* instead of class, costs just fifty cents *per caput*, and the professor didn't take two hours to impress the fact either.