

passing their accounts before the Surrogate Judge : *Kennedy v. Protestant Orphans' Home*, 25 O.R. 275; and *Manning v. Robinson*, 29 O.R. 483.

Some time ago a discussion took place in the columns of the *Solicitors' Journal*, England, as to who was the longest practising solicitor, when after much research and some heart burnings the conclusion was arrived at that Mr. George Hensman, of Lincoln's Inn field, was entitled to that honor. He is said to be in his ninetieth year; was admitted in Easter Term, 1835, and is still in practice. This is very good for England, but Mr. Hensman is but an infant as compared with Mr. B. D. Siliman who recently returned to the practice of his profession in New York. He is in his ninety-fifth year, and was admitted to the bar in 1829. We gather from the notice of his life in the *Albany Law Journal* that he was never known to lose his temper, avoided stimulants of all kinds, was remarkable for his regular habits, and never married. To which of these incidents or whether to any of them his vigorous old age is to be attributed we know not. It may truly be said that in his case at least the old adage "Go it while you're young" has no application. Let the white haired man of this generation take comfort hereby.

We reproduce as worthy of preservation, as well for those of us who know their present applicability as for all who shall in future years hail from the loyal precincts of Osgoode Hall, the eloquent words with which Mr. Justice Rose closed his lecture on legal ethics to the third year students of the Law School on the 19th inst. After enlarging upon a lawyer's duties to his client, to the court, to himself and to his country he quoted the language of the oath of allegiance, and thus spoke of recent stirring events in reference to Canada's connection with the wars of the empire: "It was only yesterday that from our ranks went forth noble and brave young men, with quick step, bounding pulse, and hearts filled with love for the empire, placing at her command not only fullness of service, but also the life-blood of their hearts, whose every throb is a prayer for Queen and country. If they shall fall on the field of battle, they shall not die but live—live in our hearts, live in memory, in the pages of history, in deeds which cannot die. We are proud of those who have gone, and as to those who remain, I know there