

Paddy surged back over his mind, and when the case was called he was not surprised to see that his facetious friend was counsel for the defence.

Paddy spent little time in examining witnesses, but hurried on to his speech to the court, the judge meanwhile resting uneasily. He had been a butt for the lawyer's jokes before and he knew not what might come.

And Paddy was seemingly without mercy. He prolonged the judge's agony, and spun out his address to an exasperating length. He drew a vivid picture of the awful wreck, of the dead and mangled Phelan borne home to his cottage, of the widowed mother and the penniless orphan children. He pictured the woman in straitened circumstances, reduced even to parting with her husband's watch. He told how, ignorant of the law, she had listened to the advice of friends and had raffled the time-piece instead of selling it. Then he wound up by an appeal to the judge's mercy. Knowing his advantage he felt free to throw legal precept and logic to the winds.

"My Lord," he said, "the woman undoubtedly raffled the watch; she does not deny this, but it was in her ignorance that she did it. She knew no law; she meant no harm; ignorant of crime, she committed no crime, and hence should be punished for no crime. Her wish was to live, not to defraud. The circumstances should decide the case. But I submit, my Lord, that if any person knowing the law should conduct a lottery or raffle, or should buy or sell tickets for one, he being guilty of a breach of the law should be punished by the law. If I my Lord, who know the law, should deal in lottery tickets against the law,

I would be worthy of the full penalty of the law. If you, my Lord, who know the law, should sell lottery tickets against the law, (which, heaven forbid) I know of no punishment which would be commensurate with your offence."

Paddy sat down. When all was over, the woman was found guilty, but was let out on suspended sentence. Coming from the court room later in the day, Judge S—— approached Paddy. "Confound your old head," he hissed, but there was a twinkle in his eye. "I thought every minute you were going to say, 'And your Lordship has two tickets in your pocket.'"

—D.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON ADDRESSES.

The following services will be held in Convocation Hall on the Sunday afternoons of February:—

Feb. 4th—Rev. Chancellor Burwash, D.D., LL.D., Victoria College.

Feb. 11th—Rev. Prof. McFadyen, M.A., Knox College.

Feb. 18th—Rev. R. E. Welsh, M.A., (Author of "In Relief of Doubt.")

Feb. 25th—Rev. Prof. Jordan, D.D.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

The Lord Bishop of Canterbury said to his Roman Catholic servant girl one day: "I suppose, Bridget, that you think that I, being a Protestant and a heretic, will be finally lost?" "Oh, no," said Bridget. "I doesn't think you will be lost, sir." "Why not, Bridget? How can I, being a Protestant and a heretic, be saved?" "*Because of your hignorance, sir.*"—*Ex.*