

to-night, joined with a firm purpose never to fail again, ought to make me worthy of absolution from these learned Judges who are kindly present to-night.

If in this distinguished audience there is one, and I hope there is, ready to find fault with the Bench such as it is to-night, I cannot complain, as it would be the just return of human things. Judge Routhier gave us a brilliant lecture on magistrates and lawyers. He showed us all that was grand, beautiful, and noble in this career of men who consecrate themselves to the study of law. Later, no doubt, some of my contemporaries will come to speak to us of those great men who have made the French Bar famous, such as Dupin, Berryer, Lachana, Marie, Bethmont, Allou, Jules Favre, Cremieux, and many others. Before commencing the history of these stars who sparkle with such brilliancy in the Judicial pantheon of France, I wish to remind you of a lawyer of our own time. I want to recall his marvellous talent, vast knowledge, and his warm eloquence; this lawyer, whose name is on your lips, is JOHN BUCKWORTH PARKIN, Q.C. My goodness! how quickly one is forgotten? How many are there who recollect Parkin? I had to have recourse to our oldest members to gather the information necessary for this sketch. A remarkable thing is that though Parkin was such a learned man, he left no writing of any consequence. Liberal of principle, he never allowed himself to be carried away by the turmoil of politics. There is but one of his pleadings that I was able to procure, thanks to Mr. Dunbar, who had conserved it, but unfortunately I am unable to speak of it. It is then very difficult to render justice to him who is the subject of this work.

The souvenir of Parkin brings me back twenty-five years and reminds me that I have grown a quarter of a century older. When I commenced as a student to go to the Court House, there were a score of distinguished men: Messrs. Fournier, Tessier, Irvine, Plamondon, Holt, Angers, Lelievre, Jacques Malouin, O'Kill Stuart, Jean Langlois, Montamblaut and our venerable judge, Sir L. N. Casault, who was then in the first ranks. Several of these men have disappeared, after having had brilliant careers, some on the Bench, others at the Bar.

The Court of Justice is an arena where we like to see the best fencers cross swords.

I was young, my mind still filled with classical souvenirs. These struggles reminded one of the ancient times, and I thought how grand it