

prised if they take root and grow in the bosoms of sweet women. No, I say emphatically a severe penalty should be imposed on the slightest exhibition of such a tendency.

Immediately upon Lockhart resuming his seat, Lawyer Parsons, with that half troubled expression I had so often observed in former days, began, "Gentlemen of the Jury, I will briefly refute my learned friends arguments by a summary of a few important points. Gentlemen of the Jury I ask you to turn your eyes upon the prisoner and ask yourselves if such rosy cheeks, if such true blue eyes, such a noble countenance, such a magnificently proportioned figure could be guilty of the terrible crime of flirting. Flirting, did I say? Nay not for one moment would the most innocent maiden in the world mistake those hearty tones, that clear silvery laugh for other than mere friendly feeling. If personal reference may be allowed I may say that I was intimately acquainted with Mr MacLean four years at college, and during all that time, though surrounded on every side in his class, in his boarding house, in the home a few doors down on the other side, in the Sem. by females, I never, *no* NEVER, I reiterate it gentlemen, saw this man so much as glance at the fair sex. In fact while we of the weaker minds and susceptibilities were laboriously explaining at receptions that we were Seniors not Freshmen, he, gentlemen, he was meandering his lonely way in the beautiful vale of the Gaspereaux. In the face of these sound arguments, this indisputable logic, these convincing facts I conclusively conclude and determine gentlemen, Mr MacLean is not a flirt.

The jury now left the room and bearing on their return the verdict guilty the judge arose. "I in the name of her Majesty Victoria, Sovereign of Great Britain and Empress of India declare Malcolm A. MacLean guilty of the contemptible crime of flirting and pronounce as your sentence two years five months imprisonment with hard labor."

But the fumes from the cauldron dimmed my vision and the court had vanished. Soon the misty vapours cleared again and I was in Tremont Temple. The earnest upturned countenances of the congregation were intently fixed on the pulpit while with burning eloquence Capt. Eddy opened his discourse:—"Stupendously esteemed and beloved fraternal kinsmen I propose for this morning's consideration a dissertation in the relation between religion and Cosmic Philosophy or the philosophy of the permanent possibility of sensation and