

clearing. John Brown had paused by the grindstone and, holding up one of the swords he had sharpened, was pressing the point critically against the palm of his left hand. As he turned and twisted it the rays of the afternoon sun caught the bright steel and made it glitter and glare, until in Robert's imagination the old man looked like a second Gabriel wielding a sword of fire."

If not a second Gabriel he had at least the same Hebrew spirit that made the Cromwellian revolution. He acted from the dictates of the inner voice; he was but the instrument of God, and slew the enemies of the Lord without fearing the consequences; and as he himself said, "If it be His will I will die alone on the scaffold with a contented spirit."

There are not many novels we would care about reading a second time, but for the sake of John Brown we will forget the pages of commonplace, the stilted and unnatural dialogue, and read "For Freedom's Sake" again; and get if we can something of the spirit of the man who in the end died "silently and manfully, without a struggle, without complaint—died as he had lived, a true, steadfast, unconquerable man."

T. G. M.

UNIVERSITY NEWS.

MOCK PARLIAMENT.

ON the evening of Saturday, Jan. 30th, promptly at 8 o'clock, the sergeant-at-arms, enveloped in scarlet, dignity and lace, entered, accompanied by the mace and Mr. Speaker, and the business of the House was then resumed.

It was a subject of general regret that the Premier had not sufficiently recovered from his recent mishap to take his place in the House. However, though deprived of the inspiration of the presence of their leader, the government managed to navigate very well, with the Finance Minister at the helm. He gave himself plenty of sea-room and endeavored to keep clear of the dangerous looking, noisy opposition breakers, by consuming nearly all the time with his budget speech. So successful was he that the opposition at length declared that he was so completely at sea that they could not reach him. The budget contained many important tariff changes, but notably in schedule B. To an impartial observer it appears as if the government were making a very strong bid for the support of the clergy and the M.M.P.A. About the time that the eloquent minister reached the 77th page of his mss. the wakeful sergeant-at-arms, finding it impossible any longer to endure the profound tranquility of the house, went on the war-path and made a vicious lunge at the hat of the ex-Minister of Justice, whereupon the

latter gentleman and some of the members of the opposition aroused themselves and an altercation ensued. Mr. Speaker ruled that the minion of the law was perfectly in order, but at the same time he magnanimously pardoned the offending (?) ex-minister on the ground that there were extenuating circumstances.

The leader of the opposition discussed the budget with his usual and becoming vituperative eloquence. He was followed by the Knight of the Blue Ruin, now Minister of Trade and Commerce, and by the ex-Minister of Justice. The budget was adopted in committee of the whole, and the house adjourned on motion of the Comptroller of Inland Revenue.

THE MOCK TRIAL.

It has come and gone—the Mock Trial—and there is only one opinion as to its success. Everyone was interested—although, as was natural, the excitement reached its greatest intensity among the members of the M. M. P. A. The place was Convocation Hall; the date, Saturday evening, Feb. 6th; and the attendance the largest that Alma Mater has seen for a long, long time. The gallery was crowded with ladies—or with angels, if we are to take the word of one of the learned counsel, who had every opportunity of observing.

Messrs. Jas. Wallace and E. C. Watson, M.A., dignified, white-whiskered and wearing the academic insignia of many a university degree, were the judges. Counsel for plaintiff, Messrs. R. F. Hunter, B.A., and Wm. R. Tandy; for defendant, Messrs. I. S. Shortt, B.A., and R. Burton. The inimitable Goodwill, as crier, was a rare combination of Richard III. and Mephistophles, well adapted to strike terror to the hearts of the guileless freshmen in the front seats. Last, but not least, enter Sheriff M. B. Tudhope, immediately preceded by a "corporation" of aldermanic proportions, and followed by a force of doughty constables. Was the genial Melville in his element? Well, if he was not, he never will be.

The court thus constituted in due order, all eyes are centered upon the plaintiff—young, charming and, of course, a widow. The very elect might have been deceived, had not a little bird whispered the magic name of Menzies. And in his mother-in-law (or rather hers)—as fine a specimen of the genus as ever hen-pecked hapless man—it took at least a second glance to identify the tutor in Greek. As for "Daisy Footlights," the actress who had lured away the heart of the defendant from the plaintiff, she was certainly the "Belle" of the evening, and one of the prosecuting lawyers was evidently very far from believing that "Daisy" could be "a horrid man" in feminine attire. Then there was "Little