

## ORBILIOMASTIX

(Lines written in dejection as a prologue to a school-performance of the *FROGS* of *Aristophanes*.)

Enter MERCURY.

Ladies and gentlemen, to you I fly  
To bid you watch a Play of days gone by;  
When Gods were mortal, and immortal men  
Strove to bring Heaven down to Earth again.  
Enough! Behold me, blessed Mercury,  
With explanations from the powers-that-be.  
The Play we offer needs some small excuse,  
For golden eggs require at least a goose.  
Though Higher Education stalk the land,  
Giving us talents with no stinting hand;  
And stinking pedagogues with sickly grin  
Burn to become 'au fait' with infant sin,  
Smear on the New, resolve each pupil's fears  
In genteel *Nephelococcygias*;—  
Though *Montessore* tramples into dust  
Those who let 'care not' wait upon 'I must,'  
And *Charlotte Mason*, dead but born anew,  
Yaps at the Parents in their own Review;—  
We must go far the precedent to seek  
For acting plays, whose dialogue is Greek.  
So, lest Repletion, like an angry guest,  
Spurning the dishes that it once loved best,  
Full-fed with French, cry 'Spare our reeling ears,'  
Our play's in English. To resolve your fears,  
I, most ingenious messenger, am sent  
To explicate our complex Argument.  
*Bacchus*, or *Dionysius* (as you please)  
Was filled with passion for *Euripides*—  
A combination that surprises more  
Than *William Morris* and *George Bernard Shaw*.  
But he being dead, the god with quaking mind  
Goes down to Hell *Euripides* to find.  
So first from *Heracles* he asks the way  
To lead him safely from the light of day;  
And once below, the Action will disclose

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That man is made entirely by his clothes.

So draw the cord, and let the curtain rise;  
Advance this Planet to these watchers' eyes.  
Reveal, if not the wisdom of the sage,  
At least the laughter of a Golden Age—  
Golden to us—our Author would have said  
It—like our own—had slight alloy of lead.  
For still, through forced unreason, oft the mind  
Preys on the virtues that it cannot find.  
Courage! and boldly, though the door be fast,  
Peer through the windows that enshrine the Past.  
Be patient, as with mute, imploring hand  
We bid you sit through what you cannot stand.

SPENCER UNDERWOOD.

## PICTANTIAE

Mr. Wells keeps ever abreast of the latest fashions in thought, and so it is not surprising to find his new novel dominated by the philosophy of Freud.—*The Times*.

'There is a marvellous overflowing freedom from care in this Luther,' says von Schubert, 'which, in spite of all differences, forcibly reminds us of Francis.' But, as von Schubert points out, the Italian saint lacked the sovereign gift of humour.—The Rev. Nathaniel Micklem in *The Listener*.

Although our Catholic faith does not admit the confusion of demi-gods, and has no place for the childish belief in fairies, it not only retains belief in demons, but takes them so seriously that sometimes it will proceed to exercise them.—*The Universe*.

Mr. J. T. Lancaster, Headmaster of Ashville College, said that he found that the public schoolboys of to-day were fine fellows. 'They have no cant. They have their own views on religion. They are clean, healthy animals and understand the laws of cricket in the moral sense as well as upon the playing fields. We cannot cram British boys with religion. They won't have it,' he added.—*The Observer*.

You who deal in high finance and commerce on a great scale have nothing to fear. The City of London is incurably and fundamentally religious—not as a last resort, not as a sort of