

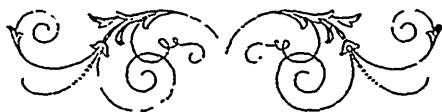
on the stage. The morality displayed in this drama deserves our highest admiration and praise and it should bring the blush of sham to the cheek of many a modern writer.

It is consoling to the Christian and it confirms his belief in a Supreme Being to behold recorded in the history of Pagan times those genial periods in which men of master intellect and great moral intrepidity strove hard and long to better the moral and religious condition of their fellows. The age of Aristophanes was one of those genial periods in Grecian history. Though he and Socrates did not agree, yet each of them in his own line may be regarded as the greatest exponent of Pagan morality. In philosophy none approached truth so nearly as did Socrates. And what Pagan can compare with Aristophanes in morality? In some respects these two great men resemble each other. Both were open, candid, and strangers to fear. Both had a nice sense of discrimination between right and wrong,

though in this respect as in many others, Socrates far surpassed his contemporary.

We admire Aristophanes for his style. He is a true poet and not a petty rhymester. We praise and extol him for his morality. He makes no pretensions to being a moralist, yet every work of his is a sublime lesson of morality. However, we cannot but censure him for his conduct towards Socrates. Not that we think that the poet was base of heart, on the contrary we believe a sense of duty impelled him to attack the greatest moralist of Pagan times. "Paint me as I am" said Oliver Cromwell while sitting to young Lely. "I: you leave out the scars and wrinkles I will not pay you a shilling." Such we feel certain would be the sentiments of Aristophanes were he still living, therefore we offer him no apology for our censure. He was a genius, a great and good man. His mistake bids us bear in mind that perfection is not to be found here below.

J. MURPHY, '94.



WINTER GERANIUMS.

O what avails the storm
When o'er my sense this Magian flower énweaves
His charm of slumberous summer, green and warm,
And laps me in his luxury of leaves!

O where the frost that chills,
Whilst these rich blooms burn red above my face,
Luring me out across the irised hills
Where Autumn broods o'er purple deeps of space!

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, in *Divers Tones*.