

TO THE "PROFANUM VULGUS."

"The rest were vulgar deaths, unknown to fame."
Pope's Translation of the Iliad, Bk. XI. Line 394.

The unrecorded deeds of life,
The little acts that men ignore,
Build up our race and shape it more
Than all the boasted feats of strife.

The hero from the wars may come,
And captive foes in triumph bring,
The world with all his praises ring,
The nation bid him welcome home ;

The statesman, service-grey, may kneel
The guerdon of his Queen to take,
The recompense of such as make
Their highest care the common weal ;

In wisdom's garden, night and morn,
The sage may toil that Truth's pure seed
May pass, safe-kept, unblemished,
To sons of men as yet unborn ;

Once in an age some Christ may rise
To teach to men the holier way
That leads from darkness unto day,
The narrow pathway to the skies ;

Some priest may lift himself above
The harsh restraint of sect and creed,
Fulfil in very word and deed,
The precepts of the law of love ;

The tribune, silver-tongued, may still
The angry Senate's gathering storm,
Or move, with power no schools can form,
The mob to laugh and weep at will ;

In noblest measures, gentlest speech,
The laureated bard may sing,
Faith, hope and consolation bring,
The highest lessons wisely teach ;

Born of Euterpe's priceless gift
The great composer's notes may roll.
Till, to the music, every soul
Through changing moods of passion shift ;

To mark some faith's protracted reign,
With all the genius God has given,
The architect may raise to heaven
The pillared dome or Gothic fane ;

The sculptured marble may recall
The good and great that are no more ;
E'en some Pygmalion implore,
Till, art excelled, life moveth all ;

A Titian warmth and colour give,
That fix the eye, transport the sense,
Move the rapt soul to eloquence,
And make the landscape almost live ;

Yet these are but the choice, the rare ;
Not often comes the hero-birth,
And but a handful on this earth
Unquestioned marks of genius bear.

These few, with clearer vision blest,
See through the darkness that enfolds
The world and pierce the veil that holds
God's secrets hidden from the rest.

They too approach with firmer tread
The confines of that unknown land,
And boldly grasp the outstretched hand
By which their latest steps are led.

These cast the griefs of life aside,
The rude vicissitudes of fate,
And see beyond this mortal state
The doors of heaven open wide.

They see and know that all is well ;
Above the discord and the strife,
With which the lower world is rife,
The harmonies celestial swell.

But to the multitude these signs
Appeal not, for their spirit's eye
Is wearied with mortality
And little of the truth divines.

The humble players on life's stage
Scant breathing space, or leisure find,
The body's labour dwarfs the mind,
And toiling upward lasts an age.

What may avail the sage and saint
The victories of art and song,
If but a few from out the throng
May reach the goal, while millions faint ?

Vain to the many, prophet, seer,
Vain e'en the martyr's sacrifice,
If wholly barred to them the rise
Above the toil and misery here.

And vain their rugged life in sooth,
If not instinct in one and all,
No matter where their fortunes fall,
The deathless striving after truth.

In spite of doubts that often rise,
Still buds and flowers the hallowed seed,
The conscious race asserts its creed,
And man moves upward to the skies.

The world with woes is not out-worn,
As gold transcends each base alloy,
So ever some supreamer joy,
Outmastering grief with it is born.

What seemeth here but accident,
Flux and reflux of right and wrong,
Where days seem short and nights are long,
Is ruled by some divine intent

All may not see. We trust in faith
That forward, never backward, moves
The world, and that within us proves
The end of all things is not death.

The paths are plain the race has trod ;
The peasants' simpler instincts show
The self-same road by which they go
Whose reason crowns their childhood's God.

—A. F. Chamberlain.

On Tuesday last a number of men, representing the Glee Club and the Guitar and Banjo Club, about 20 strong left the Union Station for Bowmanville. There they gave one of their popular concerts in a hall literally packed with a very appreciative audience. The Glee Club as usual were repeatedly encored whenever they gave any of their specially college songs. The Banjo and Guitar Club upheld their reputation bravely, being recalled after every appearance. The mandolin selections and Prof. Smedley's performances were probably the most taking. After the concert, Mr. McLaughlan, father of the well-known Varsity man A. E. McLaughlan, led the way to his home and gave the boys a most enjoyable time for the rest of the evening. Dancing, music and refreshments were indulged in till an early hour. The boys were billeted around town for the remainder of the night and at 8 o'clock a. m., started back for the city.

The credit of the trip is almost exclusively due to "Buster" McLaughlan as he left nothing undone which could add to the success of the concert or to the pleasure of the men.

A special car was at the disposal of the excursionists.