

# VARSAITY

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## HUMANITY.

Our lives are far apart ; silent, alone,  
From morn till eve we live our earthly day,  
Soul shut from soul, unknowing and unknown,  
Pilgrims, yet strangers, on the self-same way ;  
Like streams whose lonely waters seaward flow,  
While dreary wastes of land stretch far between,  
And dark dividing hills their shadows throw, -  
Beyond, the waters pass unheard, unseen ;  
But to themselves confined, they ever moan,  
And fret along their shores unto the sea,  
With low unceasing wail, " Alone ! alone ! "  
With longing murmuring cry for sympathy !  
Until on ocean's breast they meet and mingle free,  
No more estranged,—to all eternity.

H. L. DUNN.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

At this joyous season, united Christendom prepares to celebrate with all the traditional ceremonial, the day, which of all others, is designated in the Universal Calendar of National Observance, as sacred to " Good Will and Good Fellowship."

This is the season, also, of " Peace towards Men." Let this not be forgotten by those whose devotion to Race, Religion, or Party has made them regard as enemies those whom they should look upon as brothers.

This is, also, a time for Retrospection and Introspection. We are about to bid good-bye to the old year, and are soon to welcome in the New. The past year has brought momentous changes to many people ; it has wrought havoc amongst nations. Let us, as we bid good-bye to the old year, bid good-bye to the bitternesses and strifes, which its days have brought about. We should not carry over to the new year any of the animosities that have embittered the past. Why should the young New Year be cursed with the sins of its predecessors ? Let it have no hereditary taint. Let us begin 1886 unhampered by the past, and with a determination, as much as lieth in us, to " live peaceably with all men." This doctrine applies just as forcibly to individuals as to nations. It is a lesson for each one of us. Let us not fail, as individuals, or as a nation, to appreciate it, and carry it out.

Listen to Tennyson's noble words. May they be our watchword for the future :

" Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite ;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

At many a bright fireside this happy Christmas season, friends will gather to greet one another, and to exchange those kindly sentiments and wishes which do so much to soften the asperities and abate the conventionalities of our modern artificial society.

Christmas and New Years' cards, those appropriate and beautiful messengers of affection and regard, will bring into many a home words of greeting and remembrance that will long remain to delight and charm.

To many the joys and pleasures of this season must be, of necessity, but a tender reminiscence, and a sorrowful remembrance. Time alone can give to such hearts a merciful ministrations, and banish the sorrow, leaving nothing but the sweetest recollections of by-gone pleasures.

In many new homes, in which the Crane has been hung but a short while, little golden-haired beings take the vacant chairs at the fireside, and fill the voids in many hearts.

This is the season for feasting and rejoicing, for enjoying life during the few short days that we in this busy work-a-day world can spare for relaxation.

In our rejoicings we should not forget the children of poverty and ill-paid toil, into whose lives few rays of gladness enter. Is it through any desert of ours that happiness comes to us and sorrow to them ? Nor can we fulfil our duty to them by charity concerts and mere material gifts. Their souls hunger for human sympathy more than for bread. It should be our mission, more fortunate than they, now and always to grant them in some measure, this divine gift. But we must do this personally and as individuals. Societies and charity organizations often pauperize rather than benefit : they may distribute hampers, but they cannot dispense human sympathy.

It is our business now to be happy, and to make others happy. If we are not happy, it is imperative that we seem to others to be so. We must not at this season intrude our sorrows upon others.

The editors of THE VARSITY, desirous of living up to the sentiments which have just been expressed, have gathered around their sanctum fireside a merry and whole-hearted group. As the firelight sheds its hospitable light upon them, song and story succeed one another, and laughter and tears chase one another across the countenances of the listeners.

Whilst the merrymaking is just beginning, the Editor would invite the reader to mingle with the throng, and to take a seat by his fireside, and participate in the general rejoicing, and listen to the wit and wisdom of his guests ; whilst he himself would gladly make his bow, and leave the reader in the undisturbed possession of all the good things provided for his entertainment.

To all his readers he wishes most cordially " A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."