

Sesame

VOL. I.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1898.

No. 2

December 31.



HE stood looking up to the sky one winter night. The stars shining on the snow gave a cold light. He shivered.

"They are all great cold worlds," he said to himself, "each forever flying round its appointed circle. And we are one of them. New Year, indeed! There is no new year; it is all one eternal year for us. Let them make their good resolutions—the harder they make them the sooner they will be broken. What difference can it make to the earth, if I, a grain of her dust, resolve to live a higher life?" He laughed at the thought.

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Suddenly he was wafted from where he stood away out into Space. He was watching the roll of the ages. And as he looked at his earth sweeping round her course, he saw that each time she came to a certain point, a great glow shone all over her. And after each radiance had died away, the light she gave was a little steadier, a little stronger.

He understood. When the New Year came round, each man kindled his lamp afresh, and the whole world shone in glory. And though the light of the lamps died down, it was never so dim after each kindling as before.

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Again he was back on the snowy earth, and the clocks were striking twelve. The Aurora shot up in the north, and all over the earth was a glow of hope.

MARJORIE H. GORDON.