

MADE IN CANADA
ROYAL
YEAST
CAKES



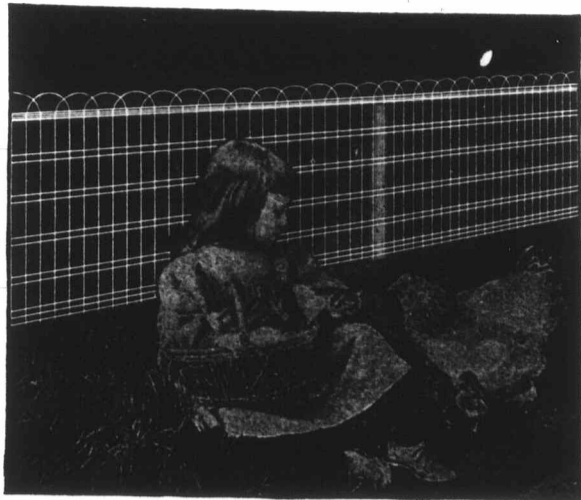
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able, but she saw that the king sent his servants to help those whose baskets were full, and then she noticed that those who had neglected to gather at the foot of the mountain did not find the stones so fine further up the mountain path, for she saw them pick up stones and throw them away. They were not fine enough to put in their baskets, and then she heard them regret that they had not commenced lower down the hill to gather, where the stones were so many and so beautiful.

One said, "Oh, I am so sorry I did not pick up that stone I passed a little time ago; I believe I will go back and find it." And then came the discovery that there was no going back the path was a crumbling path; a stone once passed was passed forever so far as the individual was con-

cerned. Another path with precious stones would be made for others, but there was no going back, and then she heard regrets on every side: "Oh, I am so sorry I can not go back; my basket is not half full. And some said: "Why, I have hardly commenced to gather, and yet I must go on," and the stones were becoming very rare as they approached the summit. And there was such a dread on the part of many in regard to meeting the king without having done as he commanded. Now the cloud was becoming so thin she could see through it, and she saw that those who had passed through the cloud had their baskets on their arms, and their hands folded across their breasts.

The time allowed for gathering was over; they now had to go before the king with their baskets, whether full or empty. Just as she was thinking of this, a sight burst upon her vision beyond all beauty she had ever conceived of. The city was the sight. The foundations of the city were of all manner of precious stones, and with the most wonderful light upon it that made it indescribably beautiful. And then she saw the palace of the king, and the people with their baskets going up to the beautiful marble steps to go in before the king, and the guide at her side seemed to take her where she could see these travellers as they came up one by one and stood before the king, who was seated on his throne of dazzling beauty, and she wondered how it would be with them. One by one they came, each one standing alone before him, and he looked in every basket as they came up, and when the baskets were full he smiled such a beautiful smile as he said: "Well done! you were faithful; go into the city and take all the joy that awaits you."



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Then she saw some come up whose baskets were only half full, but still he smiled and said: "Perhaps your path was not so richly strewn with the precious stones, and you did what you could; well done! Pass in." Then she saw those who had been idle and careless some of them hadn't even the bottom of their baskets covered; and they shrank from going before the king, but all had to "appear." And then she saw the countenance of the king change. He said to them: "You had the same opportunity that the others had. You had only to pick up the stones; they were there for you. You did not care to please me. You were not willing to deny yourself, and I do not wish any servants around me who do not love me," and she saw them as he motioned with his hand and said, "Depart." They went back to the dark cloud. She then awoke from her dream or vision.

And now what did it all mean? The mountain path is our journey through this world. Our little baskets on our arms, into which the Master will some time look, are our lives on this journey. The precious stones are our opportunities for the making the most of our time.

I remember once, in speaking to young girls, that I gave them this allegory. One of the loveliest girls in New York sat near me, and I can see her beautiful face now as she took in so eagerly the little parable. When she went home she told it to her little brother, seven years of age, and told him that no one was so young as to be without a basket. A few days after, he came running to her, exclaiming: "Sister, I have a stone in my basket!" "How did you get it, dear?" she asked. "Why," said he, calling a little boy by name, "he hit, and I didn't hit back at him; wasn't that a stone in my basket?" "Indeed, it was," she replied.

Only a few days after, he was taken ill with scarlet fever, and in a week's time he was dead. When the sister told me, with tears in her beautiful eyes, she said: "Oh, Mrs. Bottome, I know he had one stone in his basket."

And now, dear little children, I want to tell you about different stones for your baskets. Every time you try to be good, a stone goes into your basket; every time you mind your mother, it is a stone in your bas-

ket; every time you do a kind act to anyone, it is a stone in your basket; whenever you learn a lesson well, it is a stone in your basket; and whenever you return good for ill, it is a stone in your basket. You are just beginning to go up the hill of time and it will make all the difference with the other part of the hill if you are gathering your precious stones now.

Oh, how valuable the stone of self control is, and the stone of self denial, and the precious stone of abedience! My dear children, will you not try to put some stones into your basket every day?—Margaret Bottome.

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