

"Oh, it will not be repeated, sir!" said the grateful boy. "I promise you that it will not!"

Charity of this kind—the charity that "does not tell"—has kept many a boy and many a man from repeating a sin. It has kept many boys and girls from yielding to a second temptation. It is this kind of charity that causes us to keep silent when the knowledge of our friend's shortcomings is forced upon us.

Two boys were overheard talking not long ago, and one said to the other:

"Do you know, Rob K— told me a dreadful story about himself the other day?"

"Poor Rob!" said the other boy, in a kindly spirit of forbearance. "He is always blundering in that way. I never tell anything he tells me about himself that is bad. He will be sorry some day that he has been so indiscreet. Let's never tell on him."

The charity that never tells is a beautiful charity to cultivate. It is this kind of charity that covers up instead of reveals the sins and weaknesses of those whom temptation has overcome.

MARGIE'S LILIES.

They were growing in a big conservatory, these lilies of the Easter-tide, growing tall and fair; and as the days of Lent approached completion, the pure white buds began to show themselves among the green leaves. The conservatory seemed very sweet to the owner's little daughter, as she came with her father to see how the lilies grew.

There was one special lily-plant which was all her own; she intended to present it to her Sunday school teacher for Easter Day.

So she came in every morning, with her father and watered it herself, and touched the leaves tenderly with her little hands. Sometimes, when her father was not near—for she was a shy little maid and feared to be laughed at—she would whisper lovingly to it. And she was quite sure that it understood her, for little Margie as a dream child.

One day, when she first saw the white buds peeping forth here and there, she sat beside the plant for a long while and told the beautiful lily blossoms how they were to make everyone very happy, for they were to tell of new and more beautiful life—aye, even of the resurrection.

Margie was imaginative and loved to talk to all things about her. The leaves, the flowers, the butterflies and birds, even the soft, white clouds floating above her, were something more than mere mist-wreaths to the gentle child-soul.

"The lilies must be very fair and sweet on Easter day," she said, for they were to go to the beautiful church and give of their beauty and fragrance with all the other offerings of flowers and music and joy. Perhaps the lovely

buds did understand her, for they seemed to nod at her, and the whole place, with their soft breath, was so very, very sweet.

It was Good Friday when Margie's mother told her of a poor and lonely woman whom she had been to see that day, and who, besides being poor and lonely, was lame and unable to attend the Easter service, and had not done so for years. Margie's mother had thought to send some lilies from the conservatory, but found they had all been engaged for the day; would Margie give her lilies to the poor sufferer, and so bring a bit of the Easter light into that dim room?

Margie's face was quite distressed.

The Conductor's Second Letter

Confirms His Cure of Two Years Ago, and Proves that it was Permanent—Warm Words of Praise for

Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills

Many readers of this paper, and especially railroaders, will remember the cure of C. P. R. Conductor Berryman of St. Stephen, N. B. In a letter received last week the conductor states that he is real well and that his cure, after ten years of suffering with kidney disease, is permanent, not having had a touch of his old trouble for two years.

Mr. Berryman's case was such a severe one, and his cure so remarkable, that many write to ask him about it. He never tires of recommending Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, but on the contrary, is glad of the opportunity to tell fellow-sufferers how he was cured.

In his letter of April 14, 1900, in which his case is described, Conductor Berryman wrote:—

"I have been railroading for 23 years, and for ten years suffered from a severe case of kidney disease and back-ache, a trouble common to railroad men. It used me all up to walk, and after walking up hill I would have to lie down to get relief, my back was so bad. I could not sleep more than half the night, and then didn't seem to get any rest.

"I had used all sorts of medicines and was pretty badly discouraged when I heard of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

After using two boxes of this treatment I found it was helping me, and five boxes have made a complete cure. I now rest and sleep well, my back is strong and the old trouble has entirely disappeared. Many people to whom I have recommended these pills have been cured. Anyone wishing further particulars write me."

There is no doubting the efficiency of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a thorough cure for backache, kidney disease and liver complaint. They have a direct action on kidneys, liver and bowels, which is bound to strengthen, invigorate and regulate these organs. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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A. T. LAING, Secretary.

"Why, mamma! I can't do that. I promised them to Miss May for the church."

"Well, dear, you are not obliged to give your plant to Mrs. Gowing. I have said nothing to her of my hope to send her any lilies, so she will not be disappointed. I thought my little girl might like to take a bit of the Easter joy to a lonely heart, and Miss May would be glad, too, I know. The church will have many offerings, and this one little gift of love in an 'all alone' corner would be very sweet to the dear Lord—don't you think so, too?"

Margie said nothing, but she went slowly away to her own room, and had a little cry, a little "think," and a little prayer all to herself. The little cry relieved her, the little "think" was not quite satisfactory, and somehow the little prayer brought no comfort. So it was a very subdued little girl who sat down to the teatable that night. Papa looked puzzled, but mamma gave him a warning look against asking questions just then. Thus Margie was left in quietude.

She started for bed a whole hour before her usual time; perhaps to have a better "think," a more earnest prayer—it was so much easier to talk with God in the dark about things—and perhaps she did have another little cry before she went to sleep. It was certain that mamma kissed away a tear from the cheek of a very tired-looking little slumberer when she came to see if all was right before going to her own bed.

In the morning, Margie was up bright and early; going softly into her mother's dressing room, she whispered, "I'll do it, mamma; I'll give my lilies to Mrs. Gowing."

"Do you really wish to, Margie?"

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"Yes, mamma, I really do; I've got all through being sorry; I would rather give them to her than to Miss May."

After breakfast a pair of little feet flew down the street to Miss May's house. When Margie came back her face was radiant.

"Oh, mamma! Miss May was so pleased! She had heard of Mrs. Gowing, and tried to get some lilies to send her, but they were all sold or engaged for tomorrow. She said my lily-plant would be more to her that way than if I had given it to her for the church."

Easter day Margie's plant was covered with lilies in full splendour, which bent and nodded each head to the radiant face of the child who stood before them in the early sunlight of that glorious day.

The plant was too heavy for the little arms, so mamma carried it. Margie kissed everyone of the lovely flowers as her mother held the plant down to her; then they went on their way, first to Mrs. Gowing's, then to the church.

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