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I guess I'll not say anything." The words arose in his memory:

Red head, gingerbread,
Five cents a cabbage-head.

"Let him get thrashed," thought Johnny. "He needs it, whether he killed the dove or not. Good enough for him, I say."

While these thoughts were passing through Johnny's mind, the teacher was waiting.

"I hope," he said finally, "if any of you do know anything you will speak, but speak truthfully, boys, and justly. Mr. Jones says he saw Roger throwing stones at some birds, and he is certain his dove was killed in that way."

"Justly!" Johnny had a keen sense of justice when he took the trouble to think about a thing. Red-headed persons often have. They have ample reason to have sometimes. Johnny saw at once what was right in this case. But Roger was his enemy. Then he remembered the words his father had read at breakfast that morning: "Do unto others as you'd have others do to you," or something like that. Was he doing that?

In an instant he was on his feet, and was telling his story. When it was over, Farmer Jones apologized and left.

At recess, as soon as the bell rang, Roger rushed over to Johnny. "Johnny," he exclaimed, "I'm sorry I hollered at you this morning. I'll not do it again, if you'll forget it this time."

"That's all right," laughed Johnny, in an embarrassed manner, and, not knowing what else to say, "call me Red as much as you please."

So two boys had a new friend apiece, because of the fairness of one of them.

THE TRUMP OF GOD

A good many years ago, a little, old-fashioned house in a London suburb was occupied by a small family, composed of various units. There was Grandmamma Maple, Aunt Violet Hart, little Una Drummond, and a valued housekeeper-cook, called Mary Martin. Every detail of that establishment is still imprinted on Una Drummond's memory—its quaint drawing room, with low windows veiled in hand-darned netting, through which starry blossoms of white jessamine used to peep; its pink vases, with yellow serpents twining round each stem—she broke one once!—its solitaire board, whereon each cloudy and clear marble was called by a special name; and heaps of other things. For children's memories are very tenacious, receiving impressions which are ineffaceable.

One night Una woke from sleep in her little chintz-curtained crib in one of the quiet bedrooms of that old house in Edwardes Square. Evidently some sudden noise had awakened her, but everything was pitchy dark, and a terrible silence hung over the place as she sat up. It was a silence and darkness which could almost be felt. Starting with every sense alert, the memory of some words read by Aunt Violet at prayers the morning before flashed across her mind.

"The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, . . . and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the

air," 1 Thess. 4: 17. "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump," 1 Cor. 15: 52.

Una listened intently, whilst the appalling thought ran through her brain: "The trump of God awakened me. Gran'ma and Aunt Violet have been caught up to meet Him in the air, and, by mistake, I have been left behind."

Una has passed through seas of trouble, anxiety and fear since that night, forty years ago. But never—never—has she felt such an awful sense of desolation as fell on her in that little room.

The trump of God has sounded, and she had been left behind. Scrambling out of bed, gasping, shuddering, trembling, not staying to put slippers on or a wrap round her, the little, white-robed figure stumbled to the door and down stairs. Grandmamma's room was vacant as she passed. So was Aunt Violet's. When, at last her bare feet rested on the cold oil cloth of the hall, she felt roused to scream at the top of her voice:

"Gran'ma! Gran'ma! Let me go, too!"

Not once or twice only, but several times the cry rang out. No one answered, until, through the open door of the kitchen, came a well-known figure flying to her aid. It was Mary Martin, who took the child up in her strong arms, and folded her to her warm heart.

"What is it, Miss Una, darling? What's the matter, mavourneen?"

At the kind words, Una's terror gave way to a burst of tears. "Oh, Mary, Mary! I'm so glad you were left behind to take care of me!"

At first, Mary could not understand. But at length, seated by the warm kitchen fire, which she hastily raked into a blaze, all Una's fears were unfolded to her.

"To think of it, now," ejaculated the housekeeper, "and the mistress only just gone over the way to see the stars falling!"

Ah! that was the secret of Una's waking dream. Grandma Maple and Aunt Violet had been discussing in her hearing the wonderful showers of meteors expected that night, and Una's brain had unconsciously connected their talk with the judgment day. Was it not in the Bible: "The stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken, and then shall appear the sign of the Son of man in heaven," Matt. 24: 29. Grandma had thought her too young to be out so late, even to have a memory of such an historic event, and had only left the house after the child was safe in bed. So "the most memorable sight in the starry heavens for many hundreds of years" had come as a terror instead of a pleasure. At least, that is how her grandmother explained the matter next morning, after Violet Hart had chosen and read a comforting chapter at prayers.

"It was my mistake," she confessed, in conclusion. "But, dear

child, God never makes a mistake. He will not leave you behind if you are His. Before the trump of God sounds, every one of His servants will be sealed on their foreheads. Not one will be forgotten. You need never fear again, little Una, if you have given your heart to Him."

* * * * *

For over thirty years this episode was forgotten by Una Drummond. She grew up, married, and was a widow before memory suddenly revived with surprising vividness. One day—quite lately—she was standing beside the grave of Dr. Prince Lee, the first Bishop of Manchester, in Heaton Mersey Churchyard. A friend having been connected with him in school and parochial work, she felt an interest in tracing the inscription on that flat granite tombstone. Just under the Bishop's name and mitre was carved one word—one word only—a Greek one: "Salpisei."

"What does that mean?" asked Una of a friend accompanying her. "I am not a Greek scholar."

"That one word contains a whole triumphant sentence," was the answer. "It means, 'The trumpet shall sound.'"

In an instant Una was back on the outskirts of Kensington in her childhood's home. As in a picture she saw herself as a forlorn, distracted little figure, wailing and weeping at being "left behind."

"I think that was the starting point of all my religious experience," she says now. "I never forgot that 'trump of God.' It has sounded in my life over and over again since then. Thank God, all fear has long been taken away. I am listening for it as a soldier listens for the 'halt' bugle, or the evening call to 'rest.'"—L. O. Cooper, in Our Own Magazine.

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