

"Think of when the trumpet shall sound incorruptible and——!"

"Think o' when the all-clear bugle sounds in Fulham," responded Bindle.

Mr. Gupperduck looked at Mrs. Bindle in horror.

"I'm a special, you know," explained Bindle. "I got to be on the listen for that bugle after the air-raids. My! don't they jest nip back into their little beds again, feelin' 'ow brave they've all been."

Mr. Gupperduck seemed to come to the conclusion that Bindle was hopeless. For the next half-hour he devoted himself to conversing with Mrs. Bindle about "the message" he was engaged in delivering.

"You plays, don't you?" enquired Bindle, as Mr. Gupperduck rose.

"I am very fond of my accordion," replied Mr. Gupperduck.

"I suppose you couldn't give us a tune?" ventured Bindle.

"Not to-night, Mr. Bindle," said Mr. Gupperduck. "I have a lot to do to-morrow." Then, as if suddenly remembering his pose, he added, "There is the Lord's work to be done on the morrow, and His servant hath need of rest."

Bindle stared. Mrs. Bindle regarded her lodger with admiration tinged with awe. When Mr. Gupperduck could not call to mind an appro-