

THE JUDGE'S TROUT.

Why He Fed It to the Charcoal Burner's Daughter.

"Scholastique!"

"M. Sourdai."

"Take the utmost pains in cooking the trout—short boil, white wine, parsley, thyme, laurel, oil and onions in full strength."

After having uttered these last injunctions to his cook, Judge Sourdai crossed the chief street of Maryville with alert steps and gained the palace of justice, which was situated back of the Sous prefecture. Judge Sourdai was about forty-five years of age; very active, notwithstanding a tendency to stoutness; square of shoulders, short in stature, with a squeaking voice and a round, close-shaven head; eyes gray, clear and hard under bushy eyebrows; a mouth closely shut, with thin and irritable lips; browned cheeks, surrounded with whiskers badly trimmed; in fact, one of those mastiff faces, of which one says: "He can't be good every day." And surely he was not very kind, and he boasted of it. A despot, he used all of his little realm in the palace. Hard as stone toward the guilty, rough with the witnesses, aggressive with the advocates, he was a veritable furnace who fanned himself constantly into a glow. He was feared like the fire, and he was loved very little.

However, this man of iron had two vulnerable sides. Firstly, he responded to the pastoral name of Hemorin, which exposed him to ridicule, and secondly, he was a gourmand, and gave points to Brillat Savarin. His gastronomy, which was profound, had become a mania.

It was he who imagined that to plunge shellfish into boiling water before cooking them in their ordinary dressing gave them a richness and velvety savor particularly exquisite. On the day when he taught that latest refinement to the priest of St. Victor the latter could not help blushing, and raising his puffy hands to heaven he cried: "Too much! This is too much, Judge Sourdai! Assuredly it is permitted to taste with discretion the good things which divine wisdom has provided, but such sensuality as this borders upon mortal sin, and you will have to render account for it to the good God."

To the scruples of the excellent priest the judge responded with a misanthropic laugh. It was one of his malign joys to expose his neighbors to temptation, and this very morning the priest was to breakfast with him, the recorder being the only other guest. Judge Sourdai had received the evening before a two-pound salmon trout taken from the beautiful clear water of the rocky Semois. It was his favorite fish, and had fully occupied the first hours of his morning. He had demonstrated to the cook the superiority of a quick boil to the slow cooking in Geneva or Holland sauce of the books. The trout must be served cold and in the seasoning in which it was cooked.

This was with him a principle as well as a dogma, as indispensable as an article of the penal code. He continued to repeat it to himself after having clothed himself in his robe and taken his seat, though he was turning over the leaves of a document bearing upon an important case now pending.

This was a criminal affair, the dramatic details of which contrasted singularly with the epicurean speculations which persisted in haunting the cerebrum of Judge Sourdai.

The case was thus: During the previous week at sunrise there had been found in the thicket of a forest the body of a gamekeeper, who had evidently been assassinated and then concealed among the brambles of a ditch. It was supposed that the crime had been committed by some strolling poacher, but up to the present time there had been elicited no precise evidence and the witnesses examined had only made the mystery deeper.

The murder had taken place near the frontier, where charcoal burners were at work. The suspicions of the judge had, therefore, been directed toward them. The depositions thus far had revealed that on the night of the murder these people had been absent from their shanty and the furnaces had remained in the care of a young daughter of the charcoal burner.

Toward ten o'clock the door of his cabinet opened, framing the cocked hat and yellow shoulder belt of the constable.

"Eh! well?" grunted the judge.

"Eh! well, judge, I cannot find the girl. She has disappeared. The charcoal burners pretend utter ignorance."

The judge consulted his watch. The business was at a standstill; the case could not be called, and he wished to give a glance of oversight to the matters of the dining-room before the arrival of his guests. He disrobed himself and hurried home.

The pleasant dining-room, brightened by the June sunshine, presented a most attractive aspect, with its white woodwork, its gray curtains, its high stove of blue faience with its marble top, and its round table covered with a dazzling white linen cloth, upon which were placed three covers artistically trimmed.

This spectacle softened the ill-humor of the judge, and he was calmed little by little, while laying upon the silver salver a dusty bottle of old croton, when the hall door opened violently, and he heard in the vestibule a girl's voice, which cried: "I tell you I wish to speak to the judge. He expects me."

"What does this racket mean?" growled the judge, scowling.

"It is that little charcoal burner," responded the recorder, Touchbouef. "She arrived at the palace just after you left, and she has followed me as far as here, in a state of wild excitement, in order that you may take her deposition."

"Eh!" growled the judge. "You are in a great hurry, my girl, after keeping me waiting three days. Why did you not come sooner?"

"I had my reasons," she said, casting hungry eyes upon the table.

"We can better appreciate your reasons later," replied the judge, furious at the interruption. "Meanwhile we can listen to your report."

He drew out his watch. It was 10:43.

"Yes, we have time, Touchbouef. You will find at your side all that is necessary for writing. We will question her."

The notary seated himself at the writing table with his paper and inkstand and the pen behind his ear, waiting. The judge, sitting squarely in a cane-seated armchair, fixed his clear, hard eyes upon the girl, who remained standing near the stove.

"Your name?" he demanded.

"Meline Sacael."

"Your age and your residence?"

"Sixteen years. I live with my father, who burns charcoal at the clearing of Onze-Fontaine."

"You swear to tell all the truth?"

"I came only for that."

"Raise your right hand. You were near your home on the night when the guard Sourdai was murdered. Relate all that you know."

"That is what I know: Our folks had set out to go with the charcoal to Stenay. I watched near the furnace. Toward two o'clock, at a moment when the moon was hidden, Manchin, who is a woodcutter of Ire, passed before our lodge. 'See me! Am I not watching at an early hour?' I cried. 'How goes all at your home? All well?'

"'No,' he answered. 'The mother has a fever and the children are almost dying with hunger. There is not a mouthful of bread in the house, and I am trying to kill a rabbit to sell in Maryville.' That is on the other side of him then, but at daybreak I heard the report of a gun, and I was just clearing the ashes to shield the charcoal. Then, immediately after, two men came running toward our lodge. They were disputing. 'Scoundrel!' cried the guard. 'I arrest you.'

"'Sourrot!' cried the other, 'I pray you let me have the rabbit, for they are dying of hunger at my home.'

"'Go to the devil!' said the guard. Then they fell upon each other. I could hear their hard blows plainly. Suddenly the guard cried: 'Oh! and then he fell heavily.'

"I had hidden behind our lodge, terribly frightened, and Manchin ran away into the great forest, and from that time to this he has not been seen. He is in Belgium, for sure. That is all."

"Hum!" growled the judge. "Why did you not come to tell this as soon as you received the summons?"

"It was none of my business—and I did not wish to speak against Manchin."

"I see; but you seem to have changed your mind this morning. How is that?"

"It is because I have heard that they accused Guestin."

"And who is this Guestin?"

The girl reddened and answered: "He is our neighbor charcoal burner, and he would not harm a fly. Do you not see," she continued, "that the thought of fastening on him the guilt of another aroused me? I put these great boots on, and I have run all the way through the woods to tell you this. Oh, how I have run! I did not feel tired. I would have run till tomorrow if it had been necessary, because it is as true as the blue Heavens that our Guestin is entirely innocent, gentlemen."

"Hallo!" cried he, seeing her suddenly grow pale and stagger. "What's the matter?"

"My head swims. I cannot see."

She changed color, and her temples grew moist.

The judge, alarmed, poured out a glass of wine and said: "Drink this quickly!" He was wholly absorbed and very much moved before this girl who was threatened with illness. He dared not call Scholastique, for fear of disturbing his cooking. He looked helplessly toward the clerk, who was gnawing his penholder.

"It is a swoon," observed the latter. "Perhaps she needs something to eat."

"Are you hungry?" demanded the judge.

She made a sign of assent.

"Excuse me," she said in a feeble voice, "but I have had nothing to eat since yesterday. It is that which makes me dizzy."

"The deuce!" he cried at last heroically. Violently he drew toward him the platter on which lay the trout. After separating a large piece, which he put on the table before her, he made the charcoal burner sit down.

"Eat!" said he, imperiously.

He had no need to repeat his command. She ate rapidly, voraciously. In another minute the plate was empty, and Judge Sourdai heroically filled it anew.

The scribe Touchbouef rubbed his eyes. He no longer recognized the judge. He admired, though not without a sentiment of regret, the robust appetite of the charcoal burner who devoured the exquisite fish without any more ceremony than if it had been a smoked herring, and he murmured: "What a pity! Such a beautiful dish!"

At that moment the door opened, the third guest, the good priest of St. Vincent, in a new cassock and with his three-cornered hat under his arm, entered the dining-room and stopped questioning before the strange spectacle of that little savage seated at the judge's table.

"Too late, M. le Curé!" growled the judge. "There's no more trout."

At the same time he related the history of the little charcoal burner. The curé heaved a sigh. He comprehended the grandeur of the sacrifice, but half mournful, half smiling, he tapped upon the shoulder of the judge.

"Judge Hemorin Sourdai!" cried he, "you are better than you thought. In truth I tell you that all punishment for your sin of gluttony will be forever remitted because of that trout which we have not eaten."—Romance

IT BENEFITS THE MASSES.

Good Results of the Tariff Reduction Are Already Apparent.

It is an established fact that the tariff bill passed by the democratic congress has already proven to be a blessing to the poor people of the nation. It has reduced the prices of nearly all the necessities of life and we now have cheaper goods of many other kinds than we have had in many years before. One dollar will now buy from ten to twenty-five per cent. more than it would one year ago when the McKinley law became operative.

Prosperity is returning, business is reviving, wages are increasing and the cost of maintaining life and comfort is decreasing. What more can the American people want? This condition of affairs was brought about by the enactment of the Wilson bill. Although the new toll schedule will not go into effect until the 1st of January next, carpets are cheaper already, and every woman in the land will tell you that she can buy cheaper dress goods now than she has been able to do in a long time. We have cheaper tin, and this, of course, will lower the price of canned goods. We will have cheaper white lead, which will reduce the cost of paint; and the price of shoes will be lowered by the reduction in the costs of acids.

The new tariff bill has already affected fruit quotations, especially in the case of oranges and lemons. Every housewife in the country is interested in the subject of canned goods. They are used very extensively and are quite an item in the grocery bill. The tariff on canned vegetables has been reduced one-third in most instances, while the duty on tomatoes has been lowered from 45 to 20 per cent. This means that the prices of canned goods will be considerably below that paid now. The effect of the reduction of the tariff on butter, cheese and eggs is already apparent.

In October, 1893, the price of butter ranged from 17½ cents for western

cents per square yard for similar goods.

Cotton prints under the new tariff have to pay duties ranging from 2 cents per square yard for the common kinds used to 4½ cents per yard for the finest. The McKinley tariff on corresponding grades varied from 4 cents to 6½ cents per square yard.

The duty on cotton thread in skeins, cops, trundles, etc., is reduced from 10 to 6 cents per pound and the imposts on spool cotton have also been lowered.

The imposts on spinning machinery have been reduced, and metal ties, which were taxed 2-10 cents per pound under the McKinley tariff, are now on the free list.

This is only the beginning of the good times that are surely and quickly coming. If the Wilson bill has had such a gratifying effect on the industries and prosperity of the country in the short time since its passage the people may expect a great deal more before the year is over, and may look forward to years of increasing good times and happiness.—Albany Argus.

DEMOCRATIC PRICES.

The Misleading Arguments of Free Trade Blatherskites.

The democratic press has begun to inform the public that the Gormanized tariff monstrosity has cheapened the price of living.

They say that horses and carriages were never so cheap as they are at the present time. They declare that houses can be built cheaper than they could be under the McKinley law. You can buy European pictures, statuary, laces, silks and velvets, they continue, at less cost than they could be procured under the McKinley law. In fact, nearly everything made abroad which comes into competition with American products can be obtained, according to this authority, for less money than it could be when the republicans were in office.

If this is the fact, is it not remarkable that business does not at once re-



SOME MEN NEVER KNOW WHEN THEY ARE DEAD.

thirds to 30 cents for creamery state best. This year the prices range from 13 to 25½ cents. Last year the poorest cheese was worth 9½ cents and the best was quoted at 11 cents. This year the price of cheese ranges from 7½ to 10½ cents. For eggs the dealer paid last year from \$4 to \$4.50 per case, while this year for the same goods \$3.25 is the price.

The American can build a house much cheaper now than a year ago, for the prices of lumber and building materials have been materially lessened. The import duties on building stone of all kinds, except marble, have been reduced from 40 to 30 per cent. for dressed material, and lumber is practically free of duty. Already a big tumble in prices is noted and is most apparent in the cases of laths, shingles, clapboards and floorings.

In regard to binding twines and cordage, the Cordage Trade Journal has the following to say in reference to the new schedule for hemp, flax and jute:

"One effect of the new tariff is likely to be a period of depression for some manufacturers of jute. The placing of flax and hemp on the free list and the reduction of the duty on dressed flax and hemp cause a reduction in the selling prices of twines and yarns, which results in their use where jute has been used. In maintaining the duty on flax and hemp the government has placed them at a disadvantage compared with jute, which was in 1890 put on the free list. Jute was able to build up a business which was as large as the conditions lasted. Now that conditions have changed, jute must adjust itself to the changed conditions and build up a business in open and fair competition with the lower grades of hemp and flax. Already the hemp and flax manufacturers in this country are receiving orders that cause them to increase their production and, in some instances, to run their factories on full time. Jute manufacturers, on the other hand, report poor business, and some of them are reducing their output. In this case, at least, the abolition or reduction of the tariff is resulting in the use of better goods than had been previously used."

Sweeping reductions in the duties charged on imported silks were made by the new tariff, and all these favor the home manufacturer. Carded or combed silks now admitted to this country upon the payment of duties equal to 20 per cent. of the invoice value were taxed 50 cents per pound under the McKinley tariff. Just what this meant is shown by the official announcement that the McKinley tariff of 50 cents per pound amounted to 60½ per cent. on the silk imported during 1893.

Retail dealers who fail to give their customers the benefit of the reductions in cotton cloths of all kinds will soon lose their trade. The prices demanded for almost every kind of manufactured cotton fabrics have slumped since the new tariff schedules went into effect.

On unbleached cottons the new tariff imposes duties ranging from 1 to 1½ cents per square yard; under the McKinley tariff the cost of importation ranged from 2 to 4½ cents per square yard.

The new tariff on the cheaper grades of bleached cotton goods varies from 1 to 1½ cents per square yard, the McKinley tariff ranged from 2½ to 3½

cents per square yard for similar goods.

live? The democrats have been telling us that business would pick up as soon as the tariff question was settled. But it has not improved as was promised. Now they say that the price of living was never so low. Yet the people are not rushing to the shops and stores.

It is possible that a horse and carriage can be bought cheaper than ever before, but what does that avail a man who may want that horse but has not the money to pay for it? His wife may tell him that silks and velvets were never to be had so low before, but if his bank account has disappeared the silks and velvets will continue to lie on the tradesman's shelves. A house may be built cheaper than it could be under the McKinley law, but that will not profit the builder, the lumber dealer, the brickmaker, the plumbers, bricklayers, carpenters and painters, if the man who wants the house has not the money to pay for his material and for their labor.

This is the situation to-day. Democrats may declare that times are improving, and that the cost of the necessities of life has been cut down, but the merchant waits in vain for the promised customers, and the workman finds at the end of the week that his condition has not improved in spite of all the glowing promises which he finds in democratic newspapers and of which he hears from democratic stump speakers.

There is only one way by which business men and workmen can test this matter, and that is by their own experiences, not by the predictions and the promises of democratic scribes and pharisees.—Albany Journal.

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

—Mr. McKinley forgot to promise the Louisiana lottery protection if it would vote his ticket.—Chicago Herald.

—We do not wish to alarm Gov. McKinley, but he'd better keep an eye on that man Reed.—Chicago Tribune (Rep.)

—It is strange that no republican orator has yet attributed those train robberies to the Wilson bill.—N. Y. World.

—From numerous republican organs we gather the information that prosperity has made the mistake of returning without the consent of the republican party.—N. Y. World.

—Steve Elkins is worrying the air and shivering the scenery with speeches against Wilson over in West Virginia. It is more than likely to do Wilson good. The folks know Steve Elkins there.—Chicago Times.

—No duties should be levied for protection that are not needed for revenue," said Senator Sherman. McKinley has received few severer rebukes than this from democratic sources. It is evident that he is out of touch with all parties. McKinleyism is a dead duck.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS.

THE LIFE OF TRUST.

Clinging, as little children cling To hands of parents in the dark. To the safe shelter of God's ark; Bringing the best of everything, Spelling the page we can not read, And waiting till we hear the word, Fearing no hour of utmost need, Because we lean upon the Lord; Singing low psalms in whispered notes, Though tears spring hotly to our eyes; Waiting unspoken prayers from throats That ache with pangs of sacrifice; Believing, through all stress and strain, In One who loves us to the end; Laying all weariness and pain At His dear feet—our deathless Friend! So, while our days and nights go on, Our blessed Lord we rest upon. His will our joy! His look our peace! And His "Well done!" our dearest guard: Until He bid our combat cease, And He unbind our latest burden. —Margaret E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.

TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

It is marked by an absence of gloom and an enjoyment and appreciation of all God has placed in the world.

In the minds of many people religion is associated with gloom. It is something to which they may be compelled to resort to avoid worse evils, but of itself it is without zest or charm. Doubtless the austerity of the Puritan regime has done much to foster this impression. The lines between the church and the world were drawn with precision, and the discrimination was more against external things than against inward dispositions. The old Manichean notion that matter was inherently sinful, and that material pleasures were seductions of the evil one, colored their conceptions, as they did those of the medieval church.

Gradually, however, the Christian churches have been coming to wiser views. They have been led to see that the world and all it contains is God's world, that He framed His creatures for many grades of enjoyment, and that, other things being equal, he is the truest man who is alive in every faculty of soul and body. We have, also, come to see that the Christian ideal of life is not one in which the faculties for physical enjoyment are sternly repressed, but one in which all powers are subordinated to spiritual claims and controlled by spiritual motives.

Self-denial has as much place in the Christian life as it ever had; but we have learned to distinguish between self-denial for the sake of conserving the soul's power for some worthy end or for the sake of self-discipline, and self-mortification, as an end in itself. The former is one of the highest manifestations of the Christian spirit; the latter is heathenish.

One essential mark of true self-denial is that it is not morose and gloomy. It sees the superiority of the spiritual end it aims to secure, and gladly surrenders the lower good to gain it. It is only the self-mortification which is always unintelligent, and a dash of superstition that is undertone and repining. The Apostle Paul is an admirable illustration of the true Christian temper. Few men have sacrificed more than he for spiritual ends, but his letters abound with good cheer. Men constantly turn to them for courage.

In the parable of the Prodigal Son, the elder son, who could say that, while his brother had wasted his living, he had never had a kid to make merry with his friends, unconsciously disclosed the real quality of his life. He showed that he had all the time been longing for just such a life as that his brother had led. His brother's life was the kind of life he would have led if he could have given free play to his impulses. Inwardly, he had wandered as far from his father as ever his brother had outwardly in miles or riotous excess. His heart had not been enlisted in the home-life; it was some small motive of decency or self-interest that kept him respectable. The elder son is a type of the men whose religion is gloomy, and who represent it to others as a distasteful experience. They are not quite in the world, though they long to be, and they do not live in the spirit.

"The fruit of the spirit is—joy." The more real one's religion is, the happier, the sunnier, he will be. The man who enters into the spirit of Christ will be wary about making external prohibitions for himself or for others. Rather he will seek for himself and others that devotion to the highest things which demands the lower life and its pleasures to their proper place, and, in so doing, finds the deepest satisfactions.—Boston Watchman.

REVERENCE THAT IS LATENT.

An Incident Illustrating the Powerful Influence Exerted by Sacred Things.

There is a sense, latent somewhere in the hearts of unthinking and even profane people, that puts them to disadvantage in the sudden presence of that which is sacred. They have no witty phrase or ribald jest ready for such an encounter. Something, at least, tells them, if they feel no reverence, that silence is the only greeting to be given a visitor so entirely outside their habits of thought.

A fine passage in Virgil describes the calming effect of a venerable man appearing unexpectedly before a raging mob. A power more influential than the dignity of human age and character, we are glad to believe, is felt by most men at the sight of supernatural goodness and Divine sanctity.

A feature of a recent entertainment in one of the opera-houses of Indianapolis was an exhibition of stereotyped views. For some reason the pictures did not meet the expectations of the seat-holders. Critics murmured their disapproval of them; jokers began to gey them; outcries of derision were heard in the gallery, until every scene and figure that flashed on the canvas was pelted with a volley of drolleries.

A beautiful moonlight landscape in Scotland appeared, and a voice shouted "Cabbage Hill!" followed by an uproar of laughter. Even the grand face of Washington was cried down as "Cap'n Splan," and the Father of his Country vanished in a storm of fun.

The performance went on, but whist-

ling, howling and stamping drowned all explanations. The house was in a fever of half-indignant sport, and there was no telling where it would end. "Pandemonium reigned supreme," said the city dailies, in their reports of the entertainment on the following morning, and the company were in danger of being ridiculed off the stage.

Suddenly in the midst of the tumult appeared on the canvas the benignant face of Christ. A hush fell on the great audience as if a spell had smitten them. They looked, and in an instant, by an impulse no one can analyze, their mood changed. Through the remainder of the performance they sat quietly, and at its close moved in an orderly manner from the house. The face of Him who "spoke as never man spake" had stilled them, as the record tells us His presence stilled the storm on Gennesareth.

It may never be ours, surrounded by a thoughtless or a scoffing company, to present to them the "Son of Man" in a spectacular way; but it is possible always to represent Him in our daily living so that even the unthinking may feel His influence. There is in careless hearts more secret reverence for the Great Master than we know. The sight of lives most like His own may turn that feeling into worship.—Youth's Companion.

SHORT SERMON ON HABIT.

"Learn to Do Well" and "Abhor That Which is Evil"—Two Excellent Mottos in Forming Character.

Learning to do well is like learning to swim. You wade into the water, but not very far, for fear you will drown. You try to swim, but sink. You try again, and do a little better. You swallow a good deal of water; it gets into your ears and eyes and nose, but you keep on splashing, and finally can swim. So you must keep on doing well until you learn how and it has become a habit. A habit is something which we have. That is what the word means. It often becomes something which has us.

A habit is formed in the same way that paths or roads are. You often see people "cutting across lots." Where they do this, a narrow strip of grass about a foot or fourteen inches wide, will soon be trodden to death, and a narrow strip of ground about the same width beneath it, will be trodden hard, and that is a path. It is made by being walked over again, and again, and again. You can soon get into the habit of doing a thing if you will do it over and over many times. The more you do it the easier it will become, just as a path grows wider and plainer the more it is traveled. It is hard to keep people from going across lots after a path is once made; and so it is hard to stop doing what we have fallen into the habit of doing. It will not be easy for you to "do well" after you have once learned to do wrong. Bad habits are like the rats made by carriage wheels in country roads; they hold people fast. I once read of an old man who had crooked fingers. When a boy, his hand was as limber as yours. He could open it easily, but for fifty years he drove a stage, and his fingers got so in the habit of shutting down on the lines and whip that they finally stayed shut.

Boys, if you do not wish to fall into the habit of swearing, refuse to swear at all. If you do not wish to become the slaves of tobacco, let cigarettes alone. If you do not wish to die drunkards, never begin to tipple. If you do these things even a few times they may become habits and hold you fast. You would then smoke and swear and drink almost without knowing it, or knowing why. "Learn to do well," but "abhor that which is evil."—Christian Leader.

SHARP BLASTS.

Notes of Help and Advice Sounded from the "Ram's Horn."

God will give abundance of light to the one who loves it.

Spiritual dyspepsia is harder to cure than the other kind.

The cross is the key that fits the lock on the gate of eternal life.

The man who hates the Bible has something in his heart that the devil loves.

There has never been a time when it was any safer to believe God than it is now.

Before David killed the lion and the bear he probably destroyed many a wolf.

Some people seem to stop being religious the moment they can't have their own way.

The devil soon finds out when the preacher has nothing but powder in his gun.

Not until we have begun to lay up treasure in Heaven do we sincerely want to go there.

Unless a Christian has poor health he slanders God when he goes to church with a long face.

The devil will never stop shooting at us as long as he can now and then make a doubt stick.

The devil would soon be on the run if one-talent people would do all the good they could.

It is a great mistake to suppose that we can find our good without first finding peace with our God.

Seek wealth and you will find anxiety and care. Seek God and you will find love, joy and peace.

Nothing counts up any faster in Heaven than being persecuted down here for righteousness' sake.

The Christian who knows God will praise Him every day of his life, whether he feels like it or not.

How would we ever find out that some folks are religious, if they didn't make so much noise in church?

No preacher ought ever to go into the pulpit without trying to tell the people what God says about something.

If we consider our possessions all our own, it is all the proof angels need that we have not given God our hearts.

The devil probably feels like shaking hands every time he meets a man who splits hairs with God in money matters.

If the devil could only discover something that would hurt a Christian, he would have a chance to get a little rest.