

derbolt came from Rome. The Sacred Congregation condemned Lasserre's beautiful translation as a book of degraded doctrine. With considerable difficulty Dr. Wright secured at Rome a copy of the papal decree. In it are these words:

"The Sacred Congregation of the Most Eminent and Reverend Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church hath condemned and hath proscribed and hath commanded the following work to be put on the Index of forbidden books—'The Holy Gospels, new translation by Henri Lasserre, Paris, 1887'; and so let no one, of whatsoever rank or condition, dare in any place or in any tongue, either to publish in the future, or if published to read or retain, the fore-mentioned condemned and proscribed work, but let him be held bound to deliver it to the ordinaries of the place, or to the inquisitors of heretical iniquity, under the penalties proclaimed in the Index of forbidden books. This having been referred to Our Most Holy Lord Pope Leo XIII. His Holiness approved the decree and ordered it to be issued."

HOW THEY GOT RID OF A BAD PASTOR.

Mr. Crosson was not a bad man; had he been, a higher court would have taken his case in hand and relieved the church of all the responsibility of his removal. No one questioned his being a good man. He was sincere in his piety, conscientious in his outward life, and his earnest desire seemed to be the spiritual good of the church over which he had been called to minister. But, in spite of this, he had not proved a good pastor. The six years of his pastorate had not been a success, and murmurs of disapprobation, developing finally into an expressed desire that they might get rid of him, were becoming alarmingly frequent.

It is true his church had never been an encouraging one, his people were, themselves, very far from faultless. For the most part they belonged to that class—so numerous in our churches—who were zealous and active in all kinds of work so long as the minister pleases their fancy and gives them no occasion for finding fault, but sensitive to the first lack of attention to them, and critical of any deviation from their standard of propriety in matters great or small. When Mr. Crosson first came among them some very soon

began to criticise his manner of praying; others did not like his rules for visiting; some even complained that he did not buy his groceries of them; while others thought it very strange that Mrs. Crosson could not do her own washing. And in the last matter they certainly did all they could to enforce her duty upon her by making their salary so small that she could hardly afford to hire it done; but being a delicate woman and not accustomed to the wash-tub, she felt compelled to deny herself of other things, and thereby relieve herself of a task for which she was so unfitted. But minor criticisms were soon merged into a general complaint of his preaching and pastoral work.

That Mr. Crosson was not an ideal preacher we must admit. Too often were his texts taken from the book of human nature rather than from the Word of God, and his sermons pointed expositions of the weaknesses of his people, as revealed in their daily lives. He was by far too severe in his rebukes, and too personal in his applications. Forgetting that, as the sugar coating in no way destroys the potency of the pill, only renders it more pleasant to be taken, so a coating of tenderness and persuasion does not make reproof less effective, but more so, since thereby it is more readily received and assimilated; forgetting, as I said, this principle of human nature, he administered his rebukes in so bitter and unpalatable a form that his people refused to swallow them, and therefore not only received no benefit, but were more confirmed in their spiritual maladies and embittered against him who was trying to cure them. And so it had been for the past two or three years; the people were so busy finding fault with their pastor that they forgot their own sins, and daily became colder and more indifferent to their church duties; while he, seeing their unfaithfulness and missing their encouragement and co-operation, became more and more censorious, until it was a serious question how it would all end.

But as in every Israel, so in this, there were a few more faithful than the rest, who, while recognizing and mourning Mr. Crosson's mistake, still remembered that he was their pastor, whom they had chosen and called, and whom they had pledged to uphold and support. Among this number was Auntie Goodwyn, now grown so feeble that he could seldom attend the services