

which represent his will and character, and Dr. Josiah Strong has voiced his opinion of Prof. Herron in these very plain words: "He and his female accomplice in breaking up a home, have committed a crime against the fundamental institutions of society, and have trampled under foot the explicit and unmistakable teachings of Jesus Christ. Their conduct has been despicable beyond the resources of my vocabulary, to express, and if all the facts were known these people would not be tolerated in any self-respecting society."

Question.

Should a Baptist church give letters of dismission to its members to join churches of other denominations? If not, why not?
"A CHURCH MEMBER."

ANSWER: The simple transference of a person from one religious body to another, by the giving and acceptance of a letter of dismission, implies that, in all general and essential features, the two bodies are alike. It is a virtual endorsement of each other's faith and practice. It is not customary for Baptist churches to give letters of dismission to their members to unite with churches other than Baptist, because Baptists are not prepared to give such endorsement to those bodies, and also because they could not consistently receive in the same way persons coming to them from other religious bodies. If, however, a member of a Baptist church in good standing desires to sever his connection with that church and to unite with some other Christian body, it is quite proper that he should, on his request, receive by vote of the church a certificate of Christian character, or a statement to the effect that, up to the time of his withdrawal from the church, his manner of life had been in harmony with his profession. To do more than this would be contrary to Baptist usage, and to do less would imply some violence to the spirit of love and Christian courtesy.

How I Spent Easter Sunday in Boston

NO. II.—GEORGE C. LORIMER IN THE TREMONT TEMPLE.
BY H. F. ADAMS, TRURO.

I went in the afternoon to Trinity and heard Dr. Donald give an address to his Sunday School scholars. But though the grand hymns were rendered grandly by a thousand scholars, yet somehow Trinity did not seem herself without the man for whose ministry she was built. Phillips Brooks and Trinity will for long years be an historic couplet. His stature and her massiveness suited each other. The Tabernacle, Clarendon, and Trinity have not seemed the same since Spurgeon, Gordon and Brooks went "Home." They were a great trio of true Bishops. I count them among the privileges of my earlier days to have felt and retained the superb influence of their personalities.

After an early tea I wended my way to the "Tremont Temple." I arrived at the inner gate at 5.45, yet a score of people were waiting when I got there. The service was advertised to begin at 7.30, so I had nearly two hours for preparation for the service. After three-quarters of an hour that gate was opened. By that time I suppose two thousand persons were waiting for admission. It was a great rush for good sittings, and I secured one in the first gallery in front seat on the preacher's right. While waiting for the service to begin I looked around. It is ten years since I was in Boston, and worshipped then in the old Temple, and a singular circumstance brought Dr. Lorimer to supply the vacant pulpit that Sunday. He was called shortly afterwards to become the pastor, and has remained there ever since. After the old Temple was burned, Dr. Lorimer and his two thousand members arose in 1896 with great courage to rebuild the Temple on a grander scale, with greater facilities for work, and with a view to making the seven hundred offices besides stores rented for different purposes eventually a great endowment, when the debt is wiped out. Site and entire building are valued at half a million, including the 700 offices. But as we are now in the audience room let us glance at this monument to the faith and industry of the man who is now pastor. The great audience of three thousand reminded me by its massiveness and its character, of the audience I sat among in my college days, when I enjoyed the ministry of the great Spurgeon. It was truly metropolitan in its makeup, but evidently was composed largely of people who work for their living, whether well-to-do business men, clerks, or mechanics. There are thirty entries to the audience room, yet every one is jammed with people who arrive too late to get a seat.

This room is large and airy, but plain in comparison to the New Old South. Though the word plain cannot be applied to the magnificent organ, which is simply vast in its proportions, and enveloped by the most beautiful case of any in the city. The striking contrast which this organ presents to the plain audience room is accounted for by the fact that it was the gift of one person, who spared no expense to place it here, the corona of the Temple, like a magnificently carved capital on a vast shaft of stone. It surmounts everything, and by an ingenious arrangement the organist sits at the key board

at one end of the choir gallery quite a distance from the organ. The choir gallery is below the organ and accommodates 72 singers. Below that gallery is the baptistery and preacher's platform, on which there is accommodation for not only the pastor but chairs for 24 deacons, so that the organ has the appearance of being enthroned. There are two galleries on three sides, but the rear top gallery is a vast bank of human faces, a sight not seen every day. It contains twenty tiers of seats, the last one reaches to nearly the ceiling. It was packed.

The most noticeable thing to me was the ceiling, and it is a study. With such comparatively plain walls it was necessary to relieve the bareness by a beautiful ceiling. And money and art have succeeded admirably. There is one great centrepiece surrounded by four long panels, the remainder of the ceiling is broken up into ninety-two smaller square panels of most elaborate design. They are all pure white, whether of plaster or steel I could not tell, but the whole blend in a way as to leave on the mind the double impression of strength and beauty. Then the electric lights are so arranged as to lend a tone of fairy-land fantasy to the whole of the work of art. One large central electrolite and twenty-two smaller ones drop from the ceiling in graceful forms; reminding one of the stalactites in a great white cave. Besides this blaze of golden light, ten beautiful brazen lanterns hang across the choir gallery from which electric lights shed their softened rays on the books of the singers, but, (thanks to artist's forethought) do not meet to dazzle the eyes of the audience. Unlike the New Old South, expensive carvings are not here, for this is a "people's church." There are decorations, but only frescoing here and there to break up the monotonousness of the walls. Surmounting the great organ is a head of the Crucified One. On each side are messengers of the gospel with the flaming torch of the Word. Below in erect attitude are the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John; semi-circling this whole group is seen in large letters "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." There are twelve stained glass windows, but if beautiful, their designs were not discernable by night, that is from within. One great feature of the Temple is that all seats are free. No one can doubt the rightness and attractiveness of God's House being free to all anywhere, after a visit to the temple. Last year the receipts and disbursements were \$26,188 26, without renting a single sitting in the Temple.

Dr. George C. Lorimer is a little man, but fills a large place in Boston; and among the thirty-five thousand Baptist ministers in the United States, he stands in the front rank of God's ambassadors to men. Born near Edinburg, Scotland, in 1838, he is a man of 63, yet his eye is undimmed and his natural force unabated. He is a homely looking man, but force of character, towering intellect, and fidelity to the Christ, have commanded attention and held it, when form and figure and foppishness in the pulpit, minus the greater qualities, have passed into obscurity after a butterfly career.

Dr. Lorimer was ordained in 1859, and during the 42 years of his ministry, has been twice pastor of Tremont Temple. First 6 years, now 10 years. The organ and choir at this service were leaders of a vast congregation of three thousand. And when

"Look ye saints—the sight is glorious—
See the man of sorrows now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow.
Crown Him, crown Him;
Crowns become the Victor's brow,"

was sung to George Stebbins grand tune, it was the mightiest outburst of praise I have heard since I was in Spurgeon's Tabernacle. From that one sublime uplift of harmonious, hearty, and sympathetic song, I had a foretaste of what heaven will be, when a thousand millions sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

The sermon was one of Dr. Lorimer's whole-souled, well ballasted, pungent, pithy, pointed, powerful deliverances. It was a masterly unfolding of "The Degradation of Wealth," as embodied in the life of "Dives." I can give only a little from my note book. "A letter from a friend is always welcome, but a letter from the other world would produce a strange feeling in the receiver. The rich man in hell wanted Abraham to send Lazarus, not a letter, to his family. Spiritualists abound, but I challenge them to show me a message that is above the moral and intellectual character of the mediary. When Shakespeare speaks through a medium, he speaks like the medium. Our Saviour reminds us that the means for our advancement are here, not there. While Lazarus was not sent on a futile errand, yet Christ became an ambassador from the dead. Easter is grand, yet it is not the miracle of the Resurrection that converts, but the truth wrapt in it, the risen Christ is mighty to save.

A preacher delivered a sermon on hell, but showed that hell was not worse than many places in Chicago, New York and London. But no one talks or claims that physical fire is the constituent of hell, yet physical fire is as easy to have as a consuming conscience. Some of my ministerial brethren seem very anxious to expunge this subject from their theology, but I protest against ministers

eliminating from the Scriptures the penalty of sin, or of trying to show that sin has not within itself the essence of hell.

The dates on rich men's wills show what they thought of themselves. Many like Dives will not invest in time what would yield consolation in the future. Christ does not praise Lazarus for being poor, nor blame Dives for being rich. The poor man died, but nothing is said about his burial. Throw him anywhere, into a pauper's grave. But the rich man is buried and all Boston turned out to follow him.

The degradation of wealth, what is it? A Frenchman has written four volumes on Luxury, but I cannot, give a condensed edition of his work. If luxury and linen costs any other life it is wrong to wear linen. The rich man was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; while Lazarus lay a-dying for some of that linen and surplus victuals. There are people who are as animalized as those in the decadent ages. For frame and picture, cornice and pillar, that means that the useful and practical are subordinated to luxury, men must answer before the throne of God. The boundaries of luxury are always retreating. From broad-cloth the selfish spendthrift turns to homespun.

Of course ages differ. In the 18th century it was considered humiliating to carry an umbrella; while he who owned a pocket handkerchief was considered a snob. A chimney to a house was considered a luxury at one time, while the larger your window the higher were your taxes in the long ago.

Luxuries now do not include necessary comforts and those things that refine, elevate, contribute to enoble character and add to the worth of manhood. But luxuries that mean enervating habits, wasteful consumption, excessive indulgence, and unproductive extravagance, these are the degradation of wealth, because they eat up one's manhood and cause the death of the Lazarus who lies pleading for the crumbs, and whose only alleviating physicians are the dogs that lick his sores.

"Life is all consumption which is non-productive." The world must live. A consumption that is unproductive is luxury. Shoes are to preserve the feet, not for show. The preservation of the feet means health; out of health comes industry. When a man takes his wealth and spends it in a wasteful consumption, it animalizes him. He who does this with no thought for others, his wealth is degraded;—this is luxury. This man has no thought of God, no recognition of the Supernatural. Many men, like Dives, would like to have a private ghost out of eternity to do religious work for them and theirs. But would his friends who respect not God's Word, respect a ghost? They might, but not likely: Jesus said they would not believe it anyway, so what is the use of a miracle to a man he cannot understand, when he will not believe that which he can understand, i. e., the Word of God.

The degradation of wealth goes further, it fosters selfishness. Lazarus lay full of sores. What is the matter with Lazarus? He represents Humanity Sick. Dives saw humanity sick and refused to all-viate its sorrow. We go to a rich man to sign a petition to close up the bar-rooms on the Sabbath. He says, "Oh I haven't time to bother about such things." But when he is asked to vote for a bill to sanction playing golf on Sundays, he says, "Oh yes, and open the theatres too, and fling this Puritan Sabbath overboard." And then turns to his servant and says, "John, bring another bottle of champagne."

Oh the curse of a luxurious life! It thrives at the expense of humanity. The great craze to-day is for "cheap things." Cheap shirts, cheap boots, cheap furniture; and the corollary is cheap men and cheap women. You send your little ones into the stores to be "little cash girls," and this makes you cheap. For when these rich men find they can get your children to do your work, you will find it impossible to get work to do. And hence cheap men and women, yourselves.

King Henry VII had an envious eye on the treasures of the church. But he could not get his hand on it. To accomplish the latter he appointed his favorite priest, Thomas A'Becket, to be Archbishop of Canterbury. With a smooth tongue and a wily spirit the king approached his new primate for a few tons of the church's gold. But the Archbishop said, "Your Majesty, hands off." Whereupon the king ordered him to be slain in cold blood. The sequel is here to-day. If the luxurious lords cannot get gold by fair means, they will get them by foul. But wait, the mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceeding small. Dives, the degrader of wealth, and the unbrotherly man, will wake up in hell to reap in eternity, what he sowed in time.

Let us leave anxieties to God. Why need we bargain that our life should be a success, still less that it should not be a success purchased by sacrifices and sufferings?—James Hinton.

Most people are kind, if they only think of it.—Mrs. Browning.

Sin, harmful, deteriorating, destructive, blows its seeds over every fair garden of a soul. The fact of man's existence is not plainer than the fact of his sin.—Bishop Warren.