

their coming into the fold, and for the prosperity of the Church evidenced by additions being made to its number. They were probably taken by the hand and welcomed into Church society and were told of reciprocal duties; theirs to their brethren, and the corresponding duties of their brethren to them.

Does anybody for a moment suppose that half the voters in any ward in the city could silently steal away, and the men who keep the election registers know nothing of their going?

And this Church is by no means the only one where such marvellous discrepancies exist between the nominal and actual members. We knew of one, some some time ago, in which the necessity of a close vote in a case of discipline involved the marshalling of all the forces. The membership according to the roll, was about nine hundred. Diligent drumming up on both sides revealed the fact that only four hundred could be found, the other five hundred having surreptitiously slipped away to heaven or elsewhere.

To drop a Church member is a very serious business. To allow him to wander away without showing interest enough in him to know where he goes is not much like Christian fellowship. To let members of a fellowship or family slip away by the dozen or hundred, shows a laxity of management which, if suffered in business affairs would result in hopeless bankruptcy.

The evil is, we suspect, a wide-spread one, and demands a remedy.

A REMINISCENCE OF DR. KIRK.

C. M. Morton, the well-known missionary of the Plymouth Bethel in Brooklyn, tells this story of Rev. Dr. Kirk, interesting as a piece of his own personal experience, and illustrative of the spirit of the good man lately gone to heaven:—

“Nine years ago, Dr. Kirk was preaching a series of revival sermons in Chicago, and Mr. Moody’s North Side Mission was crowded during all his stay. In company with a number of other wild and reckless young men, I strayed one night into the chapel, and we took seats in the gallery. He was speaking

from the Prodigal Son. He told us ‘all things that ever we did,’ and we wondered who the earnest old man could be. For the first time in my life I was deeply impressed by a preacher. How wonderfully he brought out the tenderness of God! And how plain the way to heaven seemed to be while he was speaking. In closing, he illustrated the journey of the Christian by a voyage to Liverpool. 1. Make up your mind to go; 2. Get all ready; 3. Take your ticket, and go on board; 4. Stay on board until the journey is done.

“The last point was a striking one to me. Although a reckless young man, and totally ignorant of the Scriptures, I understood at once why it was that so many failed to live a consistent Christian life after making a start. Sitting in the gallery, surrounded by boon companions, I said in my heart that if ever the journey should be undertaken, the point about ‘staying on board’ ought to be carefully remembered. He made a strong effort, before the meeting closed, to persuade the unconverted to decide to serve the Lord. There was not one response. Hundreds were ‘almost persuaded,’ however, and the great congregation moved slowly and reluctantly away, after the tremulous benediction.

“I do not know why I stayed until after my companions were gone, but I did, and Mr. Moody introduced me to Dr. Kirk. He took me kindly by the hand, and said, ‘My dear brother, why did they not come to Christ? If they only knew how happy they would be, they would not stay away from Him, would they? You must help me to pray for them.’ He was believing me to be a Christian, and his words took a strong hold of my soul.

“The second sermon was mightier than the first. I felt humiliated and ashamed to know that he was giving me the credit for being a good man, when I was vile and un-orgiven, and would have given all I had to have deserved his words. And yet my cowardly nature would not permit me to tell him the truth. He still held me by the hand; and when I looked into his face again, his eyes were filled with tears. Dear old man!

“From that night I began to seek for