

all my sins behind my back." Isa. 38: 17. Is not this out of God's sight—behind His back. What is there, cannot be seen. Isaiah speaks God's thought concerning this matter thus: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. 1: 18. This is a perfect putting away; the purgation of the soul is complete. All that stained it has disappeared. Another word is, "Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea." Micah 7: 19. Who can find what is cast there? It is lost forever. This word in Jeremiah 50: 20, crowns all: "The iniquity of Jacob shall be sought for, and *there shall be none*; and the sins of Judah, and *they shall not be found*; for I will pardon them." The perfection of the act implies *its performance*, but its clear, bold proclamation is found in these passages: "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions, for Mine own sake, *and will not remember thy sins*," Isa. 43: 25; "I will forgive their iniquity, and *I will remember their sin no more*," Jer. 31: 34. There is no recalling of forgiven sin. It is an act of Him who is of one mind. The reality of the forgiveness of sins, then, is such, that the sinner trusting in Christ as his Saviour is to rest satisfied that it is his; his, as soon as he believes; his, in its Divine perfection and performance; his, to enjoy now and forever. Believing in Christ he may rejoice with a "joy which is unspeakable and full of glory," because his sins are forgiven, and because "there is therefore now NO CONDEMNATION to them which are in Christ Jesus." Rom. 8: 1. He may say, "O Lord, I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; He also is become my salvation." Isa. 12: 1, 2.

[For OUR MISSION.]

Christian Work in New York.

No. 2.

By the Editor.

A CHRISTIAN gentleman, whose heart had been touched with sorrow for the poor fallen creatures so numerous in large cities, had taken up a work in their behalf. He had a dear little girl named Florence, and round her his affections were entwined; but one day the hand of disease touched the little one, and in a short time she was taken away to be with Christ. The father had, during her life time, set apart certain monies for her benefit. The Lord having taken her away, now led the bereaved father to devote those monies to Christian work. So the funds were used in the establishment of a Mission for the Salvation of Fallen Women, and it was named after little "Florence." Such is a brief sketch of the origin of the Mission to which my kind friend, Mr. Gooderham, and myself wended our way

about 9.30 p.m. Reaching the Mission we found that the hour of meeting had changed, so that we were too late to see the class for whom the Mission is designed, fully represented, but there were some who had lingered to be spoken to and advised with, while the staff of workers were all there, ready to give every possible information. The meetings are held in what was formerly a private residence, altered so as to make a neat chapel on the ground floor, while the upper part is used as dormitories, &c. Over the pulpit was a large portrait of little "Florence," her childish eyes appearing to gleam with pleasure as they looked down each night on a scene in which all heaven and hell is interested, and the results of which would give joy in the presence of the angels of God, or joy to the spirits of evil, in proportion to the success or failure. We were rejoiced to learn that many, very many, precious souls had been saved in that little room.

On a subsequent evening we had an opportunity of studying more carefully this class of work. By direction of, and with a card of introduction from Rev. Dr. Wilson, of St. George's Church, late of Kingston, Ont., (a whole hearted lover of the Lord) we wended our way to the "Faith Home," on W. 27th Street, reaching that place about 10 p.m. We found the room completely filled with an audience such as it would be difficult to match in any other city. Fallen women and drunken men, gathered in off the streets and from the "vent holes of hell," in the vicinity of the Mission. And in charge of all, a gentle, loving, and not very robust looking lady, fit to grace any drawing room, but counting all things as of no value when compared with the salvation of a soul. As Mr. Gooderham remarked, "It is an inspiration to look at her in the midst of her work."

On the 18th March, 1883, Miss Strachan entered on this work as a labor of love. In God's name, and for His service, the Home was established, Leaving home and friends, she came here to make her home with those the world cast out. She knew—ah, well she knew—that beneath many a gaudy dress, there faintly beat wearied hearts; that many a tattered garment hid a sore, sore breast; she knew that, though cheeks were hollow, and eyes dim, and only made attractive by the adventitious aid of cosmetics, the soul that shone not in the countenance was still hidden somewhere in its temple. That the world frowned on such, and deemed them shameless, was no bar to her. He, who had made all of life bright for her, had said to such just as they: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more." It was not for her to cast a stone, but rather to go out and tell them the old, sweet story of Jesus and His love. She had been leading up to this by visiting among the girls in fast houses for two years previous to the opening of the Home. This scheme had long been in her thoughts, and she only waited till Providence opened the way to take advantage of it. Having decided that Twenty-seventh street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues,