Editorial Notes.

Quite a number have sent their names as subscribers for the Olive Branch, promising to send the money to Her. It is now in order for those promises to be redeemed.

What We Need.—The prayers of God's little ones; money for rent, gas, etc.; clothes of all kinds, especially for boys from six to fourteen years old; Sundays school clothes; any kind or all kinds of provisions.

"Go Ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature", was the command of the ascending Redeemer to his disciples. This takes in India, Africa, South America; and, thank God! it includes the slums and dark places in every city in Christian America and England. While this is true and needs no proof, yet by his presence he verifies his promise, "Lo, I am with you always," even in Desplaines street, where the mission stands surrounded by a dozen or more saloons, besides other disreputable resorts. Wherever souls are "dead in trespasses and sins", there the Saviour will meet repentant sinners and save them.

The publication of this paper is for the glory of God and in order that we may thereby enlist the interest of our readers in the rescue of the perishing in this depauperate, stricken part of Chicago. You can be a co-worker with us by getting new subscribers for THE OLIVE BRANCH, and by furnishing means to carry on this work. Under the Jewish economy those who "tasted with the staff" and those who "went out to battle" shared alike in the division of the spoil. And in this work you pay and pray at home may share in the joy and reward with us who pray and visit and preach and labor in the mission. Thus, let us beg of you to pray and prevail with God for this work.

"Keep Thyself Pure.""W. M. C. Baker.
The importance of forming good habits early in life is realized by all people who are really interested in the welfare of the young.
Good habits are essential to a good life, and when habits of evil doing are once formed, it often takes great effort to break off from them and do right. Often young persons have tried earnestly for years to stop doing wrong, and yet could not until they found help outside of themselves.

Many a child, when very young, has formed the habit of getting angry, and when angry, doing things that he would be ashamed to do when he is "mad", or insane for the time. It is so with the habit of beer and wine drinking. The habit when formed is strong — so strong that it has been the ruin for time and for eternity of thousands of young men; and many women have died drunkards. The truest way not to form the habit is to get strong, but it grew — as bad habits always grow; and so what was thought to be only an incident has become a giant whose grasp was stronger than the lion's grasp, and could not be broken without great power was brought to the aid of the enslaved one.

The same law governs in matters of purity. Vile thoughts lead to wrong actions. And the wrong actions become a habit so strong that when a young person would like to leave such a life behind him, he has a habit of thinking vile thoughts and a recollection of wicked scenes that is ever present; he has not the power to get away from his own thoughts nor to forget the evil deeds he has committed.

These and similar arguments for early formation of right habits that can not be too highly estimated. If a boy would be a pure and good man, it is important that he grow pure. I would warn the young that it is more dangerous to harbor thoughts of evil than it is to handle live coals of fire. The coals will burn the hand that takes them up, but not more surely than evil thoughts will burn and sere and consume the purity of the mind and leave it scorched, deformed, ruined.

I had in school at one time a bright boy of nine years. He was very proud of his good scholarship. If he spelled a word another had missed his eyes would sparkle with pleasure. If he wrote well his face would shine with the satisfaction he felt. The years went by, and for a time I did not see my bright little scholar.

On moving west, after my marriage, I found him a boy of seventeen; but, oh, what a wrench! Once so young, so bright, so pure! now he was half foolish—made so by a course of conduct which began with entertaining vile thoughts. A few years more and I saw him again. He was too nearly an idiot to even recognize his former teacher. At thirty-five he looked to be sixty. He soon died, a victim of sin, which he might have avoided.

If I could get the ear of every boy and every girl I would say: Think what you would be willing your mother should know, and do nothing you would be ashamed to tell her.

Testimony of a Convert.

On Friday morning I was walking along "Sacramento" avenue, very down hearted, foot sore, hungry, weak, out of work and without a cent in my pocket. I had no place to sleep, and I did not know anyone in the city. The thought came into my mind that it would be better for me if I were dead. So I made up my mind I would hang myself. But I thought I heard a whisper in my ear, "Be not dismayed, I am with thee." I had not gone very far when I felt a pain in my head and a dizziness, and I sat down on the sidewalk and was carried into a neighbor's house where the kind people gave me some refreshments and told me to stop and quiet and make myself contented and rest awhile for I was in good hands. All I had had to eat for a week was five cents worth of doughnuts and two cups of coffee.

The same night my attention was drawn to some people singing at St. S. Desplaines street mission. I thought I would go inside and hear what the people had to say, though my feet were very sore and blinked from walking and looking for work. I had not had my shoes and stockings on my feet for two days and two nights, and I was glad to have a chance to sit down and rest my feet.

I was not long in the mission before they began to sing "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me." I listened to them and tried to sing with them; but I could not, for my poor heart was so full. The tears were running down my cheeks and I thought if any poor soul required piloting it was myself. The thought came to my mind that I had promised my father and mother on their death beds that I would meet them in Heaven. The thought came into my mind if the Lord had taken me out of this world when I had not sinned I should have been lost forever. I was not long in the mission before a young man came to me, shook hands with me and (God bless him for it) wanted to know if I was saved. I told him that I was not, but that I had Christian parents. Then he said to me, "Let us go down on our knees and ask the Lord to help us." So we both kneeled, and he prayed for me, and at the same time I cried out from the bottom of my heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner." The tears were running faster down my cheeks, and before I arose from my knees I found peace to my soul.

That night I had money given me to get me a bed and my breakfast the next morning, but I could not sleep well that night. I spent most of the night in silent prayer, and asked the Lord to draw me nearer to him, and to send me to the right place to get work; and, glory to his blessed name, he did all I wanted him to do. The first place I went to I got work, and then I began to tell the people that I had found such a friend in Jesus and told how the Lord had opened a way for me. The Lord sent me friends, and many came to assist in anything I needed. From that day to this I have been rejoicing in my Lord and my Jesus Christ. I have no other desire but to press forward, and try to win for a precious soul to Christ. I am still laboring in the same mission where I was converted.
THE OLIVE BRANCH.
CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER, 1894.
56 SOUTH DEPAULIA STREET.
Edited by .........., the Mission Workers.

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THE WHOSOEVER.

How dark the gloom, how oppressive the atmosphere of crime and misery, how revolting the scenes none can understand who only reads of these things!

These poor outcasts have their feelings and are among many very proud and sensitive. They resist being looked at as a phenomenon or a curse, or being visited by those who look at them with horror, disgust and pity. Love, sincere, God-given and constant; kindly deeds alone can win these poor fallen ones' trust or confidence. They have been forsaken and deceived by those they loved better than their characters and have lost, in humanity and many times in God.

One of these told me with her own lips some of her life of sorrow and shame after she had earnestly sought and found forgiveness, and Christ as her Saviour. Her own mother (though not poor) sold her to an old man when but eleven years old to settle some kind of debt or trouble, she could not tell just what. Her life of bondage with this old man was so awful that she ran away; but as no loving hand was stretched out to help her, in a short time she drifted into sin again, and at last reached one of the dens of iniquity in this city.

She told me after she was saved that the first time I asked her if I might pray but began praying before she could say No, that it seemed to her as possible for the lost in the other world to find re-demption as for her. And she wondered if I really believed after all the years of sin, misery and wretchedness she could ever become a child of God. Yet, oh, how many times I heard her say she knew the Lord had forgiven all the past and made her his own through the blood!

Another, that comes to my mind, with her big, questioning eyes, intently searching as if to find some one that could be trusted, that would be true. Ah, no wonder! Her mother died when she was but ten or eleven years old, if I remember right, and she went to live with those who only cared for the work she could be made to perform. She was homesick, heart-sick and discouraged, and longed so many times to die too; for there seemed no place in this great, cold world for her. No one loved her, they only found fault with her. She felt sometimes that she would give the world, if it was hers to give, for someone to love and care for her as her cemetery mother had. Other little girls had their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters; but she was all alone and her poor heart so ached for friends and love.

One day there came into that neighborhood a very gently appearing man, who was always kind to her, who always forgot she was not one of the family, and who always had a kind word and smile for her. She soon 'looked up' on him as her best and only true friend; and when he told her that he would bring her to Chicago, that she was not treated right, etc., she was not hard to persuade to accompany him. How could she be expected to know that the only one who had been real kind to her, her mother had gone to live with God, cared only for her childhood beauty and innocence, and was bringing her to this city to a life of sin and shame? But such was the case. Nine awful years she lived his slave, and filled his pockets with her nights of shame and suffering—whipped, kicked and cursed when her night's earnings failed to satisfy his greed.

Thank God, she has been rescued and is living a clean life to-day. Some of these poor lost ones are more sinned against than sinning.

While Oh, you don't know vat all you did do for me. You vas away I did bray and bray, and von day vile I did bray de bad feeling did all go away, und I felt just so good as if I had plenty of ettrings. Instead I cry all de time I laugh too, und I not could help it; und den we find work out in dis etteble place in yust a few days, und we are all so veel und clean; I yust wish you could see my house now.

She had, not been indifferent as she seemed but had been earnestly seeking God all the time.

As we listened while she told of all she had been delivered from, we thought hereafter we would trust God with results and run gladly to do his bidding.

A Year's Work.

August 30, 1894.

Just one year ago we re-opened the Olive Branch Mission and undertook to go on with the great work Sister Bradley began.

Nothing but the knowledge that it was the Master's will would ever have caused us to attempt such a work, or shoulder such a responsibility. But he can use a worm to thresh a mountain, you know.

We have had a grand, glorious year—in spite of financial pressure, strikes and intense summer heat. Though it is impossible to give the whole year's report now, we feel that we must tell you a little about it, since you have sent us the goods that made it possible to do what has been done.

During the year we gave out 2722 garments besides bedding. We wish these figures could portray to you some of the sights our eyes have seen and something of the blessing these same garments proved to the poor, little, half-clad children and poverty-stricken mothers.

We also gave out 853 leaves of bread and four baskets of provisions. During the coldest part of the winter we filled baskets with all kinds of provisions for
the most needy. For example a widow with two children had nothing to eat for two weeks and no fire except one made with paper, when she sent us for help. We have known of her for three years and of her worthiness and struggle with sickness and poverty.

Another young widow whom we know to be most valuable we had walked four miles to the mission for bread for her baby and mother.

We have also given 1186 meals to different men, women and children, whom we felt it right to help that way.

Some poor women were shelterless on the streets, and we took them in and fed them until they could find a place.

We gave beans, dried fruits and potatoes to many needy families. The mission band will surely bless the mission band who sent us that big bag of beans.

We carried chickens, jellies, etc., to many of the sick ones who needed such things badly, but were too poor to buy.

We gave lunch thirty-six different nights to a mission full of hungry men, women and children. We have brought home your eyes to see these poor, hungry ones eat the good things sent us Christmas. How can you say that of all the wonderful things you do every day know anything about what it would be to only have one in a year, or in a whole lifetime?

Of all we have we had 177 seekers at the altar, many of them gloriously saved and grandly kept ever since.

Prospectus.

We have greatly felt the need of some way of talking to the people of our needs, and telling those who have so liberally and kindly helped us, just what we are doing with their munny, provision and clothing, and something of what Jesus has been doing to reach the poor lost men and women in this city. They have all the space they could in the Free Methodist paper, but it was insufficient.

The more we thought, prayed and consulted with our friends, the more certain we felt that the master would be pleased to have his little ones know something more of this work, of rescuing the wrecks of humanity, that to human appearance were hopeless, yet for whom Christ died, and whom it has been proven his blood will make clean, then we had any means of letting them know.

We thought we could spend a few months attending the meeting and interest of the work, and in this way get our seeds before the people; but, ere I had been gone two weeks I was moved back to the work and then the strik and financial pressure made it seem impossible to go on with the project of publishing a little five-language monthly paper. We prayed about it and then wrote some of God's chosen ones for help in this direction; and somehow it seemed from that time that the Lord really undertook the matter, and we have gone on with the mission work all through the heat of summer, praising God for undertaking for our little Olive Branch in such a grand way.

We have, not it is true, a sufficient number of subscribers to pay even for the publishing; but we have put it all in his hands and we know he will help us through. We hope the dear friends who have helped secure subscribers will not get weary in well doing, and that many who have as yet thought about helping, will really begin the work.

JULY REPORT.

MONEY RECEIVED:

J. E. Coon, Saxon, Ill.------------------ 2.00
Mrs. Lock, Waldo, Ill.------------------ 1.00
W. A. Gould, Duluth, Minn.------------- 1.00
Mrs. R. A. Johnson, Huntsburg, Ohio.--- 1.00

GOPOM: Thirza M. Niles, Weedsport, N. Y.--- 1.00
Ethel Newcomer, Belvidere, Ill.------ 2.00
Mrs. H. J. Gregson, Danville, Ill.----- 1.00
Money sent to S. K. J. Chesbro.--------- 7.25
E. J. Chesbro.-------------------------- 1.00
General Mission hydrant.---------------- 10.00

GIVEN AWAY:

Gave 65 meals, 35 loaves of bread, potatoes, beans, etc.
Made thirteen visits. Forty-nine seekers at the altar.

AUGUST REPORT.

MONEY RECEIVED:

Mrs. S. J. and Rev. George McKechnie, San Antonio, Texas.---- 41.00
Rev. F. F. Shoup, Ticonesta, Pa.---------- 2.00
F. N. E., St. Charles, Ill.-------------- 2.00
W. A. Gould, Duluth, Minn.------------- 2.00
Collected by Mary Harrington, Flint, Mich. 2.00
Mrs. Lovina Seger, Walnut, Ill.--------- 2.00
Hannah Felton, Perry, N. Y.------------- 2.00
Mrs. Blackburn, for Ludington, Mich.---- 2.00
E. A. Fullis, Sweden, N. Y.------------- 2.00
Issac Balsley, South Shich, Mich.-------- 2.00
Rev. E. H. Browne, on the Montrose circuit,---- 1.00
N. Y. C. Brasher,---- 2.00
J. C. Brown,---- 1.00
E. L. Browarig, California.------------- 1.00
J. W. Bown,---- 1.00
J. C. Payne, J. M. McGrother, Josie and Mamie Brandon, Windham, N. Y.---- 25.10
General Mission hydrant.---------------- 10.00
Cash received on St. Charles camp ground. 25.54

GOPS RECEIVED:

Collected by Mrs. Florence Calkins on the Montrose circuit, one barrel potatoes and vegetables, one barrel apples, flour, sugar, etc., one box of canned fruit, six dozen eggs and a little ball of butter.

Olive Branch Mission workers, Spring Arbor, Mich., one box of clothing, potatoes and dried fruits, Mrs. C. R. Coover, from same society, 59 lbs. butter.

GIVEN OUT:

Gave 10 meals, 30 loaves of bread, potatoes, beans, etc.
Made fifty-two visits. Thirty-four seekers at the altar.

Names of those who sent goods in the barrel make clean, Elizabeth Anderson, flour, 2 qts. fruit; M. Fouger, corn, oxen, cabbage; Mary Hoskinn, 150 doz. eggs, 3 lbs. flour; Yvonne Richardson, apples, 2 lbs. fruit; E. J. Cowle, little Mary Shannon, cucumbers; H. A. Wright, sugar; Mrs. Hescock, 2 qts. fruit, Jane Nelson, 2 qts. fruit; Polly Marstran, 1 qt. fruit; Mrs. Howe, apples, 1 doz. eggs; Ellen Henry, 1 qt. fruit, eggs, tea; Mrs. Zillman, potatoes, 1 lb. L. Harned, 14 doz. eggs, 2 qts. fruit, butter; Father Calkins, potatoes, apples; Ada Barnett, potatoes, beets, 2 qts. fruit, flour; J. C. Coon, potatoes, 2 qts. fruit, 2 doz. eggs; and to send the barrels, Mr. Graves, 10 cts, Sister Nelson, 6 cts. Mrs. Maine, 15 cts. J. F. Calkins, 4 cts.

COMMUNICATIONS.

My Trip Through Michigan.

I had the privilege of a short visit to five different camp meetings this year. The first I attended was held at Clarksdale. I missed my train at Grand Rapids and had to wait there most all day, so did not reach the ground until the night before the camp meeting closed.

The green trees, green grass, pure fresh air and quiet, peaceful, happy people gathered together in that beautiful spot brought tears to my eyes as I looked on from the outside of the circle of little white tents. For it seemed to me that if I turned my head just behind me I would see Desplains street with its crowds of poor,

half-starved, ragged, wretched humanity jostling, cursing and fighting, and the little mission with its windows filled with Gospel motions nestled down in the 5th on one of the four corners being the lowest kind of saloons on the other three.

"Strange we do not prize the music 'till the sweet voiced bird is flown."

It does seem to me I never realized the beauty of field, forest and pure air as I do now. Yet I am satisfied, so satisfied just where He has appointed my steps.

Some little girls who had come for water to one of the most beautiful, clear, cold springs that God ever blessed this world with, looked at me quite inquiringly; so I asked for Brother Gaffin, the chairman, who had been at the train twice to meet me; and before long I was greeting many of my family whom I had never met before.

Though this was only a little gathering, it seemed a very important one, for the Master so honored it by his presence. And as when he was on earth the children were not forgotten, and their little camp meeting, quite at home out in the woods by an old log, was surely a baledow spot. I felt, as I looked at the glory of Christ shining all over those little faces, that it was truly as a mask so as where God met Moses in the burning bush.

They gave me a collection of $16.26, and about thirty subscribed for our little paper. Brother Gaffin and wife, Brother Sharpe and all were so kind I really wished I could visit that camp meeting for all the others I had planned to visit.

Among the many things I had to be thankful for while on my trip was two whole delightful days of rest on a farm near Clarksville with Sister Gaffin. Mr. and Mrs. Root made our stay very enjoyable.

On my way to Leaven I again had to walk most all day and did not reach the camp ground until quite late Saturday night. Not knowing anyone, nor even any minister's name, I asked my Father to direct me to some place to rest. I walked quite a distance around one side of the ground, earnestly looking for the plain direction he promised us. It soon came, and ere I hardly knew what I was doing, I was taken into a house which took me into her tent and made me feel very much at home. It really seemed a greater cross to go to that camp meeting a perfect stranger without any of the visiting in the very worst state of inquiry here in Chicago, because I had become accustomed to doing that. It rained almost all day Sunday, and many of the tents' companies went to their homes Monday morning. So I did not have a good chance to know much about the meetings; but I met some very excellent people, and secured a good many subscribers for the Olive Branch, and a few friends handed me some money, in all $23.50, but I did not take up a collection.

I went with Brother and Sister Montgomery to their home in Leaven, and they took me there to the New Haven camp meeting. There are a few people in this world whose acts speak louder than their words, whose hearty good will is made manifest rather than expressed. To this little man and Sister M. surely belong. I had a longer stay at New Haven than at any of the other camp meetings; so because better acquainted with the people, I had met many of them at Leaven. God seemed to bless the world whose acts speak louder than their words, whose hearty good will is made manifest rather than expressed. To this little man and Sister M. surely belong. I had a longer stay at New Haven than at any of the other camp meetings; so because better acquainted with the people, I had met many of them at Leaven. God seemed to bless the world whose acts speak louder than their words, whose hearty good will is made manifest rather than expressed.
THE OLIVE BRANCH.

At the street meeting held in front of the mission (one is held nightly), about a month ago, the sound of the Gospel songs reached the ears of a man in a lodging-house a block away (where he was sleeping off the effects of a spree), awakening him out of his sleep. As a result he came over to our meeting inside, came forward and was saved at the close, after which he prayed for his wife, that the Lord would bring her out of Old Mexico, where she then was—having left him on account of his drinking. He did not ask that she might be restored to him, but that she might return to the United States. A few nights ago, or about a month after he came into the mission, during the street meeting, his face was all aglow, and he introduced us to his wife for God had more than answered his prayer by giving them a second chance together again. The man came forward—he for victory over the tobacco habit, she for a better, deeper experience.

About the same time a man, an ex-bootlegger, was stopping at a hotel near by and was drawn in by the singing. He had not seen the inside of a church for years, but was strangely drawn in. He came forward and was saved. He was a Texas cattle man who came to Chicago to sell his cattle.

About three weeks ago two young men came in one night. They had been working as wreckers at the World's Fair grounds. One of them came forward and was saved clearly, and next day started for his home in England.

A young Canadian came in about two weeks ago—a backslider—with honest-looking face, a baker by trade; but he was without work or money, except a few cents he had earned that day, enough to get him a lodging. He came clearly back to God that night. We were able to give him a few meals and help him on his way.

Three nights ago a man came in who attracted the attention of night owls. He didn't talk with him awhile. He was evidently under deep conviction, though somewhat under the influence of drink. After I had talked a few minutes he told me his trouble. His wife had forsaken him, driving him up against the wall of a life of sin, and upon making this statement he broke down completely, crying like a child. But he seemed to think God would have nothing to do with him, and had deliberately come to drink to drown his troubles. We promised to come back again, and we are looking to see him blessedly saved.

To-night as the invitation was given one man was found in trouble. We talked to him the sweat broke out on his face, he was deeply wrought upon; yet he said, "I don't feel enough to go forward." But he finally went, prayed, and was blessedly saved within an hour of that time, and the joy shone out on his face, and he thanked God.

Much is being accomplished in this mission, but the work is very much handicapped for want of at least one more good helper to work with the sisters: also, if the means would warrant it, additional room would be provided so as to give lodging for a few nights to real worthy cases that are reached and saved, who are cut off work and money.

The closest economy is practiced in the use of the means obtained to run this mission. Without salary, or promise from any but God, those dear workers cheerfully labor on, and I know if you, dear reader, could spend a dollar with them you would say, "This is God's work and I must do what I can to help it on, and have a hand in helping the outcasts to God." Your brother in Christ,

J. A. MURRAY.