

The OLIVE BRANCH

THE WORLD FOR JESUS

Vol. I.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER, 1894.

No. 1.

PRAYER AND WORK.

ZENOBIA.

Dedicated to Miss Jeanie Brott of Spring Arbor, Mich.]

The sun was sinking in the west.
The evening hours began;
A little mind had gone to rest
Protected by God's hand.

Her dreary little tasks were o'er,
Her hard days' work was done;
Her little acts were written down,
A prayer to Heaven had gone.

"God bless me for thy own Son's sake,
Oh, help the Mission Band!
And save the people from their fate,
Throughout our native land."

Her mission spirit still increased,
Her thoughts fell more and more
Upon the fact, till mission work
Threw open wide the door.

The sunlight shining on her path
Next day, while on her way,
Taught her a lesson while she passed
Through fields so bright and gay.

Blueberries in her basket fell
Like little raindrops bright;
Her nimble fingers toiled away,
Her little heart was light.

Her little song rang through the air,
That told what she had done;
She sold the berries for a price
That helped the mission on.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

QUITE a number have sent their names as subscribers for the OLIVE BRANCH, promising to send the money later. 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 (Sunday-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.

REMEMBER 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 desolate, sin-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 "traded with the stuff" and those who "went out to battle" shared alike in the division of the spoil. And in this work you who pay and pray at home may share in

the joy and reward with us who pray and visit and preach and toil in the mission. Then, let us beg of you to pray and prevail with God for this work.

"Keep Thyself Pure."

MRS. 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 only that 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. They did not mean to let the habit get so strong, but it grew—as bad habits always grow; and so what was thought to be only harmless became a giant whose grip was stronger than the lion's grip, 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, 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 sad facts are an argument for early forming 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 up 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 sear and consume the purity of the mind and leave it scared, 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 wreck! 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 only 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 fainted on the sidewalk and was carried into a neighbor's house where the kind people gave me some refreshments and told me to keep 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 95 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 blistered from walking and looking for work. I had not had my shoes and stockings off 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 fainted I should have been lost forever. I had not been 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 knoed, 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 Saviour, Jesus Christ. I have no other desire but to press onward, and try to win precious souls to Christ. I am still laboring in the same mission where I was converted.

T. L.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER, 1894.

95 SOUTH DESPLAINES ST.

Edited by.....the Mission Workers.

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Communications for publication should be addressed to Miss M. J. Everhart; also subscriptions; but each should be written on separate sheets of paper.

THE WHOSOEVERS.

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 many times very proud and sensitive. They resent 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 faith 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 redemption 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, heartsick 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 her and care for her as her precious 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 gentlemanly 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 upon 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 since her mother had gone to live with God, cared only for her childish 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 on earth our blessed Christ helped the most needy, the most hopeless; forgave and cleansed the most debased; and we are thankful he has not changed. For these fallen ones there is still possible a life of purity and righteousness. God's eternal love can carry sunshine away down into the damp, cold cellars, where the dampness starts fatal maladies in the poor, worn, hungry bodies huddled there for shelter, and away up in the garrets, where the rafters hang low, covered with soot-laden cobwebs. Ah, his sunshine makes prisons palaces prove.

Not Just as it Seemed.

WHILE visiting one day we found a poor German woman with her three children in one dirty little room. They had no food, scarce any clothing, and could get but one or two pitchers of water a day, because, on account of their poverty, they were all staying in a small sleeping room, where of course there was no water.

She was walking the floor, carrying her sick baby and crying, while she tried in vain to hush the poor little sufferer to sleep. We carried them food and clothes and tried to tell her of Jesus and his power to save; but though she allowed us to pray, and seemed very thankful for the help, she appeared very indifferent to spiritual things.

One day when we went to see her we found her crying as if her heart would break and all the children crying too. At first we could not learn what was the matter, as all she could say for weeping was, "What shall I do? Oh, tell me what to do, lady! tell me what to do!" In a little while I learned that she and her babies were to be put out upon the street that cold winter day because they could not pay their rent. The baby and little boy about three years old, were both sick, and the poor, heart-broken mother thought it would cause their

death to go out in the cold, homeless and shelterless in this great city. I went to a few people who gave me a few cents each and to a relief society and succeeded in getting enough money to rent a room for them and buy some fuel and food also.

The more we visited and helped them the less she seemed to care about getting right with the Lord, and we were really discouraged. In the press of work and visiting the sick we failed to find time to visit her again for a couple of weeks; and when we did go she had moved away. Weeks and months passed by and we had forgotten all about our German woman, when one day a lady came running up the mission aisle, her face all aglow with that joy that is unspeakable. Though great, very great, had been the change, we recognized our German woman, no longer a sorrowing sinner, but "a child of the King". She had come from a little town just outside the city to thank us for helping her in her poverty and sorrow. She could not thank us sufficiently to satisfy her own grateful heart.

"Oh, you don't know vat all you did do for me. Ven you vas away I did bray und bray, und von day vile I did bray de bad feeling did all go away, und I feeled yust so good as if I had blenty of eberydings. Instead I cry all de time I laugh too, und I not could help it; und den we find vork out in dis leetle blace in yust a few days, und we are all so vell und clean; I yust vish 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 money and goods that made it possible to do what has been done.

During the year we gave out 2782 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 883 loaves of bread and forty 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 had nothing to eat for two days and no fire except one made with paper, when she sent to 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 worthy, walked four miles to the mission for bread for her baby and mother.

We have also given 1168 meals to different men, women and children, whom we felt it right to help in 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 Lord 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. It would have brought tears to your eyes to have seen these poor, hungry ones eat the good things sent us Christmas. How can you who have good dinners every day know anything about what it would be to only have one in a year, or in a whole lifetime?

But best of all we have had 1067 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 money, provision and clothing, and something of what the dear Lord is, and has been, doing for poor lost men and women in this little mission. (They gave us 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 can make clean, than we had any means of letting them know.

We thought we could spend a few months attending camp meetings in the interest of the work, and in this way get our needs before the people; but, ere I had been gone two weeks I was summoned back to the work, and then the strike and financial pressure made it seem impossible to go on with the project of publishing a little four-page 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 only thought about helping, will really begin the work.

JULY REPORT.

MONEY RECEIVED:

I. B. Coon, Saxon, Ill.....	\$1 00
Mrs. Louisa Seger, Walnut, Ill.....	1 00
W. A. Gould, Duluth, Minn.....	1 00
Mrs. R. A. Johnson, Huntsburg, Ohio....	1 00

Thirza M. Milem, Weedsport, N. Y.....	1 00
Ethel Newcomer, Belvidere, Ill.....	1 00
Mrs. H. J. Gregg, Pittsburgh, Pa.....	2 00
Money sent S. K. J. Chesbro.....	7 25
S. K. J. Chesbro.....	1 00
General Mission Board.....	10 00

GOODS RECEIVED:

Mrs. H. E. Allen, Brooklyn, Mich., a quilt and some clothing in a sack; Miss Almira Faul, Kewanee, Ill., one quilt.

GIVEN OUT.

Gave 65 meals, 25 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 McCulloch, San Antonio, Texas	\$1 00
Rev. F. F. Shoup, Tionesta, Pa.....	2 00
F. M. S. S., St. Charles, Ill.....	2 50
W. A. Gould, Duluth, Minn.....	2 00
Collected by Mary Harrington, Flint, Mich	2 40
Mrs. Louisa Seger, Walnut, Ill.....	2 00
Hannah Pelton, Perry, N. Y.....	2 00
Mrs. Blackburn, for Ludington, Mich., F. M. S. S.....	2 41
A. B. Pulis, Sweden, N. Y.....	5 00
Isaac Halseth, Shelby, Mich.....	2 00
Rev. W. W. Brown, Suspension Bridge, N. Y.	2 00
M. C. Brasher.....	10 00
E. L. Brownrigg, California.....	1 00
Mrs. C. Macomber, Kansas City, Kan....	1 00
J. C. Payne, J. M. McGleahen, Josie and Mamie Brandon, Windham, N. Y., 25 ea.	1 00
General Mission Board.....	10 00
Cash received on St. Charles camp gr'nd.	23 54

GOODS 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 pail of butter.

Olive Branch Mission workers, Spring Arbor, Mich., one box of clothing, potatoes and dried fruits; Mrs. C. R. Culver, from same society, 5 1/4 lbs butter.

GIVEN OUT.

Gave 64 meals, 35 loaves of bread, potatoes, beans, etc.
Made fifty-two visits. Fifty-four seekers at the altar.

NAMES of those who sent goods in the barrels: Ella Anderson, flour, 2 qts. fruit; M. Fonger, corn, onions, cabbage; Mary Hoskins, 1 1/2 doz. eggs, 2 qts. fruit; Vannie Richardson, apples, 2 qts. fruit; E. Shannon, flour; little Mary Shannon, cucumbers; H. A. Wright, sugar; Mrs. Hiscock, apples; Jane Nelson, 2 qts. fruit; Polly Marstin, 1 qt. fruit; Mrs. Howe, apples, 1 doz. eggs; Ellen Henry, 1 qt. fruit, eggs, tea; Mr. Tillman, potatoes; L. Harnden, 1 1/2 doz. eggs, 2 qts. fruit, butter; Father Calkins, potatoes, apples; Ada Barrett, potatoes, beets, 2 qts. fruit; Florence Calkins, potatoes, 2 qts. fruit, 1 1/2 doz. eggs; and to send the barrels, Mr. Graves, 10 cts., Sister Nelson, 6 cts. Mrs. Mains, 15 cts., F. J. Calkins, 47 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 Clarksville. 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 Desplaines 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 mottoes nestled down in the fill on one of the four corners, there being the lowest kind of saloons on the other three.

"Strange we do not prize the music 'Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown,
Strange that we should slight the violets 'Till the lovely flowers are gone."

It does seem to me I never realized the beauty of field, forest and pure air as I do now. Yet I am satisfied, oh, 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 to the train twice to meet me; and before long I was greeting many of our 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 a distance out in the woods by an old log, was surely a hallowed spot. I felt, as I looked at the glory of our Christ smiling all over these little faces, that it was truly as much so as where God met Moses in the burning bush.

They gave me a collection of \$18.25, 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 attend.

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 Lennon I again had to wait most all day in a train 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 promises us. It soon came, and ere I hardly knew what I was doing, I was talking to dear little Sister Andrews, who 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 to all, than to get visiting in the very worst dens of iniquity here in Chicago, because I have 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 \$2.25, but I did not take up a collection.

I went with Brother and Sister Montgomery to their home in Lennon, and they took me with them 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 class Brother and Sister M. surely belong. I had a longer stay at New Haven than at any of the other camp meetings; so became better acquainted with the people, especially as I had met many of them at Lennon. God seemed to bless the meetings from the very first, and much good was done in his

name. I had a little missionary meeting Sunday afternoon, and though it rained so hard we had to stop once or twice, they gave me a collection of \$26.00. I shall ever feel thankful to the ministers who so kindly helped and the people who so liberally gave.

I started early Monday morning for Jackson. I did not expect to see anyone there I had ever met, but was agreeably surprised to find Brother Mathews there. Brother Mathews had, after a great deal of earnest entreaty, been persuaded to lead one night at the mission for Sister Baker. He did not want to come, but could hardly refuse Sister B; but when he came and saw the joy on the faces of the ones God had saved and the altar filled with poor, forsaken ones seeking rest and God, and so few to help us in the work, he at once became a very earnest friend to this mission. He led the meetings several times when in the city, and his peculiar, off-hand manner held the crowds. They are always eager to hear the "deaf boiler-maker," as they call him, and there is no trouble in getting a mission full if they know he will be there to lead the meeting.

I had only been on the ground a short time when I received a telegram to come home immediately. I felt very much worried, not knowing what was the matter; but went out to the afternoon meeting. After the preaching I talked a few moments about the work here in the city, and almost all in that little congregation subscribed for our little paper. I did not take up any collection; but they gave Brother Mathews my fare home, and some of the old, tried-and-true friends to this work from Spring Arbor that remembered that about the first thing after I reached Chicago would be to meet the July rent, did not forget to help me.

This was a very small camp meeting indeed; but they seemed such a precious little company of saints. Brother Vincent, in his quiet, Christ-like manner greatly reminded me of Brother Chesbro, who has been such a true friend to this mission ever since it was opened on Desplaines street.

ST. CHARLES, ILLINOIS.

Last but not least was my visit to the St. Charles camp meeting. We thought we could not go and leave the work, as most all those who do help us from the different Free Methodist churches had gone; but Brother Murray, who has so greatly helped us most all of the summer, said he would get along, and I must go one day, at least.

Sister Howe and I started Monday afternoon and came home Tuesday evening. Some of the converts and friends met us at the train and began telling us of the meeting; others kept joining us until we reached the tents, when Brother Whittington came out and said in his own peculiar way, "Bless you, Sister Everhart; did you really get here? etc. Well, here is \$13.16, just take care of it yourself." They had given up our coming, and had held a missionary meeting that afternoon and raised about \$55.00 in cash and subscriptions for the Olive Branch Mission, and about the same for the Rescue Home in Omaha. One of the persons who gave \$5.00 to each is a young man who works hard and does not get very large wages, but was gloriously saved in this mission, and now belongs to the First F. M. Church in Chicago. I knew many of these dear ones who gave so liberally had been out of work much of the time for the last year and were not giving out of their abundance. I felt the Lord precious! near all the time, but especially in the morning meeting. In the evening meeting I talked a few moments

and asked for subscribers for the OLIVE BRANCH. Brothers Marsh, J. D. and W. M. Kelsey, G. W. Whittington and others not only talked, telling the people of the work (they have all led meetings more or less in the mission and know, as those who have not, about the work and our need); but took the subscription papers and went through the congregation, and in a very few minutes secured in all one hundred subscribers. Brother Kelsey suggested that someone pass the hat. Brother Marsh sent six young ladies through the congregation and they soon returned with nearly \$6.00. We are human, and the earnest, hearty good-will of our chairman, ministers and pilgrims greatly encouraged us.

Though I have not been East, they have not forgotten God's work in this place. Brother Barnhart sent me one hundred names for the OLIVE BRANCH from the Du Bois camp meeting. Brother Shoup sent me names of subscribers from Meadville and New Brighton; Sisters Worthington and McGary from Frewsburg camp meeting, Gerry and Jamestown.

This is God's work, and how thankful I feel that his little ones believe it and act accordingly.

Remember, we will have to have 1,000 subscribers to the OLIVE BRANCH ere it will pay the publishing alone. MARY J. EVERHART.

JUST THE SAME TO-DAY.

TUNE: "I'd rather be the least of them," etc.
When Moses and God's people from
Old Egypt's land did flee,
Behind them were their enemies
In front of them the sea.
God raised the waters like a wall
And helped them on their way,
And the God that lived in Moses' time
Is just the same to-day.

OROBUS:

Is just the same to-day,
Is just the same to-day;
And the God that lived in Moses' time
Is just the same to-day.
When Daniel, faithful to his God,
Would not bow down to men,
And by his enemies was hurried
Into the lion's den,
God closed the lion's mouth, we read,
And robbed them of their prey;
And the God that lived in Daniel's time
Is just the same to-day.

When David and Goliath met,
The wrong against the right,
The giant armed with human power,
But David with God's might,
God's power with David's sling store
The giant low did lay;
And the God that lived in David's time
Is just the same to-day.

When Jonah disobeyed the Lord
And was swallowed by the whale,
The gulf and anguish that he bore
No human tongue can tell.
God helped him reach dry land again,
When willing to obey;
And the God that lived in Jonah's time
Is just the same to-day.

When Pentecost was fully come,
And fire from Heaven did fall,
Like a mighty wind the Holy Ghost
Fell on them, one and all.
Three thousand souls were saved of God,
And were pilgrims right away;
And the God that lived at Pentecost
Is just the same to-day.

Brands from the Burning.

During my stay of about three months, every night at the Olive Branch Mission, I have not only met with those who have been gloriously saved previous to my coming, but I have seen quite a number clearly saved during this three months, that may truly be said to be "brands plucked from the burning." I wish to refer to some of these:

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 ear 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 altar, 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 to us his wife for God had more than answered his prayer by bringing them together again. They both came forward—he for victory over the tobacco habit, she for a better, deeper experience.

About the same time a man, an ex-saloon bartender, 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 Sister Everhart, and she talked 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, doubtless taking up with 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 because he had deliberately gone to drink to drown his trouble. He 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. As we talked to him the sweat broke out on his face showing 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 these 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 out of 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 short time 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.