

### My Neighbor?

Who is my neighbor? Is it he  
Whose dwelling stands where I can see  
His daily walk from my abode  
And how he fares along life's road?

Or, is it he with whom I meet  
Around the farm or on the street,  
Whose work and walk in life are such  
That we are often brought in touch?

Or, has the saddening shade of sin  
Made all the world so much akin  
That every man I meet can claim  
A perfect right to bear the name?

No, many people fail to be  
A neighbor true and tried to me,  
For sin unshunned bequeaths a stain  
As lasting as the brand of Cain.

But I can love my fellowmen,  
And be a neighbor true to them,  
For since God's love in me began,  
He bids me neighbor every man.

OTTO J. BULFIN.

### Look Upward.

Keep looking ever *onward*,  
It will shorten life's dull way;  
Leave past things far behind you,  
And ghosts of former days;  
Make life a real, true, living  
For higher, nobler things,  
It is just so much the sweeter,  
As to others help you bring.

Keep looking ever *upward*—  
You'll forget the rugged path,  
And the bright, blue sky above you  
A greater glory hath.  
No use looking downward  
On the sordid things of life,  
It will only daunt your courage,  
And you'll falter in its strife.

Keep looking ever *homeward*,  
It will make your cares seem light,  
And all trials seem but trivial,  
With heavenly things in sight.  
Why fret o'er earthly treasure  
When a Father owneth all?  
Think you He forgets His children—  
He, who notes the sparrow's fall?

Keep looking ever *Heavenward*,  
For there our home shall be,  
If only from earth's fetters  
We have strength to struggle free,  
And they lose their hold upon us  
As we heavenward march along,  
With a cheerful face uplifted,  
And within our hearts a song.

G. H.

### Sore or Salve, Which?

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

Every school-boy remembers the story of Tom Sawyer, bribing others to do his work by promising to show them his sore toe.

There are Tom Sawyers everywhere. They come as mendicants to our door, they meet us in the social, business and political world. We step into the sanctuary, and lo! he is there! Not only is he within the pew and aisles, but he is standing within the alter rail-

ing, and his hand is on the Word of God. Everywhere some one can be found with an ugly sore, which he is constantly exhibiting for our delectation.

We open our papers—our religious papers, I mean, our secular papers have learned how to keep their sores concealed—and often the first thing that greets us is some old-time, running sore. A doubt has entered the heart of some scribe, or of some Christian who is not timid about "speaking in meeting," or perhaps it is the preacher; and this doubt grows and spreads until it festers. We are called to gaze upon it until some of the putrifying corruption oozes out upon us, touches some exposed part, and after a while we too have a "hurt" which we are not loth to exhibit.

Some one has not treated us with that profound consideration which we feel is our due, and we insist upon holding up our ugly little sore pride to every one we meet, until we and our plaint become objects of special detestation to all.

Now, here I believe we make a sad mistake. The world don't need to look upon sores. The truth is, the dear old world has abundant wounds of its own which we should help it to heal, instead of forcing it to gaze upon ours. I deem the better plan would be, if we must bring the subject of sores before the people, to present the healing salve.

"Oh, I have such a bad sore!" said my little neighbor to his friend.

"Have you?" said the little host, with a sweet cheery sympathy, which in itself was healing, "then we have something that can cure you." And quickly the remedy was spread over the wound, and no more complaint was heard.

All unconsciously these two children represented the two great classes of humanity—those who nurse sores and are willing to show them, and those who are never without the healing salve, and are willing to apply it.

I have been thinking that it might be a good thing if you and I would make up our minds not to have any more "sore toes;" or if some heavy, rough foot does tread upon us and create the sore, let us at least keep it well covered and hid from view.

When I begin to doubt whether God really does answer prayer or not, instead of publishing that doubt to the world, it might prove quite as comforting to some weak saint for me to look back over my past, and read aloud from those pages where every thing seems to affirm that God really had heard and answered my petitions.

All spiritual conditions are, more or less, contagious. When I read your song of rejoicing, because you are so sure that the Lord is good, and that His mercy will endure forever, then I can't help feeling the old questioning doubts in my heart give way to glad expectancy, and I, too, feel more eager to trust my Father's loving care. And when I write a moaning plaint about this world being a howling wilderness, and everybody in it being selfish deceivers, and of how thickly the shadows lie on every hearth, and wonder, "after all, is life worth living?"—why, I wouldn't be one bit surprised if some poor weary toiler should suddenly feel her way grow darker, and find her burdens pressing more heavily about her.

Oh, friends, there is so much of God's glad sunshine in the world; if you and I can do nothing better, let us at least get out of the way, and not obstruct its falling beams.

But we can all do more than this. To every one of us there has been entrusted a little bit of healing salve, which possesses the strange property of becoming many times multiplied by using, but will disappear entirely when kept too long concealed.

Let us hide the sores, but freely use the salve.

### Ottawa C. E. Convention.

The Interprovincial Christian Endeavor Convention, held at Ottawa, Oct. 6-9, may be pronounced to have been a great success. Ontario and Quebec furnished nearly all the delegates, there being but a few from the remoter parts of the Dominion. The programme was excellent, and almost without exception well carried out. There were some addresses of quite superior merit. The formation of a Canadian Council of Christian Endeavor was a notable and significant incident of the Convention. It is another sign of the growing spirit of Canadian nationality that is seeking expression in so many ways at present.

Ottawa is taking on the appearance of a capital. It has improved very much in the last 23 years. It is about time for the other cities in Ontario to stop laughing at Ottawa. The Dominion capital is all right. Ottawa has many buildings, in addition to the Parliament and Departmental buildings, which are quite up to the standard of the large city. We predict great things for "Bytown." We do not know whether Rideau Hall is within or just without the precincts of the city of Ottawa, but we have a very well defined opinion as to the style of that

conglomeration and aggregation of structures called Rideau Hall. It is difficult to believe that the Governors-General of Canada have been occupying the combination for years. The whole outfit should be blown up, due notice having been given, so that all valuable persons and property might beforehand be removed. Canada should provide a decent—yea, a splendid residence for her Governor-General. The grounds attached to the Hall are magnificent by nature, and capable of any desired degree of beautification. When times improve, the Dominion Government should project a new Rideau Hall.

As Parliament prorogued on the afternoon of Monday, Oct. 5, the first contingent of Christian Endeavorers to reach Ottawa were unable to see their law-makers in their seats. But the seats were there, and in the House of Commons chamber the visitor could find the Premier's place and that of the leader of the Opposition, and all the rest, in fact, inasmuch as the name of each member is attached to his desk. The Senate Chamber is much finer than that of the House of Commons—the one a drawing-room, the other a workshop. The Senate might do a little work, too, seeing that it is so well provided for. The Parliamentary Library is an elegant apartment—the most attractive spot in Ottawa to the student.

The next Ontario C. E. Convention is to be held in St. Thomas in 1897. Hamilton is to have it in 1898, and in 1899 it is proposed to have a Dominion Convention in Montreal. Bro. W. W. Coulter, of St. Thomas, was elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the Ontario Union. He will well represent the Disciples.

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