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THE PRESBYTERIAN PULPIT.

Barnabas, A Model Christian.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER, D.D.

Philadelphia Presbyterian Board of Publication.

The sermons of Rev. Dr. Cuyler require no commendation. They speak for themselves. As a preacher and a writer he occupies a deservedly large space in the eye of the Christian World, notably so on this continent and in Great Britain. The eight sermons making up the volume under review are intensely interesting and instructive reading. They are: 1, Barnabas, a Model Christian; 2, Burden Bearing; 3, Pivot Battles in Life; 4, The Little Coat; 5, The Journey of a Day; 6, Jesus Only; 7, Right Views of Things; 8, The Dove that Found Rest. The volume contains 144 pages—an average of 18 pages to a sermon. They are good reading for any day in the week.

Excellent also is the volume containing "Our New Edens" and seven other sermons by Rev. J. R. Miller, published by the American Presbyterian Board of Publication. A few sentences from one of the sermons—"The Name on the Forehead"—will indicate the tone which pervades the whole: "We are not going into a world of idleness, when we leave this world. Indeed, heaven would not be a heaven to us if we could never do anything there. For even in this world the sweetest, deepest, purest joy of life is that which we find in doing good, in serving others. This was Christ's own sweetest joy. He came to earth to serve, &c." The eight sermons are: 1, Our New Edens; 2, The Way to God; 3, Prayer in the Christian Life; 4, A Parable of Growth; 5, The Beauty of Quietness; 6, The Name on the Forehead; 7, The True Glory of Life; 8, Grieving the Holy Spirit.

The circulation of this kind of literature—the Gospel story presented so as to meet the varied phases of human existence—cannot fail to prove a great blessing to the people who enjoy the opportunity of perusing books of this kind.

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THE ART OF MAKING HAPPY.*

How many there are in all the walks of life who know nothing of this "gentle art." How many there are who "fret and fume" and are miserable, not because of any large trouble, but just on account of the little irritatives, very often the result of pure thoughtlessness. It may be the husband who unthinkingly says the unkind word on leaving home in the morning, that rankles in the memory the whole day long. It may be the wife who sends her husband to his day's work with a taunt that renders the hours uncomfortable, and prevents sweet anticipations of the evening hour and home-coming. The children also, quite naturally, take their cue from their elders, and unconsciously help to further disquiet the atmosphere of home, thus widening the circle of unhappiness.

Mr. Morrison is the author of a little book, the opening chapter of which is a sweet plea for the art of making happy, from which we make a couple of extracts:

"It is not man's chief duty to be happy. But to try to make others happy is a duty, and I say God is at infinite pains in that. We all know that when we reach the gloom, we shall be utterly ashamed we were not better here. I sometimes think that when we reach the glory we shall be equally ashamed we were not happier here. We were intended to be far happier than we are. Nine-tenths of the unhappiness of life is an insult cast in the tenth of God. A saint, after all, is just a child-like soul who lets God make him happy, constantly."

"We are so apt to despise our common opportunities, and wait till the day of great things reaches us. But it isn't by great things that you make other people happy; it is not by extraordinary kindnesses and sacrifices. It is by the common, by the simple, by the universal, by what is in your power from week to week. The world could want Carlyle's *Frederic the Great*, but it was infinitely sad that Mrs. Carlyle should have wanted little kindnesses. And none knew it better than the old prophet himself, when he stood beside his wife's grave in Haddington.... Trifles make happiness—minute denials, infinitesimal sacrifices, touches of the old tenderness of the sweet Maytime, the resolute cherishing of little courtesies. Trifles make happiness, and however it may seem when all is well, the neglected happiness of those who loved you will seem no trifle at the death bed and the grave."

Here is another exquisite bit, with which we shall class these extracts, strongly recommending our readers to make themselves possessors of this little book, in which they will find fresh beauty at every perusal.

"There are some people who seem to radiate happiness. It is easier to be happy when we are with them. They come like sunshine into any company, and eyes are brighter because they are there.

They seem to have been born and fashioned just for this, to make their little world a little happier. Frank Bullen, in

"The Gentle Art of Making Happy," by George H. Morrison, M. A. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier. Toronto, The Upper Canada Tract Society. 35 cents, net.

his inimitable tale of the South Seas, "The Cruise of the Chachalot," speaks of that curious substance known as ambeggris. It is found floating where a whale has been killed, and its own use is to heighten the odour of scent. It is employed in commerce for that only. Yet this strange substance—ambeggris they call it—that gives a body and a fragrance to a hundred essences, is absolutely without odour itself. And think that all of us have known some lives, quite commonplace, fragrant with no gifts, yet every life they touched or entered, seemed to be brighter and richer for them. It may be some are born artists in happiness, as others have been born artists in colour.

But you and I have not been born that way. And so may this to you and to myself, and with all my heart I believe it to be true—the one great secret in this gentle art is to live in daily fellowship with Christ. It is then that being freed from tyrannous worry, we have a heart at leisure from self. It is then we feel that to be clever is little, and that it is only noble to be good. It is then above all that the spirit of sacrifice begins to work through the commonest day. Then we may never write a *Paradise Lost*; but our happy homes shall be *Paradise Regained*."

There was a time when the average British periodical was, in point of typographical appearance, inferior to the American. But that day is past. The *British Monthly* (Hodder and Stoughton, London), in make up, illustrations, paper and press work, is quite equal to anything of the kind published elsewhere; while the literary contents—notes of the month, biography, poetry, stories, sermon by noted preacher, Bible studies, Home Department, &c.—are all on a high plane of excellence. The November number is unusually good, and only requires to be seen to be admired. The Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto, will take orders for intending subscribers.

The hissing of the American flag, which has recently taken place at some Canadian theatres, is a small piece of business—a petty way of venting angry feelings; just as small and petty as was the indignity that has sometimes been manifested toward the British flag in some American cities. Canadians should be sensible enough to frown down such performances, leaving the hissing at or tearing down of flags to the people across the line, if any of them think there is anything to be gained by such petty demonstrations. To hiss at the American flag is a poor way of testifying our loyalty to Canada and the empire. Singing "God Save the King" is decidedly preferable. If the American people should be guilty of any conduct towards Canada unworthy of international amity and good neighborhood, we are not likely to improve matters generally, or reap any benefit ourselves, by such demonstrations as we have noted. The American people are our nearest neighbors. It is in the best interests of both countries that our attitude towards each other should be neighborly in the true sense of the term. With the exception of a few jingoes and "fire-eating"