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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7th, 1888

FROM time immemorial medical students have enjoyed the reputation of being a jolly and demonstrative crowd. It is not only at unconventional university seats on this Continent, but in the staid and very proper educational centres of the Old World the same boisterous vitality characterizes learners in the Asculapian School. The young of all animals are said to be playful, and the medical students of Toronto are no exception to the rule. There are occasions when they carry their fun a little too far. Nobody grudges them a certain degree of latitude, but when they attempt the conversion of heterodox medical practitioners from the error of their ways by savage and untimely yells and forcible brick-bats, it is time to remonstrate firmly but gently with these enthusiastic youths. Possibly when some of these same young men have settled down as reputable practitioners and estimable members of society, they will not thank any for recalling the fact that the horses in an actress' carriage were replaced by donkeys who dragged the vehicle in triumph to her hotel.

THE *Interior* thinks that the "still hunt" would be a good way to bring outsiders into the Church;

The political workers have a style of campaign which they call a still hunt. That means no big meetings, no brass bands, no torch light processions, no noise; but a quiet, eager, persistent, thorough, house to house and man to man canvass. They find out the exact voting strength of each precinct, by personal visitation of homes and lodging houses, and then they learn exactly where each voter stands politically. If any voter is not hopelessly rooted to the spot he happens to occupy, the workers labour with him to induce him to change his ground, to come over to their side, if possible. This sort of a campaign is always found to be effective. Why not give it a trial in the church's contest against the world, wherein we hope to bring souls open to conviction over to the Lord's side?

Some ministers do give it a trial and find it very effective. There is no better way of dealing with men. Pursue the still hunt during the week, and if the persons hunted are in church on Sabbath, give them something that will make it an object for them to come again.

ONLY a cold. This phrase is constantly heard on the lips of people who might know that a severe cold is one of the troubles that should be carefully watched and skilfully treated. Valuable lives are lost every winter because people neglect an illness which they describe as "a mere cold." The man who dreads typhoid and goes miles around to avoid smallpox, often exposes himself when suffering from a severe cold without a moment's hesitation. And yet the statistics might show that a much larger number of valuable lives are lost from diseases brought on by colds than from smallpox. In Parliament, at the Bar, at public meetings of all kinds, and quite often in the pulpit, you hear men speaking when the hoarse sounds emitted by their congested vocal organs show quite clearly that they ought to be in bed. When duty makes it necessary to take risks they ought to be bravely, cheerfully taken, but the call of duty which makes a man risk life or even health, should be very distinct. No winter passes without the loss of some good men who undertook work involving exposure when they were suffering from what they and their friends called a mere cold.

THERE are some voters that even the still hunt plan fails to bring to the polls. Some come and vote against the side for which the still hunter is working. There are some men in every community that the most skilful kind of still hunt cannot bring to church. What can be done with these men? Let them alone? Never. Let every kind of legitimate effort be made to bring them within the sound of the Gospel. Do the politicians give up if a voter does not promise to come to the polls and vote on their side the first time he is asked? Not they. They try him again and again, ply him with every kind of argument, and appeal to every side of his nature in order to bring him to the polls. If one man cannot bring him they try another and another, and never cease trying until the poll closes. Heaven forbid that we should advise any Christian worker to imitate all the methods of the political canvasser. His *persistence*, however, is well worthy of imitation. So is his zeal. His skill is often admirable. The most difficult thing for many who do not attend the house of God is to *begin*. If they came one or two Sabbaths, there might be no further trouble; but, as many a minister knows, there is much difficulty in getting them to begin. The still hunt is often the best way to get them started; good preaching will generally keep them in church when the start is made.

THE *Christian-at-Work* has this to say about the Sackville affair:

That Lord Sackville, the British Minister at Washington, should have been led to addressing a naturalized American citizen of British birth—actual or hypothetical—a letter in which the Minister proffered advice to his correspondent as to the casting of his own and the votes of other former subjects of the Queen, in the coming Presidential election, is one of those blunders where good intentions count for nothing, and the violation of the proprieties and the impertinence of official intrusion into our political contests are everything. The President simply does his duty in asking for the recall of the offending diplomat, and telling Lord Salisbury, as he does, that Lord Sackville's usefulness as a Minister to the United States is at an end.

If the President simply did his duty in asking for the recall of Lord Sackville, he did more than his duty in giving the British Minister his passports before he got an answer from the British Government. If taking any notice of the matter at all was a duty, then some exceedingly small duties occasionally devolve upon Presidents of great Republics. Does anybody suppose that the British Government would dismiss Mr. Phelps for telling an American-English elector how he thought he should vote? We do not believe the British Government would notice any such small matter. The newspapers might give the offending Minister a bit of their mind, and the "stump" orators would no doubt show him some attention, but the Government, as such, would never notice his offence.

THE correct descriptive phrase to apply to the United States at the present time is to say that the "people are in the throes of a Presidential election." If our readers were over there they would find that the "throes" are mainly confined to newspaper offices and committee rooms. The people, of course, take an interest in the contest but not one in a thousand of them is in "throes." The writer of this paragraph was in a great American city on polling day some years ago when an unusually close Presidential contest was going on. From reading the morning papers one would imagine the city was in "throes"; when you went out into the street you found the people quietly attending to their business as usual. There was a little flurry around the polling-booths and a great crowd around the headquarters of both parties in the evening and that was about all in the way of excitement. For two or three days the result was uncertain. People on the other side of the globe reading the press despatches would have imagined that the American Republic was a political volcano. A man walking the streets of an orderly American city would not know that there was anything going on except business. Whether they try to do so or not, daily newspapers convey a grossly exaggerated idea of the amount of political excitement that exists in any civilized country during election contests. The great body of the people are never in "throes" over an ordinary election. In these days of newspaper enterprise, sensible people should always remember that many things look much bigger in print than anywhere else.

GOVERNMENT BY HUMBUG.

WHEN people are moved by a great impulse they will say and do things that they would not dream of in their sober moments. It is wonderful to what lengths they will go under the stimulus of a great excitement. Among all free peoples there are at certain times accessions of intensity of feeling on political questions. Few of the constitutionally governed peoples of the present time can afford to throw stones at each other. They are all of them living in glass houses. Here in Canada we can hardly understand how it is that the Irish question should create such a depth of animosity among the British electorate, nor the passionateness which constitutional revision stirs up among the French. For the present, the Canadian political pulse beats with its normal regularity. There is no burning question that stirs men's blood and makes their speech voluble and acrid. Concerning questions on which they differ they can talk reasonably, and if not, at all events, with comparatively good temper. If a general election was in progress, it would, no doubt, be different. Then each would be strenuously seeking to advance the interests of the party with which he was identified. At such a season Canadians, like all free and independent people, are just as liable as others to do things that border on the ridiculous.

The presidential campaign just terminated among our neighbours, affords a glimpse of several absurdities into which ordinarily sensible people may fall when political feeling runs high. As it is easier to see a neighbour's faults, than it is to discern one's own, some of the lessons such a struggle is capable of teaching are made more obvious when the contest is one in which we have no immediate interest.

The conflict between the Republican and Democratic parties in the United States, shows plainly that it has not been fought on a field of unsullied honour. Both the candidates for the highest office in the Republic are vouched for by their respective friends as men of great personal integrity, but that has not prevented the degeneracy which party exigencies, if allowed to dominate, are sure to produce. Direct, manly and frank appeals to the reason and intelligence of the electorate have not been so numerous and prominent as they ought to have been. The most conspicuous thing has been the trickery by which one party has sought to outmanoeuvre its rival.

The plain and honest endeavour made to settle the Fisheries dispute was regarded by all the parties concerned as reasonably satisfactory. Britain consented, the Canadian Parliament expressed its willingness to ratify the Treaty submitted, and the United States Executive and Congress were prepared to do the same. The Senate, with a Republican majority, saw a fine chance to make political capital by appealing to anti-British prejudices, and thought it would be a smart move to cause the rejection of the Treaty. The most lenient onlooker can hardly be brought to consider this as statesmanship; the mildest critic can only be induced to classify it as partizan strategy. To conciliate the same turbulent element in the United States who are not quite so influential as they are noisy, the President, urged by his party, responds by a threat of retaliation against Canada, his message asking for investment with the necessary powers having obviously been prepared in anticipation of the Senate's action.

The next election sensation was the letter written by the British Minister at Washington. How silly the whole affair will look after the excitement has subsided! What a fuss has been made about a mere nothing, of which all sensible people will feel heartily ashamed. Ostensibly a naturalized American of British nationality asks Lord Sackville for advice as to how he should cast his vote. The British Minister, thinking no evil and meaning none, in the simplicity of his heart, in a somewhat guarded manner under the seal of privacy, gives his answer. It was thoughtless of him, and he might have known better than to fall into the snare that was set for him. The parties who planned the device were delighted. The fact that, even in their own showing, the British Minister's letter was confidential was not in their estimation worthy of a moment's consideration. It was, at what was deemed the fitting moment, published broadcast throughout the Union. The stately serio-comic diplomacy to secure the recall of the offending ambassador was the next piece of humbug that runs in a rich vein through the whole campaign of 1888.