

the gauntlet of the cannibalistic canine specimens, which, at the first approach of the student, may endeavor to detach a portion of a leg, but which afterward learn to respect "the cloth," and advance to meet the now welcome visitor with every symptom of satisfied quadrupeds. Sometimes the younger members of a household, perceiving the stranger approaching the door, meanwhile horrid associations looming up in their impressible imagination, start in wild fright to take shelter in the barn or behind the inevitable straw-stack. "Hullo, Bill, the preacher is coming," is acted on instant, and the astonished student soon beholds a number of startled-looking physiognies glaring at him from a distance. He begins to analyze his subjective state, and to evolve and put in practice plans which are generally successful in alluring the beleaguered scions from their hiding-places. The summer months pass swiftly by. The recurring Sabbaths find our student preaching in the low-roofed school-house, or little rustic church, to appreciative and attentive audiences. All through the rapidly-speeding weeks, he appreciates fully the sentiments of those poets who have written concerning the beauties of the country; the rippling stream meandering from the hill-side through the fertile plain; the cheering symphony of the cow-bell at eventide; the flocks of wild fowl dashing swiftly through sedge and reed, or flying far aloft beyond the range of harm; the lengthening shadows ushering in the twilight and the evening star; the bursting forth of the sun in the east, not shining through the smoke and dinginess that hover over the city, but resplendently bright over meadows and fields of grain. Any materialistic notions which might spring up in the mind when surrounded with structures of surprising symmetry and beauty, when gazing upon sculptured statuary and works of man's device, are far away from the contemplation of the student. The rustling leaf, the blade of grass, the singing-bird, the marks of design far transcending the human, speak with no uncertain voice. Fellow students! look eagerly forward to the time for once again seeking the blissful country.

### Unwritten Creeds.

IT is a mistake to imagine that because a man rejects all the creeds prepared by the great Ecclesiastical Councils of the world he is therefore without one. A man's creed is that which he believes and acts upon, that which controls his life, whether formulated and expressed in words or exhibited in his conduct. The unwritten creeds of our day are most potent and even tyrannical, and as numerous and curious as the foibles and follies of the age. How many have custom as their creed—custom as it arbitrarily touches and determines all things sacred and secular, domestic, social and public. Who, indeed, can disregard it notwithstanding its emptiness and stately

insincerities? In the matter of dress, for instance, however inconvenient, unhealthy and fantastic the custom may be, few refuse to comply with it; nearly all believe that it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Next to the slavish belief in fashion is the strange confidence reposed in the utterances of the press. Men do not actually record among their religious formularies the very words, "We believe in the newspapers," but this would be the proper expression of the creed of very many. We may boast of the independence and the critical spirit of the nineteenth century, and especially of the British people as we please, the fact is undeniable that probably the majority quietly accept without question what is given them in the daily press about politics, religion, science and social life. Multitudes who never saw the interior of an editor's sanctum, and who are blissfully ignorant of the training and moral impulses of "newspaper men," sincerely believe that whatever is printed must be true. Argue a point with them and they will give battle for hours, but let them see it in print and they yield at once. Hence the success of quack advertisements and vagabond agents of unnecessary drugs and worthless books in imposing upon these innocents who take it for granted that third-rate lawyers, gipsies, pawnbrokers, and pot-house politicians may be sometimes tempted to lie, and that it is even wise to hold the pulpit in suspicion, but the press—never!

In cities and centres of commercial activity, perhaps to a great extent in all parts of this continent, the creed of many might be expressed in one word—*Mammon*. Expanded it might read thus: "Blessed is the man that hath money—I will therefore get it by all means. It will secure me not only food and raiment—'daily bread'—but also position, respectability, and influence in spite of those minor peccadilloes which blast the characters of poor men but which are inseparable from what should be merely regarded as *generous living*. And when I get money I mean to keep it as long as I can. When urged to disburse for man's sake or God's sake I will politely decline and plead poverty or hard times. While in business I can allege that it would be wrong and criminal to withdraw capital from my enterprise, and when out of business I can with a clear conscience say that I am making nothing."

But what of such a man when death comes along? He must yield to the inevitable, relax his grasp, and leave all by will or without a will to his heirs or to others believed to be wiser and better able to administer his estate than himself, but who, as has happened a thousand times, may consume it in litigation or riot.

Without selecting other instances from hundreds at hand it is sufficiently apparent from those mentioned that unwritten creeds, the things that are secretly but most surely believed among men, are as powerful and even