

Selected Articles.

THE POSTMAN'S RING.

By Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY

Of all the parables, da. by day. That thrill the heart of this life of mine. Making strange and beautiful sign. Of gracious meaning in each way.

It tells a story. Though deep and far stretch the want and the wish of mine. Hid in the hut of an infant play.

For He knew when He made it—earth and sea The world so wide, and his child so small. Something must reach across it all.

And because no service of man to man No thought or motion that matches need With outward emblem can halfway read.

It tells me more. All if so ever a hand. So glad a summer, and his child so small. Our earthly tidings from friend to friend.

Dear heart! that dwellest I know not where. So near—so distant—I may not see. While I sit below with thoughts of thee.

PINCHBECK.

Not many years ago no really refined gentlewoman would have worn pinchbeck. False jewelry and imitation lace were touchstones with the sex, and the woman who would not condescend to either was assumed, perhaps not quite without reason, to have lost something more than the mere perception of technical taste.

We are in the humor to rehabilitate all things, and pinchbeck has now its turn with the rest. The lady of slender means, who would refuse to wear imitation lace and false jewelry, is as rare as the country society which would exclude the nouveau riche because of his newness.

It meets us at the hall door where miserable make-believes of stuccoed pillars are supposed to confer a quasi-palatinal dignity on a wretched little villa run up without regard to one essential of home comfort or of architectural worth.

The greatest sinners in this are women. Men are often ostentatious, often extravagant and not infrequently dishonest in that broad way of dishonesty which is called living beyond their means—sometimes making up the def-

cit in practices which end in the look of the old Bailey; but, as a rule, they go in for the real thing in details, and their pinchbeck is at the core, rather than on the surface.

Women, on the contrary give themselves up to a more general pretentiousness, and, provided they can make a show, care very little about the means. Locality, dress, their visiting list and domestic appearances, are the four things which they demand shall be in accord with their neighbors; and for the four surfaces they will sacrifice the whole internal fabric.

In dress it is the same thing. She must look like her neighbors, no matter whether they can spend pounds to her shillings, and run up a milliner's bill beyond what she can afford for the whole family living.

Another bit of pinchbeck is the visiting list—the cards of invitation stuck against the drawing-room glass, with the grandest names and largest fortunes put forward, irrespective of dates and tenses.

In a house with its couple of female servants, where formal visitors are very rare, and invitations, save by friendly words of mouth, rarer still, you may see a cracked china bowl or cheap mock pattern on the hall table to receive the cards which are assumed to come in the thick showers usual with high people who have hall porters, and a thousand names or more on their books.

In all this gaudy attempt at show, this restless dissatisfaction with what they are, and ceaseless endeavor to appear something they are not, our middle class ladies are doing themselves and society infinite mischief.

duchess, but the doctor's wife over the way, and the lawyer's lady next door, and the young ladies everywhere, who all try to appear women of rank and fortune, and who are ashamed of nothing as much as of industry, truth and simplicity.

Chains and brooches may seem but small material causes for important moral effects, but they are symbols; and, as symbols, of deep national value. No good will be done till we get back some of our fine old horror of pinchbeck, and once more insist on truth as the foundation of our national life.

Women are always rushing about the world, eager after everything but their home business. Here is something for them to do—the regeneration of society by means of their own energies; the bringing people back to the dignity of truth and the beauty of simplicity; and the substitution of that self-respect which is content to appear what it is, for the feeble pride which reveals us as pinchbeck because it cannot get gold, and which endeavors so hard to hide its real estate and to pass for what it is not and never could be.

ON EDUCATION BY NUNS.

"The Peterborough Examiner gives a report of a lecture on Education by Nuns, and the guilt and folly of those Protestants who hand over their children to such an influence. What did Protestants suppose was the object of Rome in multiplying these conventual establishments for the education of their daughters? Was it its anxiety for the spread of education? Let the whole history of Rome—let the condition of such a country as Spain, thoroughly Romish, answer the question.

I ask you solemnly, in God's name, not to let the sun go down to-day till you have spoken to one man or woman alone about his or her soul. Will you not do that? Is it too little for you? Then I must be plain with you, and say you are not worthy to do it.—Spurgeon.

THREE SERMONS A WEEK FOR TWENTY-FIVE SHILLINGS.

A curious correspondence has come into our possession, for the authenticity of which we can vouch. It consists of a series of letters which passed between a person who made it his trade to write sermons and a Church of England clergyman, who made it his business to preach them in a church some forty or fifty miles from Liverpool.

By expository preaching we understand that part of religious discourse commonly called the lecture. In its nature it is simply an exposition and application of a portion of Scripture of more or less length, without the formality and rhetorical finish of a sermon.

glowing description of the evil that surrounds us; and, thirdly, the reward of work—the wages paid. Later on, again, we get this:—'Dear sir,—Will you send me the second sermon of this course, from these words—'And yet there is room?' My idea of the passage runs something after the following:—First, introduction. Bring in forcibly and clearly the reason and occasion of the words.

EXPOSITORY PREACHING.

Unhappily, it does not always receive such care and labour in its preparation. While requiring it as much as any form of discourse proper to the pulpit, it is too often regarded as admitting loose thoughts and an easy way of filling up time without much study.