

## ADVICE TO OUR GIRLS.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES TO AMERICA'S DAUGHTERS.

The New Woman, as Popularly Understood, Will Never Come—God Is Too Good to Allow Her to Disgrace All Womanhood.



WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 17, 1895.—Rev. Dr. Talmage took for the subject of to-day's sermon: "A Word With Women;" the text for the occasion being the following letter reserved by the distinguished preacher:

Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Reverend Sir:—You delivered a discourse in answer to a letter from six young men of Fayette, Ohio, requesting you to preach a sermon on "Advice to Young Men." Are you justified in asking you to preach a sermon on "Advice to Young Women?"

Letter signed by Six Young Women.  
Christ, who took his text from a flock of birds flying overhead, saying, "Behold the fowls of the air," and from the flowers in the valley, saying, "Consider the lilies of the field," and from the clucking of a barnyard fowl, saying, "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing," and from a crystal of salt picked up by the roadside, saying, "Salt is good," will grant us a blessing if, instead of taking a text from the Bible, I take for my text this letter from Cincinnati, which is only one of many letters which I have received from young women in New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, London, Edinburgh, and from the ends of the earth, all implying that having some months ago preached the sermon on "Advice to Young Men," I could not, without neglect of duty, refuse to preach a sermon on "Advice to Young Women."

It is the more important that the pulpit be heard on this subject at this time when we are having such an illimitable discussion about what is called the "New Woman," as though some new creature of God had arrived on earth, or were about to arrive. One theory is that she will be an athlete, and boxing glove and football and pugilistic encounter will characterize her. Another theory is that she will superintend ballot boxes, sit in congressional hall, and through improved politics bring the millennium by the evil she will extirpate and the good she will install. Another theory is that she will adopt masculine attire and make sacred a vulgarianism positively horrid. Another theory is that she will be so esthetic that broom handle and rolling pin and coal scuttle will be pictorialized with tints from soft skies or suggestions of Rembrandt and Raphael.

Heaven deliver the church and the world from any one of these styles of new woman. She will never come. I have so much faith in the evangelistic triumph and in the progress of all things in the right direction that I prophesy that style of new woman will never arrive. She would hand over this world to diabolism, and from being, as she is now, the mightiest agency for the world's uplifting, she would be the mightiest force for its downthrow.

I will tell you who the new woman will be. It will be the good woman of all the ages past. Here and there a difference of attire, and as the temporary custom may command, but the same good, honest, lovely, Christian, all-influential being that your mother and mine was. Of that kind of woman was Christian Eddy, who, talking to a man who was so much of an unbeliever he had named his two children Voltaire and Tom Paine, nevertheless saw him converted, he breaking down with emotion as he said to her, "I cannot stand you, you talk like my mother," and telling the story of his conversion to twelve companions who had been blatant opposers of religion, they asked her to come and see them also, and tell them of Christ, and four of them were converted, and all the others greatly changed, and the leader of the band, departing for heaven, shouted, "Joyful! Joyful! Joyful!" If you know any better style of woman than that, where is she? The world cannot improve on that kind. The new woman may have more knowledge, because she will have more books, but she will have no more common sense than that which tried to manage and discipline and educate us, and did as well as she could with such unpromising material. She may have more health than the woman of other days, for the sewing machine and the sanitary regulations and added intelligence on the subjects of diet, ventilation, and exercise, and rescue from many forms of drudgery, may allow her more longevity, but she will have the same characteristics which God gave her in paradise, with the exception of the nervous shock and moral jolt of the fall she got that day when not noticing where she stepped, she looked up into the branches of the fruit tree.

But I must be specific. This letter before me wants advice to young women. Advice the First: Get your soul right with God and you will be in the best attitude for everything that comes. New ways of voyaging by sea, new ways of traveling by land, new ways of threshing the harvests, new ways of thresh-books, and the patent office is enough to enchant a man who has mechanical ingenuity and knows a good deal of levers and wheels, and we hardly do anything as it used to be done; invention after invention, invention on top of invention. But in the matter of getting right with God there has not been an invention for six thousand years. It is on the same line of repentance that David exercised about his sins, and the same old style of prayer that the publican used when he emphasized it by an inward stroke of both hands, and the same faith in Christ that Paul suggested to the jailer the night the penitentiary broke down. Aye, that is the reason that I have more confidence in it. It has been tried by more millions than

I dare to state lest I come far short of the brilliant facts. All who through Christ earnestly tried to get right with God, are right, and always will be right. That gives the young woman who gets that position superiority over all rivalries, all jealousies, all misfortunes, all health failings, all social disasters, and all the combined troubles of eighty years, if she shall live to be an octogenarian. If the world falls to appreciate her she says: "God loves me, the angels in heaven are in sympathy with me, and I can afford to be patient until the day when the imperial chariots shall wheel to my door to take me up to my coronation." If health goes, she says, "I can endure the present distress, for I am on the way to a climate the first breath of which will make me proof against even the slightest discomfort." If she be jostled with perturbations of social life she can say, "Well, when I begin my life among the thrones of heaven and the kings and queens unto God shall be my associates, it will not make much difference who on earth forgot me when the invitations to that reception were made out." All right with God you are all right with everything.

Martin Luther writing a letter of condolence to one of his friends who had lost his daughter, began by saying, "This is a hard world for girls." It is for those who are dependent upon their own wits and the whims of the world and the preferences of human favor, but those who take the eternal God for their portion not later than 15 years of age, and that is ten years later than it ought to be, will find that while Martin Luther's letter of condolence was true in regard to many, if not most, with respect to those who have the wisdom, and promptitude, and the earnestness to get right with God, I declare that this is a good world for girls.

Advice the Second: Make it a matter of religion to take care of your physical health. I do not wonder that the Greeks deified health and hailed Hygieia as a goddess. I rejoice that there have been so many modes of maintaining and restoring young womanly health invented in our time. They may have been known a long time back, but they have been popularized in our day—lawns, tennis, croquet and golf, and the bicycle. It always seemed strange and inscrutable that our human race should be so slow of locomotion, when creatures of less importance have powers of velocity, wing of bird or foot of antelope, leaving us far behind, and while it seems so important that we be in many places in a short while, we were weighed down with incapacities, and most men if they run a mile are exhausted, or dead from the exhaustion. It was left until the last decade of the nineteenth century to give the speed which we see whirling through all our cities and along the country roads, and with that speed comes health. The women of the next decade will be healthier than at any time since the world was created, while the invalidism which has so often characterized womanhood will pass over to manhood, which by its posture on the wheel, is coming to curved spine and cramped chest and a deformity for which another fifty years will not have power to make rescue. Young man, sit up straight when you ride. Darwin says the human race is descended from the monkey, but the bicycle will turn an hundred thousand men of the present generation in physical condition from man to monkey. For good womanhood, I thank God that this mode of recreation has been invented. Use it wisely, modestly, Christianly. No good woman needs to be told what attire is proper and what behavior is right. If anything be doubtful reject it. A hoydenish, boisterous, masculine woman is the detestation of all, and every revolution of the wheel she rides is towards depreciation and downfall.

Health! Only those know its value who have lost it. The earth is girdled with pain, and a vast proportion of it is the price paid for early recklessness. I close this though with the salutation in Macbeth:

Now good digestion wait on appetite  
And health on both.

Advice the Third: Appreciate your mother while you have her. It is the almost universal testimony of young women who have lost their mother, that they did not realize what she was to them until after her exit from this life. Indeed, mother is in the appreciation of many a young lady a hindrance. The maternal inspection is often considered an obstacle. Mother has so many notions about that which is proper and that which is improper. It is astounding how much more many girls know at 18 than their mothers at 45. With what an elaborate argument, perhaps spiced with some temper, the youngling tries to reverse the opinion of the olding. The sprinkle of gray on the maternal forehead is rather an indignation to the recent graduate of the female seminary that the circumstances of to-day or to-night are not fully appreciated. What a wise boarding-school that would be if the mothers were the pupils and the daughters the teachers. How well the teens could chaperone the fifties. Then mothers do not amount to much anyhow. They are in the way, and are always asking questions about postage marks of letters, and asking, "who is that Mary D.?" and "where did you form that acquaintance, Flora?" and "where did you get that ring, Myra?" For mothers have such unprecedented means of knowing everything—they say "it was a bird in the air" that told them. Alas, for that bird in the air. Will not some one lift his gun and shoot it. It would take whole libraries to hold the wisdom which the daughter knows more than her mother. "Why cannot I have this?" "Why cannot I do that?" And the question in many a group has been, although not plainly stated, "What shall we do with the mothers, anyhow? They are so far behind the times."

Now come the regrets. Now the daughter reviews her former criticism of maternal supervision. For the first time she realizes what it is to have a mother, and what it is to lose a mother. Tell me, men and women, young and

old, did any of us appreciate how much mother was to us until she was gone? Young woman, you probably will never have a more disinterested friend than your mother. When she says anything is unsafe or imprudent, you had better believe it is unsafe or imprudent. When she declares it is something you ought to do, I think you had better do it. She has seen more of the world than you have. Do you think she could have any mercenary or contemptible motive in what she advises you? She would give her life for you if it were called for. Do you know of any one else who would do more than that for you? Do you know of anyone who would do as much? Again and again she has already endangered that life during six weeks of diphtheria or scarlet fever, and she never once brought up the question of whether she had better stay, breathing day and night the contagion. The graveyards are full of mothers who died taking care of their children. Better appreciate your mother before your appreciation of her will be no kindness to her, and the post-mortem regrets will be more and more of an agony as the years pass on. Big head-stones of polished Aberdeen, and the best epitaphs which the family put together could compose, and a garland of whitest roses from the conservatory are, often, the attempt to atone for the thanks we ought to have uttered in living ears, and the kind words that would have done more good than all the Calla lilies ever piled up on the silent mounds of the cemetery. The world makes applauditory ado over the work of mothers who have raised boys to be great men and I could turn to my book-shelves and find the names of fifty distinguished men who had great mothers; Cuvier's mother, Walter Scott's mother, St. Bernard's mother, Benjamin West's mother. But who praises mothers for what they do for daughters who make the homes of America? I do not know of an instance of such recognition. I declare to you that I believe I am uttering the first word that has ever been uttered in appreciation of the self-denial, of the fatigue, and good sense and prayers which those mothers go through who navigate a family of girls from the edge of the cradle to the school-house door and from the school-house door up to the marriage altar. This is an achievement which the eternal God celebrates high up in the heavens, though for it human hands so seldom clap the faintest applause. My! My! what a time that mother had with those youngsters, and if she had relaxed care and work and advice and solicitation of heavenly help, that next generation would have landed in the poor-house, idiot asylum or penitentiary. It is while she is living, but never while she is dead that some girls call their mother "maternal ancestor" or "the old woman."

Young woman! draw out, and decide what you will be, and do, God helping. Write it out in a plain hand, not like the letters which Josephine received from Napoleon in Italy, the writing so scrawling and scattered that it was sometimes taken as a map of the seat of war. Put the plan on the wall of your room, or write it in the opening of a blank book, or put it where you will be compelled often to see it. A thousand questions of your coming life you can settle now, but there is one question you can settle independent of man, woman, angel and devil, and that is that you will be a God's woman now, henceforth and forever. Clasp hands with the Almighty. Pythagoras represented life by the letter Y, because it early divides into two ways. Look out for opportunities of cheering, inspiring, rescuing, and saving all the people you can. Make a league with the Eternalities. I seek your present and everlasting safety. David Brewster said that a comet belonging to our system called Lexell's comet, is lost, as it ought to have appeared thirteen times, and has not appeared at all. Alas! It is not only the lost comets, but the lost stars, and what were considered fixed stars. Some of the most brilliant and steady souls have disappeared. The world wonders at the charge of the Light Brigade, immortalized by Tennyson. Only a few of the six hundred got back from the charge under Lord Cardigan, of the Muscovite guns, and all the havoc was done in twenty-five minutes. The charge beginning at ten minutes past eleven o'clock, and closing at thirty-five minutes past eleven, and yet nothing left on the field but dying and dead men, dying and dead horses. But a smaller proportion of the men and women who go into the battle of life come out unwounded. The slaughter has been and will be terrific, and we all need God, and we need him now, and we need him all the time. And let me say there is a new woman, as there is a new man, and that is the regenerated woman made such by the ransacking, transforming, unbuilding, triumphant power of the Spirit is who so superior to all other spirits that he has been called for ages the Holy Spirit. Quicker than wheel ever turned on its axis; quicker than feetest hoof ever struck the pavement; quicker than zig-zag lightning ever dropped down the sky, the ransacking power I speak of will revolutionize your entire nature. Then you can start out on a voyage of life, defying both calm and cyclone, saying with Dean Alford:

One who has known in storms to sail  
I have on board;  
Above the roaring of the gale  
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smile;  
I shall not fall;  
If short 'tis sharp, if long 'tis light;  
He tempests all.

Christians in America spent less than a million dollars for the worship of our Christ in China last year; the worshippers of demons in China last year spent a hundred and thirty millions in sacrifices to their gods.

## THE BILL OF FARE.



THE American substitute for Christmas some travelers called Thanksgiving in far-back times, when the Pilgrim Fathers and their children set apart just one day out of the whole year upon which they might conscientiously eat, drink and be merry.

Our years are starred with many holidays in the present age, but as a nation we honor and celebrate most unambiguously the day of thanksgiving and praise, which of late years has been appointed by the president as a general feast-day, to be held simultaneously in all the states. Formerly, each governor declared on a day for his state, without regard for the selection of other states.

There are families who still, in remembrance of their Puritan ancestors, serve dishes that might be called historical, and to still farther recall our country's past, they serve the dinner on that one day when the sun is high in the heavens, instead of waiting, as usual, until long after the daylight is gone.

The prominent and inevitable dish that no housekeeper omits from her



SOUP-TUREEN.

menu on Thanksgiving day is roast turkey. One need hardly give directions for its cooking, for everybody knows how it is done. It was America which gave the dish to England originally, but England has taught us some very nice ways of cooking the "noble bird." From that country we have received the idea of using forcemeat to give flavoring to the stuffing; also of garnishing the dish with forcemeat balls in sufficient numbers to allow of one being served with every plateful of turkey. These balls, which are nearly akin to sausages, are cooked on the pan with the turkey. They are made of two parts of raw lean beef, one part of pork or veal and one part of the fat of salt pork, and bound by mixing with one-fourth their bulk of bread crumbs, chopped fine and molded into balls. As the cooking progresses, the fat tried out from the pork is used to baste the turkey. Here let it be said that frequent basting is one of the vital points of success in roasting.

Another traditional dainty dedicated to the day is chicken pie. Like every other good thing, it differs in kind. Each housewife has her own way of making it, and the result is not the same in every case, unfortunately for the partakers. To make a satisfactory old-fashioned pie, take a pair of tender chickens of the current year. Upon less festive days, more ancient fowls may be used, but tradition demands the best for this occasion. Cut the chickens up into convenient pieces. Then cut all the lean meat from two pounds of breast of veal. Boil the bones of the veal with the neck and gizzard of the chickens in three pints of water; the water should be cold when the scraps are put in, then left on the back of the stove to simmer slowly until reduced to one-half its quantity. The veal, cut up into small bits, is laid upon the bottom of a deep baking dish; the pieces of chicken, after being skimmed, are laid over the veal. Broken-up forcemeat balls and extremely thin slices of salt pork are put over the top. One cupful of soup stock, or cold water if there is no stock, is poured in. Put a strip of thinly-rolled pastry all around the edge of the dish, sticking it on with cold water and turning the upper edge over the rim. Cover the whole pie with thick, rich pie-crust, cutting out small diamonds or circles near the middle, to allow the escape of the gas generated

in cooking. Bake very slowly for an hour and three-quarters; then put a funnel in one of the openings of the crust and pour in the liquor obtained by boiling the giblets and bones.

Even when the dinner is introduced by raw oysters, according to modern modes, in deferring to old customs they should appear during the feast as a hot dish. Rigid revolutionists insist on their being served in the shell; or as a nearer way of presenting them, stewed or steamed in butter for a few moments after being opened. Sometimes this is done with great success upon a chafing-dish at the table. The oysters, which should be large, are laid in the boiling butter, covered and left for five minutes or until the edges curl. The light is then extinguished, a glass of wine, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, pepper and salt and a spoonful of horse-radish added and well stirred in, and then the oysters can be laid upon half slices of buttered toast and served.

Cranberry sauce is an inevitable accompaniment of an orthodox Thanksgiving dinner. Every cook says she can make it, but I find few who do not spoil it. To succeed, first wash the berries, then put them on the fire with only a half cupful of water to two cupfuls of berries; let them cook slowly, crushing the berries with a wooden spoon after they grow tender. When they are done, put in sugar until they are pleasantly sweet. As soon as the sugar melts thoroughly, take them from the fire, as cooking with the sugar in them makes the berry-skins tough.

Mince, pumpkin and apple pies all belong especially to Thanksgiving dinner, and there are persons who do not think the day righteously spent unless the memory of their ancestors is perpetuated by finishing the dinner with the old-fashioned bread-cake, or "rising-cake," as some call it. "Barm-cake" is a still older name for the old colony delicacy. In the White House, Mrs. Madison always offered the cake to her guests on Thanksgiving. Her recipe was 100 years old even then. Probably it was the evolution of the precious seed-cake of the early settlers. In those days the sugar was rare and precious, and the raisins worth their weight in gold.

As handed down to the present generation, the rule for raised cake orders that a gill of yeast be stirred into three gills of milk. Into this is slowly mixed ten ounces of butter creamed with one pound of sugar, a pound and a half of flour and four eggs. The correct method, I believe, is to work half of these ingredients into the milk and yeast and leave the mixture to rise all night. In the morning, if the dough is properly lightened, work in the remainder, beating the batter very thoroughly. One cupful of seeded raisins and half a cupful of currants are then well floured and stirred in. For flavoring, our foremothers used such spices as their slender resources allowed. Some of their younger and more flippanthousekeepers, it is to be feared, if records are to be trusted, added a small wine-glassful of New England rum burned to give



BUTTER-DISH.

It resembles the brandy so freely used in the cookery of the mother-country.

The Heritage of Thanksgiving.  
Our songs are sweetest for the songs they lifted,  
Our praises higher for their praises given;  
And though the freight show their vacant places,  
Heart cleaves to heart, in bonds of song unbroken.

So at the feasts when some will mist our faces,  
Our notes from far-off days will meet their own;  
The past and the present in one chorus blending  
To swell Thanksgiving hymns around the Throne!

—George T. Packard.

## THE FATE OF THE GREEDY TURKEY.



## CUSHING'S DARING.

How He Slung Up the Rebel Ram in the Albemarle at Night.  
On the night of October 27, 1864, Cushing slipped away from the blockade toward the wharf, a dozen miles distant, where the great ram lay. The confederates were watchful to guard against surprise, for they feared that their foe should try to destroy the ram before she got a chance to come down and attack them again in the Sound. She lay under the guns of a fort, with a regiment of troops ready at a moment's notice to turn out and defend her. Her own guns were kept always clear for action, and she was protected by a great boom of logs thrown out roundabout, of which last defense the federals knew nothing. Cushing went up-stream with the utmost caution, and by good luck, passed, unnoticed, a confederate lookout below the ram.

About midnight he made his assault. Steaming quietly on through the black water, and feeling his way cautiously toward where he knew the town to be, he finally made out the loom of the Albemarle through the night, and at once drove at her. He was almost upon her before he was discovered; then the crew and the soldiers on the wharf opened fire, and at the same moment he was brought to by the boom, the existence of which he had not known. The rifle-balls were singing about him as he stood erect guiding his launch, and he heard the bustle of the men aboard the ram, and the noise of the great guns as they were got ready. Backing off, he again went all steam ahead, and actually surged over the slippery log of the boom.

Meanwhile on the deck of the Albemarle the sailors were running to quarters, and the soldiers were swarming down to aid in her defense. And the droning bullets came always thicker through the dark night. Cushing still stood upright in his little craft, guiding and controlling her by voice and signal, while in his hands he kept the ropes which led to the torpedo. As the boat slid over the boom, he brought the torpedo full against the sponser side of the huge ram, and instantly exploded it, almost at the same time that the pivot-gun of the ram, loaded with grape, was fired point blank at him, not ten yards off.

At once the ram settled, the launch sinking at the same moment, while Cushing and his men swam for their lives. Most of them sank or were captured; but Cushing reached midstream. Hearing something splashing in the darkness, he swam toward it, and found that it was one of his crew. He went to his rescue, and they kept together for some time, but the sailor's strength gave out, and he finally sank. In the pitch darkness Cushing could form no idea where he was; and when, chilled through, and too exhausted to rise to his feet, he finally reached shore, shortly before dawn, he found that he had swam back, and landed but a few hundred feet below the sunken ram. All that day he remained within easy musket shot of where his foes were swarming about the fort and the great drowned ironclad. He hardly dared move, and until the afternoon he lay without food and without protection from the heat or insects. Then he managed to slip unobserved into a dense swamp, and began to make his way toward the feet. Toward evening he came out on a small stream near a camp of confederate soldiers. They had moored to the bank a small skiff, and with equal stealth and daring he managed to steal this, and began to paddle down-stream. Hour after hour he paddled on through the fading light, and then through the darkness. At last, utterly worn out, he found the squadron and was picked up.—"Hero Tales from American History," by Theodore Roosevelt.

We Should Pronounce It Dangerous.  
Toledo Blade: It is correct nowadays to pronounce any of the afflictions that end in "itis," such as "appendicitis," with the accent on the penultimate syllable, and as if the "itis" were spelled "eyetis." Eminent surgeons also say "intesteynal" for "intestinal," and Anglicize as much as possible every technical word derived from the Latin. It seems to be a go-as-you-please with the Greek terminology as yet.

The Best.  
As some rare perfume in a vase of clay  
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,  
So when Christ dwelleth in a mortal soul,  
All heaven's own sweetness seems about it thrown.  
—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Revival of Croquet.  
There is said to be a revival of croquet sport. It is surprising that it declined in popularity here.—Rochester Post-Express.

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