

**THANKSGIVING DAY IN OLDEN TIMES.**



Thanks we give for friendship old,  
For Love's blessings manifold,  
Thanks for all that time has brought,  
All the kindness it has wrought;

In our hearts, oh! still may we,  
Looking back o'er life's rough sea,  
Keep and honor while we may,  
Thoughts of thee, Thanksgiving Day.



THE week before Thanksgiving the sewing circle in our village met at Mrs. Nathan Tucker's and there was a full meeting, though everybody was very busy cooking for Thanksgiving.

The Tucker house was redolent with spice and mince-meat. Mrs. Tucker had told several confidentially that she did not know how to have the circle. The members were most of them late, with the exception of Rebecca Todd. She is a widow and lives alone and has nobody to cook for, except herself, and besides she was invited to spend Thanksgiving with her brother.

Rebecca Todd is a very fast sewer, and she had a missionary apron almost finished by the time the others arrived; she had talked every minute, too. Mrs. Todd is noted for her conversational powers. She politely gave an inkling of the topic under discussion to every newcomer, took up the threads, as it were, for her inspection, then proceeded. Everybody, with the exception of Maria Hopkins, listened respectfully. Mrs. Todd is considered a very smart woman, and besides she is well to do, has the finest house in town and the best furniture. Maria Hopkins, who has her own opinions, listened rather contemptuously; once in a while she sniffed in a way she has, and she scrowed her forehead very tight over her sewing. She has never liked Rebecca Todd since they



"DID THAT SIX-MONTH-OLD BABY GO TO MEETING?" SAID MARIA, WITH ONE OF HER SNIFFS, AND MRS. TODD GLARED AT HER.

were girls together. Mrs. Todd talked, and talked; scarcely any one else said a word. When the last corner, Mrs. Pendergrass, entered she had just begun to relate a Thanksgiving experience of hers, which she considered remarkable, as Maria whispered she considered most experiences of her own. "I should think she would be astonished because they never put the day she was born into the almanac," whispered Maria, and the minister's wife, who sat next her and is considered too young and giddy by some folks for a minister's wife, giggled, and then was so scared because she had that she turned pale.

"I was just saying," said Mrs. Todd, very politely, to Mrs. Stephen Pendergrass, who is tall and meek and slides into the first chair as if she were unworthy to sit anywhere, "that everybody has Thanksgivings, but I thought that not everybody had had Thanksgivings that seemed to stand out—special Thanksgivings, as it were."

Mrs. Pendergrass, who is always afraid to speak before more than two, bowed solemnly and colored up and down, and looked as if she had done something awful every Thanksgiving Day of her life, and Mrs. Todd went on sewing all the time as fast as she could drive her needle.

"Yes," said she, "I have had as good Thanksgivings as anybody; always a turkey and everything to go with it, and my relations visiting me, or else me visiting my relations, but I don't remember more than one special Thanksgiving, that seems to sort of

I dressed five children that morning, besides all the rest."  
"Did that six-month-old baby go to meeting?" said Maria, with one of her sniffs, and Mrs. Todd glared at her.  
"No," said she, "he didn't. My sister began early with her children, training them to go to meeting, but she wasn't a fool. I had that baby to take care of, besides all the rest, and he was teething and terrible fractious. I had to keep joggling his cradle between whiles. Then I had to put on father's collar and cravat for him, and do up mother's hair, and heat the soapstones for their feet; they had to go three miles in sleighs, and it was pretty cold. After they were all gone, I tell you I just flew. There was the turkey to cook, and it had to be basted every fifteen minutes—mother wouldn't look at a turkey that wasn't basted every fifteen minutes; didn't think it was fit to eat—and there were all the vegetables to be got ready and the chicken pies to be baked—mother didn't think a chicken pie that was baked the day before it was fit to be looked at—and there was the pudding and the pudding sauce to be made and the table to lay. Then there were seven beds to be made up and everything to be dusted—mother was dreadful particular. Then I had the hens to feed and the eggs to get and fresh sponge cake to make, because mother didn't think it was good unless it was baked the day it was eaten; then, to cap the climax, I had to make some butter. Mother had a little cream, just right to churn, and I knew she hated to have it wasted, and so I made a pound and a half of butter, besides all the rest. Then in the midst of it all Sophy Briggs that was—she lived next door, and her folks had gone to meeting and she stayed at home on account of having a cold—came running in with her finger cut to the bone, and I had to do that up

Day, and we all felt impressed, all except Maria Hopkins. She sniffed—"How long was that before you were married, Mrs. Todd, may I ask?" said she.  
Rebecca Todd looked sharply at her—"Much as ten years," said she.  
"Why?"  
"Nothing," said Maria, but I could see that she was figuring in her head. After a while, when Mrs. Todd was talking about something else, she broke right in. "I've got something to say,"



"I reckon she'll take the prize."

she said. "You were seventeen years old when you were married, Rebecca Todd, and now you are trying to make it out that you were only seven years old when you did such a day's work as that."

Rebecca Todd colored as red as a beat, and a kind of quiver seemed to go all over her, but she looked Maria full in the face. "Well, what of it?" said she.

"I don't believe one word of it," said Maria.  
"You can believe it or not, just as you're a mind to," said Rebecca Todd, "but I'm telling it, and I was never known to tell a lie in my whole life."  
Well, Mrs. Todd's special Thanksgiving has divided our sewing circle. Half side with her, and half believe she told a wicked lie, and it not fit to associate with us in mission work. To this day nobody knows whether she really had that special Thanksgiving, when she was seven years old or not; but the sewing circle is divided, and this week, before Thanksgiving, one part meets with Mrs. Henry Mixer, and the other part meets with ME—Mary E. Wilkins, in the New York World.

**An Understated Turkey.**



The Smart Boarder—"Mrs. Smithers, that turkey is not done."  
Mrs. Smithers—"Why, Mr. Stump, I'm sure."  
The Smart Boarder—"No, I mean not done growing."—Judge.

**Chestnut Stuffing For the Turkey.**

In making chestnut stuffing for turkey peel the chestnuts, scald them and remove the brown from underneath the skin. Put them into boiling water; cook slowly for about thirty minutes. Drain and then mash or chop. To one quart add a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of butter and a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Stuff this into the turkey and finish as you would with other dressings. Truffles or mushrooms may be added.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**In Clover.**

We're invited out Thanksgiving Every single year; I think we never in all our lives Have had Thanksgiving here.

Of course, it is very pleasant Going with father and mother; But just one feast is so little to have— Then wait a whole year for another!

And the next day our dinner's so common, And I think of the day before, With turkey and duck and ice cream and tarts, And I'm sorry I didn't eat more.

But this year I'm going to be jolly— Oh, I tell you, I'm in clover! We're to have Thanksgiving here at home, And won't there be lots left over! —Youth's Companion.

**Her Reflection.**

"You must not eat too much," said the small girl's mother. "If you are careful, you will be perfectly well tomorrow when so many other little children are sick."

"Yes," answered the small girl, "and then wouldn't I be dreadfully out of style?"

**Stuffing.**



"Some folks stuffs their turkey 'fore they cook it, but I stuffs mine after it's cooked."

**Methuselah's Thanksgiving**



An' at times I'd eat nothin' at all. I'd give you the lunch that I bro't up t' school.  
An' I'll come home to late t' get tea.  
An' maybe I wuzent at Thanksgiving time  
Thin as latus; why, you hev no idee,  
I got in the way when a boy, 'bout your size.  
An' I can't quit th' hold on it now,  
This fall I've bin purty high starvin' my- self.  
Why, I've lost twenty pound, thet I vow.

Methuselah Green then went back to the hay.  
Where he chucked an' luffed fit t' split.  
I sed, "Mr. Green, hev luffin' at me?"  
An' Methuselah sed, "Not a bit."  
I never could see what Methuselah ate,  
Cause he lived in a house down th' hill.  
But once I was helpin' him mend th' stun wall.

An' he savs to me, "Looka there, Bill, Jest peep at them beech nuts way up in that tree,  
Jest look at them punkins an' squash,  
Jest look at that turkey; he's fat, an' I'm thin;  
Thanksgivin' time's comin' b' Gosh."

Thanksgivin' time come an' th' turkey wuz killed.  
The pies wuz all made an' the sauce,  
Methuselah sez t' me, "Bill, kin yer eat?"  
An' I sez to Methuselah, "Course."  
Pa bro't all the farm hands ter dinner that day.

But before sittin' down he looked round,  
An' asked each one what he felt thankful for most;  
For a minit there wuzent a sound,  
Then Methuselah riz in his seat an' he sed,  
"I kin offer up thanks thet I'm thin.  
I've bin trainin' fur this since October fiftenth,  
An' I wish to the lars you'd begin."  
—Arthur H. Folwell.



"I suppose that was the first Thanksgiving after you were married," said Mrs. Henry Mixer, who is a very gentle, soft-spoken woman; she admires Mrs. Todd very much and tries to be intimate with her.

"No, it was not," Mrs. Todd said, with an important nod the like of which I never saw in anybody else. "No, it was not; it was before I was married, and I cooked the dinner for fifteen and had it ready by 12 o'clock, by the time they got home from meeting, besides putting the house in apple order. Mother wasn't very strong, and my sister Lizzy's little Sammy was only six months old. I washed and dressed little Sammy that morning, too, and I washed and dressed brother Henry's twins—his wife wasn't able to do much, and she had a run-around on her thumb—and I curled little Minerva's hair in two rows of curls

in cobwebs, and she hadn't more'n gone before I burnt my own finger lifting out the turkey to baste, so I've got the scar of it now. Well, I lived through it, and that dinner was all on the table at 12 o'clock, when they got home from meeting, and me in my best, all ready to help them out and take off the children's things. Well, as I was saying, that Thanksgiving has always seemed to me a special one, and kind of stands out, as it were."

Mrs. Todd stopped and looked around as if she were waiting for admiration.  
"I call that a Thanksgiving to be remembered," said Mrs. Henry Mixer, in her gentle way. "I never heard of such a day's work, and you so young, too."  
We all reflected that we had never done anything like it, though we had worked hard enough on Thanksgiving

**DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON**

**SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.**

**Subject: Everyday Religion—It Is Good in Business and Politics—The Example of Daniel, Who Was Never Too Busy to Worship God—Advice to Christians.**

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is appropriate for all seasons, but especially in these times of great agitation. The text is Daniel, vi, 16. "Then the king commanded, and they brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions."  
Darius was king of Babylon, and the young man Daniel was so much a favorite with him that he made him prime minister or secretary of state. But no monarch could gain such a high position without exciting the envy and jealousy of the people. There were demagogues in Babylon who were so appreciative of their own abilities that they were affronted at the elevation of this young man. The Babylon was afraid of young Babylon. The taller the cedar the more apt it is to be riven of the lightning. These demagogues asked the king to make a decree that anybody that made a petition to any one except the king during a period of thirty days should be put to death. King Darius, not suspecting any foul play, makes that decree. The demagogues have accomplished all they want, because they know that no one can keep Daniel from sending petitions before God for thirty days.

So far from being afraid, Daniel goes on with supplications three times a day and is found on his house top making prayer. He is caught in the act. He is condemned to be devoured by the lions which executors of the law seize him and casten him to the cavern. The growth of the wild beasts, and I see them pawing the dust, and as they put their mouths to the ground the solid earth quakes with their bellowing. I see their eyes roll and I almost hear the fiery screech in the darkness of the cavern. The demagogues approach Daniel. They have an appetite keen with hunger. With one stroke of their paw or one snatch of their teeth, they may leave him dead at the bottom of the cavern. But what a strange welcome Daniel receives from these hungry monsters. They fawn around him, they lick his hand, they bury his feet in their long manes. That night he has calm sleep with his head pillowed on the warm necks of the tamed lions.

But not so well does Darius, the king, sleep. He has an attack of terrific insomnia. He loves Daniel, and bates this strategem by which he has been condemned. All night long the king walks the floor. He cannot sleep. At the least sound he starts and his flesh creeps with horror. He is impatient for the morning of the morning. At the first streak of the daylight Darius hastens forth to see the fate of Daniel. The heavy palace doors open and clang shut long before the people of the city waken. Darius goes to the den of lions; he looks in, and he says, "Oh, his heart stops. He feels that the very worst has happened, but gathering all his strength, he shouts through the rifts of the rock, "Oh, Daniel, is thy God whom thou servest continually able to deliver thee?" There comes rolling up from the den darkness a voice which says, "Oh, king, live forever. My God has sent His angel to shut the lions' mouths that they have not hurt me." Then Daniel is brought out from the den. The demagogues are hurled into it, and no sooner do they strike the bottom of the den than their flesh was rent, and their bones cracked and their blood spurted through the rifts of the rock, and, as the lions make the rocks tremble with their roar, they announce to all ages that while God defend His people, the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Learn first from this subject that the greatest crime that you commit in the eyes of many is the crime of success. What had Daniel done that he should be flung to the lions? He had become prime minister. They could not forgive him for that, and behold in that a touch of un-sanctified human nature as seen in all ages of the world. So long as you are pinched in poverty, so long as you are working the gamlet between landlord and taxgatherer, so long as you find it hard to educate your children, there are people who will say, "Poor man, I am sorry for him; he ought to succeed, poor man." But after awhile the tide turns in your favor. That was a profitable investment you made. You bought just at the right time. Fortune becomes good humored and smiles upon you. Now you are in some department successful and your success chills some one. Those men who used to sympathize with you stand along the street, and they scowl at you from under the rim of their hats. You have more money or more influence than they have, and you ought to be scowled at from under the rim of their hats. You catch a word or two as you pass by them. "Stuck up," says one. "Got th' dishonest," says another. "Will burst soon," says a third. Every stone in your new house is laid on their hearts. Your horse's hoofs wend over their nerves. Every item of your success has been to them an item of discomitment and despair. Just as soon as in any respect you rise above your fellows, if you are more virtuous, if you are more wise, if you are more influential, you cast a shadow on the prospect of others.

The road to honor and success is with reach of the enemy's guns. Jealousy says, "Stay down or I'll knock you down." "I do not like you," says the snowflake to the snowbird. "Why don't you like me?" said the snowbird. "Oh," said the snowflake, "you are going up and I am coming down."

Young merchants, young lawyers, young doctors, young mechanics, young artists, young farmers, at certain times there are those to sympathize with you, but now that you are becoming a master of your particular occupation or profession, how is it now, young lawyer, young doctor, young artist, young farmer—how is it now? The greatest crime that you can commit is the crime of success.

Again, my subject impresses me with the value of decision of character in any department. Daniel knew that if he continued his adherence to the wrong to come, Lord he would be hurried to the lions, but, having set his compass well, he sailed right on. For the lack of that element of decision of character, so eminent in Daniel, many men are ruined for this world and ruined for the world to come. A great many at forty years of age are not settled in any respect, because they have not been able to make up their minds. Perhaps they will go west; perhaps they will go east; perhaps they will not; perhaps they will go north; perhaps they may go south; perhaps they will not; perhaps they may make that investment in real estate or in railroads; perhaps they will not. They are like a steamer that should go out of New York harbor, starting for Glasgow, and the next day should change for Havre de Grace, and the next for Charleston and the next for Boston and the next for Liverpool. These men on the sea of life everlasting, tacking ship and making no headway. Or they are like a man who starts to build a house in the Corinthian style and changes it to Doric, and then completes it in the Ionic, the curse of all styles of architecture. Young man, start right and keep on. Have decision of character. Character is like the goldfinch of Touque; it is magnificent while standing firm, but loses all its beauty in flight. How much decision of character in order that these young men may be Christians! Their old associates make sarcastic flings at them. They go on excursions and they do not

invite them. They prophesy that he will give out. They wonder if he is not getting wings. As he passes, they grimace and wink and chuckle and say, "There goes a saint." Oh, young man, have decision of character. You can afford in this matter of religion to be laughed at. What do you care for the scoffs of these men, who are affronted because you will not go to ruin with them? When the grave cracks open under their feet, and grim messengers push them into it, and eternity comes down hard upon their spirit, and conscience stings, and hopeless ruin lifts them up to hurl them down, will they laugh then?

I learn also from this subject that men may take religion into their worldly business. This is a most appropriate thought at this season of the year, when so many men are starting out in new enterprises. Daniel had enough work to do to occupy six men. All the affairs of state were in his hands—questions of finance, questions of war, of peace; all international questions were for his settlement or adjustment. He must have had a correspondence vast beyond all computation. It was not a man in all the world who had more to do than Daniel, the secretary of state, and yet we find him three times a day bowing before God in prayer.

But to have religion go right along by them all through life, to have religion looking over their shoulder when they are making a bargain, to have religion take up a bag of dishonest gold and shake it and say, "Where did you get that?"—they think that is an impertinent religion.

They would like to have a religion to help them when they are sick and when the shadow of death comes over them, they would like to have religion as a sort of night key with which to open the door of heaven, but religion under other circumstances they take to be impertinent.

Now, my friends, religion never robbed a man of a dollar. Other things being equal, a mason will build a better wall, a cabinet maker will make a better chair, a plumber will make a better pipe, a lawyer will make a better plea, a merchant will sell a better bill of goods, I say, other things being equal. Of course when religion gives a man a new heart, it does not propose to give him a new head or to intellectualize him or to change a man's conditions when a ordinary man, an overthrob of the philosopher, they say, that a total vacuum is impossible, but the more letters you have to write, the more burdens you have to carry, the more miles you have to travel, the more burdens you have to lift, the more engagements you have to meet, the more duties you have to settle, the more opportunity you have of being a Christian. If you have a thousand irons in the fire, you have a thousand more opportunities of serving God than if you only had one iron in the fire. Who so ever is a Christian, and who a millionth part as holy? The busiest men the best men. All the persons converted in Scripture busy at the time of their being converted. Matthew attending to his custom house duties, the prodigal son tending swine, Lydia selling purple, Simon Peter hauling in the net from the sea, Saul spurring his horse toward Damascus, going down on his law business. Busy, busy Daniel with all the affairs of state weighing down upon his soul and yet there was a day worshipping the God of heaven.

Again, I learn from this subject that a man may take religion into his politics. Daniel had all the affairs of state on hand, yet a servant of God. He could not have kept his elevated position unless he had been a thorough politician, and yet all the thrusts of officials and all the danger of disgrace did not make him yield one iota of his high toned religious principle. He stood before that age, he stands before all ages, a specimen of a godly politician. A man have been in our day and in the days of our fathers men as eminent in the service of God as they have been eminent in the service of the state. Such was Benjamin F. Butler, attorney general of New York in the time of your father, such was John Jay, chief justice of the supreme court of the United States; such was George Briggs, of Massachusetts; such was Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey—men faithful to the state, at the same time faithful to God. It is absurd to expect that men who have been immersed in political wickedness for thirty or forty years shall come to reformation, and our hope is in the young men who are coming up, that they have patriotic principle and Christian principle side by side when they come to the ballot box and cast their first vote, and that they swear allegiance to the government of heaven as well as to the government of the United States. We would have Bunker Hill mean less to them than Calvary, and Lexington mean less to them than Bethlehem. But because there are bad men around the ballot box is no reason why Christian men should retreat from the arena. The last time you ought to give up your child or forsake your child is when it is surrounded by a company of Choctaws, and the last time you ought to surrender the ballot box is when it is surrounded by impurity and dishonesty and all sorts of wickedness.

Daniel stood on a most unpopular platform. He stood firmly, though the demagogues of the day hissed at him and tried to overthrow him. We must carry our religion into our politics.

But there are a great many men who are in favor of taking it into national politics who do not see the importance of taking it into city politics, as though a man were intelligent about the affairs of his neighborhood and had no concern about his own home.

My subject also impresses me with the fact that lions cannot hurt a good man. No man ever got into worse company than Daniel got into when he was thrown into the den. What a rare monster that young man would have been for the hungry monsters! If they had plunged at him, he could not have climbed into a niche beyond the reach of their paw or the clutch of their tooth. They came peaced all around about him, as hunters bound to his feet. You need not go to Numidia to get many lions. You all have had them after you—the lion of financial distress, the lion of sickness, the lion of persecution. You saw that lion of financial panic putting his mouth down to the earth, and he roared until all the banks and all the insurance companies quaked. With his nostrils he scattered the ashes on the domestic hearth. You have had trial after trial, mistake after mistake, lion after lion, and yet they have never hurt you if you put your trust in God, and they never will hurt you. They did not hurt Daniel, and they cannot hurt you. The Persians used to think that spring rain falling into cressets would turn into pearls, and I have to tell you that the tears of sorrow turn into precious gems when they drop into God's bottle. You need be afraid of nothing putting your trust in God. Even death, that monster lion whose den is the world's sepulcher and whose paws are paved down amid thousands of millions of the dead, cannot fright you. When in olden times a man was to get the honors of knight hood, he was compelled to go fully armed the night before among the tombs of the dead, carrying a sort of spear, and then when the day broke he would come forth, and amid the sound of cornet and great parade he would get the honors of knight hood. And so it will be with the Christian in the night before heaven as fully armed with a sword and helmet of salvation, he will wait and watch through the darkness until the morning dawns, and then he will take the honors of heaven and that great throng with snowy robes streaming ever and of sphinx.