WOMEN OF AMERICA.

TALMAGE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE AT THE TABERNACLE.

'What Can and What Cannot Make a Woman Happy."

The Seventh of His Series of Sermons to the Women of America, With Important Hints to Men—"She That Liveth in Pleasure Is Dead While She Liveth."

BROOKLYN, Feb. 19.—This morning the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached the seventh of his series of "Sermons to the Women of America, with Important Hints to Men." The opening hymn begins:

"They let our songs be loud,
And every tear be dry,
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high."

Dr. Talmage took for his text the following words: "She that liveth in pleasure is dead, while she liveth." 1st Timothy.

The editor of a Boston newspaper a few days ago wrote asking me the terse question: "What is the road to happiness?" and "Ought happiness be the chief aim of life?" My answer was: "The road to happiness is not continuous effort to make others happy. The chief aim of life ought to be usefulness, not happiness, but happiness always follows usefulness." This morning's text is a strong way sets forth the truth that a woman who seeks in worldly advantage her chief enjoyment, will come to disappointment and lash. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

My friends, you all want to be happy. You have had a great many recipes by which it is proposed to give you satisfaction—solid satisfaction. At times you feel a thorough unrest. You know as well as anybody that life is to be depressed. As dark shadows some times fall upon the geography of the second first as on the page of the specialist dilisoner. I have seen the closed days in May as in November. There are no deeper sighs breathed by the grandmother than by the grandaughter. It cannot be passing impression that people are happier in childhood and youth than they are with the years. If we live aright, the old age is happier. The happiest woman that I ever knew was a Christian octogenarian, her hair white as white could be, the sunlight of heaven in her face the afternoon falling down of snow. I have to say to a great many of the young people that the most miserable time you are ever to have is just now. As you advance in life, as you come out into the world and have your hearts lacerated and bruised, honest, practical Christian work, then you will begin to see that life is to be happy, there are those who would have us believe that life is chasing fabulous down and grasping shadows. We have not found it so. In many of us it has been discovering diamonds larger than the Koh-i-noor, and I think that our joy will continue to increase until nothing short of the celestial jubilee of heaven will be able to express it.

Horace Greenough, at the close of the hardest life a man ever lived—the life of an American artist—wrote, "I don't want to leave this world until I give some sage, that born by the grace of God in this land, I have found life to be a very cheerful thing, and not the dark and bitter thing with which my early prospects were clouded."

Albert Barnes the good Christian, known the world over, stood in his pulpit in Philadelphia, at seventy or eighty years of age, and said, "This world is so very attractive to me! I am very sorry I shall have to leave it."

I know that Solomon said some very dolorous things about this world, and three times declared: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." I suppose it was a reference to those times in his career when his seven hundred lives almost poisoned the life out of him. But I would rather turn to the description he gave after his conversion, when he says in another place: "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." It is reasonable to expect that the time the vinger the fruit hangs on the tree, the riper and more mellow it right be expected. You plant one grain of corn and it will send up a stalk with two ears, each having nine hundred and fifty grains, so that one grain planted produces nineteen hundred grains. And ought not the implantation of a grain of the right principle in a youthful soul develop into a large crop of fullness on earth and to a harvest of eternal joy in heaven? Hearne, then, while I discourse upon some of the mistakes which young people make in regard to happiness, and point out to the young women what considered to be the secret of a true and happy life.

And, in the first place, I advise you not to build your happiness upon mere social position. Persons are constantly looking off upon life, are apt to think that if they could get what is called good luck, you could arrive in an elevated and affluent position, and be happier than that to which God has called you to live, you would be completely happy. Foolish mistake! The palace floor of Alnaseurs a red with the blood of broken hearts. There have been no more scalding tears wept than those which coursed the cheeks of Josephine. If lack of worldly advantages be the great cities could break through the aparatted wall, that sob would come from your street to-day like the simoon of the desert. Sometimes I have been in the rustling of the robes on the city pavement the hue and the adders that followed in the wake. You would envy some of those who live in splendor, if you saw looked up at the great house, and covert a life under those arches, when, perhaps, at the very moment, within that house, there may have been the wringing of hands, the last agony, and the very agony of hell. I knew such one. Her father's house was plain, most of the rooms in it have not been even painted, by a change in fortune such as sometimes comes, a hand had been offered that led her into a brilliant sphere. All the neighbors congratulated her on her good fortune, but what an exchange! On her side it was a heart full of generous impulse and affection. In the side it was a soul dry and withered as the stubble of the field. On her side it was a father's home, where God was honored and the Sabbath light flooded the rooms with the very smile of heaven. On his side it was a gorgeous residence, and the coming of mighty men to be entertained there; but within it there reveler and gallantry. Hardly had the orange blossoms of the marriage feast lost their fragrance, when the night of discontent began to cast here and there its shadow. Crueltes and unkindnesses, that left the splendid trappings into a hollow mockery. The plaintive wail of a child, the caskets of purest gold, the head dress of diamonds, were there; but no God, no peace, no kind words, no affection sincerely. The feeling made that broke on the captive's ear turned sid to be a sob, and the wreath in her hair was a rectile coil, and the unbidden tear crept in the place of the wing of a destroying angel, and the head drops on the carpet were the sweat of everlasting despair. O, how many women have made unhappiness for themselves who seek in social life their chief happiness! I tell you not from your pleasures, but from what you achieve! On her side it was a heart full of generous impulse and affection. In the side it was a soul dry and withered as the stubble of the field. On her side it was a father's home, where God was honored and the Sabbath light flooded the rooms with the very smile of heaven. On his side it was a gorgeous residence, and the coming of mighty men to be entertained there; but within it there reveler and gallantry. Hardly had the orange blossoms of the marriage feast lost their fragrance, when the night of discontent began to cast here and there its shadow. Crueltes and unkindnesses, that left the splendid trappings into a hollow mockery. The plaintive wail of a child, the caskets of purest gold, the head dress of diamonds, were there; but no God, no peace, no kind words, no affection sincerely. The feeling made that broke on the captive's ear turned sid to be a sob, and the wreath in her hair was a rectile coil, and the unbidden tear crept in the place of the wing of a destroying angel, and the head drops on the carpet were the sweat of everlasting despair. O, how many women have made unhappiness for themselves who seek in social life their chief happiness! I tell you not from your pleasures, but from what you achieve! Some of the things, there are other people who have it here. Suppose you put your watch to tell the hour of the day, you have got it correct your timepiece and pulling out a watch more richly chased and jewelled. Life in a carriage that cost you eight hundred dollars, and before you get around the park you will meet with one that cost two thousand dollars. Have on your wall a picture by Copley, and before night you will come of some one who has a picture fresh from the studio of Church or Bierstadt.

All that this world can do for you in silver, and gold, and in Axminster carpets, and tapestry, in white balls, in lordly acquaintanceship, will not be more than the ten thousandth part of a grain of solid satisfaction. The Emperor Napoleon, in the very highest sphere, was one day found seated with his child on his hand, and his elbow on the window-sill, looking out and saying to himself, "I wonder what change places with that dog?" Mere social position never gave the happiness to a human soul. I have had wide and continuous observation, and I tell the young woman that they who build on mere social position, or on such imaginary happiness are building on the sand.

Suppose that a young woman expends the brightest part of her life in this unsuitable try struggle, and omits the present opportunity of usefulness to the home circle: what a mistake!

So surely as the years roll around, that home in which you now dwell will become an ruin. The parents will be gone, the property will go to other possessors, you yourself will be in other relationships, and that home which, only a year ago, was the scene of congratulation, will be extinguished. What then should comes you will look back to see what you did or what you neglected to do in the way of making home happy. It will be too late to correct mistakes. If you did not smooth the path of your parents toward the bank, if you did not make their last days bright and happy; if you allowed your younger brother to go out into the world, unfortified by the christian and elderly influences; if you allowed the younger sisters of your household to grow without feeling that there had been a Christian example set them on your part, you will be sorry, very sorry, very quickly away. I suppose you notice the wrinkles are gathering and accumulating on those kindly faces that have so long looked upon you; there is frost in the locks, the foot is not as firm in its step as it used to be, and you will soon be gone. Do you think God that ever falls on a parent's coffin-lid to the memory of an ungrateful daughter. O, make their last days bright and beautiful. Do not act as though they were in the way. Ask their counsel, and their prayers, and after long years have passed, and you go out to see the grass where their sleep, you will find growing all over the mound something lovelier than cypress, something sweeter than the rose, something chaster than the lily—the bright and beautiful memories of filial kindness poured on the dying pillow, and falling on you a benediction, and you closed the life of the weary eyes of the aged pilgrim. Better that, in the home of your birth, you had been struck with orphanage, and that you had bended over your dying father, than that of the world, rather than that you should have been brought home to your father's care and a mother's tenderness, at last to snuff at their death-chamber, and their influence; and on the day when you followed them to long procession to the tomb, to find that you are followed by the sighs and cessation of unfilial deeds done and wrong words uttered. Oh, young women, take off this burden in the tomb and disband; but that longer procession of glorious memories will for ever march and for ever wall. O, it is a terrible thing to disappoint those who in life in her father's house. How careful they are of her welfare. How watchful those parents of her happiness! Some very dreary morning in past, father at one end the table, children on either side and between, mother at the head of roll on, and great changes will be effected, and you will be missed from one end the table, and another will be missed from the other end the table. God pity that young woman's soul in hell, in that hour, when she has nothing but regretful recollections.

I go further, and advise you not to depend for enjoyment upon mere personal attractions. It would be sheer hypocrisy, because we may not have it ourselves, to depend on it, or to despise, beauty in others. When God gives it, He gives it as a blessing, and for usefulness. David and his army were coming down from the hills of Judah, Jesse and his flocks and vineyards. The beautiful Abigail, the wife of Nabal, went out to arrest him—ben he came down from the mountain, and she succeeded. Coming to the foot of the hill, she met David. David was in the storm men came down over the cliffs, and when he saw the beautiful face of Abigail, he bill he cried, "Hail!" to his men, and the days received it. "Hail!" to the. That one beautiful woman kneeling at the foot of the cliff had arrested all those armed men. Ever since, I have seen in Niagara. The Bible sets before us the portraits of Sarah and Rebecca and Abigail, Absalom's sister, and Job's daughters, and says: "They were the fairest women." By out-door exercise, and by skilful management of apparel, let women make themselves attractive. The sister of Absalom was attractive, and that to excite our loathing and disgust, and place before us the danger of personal charms for their baleful influence. Beauty is such a valuable thing, it is so much depended upon facial proportions, or upon the sparkle of the eye, or upon the flush of the cheek. You cannot make it. It is a gift of God to some. It is the soul shining through the face that makes one attractive. Hard for those who depend upon mere personal charms. They will come to disappointment and be a great fret. There are so many different opinions about what are personal charms; and then sickness, and troubles, and age, and time do ravages. The poorest god that a woman ever worships is her own face. The saddest idiot of all the world is a woman who has built everything on good looks, when the charms begin to vanish. O, how ther try to cover the wrinkles and hide the ravages of time! When young, with iron-clad, and steel-clad face, the hood marks certain, and you cannot hide them. It is idle to try to do it. The only thing the most repulsive fool in all the world is an old fool.

Why, my friends, should you be ashamed to be getting old? It is a sign—it is prima facie evidence that you have lived long enough, or you would not have lived to this time. The Apostle Paul, at the end of his career, said he is made up of countless years. When the Bible would set forth the attractiveness of Jesus Christ, it says: "His face was as a snow." But when the color goes from the cheek, and the luster from the eye, and the life from the step, and the gracefulness from the gait, what for the soul? Why, the Natal time and their eternity upon good looks. But if the passions of your soul have caused the out of one's face lengthy, and lowering, and compassion, and faith, Culture your heart and your spirit, and your face. Culture the heart that ever beamed from a woman's face is the most attractive face in the world. Suppose a hundred wounded soldiers came to Philadelphia and said, we want some untouched, and they had to extemporize a hospital, and you saw the Christian women of our church, and of other churches, come in and say, "We will take care of the poor wounded fellows. That night we walk the hospital, her sleeves rolled up, her dress soiled, her hair dishevelled in the excitement of the hour, Dr. Hare says, "Take care of that poor fellow, he is in a faint, and put her hand on his brow, and he started in his delirium and said, "Mother!" Thought as angel touched me!" There may have been the classic elegance in the features of Mrs. Harris, in her dress, and in her hospital, but the "Seven Days' awful hint, as she sat down by the wounded, was more dramatic than little soliloquize: "A ball through my body, and the poor soldier said, "Mother!" Ball through What a pity it is!" And she leaned over him and said, "Shall I be your mother and comfort you?" Yes, I'll try to think Jesus is with you." Yes, I'll try to think Jesus is with you." Yes, I'll try to think Jesus is with you."