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## THE ENTERPRISE.

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## Thanksgiving Sermon.

The following sermon, published by special request, was preached by the Rev. John W. Sellwood, in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25th, 1875:

Psalm 145: 15, 16.—"The eyes of all wait upon Thee. O Lord, and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest Thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness."—Prayer Book Translation.

This psalm is full of the praises of God for His goodness, His greatness, the glory of His kingdom, and for His saving mercy. It opens in this joyful and exulting strain: "I will extol Thee, my God, O King, and I will bless Thy name for ever and ever. Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and His greatness is unsearchable. One generation will praise Thy works to another, and shall declare Thy mighty acts. I will Speak of the glorious honor of Thy majesty, and of Thy wondrous works. And men shall speak of the might of Thy terrible acts, and I will declare Thy greatness. They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness, and shall sing of Thy righteousness." And in perfect harmony with this joyous and adoring strain is the language of our text: "The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest Thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness." Here we have a most beautiful figure, that of the young and dependent looking up to their parents for the supply of their wants. God is here represented as the universal Father, providing food for every living creature. Just as the young look up to their parents for food, so do all creatures look up to God for the supply of all their necessities. And beautifully does this express the dependence and trustfulness of God's creatures. What is there more dependent upon the providing care of parents than the young, and where do we find a more trustful spirit exhibited? Utterly weak and helpless, they look up to those who are older than themselves for the supply of all their wants, and they have no misgivings but that the supply will be obtained. And just as the young look to their parents for food, so are mankind to look to God for the supply of their wants;—possessing both the same feeling of dependence and of trust.

We are here told that God giveth to all His creatures "their meat in due season." The wants of God's creatures are not all the same, neither are they the same at all times. The meat that would supply one would be utterly unsuited for another. That which would meet every want of the crawling insect would be as nothing to the lion or the bear. That, too, which would satisfy the young would not satisfy the full grown and mature. But greatly diversified as are the wants of His creatures, still He supplies them all in due season; i. e., in due time, in due quantity, and in quality. That which is suited for winter He does not give in summer, or that which is suited for the young He does not give to the aged. If certain animals require flesh He does not give them grass, or grass, He does not give them flesh. Nor does He give them an abundance of food to-day and none to-morrow, but He feeds them with food convenient for them day by day, and year by year, throughout their entire existence on earth. And when we come to reflect that there are myriads of living creatures on the earth, and in the waters under the earth, possessed of every conceivable shape, size and habit, we are lost in wonder at the infinite wisdom and goodness of him who can so adapt his gifts to the wants of of such a countless and diversified throug. And the same adaptation we find not only in the supply of all the bodily wants, but also in the supply of the spiritual wants of man. They are granted to him in due season. As his day so shall his strength be. The strength is given just when it is needed, and only when it is needed. Do sorrows weigh down the soul? Then blessed are the consolations which He gives. Does darkness beset our pathway so that we are unable to discern the way that we should take? Then He dispells the darkness, and enables us to see clearly. Do temptations assail us, and are we in danger of being carried away from our steadfastness? Then He is almighty to save, and will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, but will, with the temptation, also make a way for our escape. And so through life, if we but look to Him, He will give us all those things which are needful for us. Whether, then, it be the wants of the body or of the soul, in each case He giveth to all "their meat in due season." Oh! how this thought should impress us with the great goodness of our heavenly Father, and lead us to deepest expressions of gratitute and praise.

But the provident care of God is still further presented before us by the psalmist when he says, "Thou openest Thine hand and fillest all things with plenteousness." Here He is represented as taking food in His hand and distributing it to His needy creatures. And oh! what a hand that must be that can scatter food for such countless myriads. How inexhaustible must be the supply at its command, and how constant and untiring must be its labors. Unceasing are the wants of His creatures. Unceasing then must that hand pour out for their relief.

Most beautifully, then, are we taught here the dependence of God's creatures and His provident care over them. And whether, as intelligent beings, we are willing to admit this or not, such is, in solemn truth, our condition. Consciously or unconsciously, all eyes wait upon the Lord. Man may avow unbelief in God, and be utterly unmindful of His providing care, but this in no way alters his dependent condition. Believe it or not, as he pleases, he cannot live for a moment should the sustaining and preserving power of God be withdrawn. Let God fail to open His hand in meteing out to him the supply of his daily wants, and pitiful indeed would be his condition. He may use all the caution and diligence possible to preserve health and ward off disease. He may practice faithfully every rule of hygiene, be temperate in all things, and avoid everything that would have a tendency to impair and weaken the body, and yet, in spite of all, disease will lay hold of that body and hurry it down to the grave. He may labor and toil for the things of this life with the greatest diligence, economy and foresight, and yet, unless God smiles upon his efforts, they will all prove utterly fruitless and vain. But should he get riches, in greatest abundance, still he cannot keep them for one moment should God see fit to deprive him of them. How often do we behold this verified before us, and yet how little do we profit by it, and how loathe we are to believe its truth. In the wreck of the Pacific the other day, the papers gave us an account of two persons who had with them some twenty thousand dollars, that they had dug out of the Cassiar mines. They were returning to California or the Eastern States, with the thought, doubtless, that they had secured a fortune, and would be able to live in the future in ease and comfort. But the frightful collision took place, and they and their gold sank like lead in the mighty waters. Alas! how vain are the hopes and expectations of man. It is God alone who giveth us power to get wealth, and also the power to keep it. We may foolishly say, in the pride of our feigned independence, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry;" but in the midst of all this the mandate may go forth, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided? But repeatedly as we are taught by the precepts of God's Word, and by the experiences of daily life, the weakness and dependence of man, still, in the pride of our hearts, we are disposed to say with the Israelites of old, "My power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth." Very loathe are we to attribute it to the love and goodness of God, and to give Him all the praise.

As Christian people, it is to be feared that we do not realize, as we should, our utter dependence on God. We fail to grasp fully the idea of His ever watchful and provident care. It is true that we acknowledge our dependence on Him, but it is in an indefinite, undefinable, unintelligible way. We fail to lay hold of His personality, and to feel that as a loving Father His eye is ever upon us, and that He is meteing out to us such things as we severally need. Oh! may we lay hold of this precious truth more and more. May we learn to see God's hand in all the events of life, and to realize his presence, and to seek His blessings everywhere and at all times.

Nominally, at least, this is a Christian nation. And as such she seeks to remind the people of their utter dependence upon God for all their mercies and blessings, by appointing a day of general thanksgiving and praise throughout the land. But while she does this, how few, how *very few*, observe it as such. A few, it is true, come up to God's Temple with loving and faithful hearts, and it affords them untold pleasure to tell of God's great goodness, and the wonders He has wrought. But while this is true of the few, the multitude pervert it to all kinds of dissipation and sin, and drive God, as far as possible, from all their thoughts. With them it is a day when they have license to engage in the greatest excesses. "They rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, and continue until night, till wine inflame them, and the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe and wine are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider they the operations of His hands." Oh! strange that what is designed for a blessing, for the honor and glory of God, is turned into a curse, and spent in blaspheming the Giver of all our blessings. Ah! well may it be said now, as of old, "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." We feed upon His bounties from day to day, and yet when we are called upon by the highest authorities in the nation to thank Him for His mercies, we heed it not. Oh! what base ingratitude; how despicable is such a spirit!

"Man, O most ungrateful man, can ever
Enjoy Thy gift, but never mind the Giver;
And like the swine, though pampered with enough,
His eyes are never higher than the trough."

Oh! may no such base ingratitude mark our lives, but let us thank God for his great goodness with unfeigned lips. Let our songs of praise this day rise from the lowest depths of our hearts, and find expression in earnest words and stirring deeds. Let our whole life from this day forward constitute one grand hymn of praise to the divine God. To enumerate all the blessings for which our praises and thanksoffering should be made this day were impossible, for they are past enumeration, but it may not be amiss to call your attention to a few of the more prominent that our thanksgivings may be the more real and hearty. We appreciate things more as they come up before us one by one, than when they are spoken of in a general way. It is with difficulty that our minds are able to grasp general subjects. But special subjects, such blessings as have been peculiar to ourselves we realize with an intensity unknown to anything else, and our thankfulness finds an intelligent, earnest, feeling expression. For this reason then I proceed to call your attention to some out of the many blessings that have been ours during the past year, and for which on this occasion we should render heartfelt thanksgiving and praise to God.

And first let us notice our favored condition as a State in contrast with other parts of this great country, and, indeed, of this world. While fearful tornadoes and overflowing floods have swept over vast sections of country, destroyed unnumbered human lives, and made multitudes more homeless and penniless, we have been free from every thing that is unusual and violent in nature. The health of our people has been generally good, the crops rich and abundant, and we now go forward to the sterility of winter with our barns filled with plenty and our presses bursting out with new wine. Fearful has been the loss of property and human life during the past year both by sea and by land, and while we have recently felt something of it in the loss of the steamer Pacific, still even in its loss, coming so closely home as it did, it was not felt in all its greatness as elsewhere. Had it been a vessel sailing from our sister city, far greater would the calamity have fallen upon us. But it did not, and we have thus only felt the spray of the mighty wave of sorrow and gloom indescribable that has fallen upon others. Oh! truly we may well say in feelings of deepest gratitude, "The lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places; yea, we have a goodly heritage."

There are many things for which we should be thankful as a Diocese. God's blessing has rested upon it in largest measure. Evidences of real growth, and of outward movements in the Master's work, are apparent almost everywhere. During the year two have been added to the clergy list, new fields of labor have been entered upon in the Master's name, three churches consecrated, the corner stones of four others laid, the Good Samaritan Hospital and Orphanage opened, and a goodly number of persons confirmed. Sickness has not unfitted any of the clergy for the labors of their holy calling, nor has death broken into their ranks. For this we should be thankful.

The condition of our own parish, too, calls for our heartfelt thanksgiving and praise to God. Through our own frailties and imperfections we know that it is far from what it should be. But despite our shortcomings and unfaithfulness we behold much that should lead us to praise God with joyful lips. The gift of the sweet toned bell that calls us to the house of prayer, the erection of the tower, which proves to be both a valuable ornament and a great convenience to the church, the increased congregations, the flourishing Sunday School, the growing spirituality and devotion of the members of the parish, all these are blessings for which we should "thank God and take courage."

As individuals we have many things for which to be thankful. Some of our number have lain very low upon beds of sickness without scarcely the feeblest hope of recovery, but "having obtained help of God, they continue unto this day." They are still spared to their families and friends; spared to honor Christ in His church, and to make preparation for the unseen and eternal world. Oh! how thankful we should be that life is still ours, that the means of grace are still within our reach, and that the opportunities of receiving and doing good are not forever taken away. Oh! as we meet around the family board this day, and see all our loved ones gathered about it, not one gone, not one vacant chair there, how very, very thankful we should be. Ah! there are many homes where such is not the case, many where sadness and sorrow are depicted on every countenance—many that have been torn asunder by the ruthless hand of death, and its inmates, young and helpless, turned out upon the pitiless charities of a cold world. As we think of these things what gratitude should fill our hearts, and what earnest expressions of it should be apparent in our daily lives.

Others of us there are who have cause to thank God that they have found Christ in his church and have been led to feed on the rich bounties of His grace. It is by the grace of God that they are what they are. It is by His providential leadings that they have been brought within His blessed fold. His hand has ever been over them, shielding them from spiritual danger, putting them in the way of good influences, and opening their hearts to the reception of the truth as it is in Jesus. Thankful indeed should they be that their faces are Zionward turned. May God give them grace to continue unto the end in that good path which they have chosen.

Some of us, it may be, have been sorely distressed at times not knowing where the means would come from to supply the necessaries of life. But sorely distressed as they may have been, something has always turned up to meet those wants. David could say, "I have been young and now am old; and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread." And such is the experience of every true child of God. He has promised that he will withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly, and His promises fail not. Thankful should we be for this promise, and also for our blessed realization of its truth.

Often our thankfulness would be much enhanced did we only compare our blessings with our actual wants. Says the poet:

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Man's actual wants are not great—it is only his fancied or imaginary ones that are so. This age is largely given to extravagance in dress, in furniture, in living, and, indeed, in every thing. And it is as men aim to keep up with this extravagance that they have often to complain of want. They are not satisfied unless they can dress as well, erect as costly buildings, furnish them as handsomely, and live as sumptuously as those of more ample means, and consequently they are always in straightened circumstances. It is a foolish pride and a wild extravagance that lead many into bankruptcy and ruin, and others into dishonesty of the most shameful character. Instead then of murmuring and complaining because we have not such and such things, we should learn "in whatever state we are therewith to be content." Little as we may have in this world it is far more than we deserve, and we are well assured that if we do our duty and place our trust in God, he will never allow us to want or suffer hunger. "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you. O ye of little faith." Our heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of these things, and will always bestow them upon us. Thus, whether we have much or little of the things of this life, we have abundant cause for thanksgiving and praise to God.

As we meet to-day in social reunions and feast upon the good things of the land, let us not be unmindful of the poor and needy. Let not these cries come up into our ears unheeded, but let us give according as God has prospered us, not grudgingly or of necessity, but of a ready and willing mind. "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord and look what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again." "Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble."

While then we have sung the praise of God with joyful lips, let us tell out our thankfulness yet louder by the gifts which we shall pour into the Lord's Treasury, and let *special* mercies and *special* deliverances be marked by *special* thank-offerings.

"Bring thine all thy choicest treasure,
Heap it high and hide it deep;
Thou shalt win o'er flowing treasure
Thou shalt chime where skies are steep;
For as Heaven's true only light
Quickens all those forms so bright,
So when Bounty never faints,
There the Lord is with His Saints."

With gratitude expressed in such a substantial manner as this we may go from these Sacred Courts saying with light and happy hearts,

"Praise the Lord, His glories show,
Saints within His courts below,
Angels round His throne above
All that see and share His love!
Earth to heaven and heaven to earth,
Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Age to age, and shore to shore,
Praise Him, praise Him ever more."

### Homeopathy.

"If like cures like," quoth Bibulus athirst
"Each second glass must surely cure the first."
Alas! he missed his count, and, sad to see,
The drinks came out uneven—so did he!

*Scribner for Dec.*

The Danbury *News* speaking of "the intelligent compositor" says:

His judgment is better than any one's eles; he knows what a writer wants to say better than the writer himself; he understands grammar, and punctuation, and capitalization, and italicising better than Lindley Murray, and in fact is the most egotistical, learned person living.

James Irving, at one time a corporal in the English army, died on Saturday night last, in Portland, of an overdose of opium.

England has bought twenty million dollars' worth of Suez Canal stock.

## A Bull Fight in Spain.

From a Navy Lieutenant's Letter.

BARCELONA, Oct. 1, 1875.

We arrived Saturday, and on Sunday afternoon as is the custom here, we all went to the bull fight; and as long as I live I shall never want to go to another Spanish bull fight, for it is the most disgustingly cruel and cowardly amusement I ever saw. I have seen them twice at Lisbon, but as that is said to be quite tame, I of course wanted to see a genuine one, and they all told me Barcelona was the place. At Lisbon the bull's horns are capped and padded so no one is killed or even seriously wounded, but the fighters torment the bulls by flirting bright colored cloths in their faces, and by great dexterity avoiding the charges. Here the dexterity required is even greater; there is nothing on the horns, and the bulls are of the finest kind I ever saw, magnificent great fellows, with horns as sharp as needles, and as the door of their pen is opened, they come rushing into the ring, as perfect a picture of an enraged wild beast as one can imagine. All this is very well; you clap your hands with admiration, but your delight is soon changed into disgust. There are in the ring about half a dozen men on foot and four horsemen: the latter have lance staves with just enough point on them to sting the bulls; the horses are blindfolded. As soon as the bull comes into the ring, he is wild with rage, and charges on the first thing in his way; if it be a man on foot, that man gives his cloth a flirt and jumps over a fence about five feet high, into a passage way, some six feet broad, that runs around the ring, and the bull usually goes for the cloth, but sometimes for the man, and very often jumps over the fence too; of course the man instantly jumps back, and the bull charges around the passage-way until he comes to a gate that has been opened in the meantime by people stationed there, then out into the ring and after the next thing that meets his eye. The cruel part is when he goes for the horses; they cannot see him and of course cannot get out of his way; the rider tries to keep him off with his pike or lance, but is not often successful, so that the bull buries his horns deep into this poor brute, and tosses both horse and rider; the latter is so padded that his fall does not hurt him. As long as the horse can stand he is kept up as a mark for the bulls. As soon as a bull leaves a horse they beat the poor brute, and if he has strength enough they make him stand on his feet, if not they put an end to his misery, that is if the bull will give them a chance. Many times I saw a horse with his entrails hanging out, so that at every step he made he stepped on them; still his rider was on his back, and he was brought up to face the bull again and again. Whenever the bull would catch a horse, these blood-thirsty people would clap their hands and cry out, "Bravo, toros!" it appeared to be the height of pleasure to them. When the manager was satisfied with the number of horses killed, he would cause a bugle to be sounded, and the bodies would be taken out, and the men, called "picadores," would come in with a stick in each hand, having a metal point and a barb on the end of it, and covered in some fancy way, with gaudy colors, so as to attract the attention of the bull. As soon as the latter charged upon him he would step to one side and plant both these barbs into his back, which requires great dexterity. When satisfied with this, the "matadore" comes in to kill the bull; he has in his hands a red cloth and his sword. He first makes a speech, in which he swears to avenge the death of those noble horses, and that he will either kill the bull or be killed by him. At first he only torments the enraged beast with his cloth, and one is very much frightened for fear he will be killed, he is so daring, the bull charging by him, first on one side and then on another, he only moving to get out of his way. One cannot see how he avoids the horns, they come so close. Finally when all is ready, he raises his sword for the bull to charge upon, and when he comes it pierces him from the top of the neck just forward of the shoulders, and buries itself to the hilt, piercing the heart: the cheers are then perfectly deafening. I saw twenty-seven horses and six bulls killed that afternoon, but I don't think I shall ever see any more.

## Japanese Fans.

The place most noted for its productions in fans is Nagoya, in the province of Owaii. Most of those that come to England are from this fourth largest city in Japan. Kioto is famous for very fine fans and her artists excel in delicacy of tints and richness of coloring. Tokio (formerly called Yeddo) also produces several millions annually. Ivory and boned handled fans, made for foreign ladies, and richly adorned with gold lacquer, mosaic, silk cord &c, are especially made in Tokio. There are a great many varieties of fans, and they are put to a great many and curious uses. Besides those in common use, the umpire at fencing and wrestling matches uses a heavy one, shaped like a huge butterfly, the handle being the body, and rendered imposing by heavy cords of silk. The various motions of this fan constitute a language which the wrestlers—fat fellows, who look as though stuffed with blubber by means of a sausage-blower—fully understand and appreciate. Formerly, in time of war, the Japanese army commanders used a large fan, having a frame of iron covered with thick paper. In the centre of the fan was a red ball, on a golden or silver field. The red ball represented the sun, the martial symbol of the Japanese nation.

The fans of the present day, having a large red silver or a colored or white field, are in imitation of the old war fan with which the Japanese hero used to signal in the field. In case of danger it could be shut; and a blow from its iron bones was no light affair. All the varieties of fans known among us have been made for centuries in Japan. One notable variety is made of waterproof paper, which can be dipped in water, and which creates greater coolness by evaporation, without wetting the clothes. The *uchiwa*, or flat fan, is frequently made of feathers, leaves, or a fine silk. It is oftener made of rough paper, and used as a grain-winnow, to blow the charcoal fires, and as a dust-pan. Probably it is on this account that it holds the lowest grade in the castle of fashion. The Japanese gentleman—I mean one of he old school—who never wears a hat, uses his fan to shield his eyes from the sun. His head, bare from childhood, hardly needs shade, and when it does he spreads an umbrella. With his fan he directs his servants, and saves talking. Within doors the graces of the Japanese maiden and the dignity of the wife are enhanced by the fan.

To the juggler the fan is a necessity, as many of his cleverest tricks, including that in which he makes a butterfly hover up and down the edge of a sword, being performed with bits of paper and a fan. In Japan people are continually making presents to each other, though the gifts are usually very small. A fan is always a proper gift. In nearly every house are one or more fan cases leaning or hung against the wall. They are of all kinds, from the cheap tube of bamboo and lacquer wood up to the splendidly gilt and inlaid case, costing many dollars. In these cases are holes, in which the hand es of the fans are put, or silver hooks between which they hang. On marriage occasions friends offer costly gifts; those who are acquaintances merely send a fan, on which are written congratulations. They are often used as cards by proxy callers on New Year's Day. When a young man attains to office, or an officer is promoted, a fan with a line or two of writing sent to him is the equivalent for congratulations in person. It is the custom to ask friends, or distinguished persons to write their names or some original poetry, or classic quotation, on fans, thus filling the place occupied by our mothers' or fathers', or our own youthful "albums."—*Our Own Fireside.*

## Boggs' Boomerang.

Boggs has a friend in Australia who sent him, a spell ago, a boomerang, that singular weapon used by the natives of that distant country. Boggs had read a good deal about the boomerang and had long desired to possess one, therefore his delight was very great when this gift arrived. It was of dark, heavy wood, looking something like a wooden new moon. He didn't know what it was at first, but a note accompanying the gift explained all about it.

"But you don't know how to throw it," said Mrs. Boggs, as he went waltzing around the room, swinging it above his head in a transport of delight.

"Don't I though? Haven't I read all about it? Easiest thing in the world to manage when you know how. You see——"

The weapon accidentally slipped out of his hand as he was speaking, flew up to the ceiling, chipped out a broad piece of plastering, then it darted toward the book-case, knocking a plaster cast of Daniel Webster off the top, which was broken in the fall (having previously been damaged considerably in the spring); then it threw a somersault in the air and made a vicious dash at the mirror, but changed its mind, apparently, within a few inches of its surface, and kicked a hole through an oil portrait of Mr. Boggs hanging by the side of it; then it described a curve rendering it unnecessary for us to describe it further—and rapped Mrs. Boggs side the head, making her false teeth rattle like a nickle in a contribution box; then it flew on the wings of the morning at a picture of "Evening," which it knocked into the middle of next week, then it tacked to the left and swooped down upon the piano keys, played "stop dat knocking" in a highly artistic manner; then it rotated once around the room and knocked a neighbor down, who had opened the door to see what was the matter; then it thumped Boggs on the top of his bald head till he saw more stars than will be visible at all our theatres this season; then giving Mrs. Boggs, who was stretched out on the floor in a fainting fit, a farewell dig in the ribs it darted through "Heaven Bless our Home," hung up on the window, and disappeared.

Boggs afterward heard of it pulling door-bells, dropping through skylights, racing around empty garrets, and playing the deuce generally. He gives notice that if any one finds that boomerang he may keep it—if he can—he don't want to see it again. Mrs. Boggs is in a very nervous condition about it, and every time she hears a rap at the door she shrieks "There it comes again!" and faints away.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

It is said that the Portland Light Battery has ordered a new flag, one hundred feet in length by fifty feet wide, for the Centennial Fourth of July.

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