

The Albany Register.

L. P. FISH
ADVERTISING AGENCY
Room 21 Merchants
San Francisco

VOLUME XII.

ALBANY, OREGON, JANUARY 23, 1880.

NO. 17.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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On this Space Four Weeks.

Something

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Coming!

N. B. HUMPHREY, Agent.

JOHN BRIGGS

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NEW BUSINESS HOUSE,

on the old stand next door to P. C. Harper & Co., where can be found as great an assortment and as large a stock of

Stoves and Ranges

as can be found in any one house this side of Portland, and at as

LOW A PRICE.

Pumps & Pipes, Castiron, Brass & Enamelled

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Call on Him.

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Feeling assured that all can be suited in both

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Oct. 20, 77-78-79

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I am prepared to cut, fit, and make dresses in any style desired, at short notice and in a satisfactory manner.

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Fever and Ague.

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Remedies done up in 61 packages. 1-24

A month's expenses guaranteed to Agents at which price of either sex can make great gain all the time when they work, write for particulars to E. S. B. & Co., Portland, Me.

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REGULATING TIME-PIECES & REPAIRING Jewels a specialty. Call. v11117

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Do your own town. \$5000 risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great gain all the time when they work, write for particulars to E. S. B. & Co., Portland, Me.

Balloon Religion.

The following sermon was preached September 25th, by the Rev. Irving A. Sealles, in the Christian church on Oakwood boulevard:

He took Peter and James and John and went up into a high mountain to pray; as He prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered and His raiment was white and glistening. Luke ix, 28, 29.

From the mount of transfiguration come some of the most precious truths and practical lessons of the Christian system. This sublime scene throws light upon the doctrine of the recognition of friends in the life to come.

"And behold there talked with Him two men, Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory." While Christ and the three disciples are on this mountain there appear among them these two visitors from the unseen world.

Moses, the great lawgiver, had been gone fifteen hundred years, and nine centuries had rolled away since the voice of Elias, the prophet, had been heard by the children of Abraham.

Though so long absent from earth, the three disciples are able to recognize the one as Moses the other as Elias. Notwithstanding they "appeared in glory" they are identified as the two men who once stood foremost in the Hebrew nation. The saints of all ages "shall appear in glory," in robes outshining the sun in its noody splendor, but that does not imply such a change that friend cannot recognize friend.

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of the flow of salvation until the world shall read "Moses" again. Such teaching is eighteen hundred and seventy-nine years behind the times. Send not the inquiring sinner to the Old Testament, but to the New.

From this incident we learn that some are very selfish in religious matters. "Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here, and let us make three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Let us put up three tents, and we six can have a heaven all to ourselves. Peter forgot the other disciples, the great world beneath, and the generations yet to come. He was willing to have a heaven that would contain only a half-dozen persons, provided he could be one of the half-dozen. How narrow and insignificant this proposed heaven compared with the one that the Patmos exile saw, wherein was gathered a "multitude that no man could number." But Peter is not the only follower of Christ who would be satisfied with a little heaven. Call on some people to help in preaching the gospel, and they say we expect to reach heaven ourselves, and what care we for the rest of mankind? In fact, if not professedly, this is the position of many. Such a spirit is the death warrant of all missionary enterprise. It is this spirit that says:

O Lord, bless me and my wife, Brother John and his wife, Us four and no more.

One winter's evening a mother and four little children, in a sleigh, were passing through one of the dense forests of Russia. They have been visiting a neighbor, and are returning home. As night comes on the howling of wolves in the distance is heard by the little party. The horses are urged forward at their highest speed. Soon the whole pack of the pursuers, gaunt, hungry and ferocious, have overtaken the fugitives, and are about to leap into the sleigh. The mother seizes her youngest child and throws it out into the midst of the howling beasts. To kill and devour the helpless innocent delays the wolves a few moments, and the remainder of the company hurry on. Again the wolves surround them, and another child is thus sacrificed. Another and another is treated in the same way until the mother alone reached her home. It is said that when she related to her husband the story of her escape he seized an ax and split her head open, asserting that a mother who would save her own life at so great a sacrifice was not fit to live. This judgment was too severe. But what shall be said of that person who, if he is only able to gain heaven himself, is quite willing that all the rest of the world should be excluded? Away with the idea of a three-ten heaven.

We learn from this incident that some people talk very crazy on the subject of religion. "Let us make three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias, not knowing what he said." In religious matters how much there is of this "not knowing what he said." There is more downright nonsense talked regarding religion than concerning any other theme. You will observe this in our Sunday-school literature. Some little boy or girl is portrayed as an angel, never disobeyed parents, never told a lie, never did anything wrong. If we read such a story in *The New York Ledger* we say it is a lie, and hurl anathemas at a Bomber who will persist in publishing fiction! When the same narrative appears in a Sunday-school book we say, well, it may be a lie, but it is a pious lie, anyway, and let it go.

This tendency is seen in our talk of special providence. A child is taken very sick, and the father, instead of employing a physician, secures the services of a quack. The treatment is opposed to all medical science. The child dies. The minister standing over the little coffin, says: "A mysterious providence hath done this." It is a lie; a quack hath done this.

No other public teacher is permitted to say so many manifestly absurd things unchallenged as is the preacher. When none else finds its way in the editorial column, into our courts, on the platform, it meets with exposure. When known absurdities come from the sacred desk decorum forbids a reply. The congregation say: "Oh, that is religion; let it go." By a tacit understanding between pulpit and pew, the audience feel in duty bound to swallow anything the minister says. Let us stop talking on religious themes as did Peter, "not knowing what he said."

Learn from this subject that the arousing of religious emotions is not all there is of the Christian life. Peter is in ecstasy amid these surroundings. He is desirous to remain on the mount forever. He says in rapture: "It is good for us to be here." He would rather remain there than go down from the mountain and engage in the practical duties of life. But his request is denied him. Sometimes in revival meetings you have felt the same way. Sermon, song and prayer have stirred your religious nature to its very depths. You have said: "Oh, that this meeting might always continue; oh, that I might live forever amid these surroundings, and in this frame of mind!" But religion involves more than that. There are duties outside of the revival.

Longfellow in one of his poems pictures a youth who in winter seizes a banner and begins the ascent of a mountain. He gradually leaves behind him the fields, the workshops, the dwellings, the neighbors. As he rises higher and higher he shouts "Excelsior!" His voice grows fainter and fainter until heard no more. He has gone so high that the atmosphere in which he moves is so thin it will not sustain life, and he dies. So it is no uncommon thing to see professed Christians taking the banner of the cross in a revival, and crying "Hallelujah!" "Amen!" rise higher and higher emotionally, until they leave behind this practical world. They are too high up to give much attention to such matters as telling the truth, keeping their temper, restraining the tongue from slander, and paying their debts. They have become too religious to give attention to these things. But this class of persons soon reach an altitude where the atmosphere is too thin for them to live, and they die.

It is not the emotional, but the practical, part of religion that is most difficult to observe. It is easier to shout in a revival than to go home and put up a stove and fit the pipe without at least thinking swear. It is related of a deacon in one of the New England states that he would, in prayer-meeting, pronounce the words "blessed Jesus" in a tone so pathetic that it moved the congregation to tears. That same man has recently been arrested for stealing sheep. It is one thing to say "blessed Jesus" on Sunday, and another thing to let the sheep alone on Monday. It is one thing to be religious on the mount of transfiguration, and another thing not to deny our Lord in the world below. Instead of this balloon religion let us have one that touches the ground.

A Little Heroine.

It was a paradox of ours that Jesse's strong point was her weakness. She was a pretty little thing, as timid as a mouse. She was afraid of thunder, of the dark, of rats and of spiders. She was afraid of policemen, of being left alone, of getting run over, and she was especially afraid of firearms in any shape.

Jessie was my younger brother's wife. Alf used, more than any of us, to ridicule her timidity. But I don't know that we liked her any the less for it.

She was a beautiful, tender-hearted child, and simplicity itself. No one could be much annoyed by Jessie. Alf was sincerely sorry, however, that she was so afraid of firearms, for he thought it well that women should know how to use a pistol.

Men, he said, thought it desirable to learn how to handle one, yet no oftener called to protect themselves than are women. He considered it a rare and valuable accomplishment in a lady. Yet no urgency could prevail on Jessie to touch one.

"I don't know anything about revolvers, and I don't want to know, Alf, dear," she would say appealingly, tears of actual distress in her pleading eyes when he scolded her, reproaching her with the uselessness of his lessons.

"But I'll get you a pretty little pistol, my dear—a mere toy," he said. "Some girls—girls of pluck and courage—would be delighted to be taught the use of, and own a nice one, Jessie."

"I know I am a dreadful coward, dear. I don't wonder that you don't love me, and prefer girls of more spirit," whimpered Jessie, beginning to cry.

"Oh, well, there, there," soothed soft-hearted Alf.

And then perhaps he would refrain from returning to the attack for nearly a week, for it was hard for him to give up anything he had set his mind upon.

At length he brought home a little revolver and tried to tempt Jessie into the use of it.

"Please—please excuse me, dear!" she cried so earnestly that I pitied and interceded in her behalf.

"Don't tease her so, Alf. Where is the need of a woman learning to protect herself when she has a husband to protect her?"

"But I should think she would like to use this!" rejoined Alf, rather fretfully, as he took up the elegant little instrument.

"As Jessie and I never expect to fight a duel, or shoot a bandit at fifty paces, we don't see the fascination as you do," I said, still parrying on Jessie's side, for she was looking rather dismal after her scolding.

She loved Alf devotedly, and it wounded her tender soul to have him displeased with her. She stood, with varying color, wishing no doubt, that the heavy thing did not fill her heart with horrible alarm.

She loved nothing so well as gratifying Alf; nothing depressed her so much as disappointing him.

"Oh, I wish I wasn't afraid!" she cried, so pathetically that her husband took pity on her, and caught her up in his arms with a kiss.

"Well, Jessie, I won't plague you any more. I'll try to always be on hand to do your fighting for you," he said.

He put the pistol on the mantelpiece, warning us not to touch it, as it was loaded, and poor little Jessie's relief was evident, as the end of her troubles in this direction had come.

All Summer we had expected at Cyprus Lawn, the visit of a school friend of hers, and, a few days before this, a note came from Miss Fairlie, saying she would be with us the following day.

As the young lady was a beauty and heiress, Jessie laughingly warned my two marriageable brothers who resided with us, to get themselves up in their most killing style.

"For there's no knowing what may come of Lillie's coming down here to visit us, boys," she said. "I shall be busy with baby, and you will have to bear her about, you know, Chris, Carl, I know she will be wild to go out in your boat after water lilies."

I could not but notice that these hints were not thrown away upon them, who solemnly promised to put on their war paint and feathers upon Miss Fairlie's arrival.

Jessie's baby was but four months old—a very tiny bit of wax-work—and the next morning the young mother bathed and dressed it carefully, with a brave show of embroidery and blue sash, and put it in its carriage for Dorothy, the maid, to wheel up and down the road while her mistress was busy within doors.

"Don't take the baby out of eight, Dorothy," had been Jessie's last command.

"She'll fall asleep, the darling, the fresh air always makes her drowsy, you know, Esther," she said to me. "And then she'll be just bright from her nap for Lillie to see first. Lillie used to be delighted with babies, and I want her to love mine."

And then Jessie must needs put on her pink cambric wrapper, "because Lillie was so fastidious," and when the house was put in exquisite order, and every vase under the roof was filled with flowers, Alf drove to the station to meet Miss Fairlie by the eleven o'clock train.

"He must take this wrapper to protect Lillie's dress—her traveling costume is always so exquisite," she said running to the door just as he had started.

Then she called out: "Oh, Alf, why have you taken Black Pete? I fear Lillie will be afraid to ride behind him!"

My brother had harnessed up a fiery blooded horse he had just broken—a magnificent creature, whose very whinny Jessie shuddered at, and she would sooner have been taken to drive with a whirlwind.

"Oh, no, she won't. She isn't a little scarecrow like you. Miss Fairlie is a girl of courage."

"Well, be careful, dear Alf," she added.

"Yes, yes," he answered, whirling out of the yard.

The station was a mile and a half away. We could see the train come