

Presbyterian Recorder.

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY A COMMITTEE OF THE SYNOD OF MISSOURI.

Vol. I.]

SAINT LOUIS, JULY, 1855.

[No. 4.

[For the Presbyterian Recorder.]

THE POPE AND HIS CHURCH.

THROUGH the generosity of a friend, we present to our readers, in this number, a portrait of the Pope. Obviously he is not a man who inspires his visitors with hatred or repugnance. He will have adherents whom maledictions cannot detach from him. He is not so old as to have outlived his friends; not so stern as to congeal them. His benignant look assures you that it will not be said of him, as of his predecessor, that, "in a population of three millions, he imprisoned, for political crimes, thirty thousand persons within sixteen years." A most intelligent traveler, soon after the accession of the present Pontiff, wrote, "He was elected because it was known that he was the very antipodes of his predecessor; because men had confidence in his frank, honest and good face; because he had served in a civil employment before he became a priest; because he was a native of the liberal side of Italy, east of the Appenines. Pius IX was chosen because he would open the prison doors and let the captive go free. A second Gregory could not have worn the mitre six months." Pius began his career with important reforms of abuses. But the Cardinals and inferior clergy were not ready to encourage him, or to appreciate his purposes. Louis Philip wrote to him to be cautious. Austria had endeavored to elect Cardinal Lambruschini, the stanchest advocate of the old policy, to the papal chair; she, of course, did not favor the new policy of her successful competitor. On the other hand, the populace looked upon the new Pope with unbounded enthusiasm; and they desired him to throw his entire influence in favor of the revolutions that were occurring in the Peninsula. Probably his personal views inclined to that measure. But to do so would be to separate from his Cardinals and from his priesthood, and so to lose his religious power. Not to do so would be to disappoint his subjects, and lose his temporal power. It was a perplexing dilemma. But the hoary evils resulting from a long continued bad government, could bring no better result. It is for a Catholic easy to abdicate a throne; to vacate the chair of St. Peter, is impossible. Pius decided, like a conscientious man, that he was bound to the church, not to the state; that his duty to his pastoral charge was paramount to his political schemes of reform. He could not introduce schism into the holy conclave of Cardinals; he could retrace his steps as a civil ruler. His people were disappointed, and made him their prisoner in his palace. When that became intolerable, he disguised himself and escaped. His city fell into the hands of France and Austria, and in time he was brought back, protected by foreign bayonets, as his predecessors have been. He will finish his pontificate, not, indeed, as he

few Presbyterians of any name, but there are important openings for labor — places that offer great opportunities for building up churches that may be the means of shedding the light of divine truth over a region hitherto too much neglected.

Who in the East, inquiring for a place to preach the Gospel, will turn his eyes this way, and inquire if there is not a work for him to do here? Who among our friends in Tennessee and Virginia is willing to follow his countrymen and acquaintances to their new homes in Missouri and Arkansas? Let them ask if the Master does not call them there, and asking, may they find in their hearts a willingness to obey the call of duty, let it lead where it may.

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LINES,

Written by the late Rev. James Gallaher, on the Death of his Wife.

O, that blest house above,
 And O, the mansions there!
 Divine Redeemer, hast thou gone
 Those mansions to prepare?

And wilt thou soon return,
 To take thy ransom'd home?
 E'en now thy cheering voice we hear,
 "Come on, my children, come!"

How glorious are the saints
 Who trusted in thy word!
 And now have found a dwelling place
 Forever with the Lord.

The blighting power of time,
 The sad decay of years,
 Which spread their ravages so wide
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Shall never enter there,
 Barr'd by the God of truth;
 His saints in that bright world are blest
 With everlasting youth.

And O, that precious dust,
 Now sleeping in the ground,
 Shall in the Saviour's image rise,
 At the last trumpet's sound.

O, death, where is thy sting!
 And where's thy victory, grave!
 When all the saints arise and sing
 Immanuel's power to save!

When that blest morning comes,
 Sweet mother, sister, wife !
 Will meet again, and dwell with Christ
 In everlasting life.

Long gently by our side
 You trod this vale of tears ;
 We shared your sweet society
 For three and thirty years.

And now, though pressed with grief,
 In calling thee to mind,
 Thy husband and thy children dear
 A mournful pleasure find.

We love to trace thy course,
 As mother and as wife,
 Through the long, hard vicissitudes
 And trying scenes of life.

When skies serene and bright
 Would genial smiles impart,
 How radiant was thy visage then,
 How happy was thy heart !

And when dark storms would rise,
 And throw their wrath abroad,
 How firm, yes, how immovable,
 Thy confidence in God !

Husband and children, too,
 When trouble's waves would roll,
 Were cheered and comforted to view
 The calmness of thy soul.

God's wondrous plan of grace
 Was glorious in thy sight,
 Where Christ brings immortality
 And heavenly hope to light.

The way that ruined souls
 May rise to God again,
 Thy heart desired the tidings sent
 To all the sons of men.

I resolve to neglect nothing to secure my eternal peace, more than if I had been certified that I should die within the day ; nor to mind anything which my secular duties demand of me less than if I had been insured I should live fifty years more.—[McCheyne.

A SAFE TOOTH-POWDER.—Cut a slice of thick bread into squares, and burn it till it becomes charcoal. Pound it, and sift it through a *fine* muslin. It is then ready for use.