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THE BIBLE A LAW FOR NATIONS.

THAT Church and State are both Divine institutions, and that each occupies a sphere, in an important sense, separate from and independent of the other, are truths that are now very generally accepted among all classes of Presbyterians.

That Christ is the Head of the Church, Her King and Lawgiver, in some sense, is universally admitted in theory, however imperfectly exemplified in practice.

That Christ is also King of kings and Lord of lords, that is, King of nations as well as of the Church; and that the Bible is the law of nations as well as the law of the Church, are truths that are now become prominent, and that seem to demand special emphasis.

As different planets revolve around the same central sun, each in its own separate sphere guided and controlled by the same law; so Church and State, having different spheres, are nevertheless both subordinate to Christ, and subject to the law which He has given for the guidance and control of each.

The Scriptures are not only a rule of faith, but a rule of practice as well. They teach us not only what to believe, but also what to do; not only our duty to God, but our duty to man. There is no sphere of human conduct exempt from their control; no relation in which man can be placed in which he may act independently of their claims.

From this it follows that all organisations of men, as such, are bound and controlled by the same law—not only the individuals composing these organisations, but the organisations themselves, as moral entities or legal personalities. A bank, a railroad, a joint-stock company of any kind, has a legal existence of its own, and, as such, is as much bound by the law of God in its corporate capacity as are the individuals composing it.

The current saying that “corporations have no souls,” is not only thoroughly false in the sense in which it is used, but embodies a principle

2. Or, we might remove the whole confusion, by adopting the rendering of Jer. xxxi. 18, 19, "to turn," and "turning," for *μετανοέω* and *μετάνοια*; as plain, vernacular, and expressive English words. Or,

3. We might introduce to popular use the word "resipiscence," which is classical, though unusual English.

The first method is probably the most feasible.

R. L. DABNEY.

CHURCH-PLANTING IN TEXAS.

A PIONEER SKETCH.

THERE lies in the south-westernmost corner of the American Union a region which is not a State merely, but a realm in itself. In 1685, La Salle led thither the first European settlers; and, in the course of time, it became a portion of the Mexican Republic—"the noblest leaf," General Almonte declared, "of that cactus which typifies our nation." Moses Austin, a native of Connecticut, took, in 1821, the steps which led to the settlement of a colony of 300 families from the United States. One condition of the grant to him of lands was that the colonists should be, or should become, Roman Catholics. The compliance of the emigrants with this regulation was, as may be supposed, a mere formality. When the priests appointed by the Mexican Government arrived, the men and women, married years before, would group themselves, with their children around them, to be conformed to the Church, and remarried. Clad in their robes, and standing with censer, crucifix, and wafer in the centre of the circle, the officials went through a species of wholesale service, more to the amusement than the edification of the new converts. Of course the whole thing, in a political as well as religious sense, could be a merely temporary arrangement; and in 1836, by its victory at San Jacinto under General Houston, Texas achieved its independence. In 1845, it was annexed to the United States. Not long afterwards, it sold to the Federal Government a goodly portion of its territory.

To-day Texas contains over 274,000 square miles. We have some idea of its area when we consider that England, Holland, the German Empire, and two States each larger than Rhode Island could be contained within it. The population is not far from 2,000,000 already, and is being increased by emigration from Europe, and especially from the other States, at the rate of several hundred thousand a-year. But it matters little to say that it is thirty times as large as Massachusetts, if it could not be added that the day is swiftly coming when, with the blessing of Heaven, it will also be the equal of any State in the Union, or in the world, in things of greater importance than mere dimensions. One assurance of this consists in its soil and climate. The soil lies in belts, running east and west. First, and bordering upon the Gulf of Mexico, is a region suited to the cultivation of sugar and cotton;

next, going northward, is a broad strip of country, luxuriant in cotton and corn ; above that, a belt of corn and wheat. If these be likened to the stripes upon the American flag, the vast area north of all may be compared to the field of the flag, since it is an almost unbounded grazing land of prairie, the deep blue of its *mesquit* grass spangled with flowers. Let it be added that, while the climate is unsurpassed, Texas is believed to be lacking neither in coal or iron.

Such is the field. There were some odd peculiarities attending the process by which it was planted with Presbyterian churches which give special interest, it is believed, to the narrative.

About the year 1838, the first Presbyterian minister arrived in what was then the Republic of Texas, in the person of the Rev. Hugh Wilson. Shortly after his coming, he organised a church in San Augustine, and another, the year following, at Independence. He was a single-hearted, laborious, apostolic man, and his sterling worth, usefulness, sacrifices, and persistence through almost overwhelming difficulties, can never be forgotten. So poor was he that, at times, he was unable to correspond with any one, in or outside of Texas, for lack of money to pay postage. On the same account, he was obliged to devote himself, like other pioneers and patriarchs of old, to the care of cattle. Well does the writer of these lines remember seeing the apostolic old man moving in rustic garb among his sheep on the week-day, preparing to preach upon the Sabbath following the most powerful sermon he ever heard upon the incalculable value of and danger to the soul. The discourse was delivered in a log-cabin, and it was not in cushioned pews that the audience sat ; but rarely is so effective a service known.

Soon after his arrival, Rev. William L. M'Calla, another devoted minister of the Church, preached extensively over the Republic, having chiefly in view the establishment of a university in Galveston. He was an eloquent but somewhat eccentric man, and his special aversion to Romanism is illustrated by the way in which he bewailed, half in earnest, in one of his published letters, the horrors of having to spend the night, when lost in the prairie, with wolves howling about him, his only companion being " a Roman Catholic horse."

On 26th February, 1840, the Rev. Daniel Baker, D.D., landed as a missionary upon Galveston Island, for which purpose he had, with the approbation of his presbytery, resigned the pastorate of a leading church in the United States. He found in Galveston the Rev. John M'Culloch, who, under great disadvantages, had been preaching as he had opportunity. At that time the first moral foundations of society were just being laid. Mr. M'Culloch preached after this upon the Brazos River. He endeavoured, at a still later period, to establish a church at San Antonio, labouring with his own hands during the week upon the erection of an Adobe church—an edifice, which still stands, of sun-burned bricks. San Antonio was then, as for years afterwards, infested by desperadoes. One day a leader among them rode his horse into the building, and,

finding Mr. M'Culloch within, began shooting at him. To escape the shots, he had, he told the writer, to dodge about behind his books, which were piled in heaps around him, and he pointed out to me the bullet-holes in many of the volumes.

When Dr. Baker landed in Galveston, a Sabbath school had been organised. For some weeks he preached, labouring also among the naval and military forces of the Republic then stationed there. When Paul began his work to the Gentiles, his starting-point was the island of Cyprus, and his first convert was Sergius Paulus, a Roman soldier. So the first instance, as far as is known, of conversion upon Galveston Island, was that of a soldier who made a profession of religion under the preaching of Dr. Baker. On the last Sabbath of his stay, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. Six or seven persons professed conversion, two of whom were baptised according to the forms of the Presbyterian Church; and, soon after the departure of Dr. Baker, a church was organised by Mr. M'Culloch. From Galveston Dr. Baker went to Houston, where Rev. William Y. Allen, another Presbyterian minister, had been preaching for some time with faithfulness in the face of much discouragement. After labouring with him for a period, Dr. Baker preached at Columbia and Washington. In the latter place, he found the magistrate holding court on Sunday. The Methodists had toiled in Washington with their usual energy, but it seems that, up to that date, there was not a single professor of religion in the place. The people were not inclined to religion—the very reverse, some of them being exceedingly wicked. Mock prayer meetings were often held. At one of these a shocking accident occurred. While the mock worship was in progress, one man undertook to mimic a certain preacher. The audience were laughing immoderately, when a pistol was accidentally discharged, the ball passing through the heart of one of them. Death was so sudden, that the features did not have time to relax, and the corpse had a laugh upon its face when it was buried.

From Washington, vastly improved since then, Dr. Baker proceeded to Independence, where, on April 3rd, 1840, was organised the Presbytery of Brazos—the first Presbytery in Texas, and composed of the resident ministers already named. He then returned to the United States. In the years which immediately followed, many Presbyterian clergymen arrived, and the work of planting the Church was vigorously prosecuted in all parts of the vast region.

In 1848, three years after annexation, Dr. Baker returned from the older States to Texas, distributing tracts, preaching as often as possible, and wherever he could find an opportunity; the one topic of his conversation also being the Gospel of Christ. The Presbytery of Brazos had so increased, that, having been previously divided into three Presbyteries, in 1850 the churches were organised at Austin into a Synod of Texas. Greatly encouraged by this, Dr. Baker prosecuted his labours, sometimes

sleeping upon the prairie surrounded by wolves, more than once in danger of being scalped by the Indians, occasionally made ill by having to find his home in some Mexican *jacal*, which admitted the rains as well as the winds of heaven, being nearly wrecked upon the bays along the coast, endeavouring to draw to Christ every man upon whom he could lay his hand among the multitudes of people swarming into the State, every one of whom seemed to have a marked and peculiar character.

Arriving at a village, after a day's ride upon horseback, he would secure the use of a building, hire somebody to give notice of service, buy candles, and light the building himself, and, if necessary, beat with his own hands upon the triangle of iron which took the place of a bell. In due time the neighbours would flock together, not knowing whether the stranger was a lecturer upon phrenology, animal magnetism, or temperance. Possibly he was a candidate for political office, a Mormon, a conjuror, a negro minstrel, anything. They were not long of finding out who it was after they had assembled. Interest would be aroused; residents, of whom no one had imagined it, would prove to be professors of religion; other services would be announced, lasting, perhaps, for weeks together. The preacher would enter the place unknown; when he left, there would remain hardly a person who would not remember him, as long as life lasted, with veneration and love.

On one occasion, when the log-cabin in which the service was held could not contain the crowds thronging to hear, he paused in the midst of his sermon to say, "Will some friend be so kind as to lift the door from its hinges." In five minutes it was done, the ponderous obstruction removed, and, standing upon the threshold, he would proceed to divide his discourse impartially between those within and the larger audience without. When in the full tide of a sermon to a large audience one day, on mention of the word "infidel," a person arose in the congregation, and exclaimed, "What is an infidel?"—without hesitating a moment, the preacher replied, turning away from his previous line of thought, "I will now proceed, friends, to tell you, first, what an infidel is, and secondly, what will be his doom unless he repent." The man who interrupted him came up after service and offering Dr. Baker his hand, apologised and thanked him heartily. But it must not be supposed that the preacher was other than the most serious and dignified of men. Once, at least, a certain Ishmaelite of another denomination insisted upon himself preaching to a congregation assembled to hear Dr. Baker, and did so, indulging in unmeasured ridicule and abuse of the Presbyterian Church, and giving notice very coolly at the close, that he would again supersede the other at night. Not at all disconcerted, Dr. Baker, remarking that there was a way by which Americans generally settled differences of opinion, put to an instant vote of the congregation the question as to who should preach. With one or two exceptions, every man and woman present sprang to his or her feet, and by an overwhelming majority, the decision was in favour of

hearing his version of the Gospel. "Very well," Dr. Baker said, "in that case *I* will preach in this place to-night at early candle-lighting. Receive the benediction."

New towns were springing up everywhere at that time in Texas ; and it was acknowledged by every settler that a church of some denomination was a first step toward social existence. It is said that, in one such case, when the only three professors of religion in the neighbourhood came together, it was found that one was an Episcopalian, another a Baptist, the third a Presbyterian ; whereupon they had themselves organised, in order to be strictly impartial, into a Methodist Church. But the results of the preaching of Dr. Baker had reference to personal rather than municipal salvation. In almost every instance of his labours in a new settlement, a church would be organised, having, in due time, a pastor, and destined to become itself the parent of other churches in the region around.

Returning, in 1849, to Galveston after such a tour of incessant labour over the State, he accidentally learned that a small sailing vessel was to leave the next day for the mouth of the Rio Grande, which separates Texas from Mexico. His decision was instantly made to take passage upon it, and during the next few months, the first Protestant minister there, he was preaching up and down that river, always on Texan soil however, wherever he could find or create an opportunity. Upon one occasion he was entreated to make the services as brief as possible, as a *fundango* was to be held in the same place as soon as he was done. On another day, the Catholic *padrè* shook him cordially by the hand after the benediction, and urged him to go with him and take a drink. A goodly portion of his travel up and down the Rio Grande was done in a one-horse cart, and he was wont to boast afterward, in his playful manner, that for once in his life he had gone ahead of even the Methodist circuit rider. And all honour, be it here said, to these last-named pioneers of Christianity. How often, almost before the first tree had been fairly felled in a new settlement in Texas, some Methodist brother stood ready to mount the stump thereof, and sing and preach of Christ ! They were fearless, too, of every foe. "As I was riding last week across the prairie to an appointment," said one of them once to me, "I saw a Comanche, feathered and painted, coming right down upon me as fast as his mustang could travel, his lance in rest. It was Esau over again rushing down upon Jacob. I had nothing but an old umbrella, and *that* was borrowed ; so I committed my soul to God, and rode steadily on, looking right in his face. He came at me full speed, but just as his lance was at my breast he turned it aside (hallelujah !) and rode on (bless the Lord !), without drawing rein. I never looked behind, but broke out into 'A charge to keep I have,' and spurred on to keep my appointment."

Having accomplished on the Rio Grande all that was possible at that time, Dr. Baker returned at last to the mouth of the river on his way

home. A free passage was kindly offered him in a vessel bound to Galveston. It was not to sail, however, for several days; and being eager to enter upon the work of establishing a Presbyterian college in Texas, he embarked, instead, in a small sailing craft manned by a captain and one other person, being himself the only passenger. He had been assured that he would reach Galveston in three days, but they had hardly gotten out of port when a north wind smote them, before which they were driven south nearly two hundred miles. After tossing for a week upon the waters, made doubly rough by the conflict of the Gulf Stream with the wind, the boat neared Aransas Bay, to be again struck by the tempest, and driven for another week to the south. At last the gale abated, and they reached the mouth of the Sabine River. It was almost possible to toss a biscuit ashore, when once more the wind seized upon them, and drove them far to the south. Meanwhile the provisions intended for the three days' run, as well as the water, had almost given out. The captain had found that the other man who had come aboard pretending to be a sailor, knew nothing whatever about holding a rope, much less handling the helm, and beat him from day to day until the deck was spotted with his blood. At last the captain informed his passenger that there was no hope, and, falling upon his knees, with one arm around the mast, he called upon the Virgin for help, vowing candles to her altar if he was saved. The aged missionary resigned himself to die. "Never in my life," he said afterwards to the writer, "did I feel calmer, than when I expected each plunge of the vessel to carry us to the bottom. I was enabled to acquiesce entirely in the will of God. Was I not in the path of duty?" But there was work remaining to be done by him toward the planting of the Church in Texas; and within a week or two, he was at home again, as eager as a boy to resume his labours.

The next eight years were devoted by him to establishing the college. Frequently returning to Texas, and labouring there, he spent a large portion of his time in preaching in various parts of the United States toward securing funds for that object. His labours were blessed to the conversion, it is believed, of many thousand souls. Doubtless Providence had that in view quite as much as the interests of the college; but large sums of money were obtained. In 1857, in his sixty-seventh year, he returned to Texas from his sixth tour abroad in the interests of the college, and hastened to Austin, the capital of the State, upon business connected therewith. One Sabbath, he preached for the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Austin, remarking as he took his text, that if he knew it was to be his last discourse before dying, his subject, a defence of the divinity of Christ, would be the one which, above all others, he would choose to present. On the following Thursday afternoon, with the words, "Lord Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," upon his lips, he suddenly died. Up almost to the moment of his death, he was in full vigour, his death being caused by *angina pectoris*, in consequence partly of a severe fall sustained a few days

before from a horse he was riding. Upon his tomb in Austin is engraved, in accordance with his request, the words, "A sinner saved by grace;" and few are the pioneers of the Church whose graves are wet with sincerer tears than his.

There were other Presbyterian ministers who toiled with him in the trenches at the laying of the first foundations of what is already the stately fabric of our Church in Texas: ministers who devoted themselves to the work as faithfully and as self-sacrificingly as Dr. Baker. Such names, in addition to those already mentioned, as Henderson, Locke, Blair, Bunting, Tenny, Byers, Miller, Fullenwider, and Marshall, will never be forgotten.

Dr. Baker's work is most dwelt upon because it is with it that the writer is most familiar. Upon his return to Texas from Mexico, in 1849, he urged the condition of that Republic upon Miss Rankin, a lady whose heart had been already drawn thitherward. Going soon after to the Rio Grande, she entered on the work with singular success. There had been a series of Mexican Revolutionists who were preparing her way, and who were as unconscious of their real mission and Master as was Cyrus. Santa Anna, Miramar, Comonfort, Juarez, and, afterwards, Maximilian, Lerdo, and Diaz, so destroyed the power of the Romish priesthood that Miss Rankin was amazed at the success which awaited her. Surely there is a reserve-force in woman, distinctively as woman, which is yet, in purely womanly ways, to be brought to bear for Christ upon the world. The quiet influence of this woman illustrates it. Establishing schools, employing colporteurs to circulate the Scriptures, moving deeper and deeper into Mexico as the way opened, securing pecuniary and other help from abroad, she so worked that, to-day, there is hardly an evangelical denomination but has its churches firmly established and rapidly spreading over that magnificent region which, but a few years ago, seemed to be as hopelessly sealed to the Gospel as China or Japan. Had Dr. Baker attempted, when there, to preach, he would have been instantly arrested, probably killed. To-day there are twenty-two Presbyterian churches in the leading Mexican cities, with more than 3000 converts; while in forty-four other centres such progress has been made as to ensure the speedy organisation of churches of our faith in these also, and all as the result of less than seven years of labour.

From his first arrival in Texas, Dr. Baker made importunate appeals to young ministers to hasten and possess the land. Many flocked thither in consequence, but, sad to say, how few remained! In one instance, a young brother fresh from the seminary declined several promising openings after coming. "No," he said, "I will not settle in any church where I shall have to go about among the people. What I intend to do is to take some charge in which I shall have plenty of time to review my theological studies of the last four years." Of course, he soon withdrew in disgust. One young preacher, on the other hand, rode thirty miles to an appointment once a-month, furnishing his own horse;

and it *was* rather discouraging to receive in the end fifteen silver dollars for his year's labour. When a delegation waited upon him from the church afterward, entreating him to continue his services upon his own terms of payment, he declined. The previous result had hurt him too deeply. How he and his young wife and their baby managed to live upon their income so small from all sources was a matter of ever-increasing and pleasing astonishment to them. But there was a charm in it all, which more than made up for the lack of so base a thing as money. The life was such a breezy, out-of-door one, the people were so cordial, and so much at the very beginning of things themselves, the growth of the church was so rapid by reason of the stream of new comers, such a pic-nic sort of existence it was, so many were the reminders therein of Eden itself, that the young couple cared almost as little for salary as did Adam and Eve. But this was not always so.

Another young clergyman, upon coming to Texas, took one of the most important and hopeful of its fields. Possessed of noble powers and a thoroughly-trained intellect, his success would have been certain had he not, from his arrival, so ridiculed and denounced as upstart and illiterate another denomination, as to destroy his own influence. Another young, ardent, and thoroughly-educated brother was welcomed almost with acclamation in a new and flourishing town. The materials for a strong organisation were ready, as well as means to pay him a good salary and to build a church. The unfinished court-house was the only place in which service could be held, and nearly the whole population assembled in it on Sunday to hear him preach. On entering the building, he found to his dismay that a small table was the only pulpit there. But it was too low. How was it possible for him to read his sermon? Spying some loose bricks lying in one corner, he piled up several of them under each leg of the table to lift it high enough, and proceeded with the service. The sermon was an excellent one, the people were appreciative, the preacher warmed to his work. Alas, in the ardour of his eloquence his hand smote upon his MS., the table flew in one direction, his sermon in the other. There was a peal of irrepressible laughter, and so mortified was he, that upon Monday morning he had disappeared.

Sometimes the new comer fled terrified from a place because the people seemed so rough, or because the salary was so small; but the deadly difficulty lay in this, that somehow in preparing himself for the ministry, the young minister had thoroughly disqualified himself for that intimate and genial intercourse with his fellow-men which is essential to success in a society, at least, whose relations are as close and cordial as they are in Texas. Such was not always the case.

In one instance, a newly-arrived cleric accompanied a party of brethren to presbytery upon horseback. There had been heavy rains, and they found themselves barred one day by waters which had flooded the highway, submerging the bridge which spanned the insurgent creek. It was an important meeting of presbytery; they could not wait for the deluge

to abate. The young brother decided the question instantly. Leaving his friends to follow in an old canoe with the saddles, saddle-bags, and his clothing, he swam his own horse over, the other horses swimming after and behind him. The windings of the road were such that it was nearly a quarter of a mile before dry land was reached, but the end was attained, and the presbytery was unusually indulgent in its examination into the other qualifications of their youthful recruit. It was the same young brother who arrived at the newly-elected capital of the State, knowing of but one Presbyterian in the place; his course was illustrative of the entire matter of the planting of churches in new regions. He was invited to preach in the old building then used as the hall of legislature. Five persons remained after service, and were organised by him into a church. As time rolled by, souls were converted, emigrants arrived, a church edifice was erected, and a strong society formed.

With the exception of this pastor and two others, the Presbyterian ministers throughout the State cast in their lot with the Southern Confederacy; conscientious convictions governing the action in both cases. As the result, there are to-day three presbyteries and a synod in Texas in connection with the Northern Assembly, and a much larger number of churches and ministers connected with the Southern Church.

Among the trees of Texas none strikes a visitor more impressively than the Live Oak. Growing very slowly, but to noble dimensions at last, its sturdy boughs reach out on every side almost parallel to the earth, and for every such vigorous and far-stretching limb there is, it is said, a root as large and thriving beneath the soil. God has blessed, and is abundantly blessing, the sister denominations in Texas, but the Live Oak seems to the perhaps too partial eyes of the writer, the emblem of the denomination to which special allusion has been here made. Its growth may seem comparatively slow, but it is sure, and tends toward vast results; for its roots are many more than its boughs, are strong and full of sap, and they take hold upon the very bases of the world.

WILLIAM M. BAKER.

THE LAST RESORT OF POLYGAMY IN THE UNITED STATES.

MORMONISM has its centre in the territory of Utah, which is situated about midway between the Mississippi river and the Pacific Ocean. Among its peculiar and distinguishing characteristics is the practice of polygamy. The Mormon religion, and the system of laws which the Mormons sought to fasten upon the territory, before its organisation by the Government of the United States, recognise and protect this practice. But all the territory lying within the national limits, and outside the boundaries of the separate States, is under the control and subject to the laws of the general Government. The right