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OLD GREENVILLE (S. C.) CHURCH

Your ancestors were blue-blooded Scots. Their original home was in the southwest counties of Scotland. From their mountains and glens they could look across the Irish sea and see the green hills of Ireland glistening in the sun like gems. Little did many of them think that these same hillsides were to be the future homes of their children for many generations.

Those Scottish men and women were artisans and small farmers. They had hard work to win their bread from the unwilling soil. Their homes were poor, their implements of labor of the most primitive kind. They had to pay big rents to the lords who owned the land, and when the harvests turned out badly they were often brought to the verge of starvation.

They were Puritans of the sternest type. Their sufferings had made them so. No people had sacrificed more than they had done in the cause of civil and religious freedom. They were Protestants before the Reformation. Although the old Culdee church seemingly had disappeared from Scotland for three hundred years and the Roman Catholic church had control of the nation, yet in the hearts and lives of those people the ancient church of their native land found a refuge. They loved her simple rites, her inborn love of the rights of man was interwoven into the fiber and woof of their characters. Do you wonder why they were willing to give their lives during the "killing time" of Charles II. rather than surrender their Presbyterian principles? Why, they could not help it. It was part of their very being. Not even when nearly thirty thousand of their numbers had become martyrs for their faith would they desert the blue flag of their church. Christ's crown and covenant were of more value to them than the favor of kings. No church on earth has a grander roll of saints on her calendar than ours. When they left their native land to seek a new home in Ireland they carried their religion with them. They have been living there now in the province of Ulster for three hundred years, a nation within a nation, still Scotch to the core and as devoted and loyal to the Presbyterian Church as they were in the days when they lived in Caledonia. In some things, however, there has been a marked change. Their residence in Ireland has not been one of continued peace. They have been oppressed and have suffered much from the native Irish, who have always looked upon them as intruders. This environment has produced a type of men we call the Scotch-Irish. They have caught something of the warm-hearted, witty nature of the natives, while retaining in an intense degree the strong manly character of the Scot. These characteristics have made them a mighty force in the world and we have felt it here in America. At least five of our Presidents have been Scotch-Irish, and November may bring us another.

It was the Most High and Mighty Prince James styled King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, that conceived the idea that your fathers might prove a blessing to his turbulent province of Ulster if he could only induce them to settle there. Historians tell us that this prince was far from being the mighty being that he was described on the fly leaves of our Bibles. He was called "the wisest fool in Christendom" and was a queer mixture of weakness and learning. Although brought up under the influence of the Presbyterian Church he had no love for our communion, declaring that our system of government was too democratic and antagonistic to his kingly dignities. He declared that without bishops there could be no king, therefore called our church "God's silly people" when he would have forced bishops upon our fathers against their con-

Address Delivered at the Unveiling of Tablet to the Memory of the Scotch-Irish in Old Greenville Church, Sunday, October 6th, 1912.

By Rev. J. M. Dallas

victions and consent. He, however, had wisdom enough to know that his Scottish subjects were even in those days the best farmers in the world, and just the kind of men to transform the wild lands of Ulster into productive farms, and at the same time prove a buffer state to the natives who were in a continual state of rebellion against his authority. Offering them new and cheaply rented lands he induced your fathers to leave Scotland and found a new home in Ireland in 1611. The emigration thus



REV. J. M. DALLAS,
Ware Shoals, S. C.

started has continued more or less up until the present day when we find no less than a million of your race still living there. They have by their thrift and industry transformed the bleakest part of Ireland into smiling farms and have founded an industrial city, the capital of the province, Belfast, that is the pride of Irishmen of all creeds and conditions.

It is nearly two hundred years since the attention of your ancestors was directed to the Carolinas as a suitable country to settle in. A few had dared the awful terrors of voyage across the Atlantic which in those days of slow sailing ships occupied about six months and had found homes in the then unbroken wilderness. Eager to have as many of their countrymen about them as neighbors and to help defend them against the Indians those early settlers did all in their power to bring their friends over from Ireland. Many of them who left Ireland never reached America. They died at sea from the lack of proper food and unsanitary conditions on board ship, while scurvy and smallpox killed them by the hundreds. Many came to this country by the way of

Charleston, while others landed in Virginian ports and made their way south by ox-teams. We have no conception of the sufferings your forefathers went through ere they were able to form a settlement in the then trackless woods. It took brave hearts, indeed, to stand the awful loneliness of the forest, not saying anything about the danger from the savage Indians. Nor can we forget that not very far from here a company of your people were massacred in cold blood by these ancient fiends.

One of the first things your ancestors did after founding their homes was to build a church. They never forgot their duty to God who had brought them safely across the sea, and had given them a goodly inheritance in this fair land. So the church was built of logs, perhaps on this site or somewhere near it. This is holy ground that must always be held in reverence. They were simple folk with a simple faith, those fathers and mothers of yours, and their house of worship was very plain, but they carried in their hearts a faith that has been the consolation of their race for a thousand years. Along with their holy religion they also brought from Ireland their love of liberty, and I am sure it was around Presbyterian churches that the first plans concerning the Revolution were matured. They also made an early impression on the political fortunes of the state which remain to this day. The Bonnie Blue Flag that we all love is only the banner of the Presbyterian church with a palm tree engrafted on to it, while the legislature is honored by having borrowed the name of our highest Church court and called it-self the General Assembly.

We do not know when our fathers built their first church here. They were long without regular ministration of the Word, relying chiefly on traveling preachers who went on horseback throughout the country, being only able to visit churches once or twice a year.

We know that the Saldva church (as the name was then), had in 1773 been without the means of grace for a long time, and the people were anxious for the service of a minister. The sacraments had not been celebrated for a long period and many of the young children were growing up without baptism, which was a matter of great concern to their parents. Meeting together in the spring of 1773, the people resolved to send a representative to the meeting of the Synod of New York and Philadelphia asking for a minister to be sent them. The mission was successful and the Rev. John Harris, of Maryland, was appointed missionary in charge of the churches composing the field. Mr. Harris was not only a preacher but a doctor as well and was a big powerful man, who went about his parish ministering to the bodies as well as the souls of his hearers. He was greatly loved and continued pastor for ten years, at the expiration of which he retired, advising his congregation to organize into a regular charge in 1784. This was done by the Presbytery of South Carolina in that same year, Rev. Robert Hall being installed as pastor of Old Greenville church.

Through all its long history until the present the church has been faithful to the faith of the fathers and to the great head of the church, our Lord Jesus Christ. From her have gone out three flourishing daughters, congregations that are doing good work to the people of a wide neighborhood. The venerable organization herself shows no sign of decay, or that her work is done. She has more Christian vitality and is doing a better work today than at any time of her history. Her ancient walls are full of young life with the promise of a brighter and better future. Like the eagle she is renewing her youth. How true she has been to the emblem of the Presbyterian

(Continued on page 6.)

the strength and of the pleasure. It is one of the most singular books in the world, for every time you open it some old text that you have read a score of times suddenly beams with a new meaning. Evidently the mood and the thought of that day, bred by the circumstance that you cannot analyze, has suddenly thrown its light upon that passage, and there springs out upon the page to you something that you never saw lie upon it before. There is no other book that I know of of which this is true; there is no other book that yields its meaning so personally, that seems to fit itself so intimately to the very spirit that is seeking its guidance. And so when we teach our children we do not teach them, I hope dogmatically. We must not try to make them read the Scripture as we read it, but merely try to bring them into such contact with the Scripture that it will yield its meaning to their hearts and to their minds. Make it their companion, make it their familiar text book, and the rest will take care of itself.

Who shall dare to guide another human spirit in the same path that he himself has trodden? Shall we not merely take those whom we teach to the road and say: "Here is the way of life. Walk ye on it; don't follow us; don't look to us as examples of the consequence of our teaching. Walk ye on it, and it will lead you to the City of Light."

The Word of God as the Basis of Government.

There are great problems, ladies and gentlemen, before the American people. There are problems which will need purity of spirit and an integrity of purpose such as has never been called for before in the history of this country. I should be afraid to go forward if I did not believe that there lay at the foundation of all our schooling and of all our thought this incomparable and unimpeachable Word of God. If we cannot derive our strength thence, there is no source from which we can derive it, and so I would bid you go from this place, if I may, inspired once more with the feeling that the province of God is the foundation of affairs, and that only those can guide, and only those can follow, who take their province of God from the sources where it is authentically interpreted.

The Teaching of the Scriptures.

I congratulate you that you have a part in the development of the great Sunday school work. I sometimes wish very candidly, ladies and gentlemen, that there was more simple reading and interpretation of the Bible and fewer elaborated Sunday school lessons. I want to say very frankly that I never saw a Sunday school lesson that yielded the meaning of the text that it was trying to interpret. If you will only give these little people the pure bread itself you won't have to ask some inexpert chemical analyst to tell them how the bread is made up. There is no man with insight enough to see how the bread of life is made, and I wish sometimes that we could strip off these superficial explanations and get down to those things that sustain our spirits.

I want to urge that we get down to hard pan again, that we regard the whole business of the Sunday school as the familiarizing of the children of the United States with the Word of God.

Give It to the Children Straight.

If you only made them read it again and again, and added no comment that they did not ask for, you would be doing an incomparable service for American morality and American progress. Thomas Carlyle used to say, skeptic though he was, in some fundamental respects, that the best thing that ever happened to him was that he was obliged to learn the Shorter Catechism when he was a small boy and didn't understand it, so thoroughly that when he grew up it kept coming out like an infection. He got it in his memory so that he could never get it out again, and suddenly when he would come face to face with some situation some time that tried his soul, those wonderful definitions of the Shorter Catechism would stare him in the face, and he would know where he was. You can't explain the Shorter Catechism to anybody under twenty-one successfully. Don't try to. Get it into their blood, and then it will come out sometime, and hold them like a monitor whom they cannot avoid, and similarly with the Word of God. Don't cheapen it with your explanations. Give it to them straight. It isn't too strong meat even for babes. It will set well on any stomach, no matter how tender.

Give it to them unadulterated, pure, unaltered, unexplained, uncheapened, and then see it work its wholesome work throughout the whole nature. It is very difficult, indeed, for a man or for a boy, who knows the Scripture, ever to get away from it. It haunts him like an old song. It follows him like the memory of his mother. It reminds him like

the word of his old and revered teacher. It forms part of the warp and woof of his life.

I conceive my theme, therefore, to be the exaltation of the Word of God as the one and only theme for study on this sacred day, when we call our children together to drink from the original fountains of human life.—The Expositor.

ON THE GALILEAN SEA.

"And he rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, peace, be still."—4 Mark 39.

'Twas night on Galilean sea,
Its waters calm, from tempests free,
Afloat within a fragile bark
The Master slept; the night was dark.

When suddenly a storm arose,
Fierce winds disturbed the sea's repose,
The angry waves with fury lashed
The little boat by billows dashed.

'Twas tossed upon the seas until
The little bark began to fill,
While His disciples, smote with fear,
Thought an appalling wreck was near.

They rushed to wake their sleeping Lord,
Their screams of terror then He heard,
They prayed that He would quell the storm
Which had assumed such direful form.

They know the mighty deeds He'd wrought,
How He the dead to life had brought,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to talk,
The blind to see, the lame to walk.

So they believed He had the power
To save them in that trying hour;
"Save or we perish, Lord," they cried,
"We trust in Thee and none beside."

He said, "Fear not, 'tis faith you need,
Without it you will not succeed;
You're blind and groping in the dark;
If you had faith, a single spark,

"You'd never have made such piteous cry,
When He who loved you was so nigh,
Who long has taught the only way
For succor is believe, obey!"

He rose and bade the sea be still,
The winds and waves obeyed His will,
He bade the howling tempests cease,
And all was calm and all was peace.

When frightful danger lurks around,
When no secure retreat is found,
Fear not, faint soul, there is a friend
On whom always you can depend.

When gathering clouds obscure the skies,
When unexpected troubles rise,
When overwhelmed with cares of life,
Perplexed, annoyed, with doubts or strife,

The humblest, trusting child has near
One who his piteous cries will hear,
And sympathizing give relief,
Assuage all sorrows, quiet grief.

When He appears the clouds disperse,
The skies are cleared and naught adverse
Disturbs the peace or mars the scene,
No matter what the fears have been.

He came to save the wrecked and lost,—
What anguish that kind mission cost,
No human tongue could ever tell,
Not even those He loved so well.

'Twas night in dark Gethsemane,
He prayed in doleful agony,
"Father, this cup let pass from me,
Yet not My will, but Thine shall be."

He sweat as 'twere great drops of blood,
Which from His face profusely flowed,
Although the subject gave him pain,
Repeated He that prayer again.

When hanging on the accursed tree,
One thought increased His agony,
"My God," he cried, "Oh, can it be
That Thou hast thus forsaken Me?"

When thus with mournful voice He cried,
He meekly bowed His head and died.
'Twas thus He died on Calvary,
To save mankind and set them free.

From every sin polluting stain,
And make the dying live again,
And when at length He shall appear,
May we redeemed and saved be there.

Although it doth not yet appear
What we shall be, abiding there,
Yet when we see Him we shall be
Like Him through all eternity.

No other aid is needed more
When we have reached that friendly shore,
And crossed life's rough and stormy seas
To find the port at last in peace.

—R. N. Austin, Lawyer.

OLD GREENVILLE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 1.)

church, "burning but never consumed."

We have erected this beautiful monument of regal blue marble to the memory of your revered fathers who did so much in their day to give us our faith, and the comfortable homes in which we live. Their bodies lie sleeping yonder in that quiet cemetery, but in some way unknown to us we hope their spirits are rejoicing today in the fact that we have not forgotten what we owe to them, your noble ancestors. As the years come and go with all the mysterious changes of life and while we bless God for being citizens of the South and Americans, let us never forget that you are, and will remain in all that's best, Scotch-Irish.

The tablet, which is in the form of a shield, was designated by Rev. J. M. Dallas, and contains three emblems, The Scotch Thistle, Irish Shamrock, and Burning Bush of the Presbyterian Church. The inscription is as follows:

Sacred To the Memory
Of
The Scotch-Irish Pioneers
Who Organized This Presbyterian Church,
A. D. 1784.
From the home land they brought their faith
To enrich the South.
Their brave hearts and strong arms
To subdue the wilderness.

THE PULPIT.

(Continued from page 2.)

thusiastic promoter of functions which bring out an army of five hundred, is not one that will appeal to men who study the most holy Scriptures and believe that they are divinely inspired.

The pulpit which occupies itself with the business of time and neglects the infinitely greater things of eternity is a curse rather than a blessing. The pulpit which does not fathom the soul needs of its disciples, will find when eternally too late, that the opportunities it failed to improve will rise up to curse it when the end comes.

For six days, the world, infidel and Christian, vie with each other, co-operate with each other, knock each other, in an effort to keep the wolf from the door; on the Lord's day, one day in seven, they demand and have a right to a change, and the pulpit which feeds men, women and children with the contentions of six days on the Lord's day is certainly not expecting the benediction of heaven, no matter how persistently and unsuccessfully it labors for the approval of men.

The King's orders, which are paramount, are marching orders.

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway unto the end of the world."

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," Paul said.

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

Here the pulpit, if it has a right to existence, gets its orders.