

Bennett H. Young 6

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~~HISTORICAL~~

PRESBYTERIANISM

IN

KENTUCKY.

Addresses Delivered at Harrodsburg, Kentucky,
October 12, 1883.

PRINTED BY
COURIER-JOURNAL JOB PRINTING COMPANY,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

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PREFACE.

The Synod of Kentucky (South) at its sessions in Shelbyville, October, 1882, adopted the following paper, viz:

"Recognizing the fact that the first Presbyterian sermon in Kentucky was preached by Rev. David Rice, at Harrodsburg, in the year 1783, and grateful for the providence of God which has blessed the course of Presbyterianism in our State since that time, the Synod of Kentucky is of the opinion that this epoch in the history of our beloved Church should be commemorated in some suitable manner during the sessions of this body, to be held next year at Harrodsburg, and hereby appoints the following committee to arrange a programme of centennial services, and to take such action as may be appropriate in the premises: Rev. Messrs. L. H. Blanton, D. D., J. T. Hendrick, D. D., J. N. Saunders, J. C. Tate, E. M. Green, G. H. Rout, D. D., J. J. Chisolm, and Messrs. James B. Ryan, W. C. Bullock, J. W. McPherson, J. R. Barrett, R. W. Sea, and Glass Marshall."

This committee asked for instructions as to inviting other Presbyterian bodies to participate in the proposed celebration; whereupon the Synod adopted the following resolutions:

1. "That this Synod cordially invites the sister Synod of Kentucky, in connection with the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America, to participate with us in the centennial anniversary of the founding of Presbyterianism in Kentucky, proposed to be held in Harrodsburg, Kentucky, in October, 1883.
2. "That this Synod also cordially invites the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and the Associate Reformed Church to attend this celebration.
3. "The Committee of Arrangements, and the Stated Clerk and Moderator are hereby authorized and instructed to communicate to these Churches this action of Synod."

The Synod of Kentucky (North) had already held its annual sessions, but at a called meeting, held in Louisville, September 11th, 1883, it was resolved to accept the invitation of the Southern Synod, and the time of its next regular meeting was changed to correspond with that of the other body.

At the meeting of the Synod in Harrodsburg, October 10th, 1883, the Com-

mittee of Arrangements reported the following programme of exercises for the joint celebration of the Centennial, on Friday, October 12th, viz:

NINE O'CLOCK A. M.

Anthem—"We praise Thee, O Lord".....*Mozart*

Reading Scriptures, and Prayer.

Hymn—"O God of Bethel, by Whose Hand.".....

Historical Address—"The Presbyterian Church in Ken-

tucky".....*Rev. J. N. Saunders*

Centennial Hymn.....*Rev. R. Cecil*

Address—Sabbath-school Work of the Century.....*Rev. J. L. McKee, D. D.*

Centennial Hymn.....*Rev. E. P. Mickel*

THREE O'CLOCK P. M.

Centennial Anthem.....*Lee C. Walter*

Prayer.

Hymn—"O, God, the Rock of Ages.".....

Neerological Address—The Dead of the Presbyterian Church in Ken-

tucky.....*Rev. E. P. Humphrey, D. D.*

Centennial Hymn.....*Rev. E. P. Mickel*

Five-Minute Speeches.

Address—Presbyterianism and Education.....*Rev. L. G. Barbour, D. D.*

Hymn—"Let Saints Below in Concert Sing.".....

SEVEN O'CLOCK P. M.

Anthem—"Unfold".....*Gounod*

Prayer.

Hymn—"While Thee I Seek, Protecting Power.".....

Address—The Doctrine and Polity of Presbyterian-

ism.....*Rev. T. D. Witherspoon, D. D.*

Hymn—"All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.".....

PRAYER.

DOXOLOGY.

BENEDICTION.

On Friday morning the Northern Synod came in a body from the adjacent town of Danville, where their sessions were being held, and were met by a committee of the Southern Synod and conducted to the First Presbyterian Church, where the latter body was in session. They were received with due respect and cordially welcomed by the Moderator of the Southern Synod, *Rev. E. M. Green*, to whose address the Moderator of the Northern Synod, *Rev. W. C. Young, D. D.*, made a suitable response; after which the exercises of the occasion were conducted according to the programme which had been announced.

On Sunday evening, at the close of the Synod's sessions, *Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D.*, of Richmond, Virginia, delivered, by invitation, a historical discourse, which, by order of Synod, is published with the addresses delivered at the Centennial celebration.

It is regretted that the able and interesting address delivered by *Rev. J. L. McKee, D. D.*, on Sabbath-school Work in Kentucky during the Century, was not placed in the hands of the committee for publication.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY *REV. R. CECIL, NICHOLASVILLE, KY.*

Behold, O God, thy Zion,
Grown aged in this land,
A branch of thine own planting
And nurtured by thy hand;
A hundred years of training,
A hundred years of strife,
Have sanctified her sorrows,
And beautified her life.

Sweet mem'ries cluster round her
Made sacred by her tears,
Sweet hopes that blossom richly
Upon that field of years.
Her beauty and her brightness
O God, are all thine own,
Her labors and successes
With thy best blessings crown.

How many are her children
Redeemed by blood divine,
Soft nurtured on her bosom
So tender and benign!
How many 'mong the blessed
Sometimes beloved here,
All glorious with their Saviour,
And crowned and sainted there!

O, let the love of Jesus,
His presence and his grace,
Attend her onward progress
Until she sees thy face,
And all her sons and daughters,
The kings and priests of God,
Are clad in robes celestial
Made white in Jesus' blood.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY REV. EUGENE P. MICKEL, HAZLE GREEN, KY.

O, thou Ruler of the ages,
 Lord of earth and Lord of heaven,
 For a hundred years we praise thee,
 And for blessings they have given.
 Hear the song of glad thanksgiving
 Which we raise to thee to-day;
 And as thou hast blessed our fathers,
 Bless their children, Lord, we pray.

Where the forest, wild and gloomy,
 Stretched away o'er hill and plain,
 Fields of green now greet the sunlight,
 Stately corn and waving grain.
 For thine earthly gifts we thank thee,
 Peaceful homes and daily bread;
 Guided by thy loving kindness
 May we evermore be led.

But for blessings richer, grander,
 Would we bring our thanks to-day,
 As we view thy Church's progress
 Through the century passed away.
 Slow the dawning, dark the morning,
 But thou saidst, "Let there be light;"
 And the sun arose in splendor—
 'Twas thy grace that scattered night.

Through the conflicts waged with darkness,
 Storms of trial and of woe,
 Thou hast brought us on in safety,
 Giving strength against each foe.
 Up from sorrow unto gladness,
 Out of darkness into light;
 From the battle to the victory
 Thou hast led; we praise thy might.

Saviour, through the days before us,
 At all times, in every place,
 Bless thy Church and own her service,
 Grant thy strength and love and grace.
 And when thou shalt end our labors
 At thy coming in the air;
 May we all, by thy blood ransomed,
 Join thy Church triumphant there.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY REV. J. N. SAUNDERS.

It is conceded, I believe, that Harrodsburg, the handsome little city in which we are now assembled, is the oldest town in Kentucky. Its foundations were laid a few months earlier than those of Boonesborough, the first fort and fixed home of Daniel Boone, our earliest pioneer. It is from two to five years older than the towns of Louisville and Lexington, and as many years older than Logan's, Floyd's, Bryant's, Ruddle's, and McAfee's Stations, which were the first and most important immigrant centers located and fortified in a country then abounding with hostile Indians, and full of dangers.

The record of its establishment is briefly this: In the month of June, 1774, now one hundred and nine years ago, Capt. James Harrod and a company of thirty-one brave and adventurous men, penetrated the thick forests and canebrakes that then covered these slopes and hills and undulating valleys. It is true that Captains Bullitt and Taylor, with their companies, had made surveys about the Falls of the Ohio river the year before; the McAfees had done the same along the Kentucky and Salt rivers, selecting the site where they afterwards located; but neither of these made permanent settlements till a later day.

To the eye of Captain Harrod and his men, when they reached this particular locality, as well as all along the way which had brought them here, the natural scenery was enchanting and lovely almost beyond description. They saw much of that which Dr. Davidson has since so beautifully and graphically written of Kentucky in its primitive state: "The luxuriance of the soil; the salubrity of the climate; the dimpled and undulating face of the country; the tall, waving cane and native clover; the magnificent groves of sugar tree and walnut; the countless herds of buffalo and elk; the pure and limpid brooks; the deeply channeled rivers, sweeping between precipitous limestone rock; the verdure of the vegetation; the air loaded with fragrance; the groves vocal with music."

Such was the scene, and as they enthusiastically gazed upon it, they and all subsequent pioneers were impressed with the fact that they were in an enchanting land—in the very paradise of the red man's hunting grounds—in a land prodigal with wealth, beauty, and prom-

ise. Wooed, won, and charmed by the inviting prospect before them, they pitched their tent near a spring of cool and gushing water, which is now historic, and under the spreading branches of a noble elm tree, whose history has also been written. From this point, as a center, and as a nightly meeting and resting-place, they explored the surrounding country till the middle of the month, and then determined to start a little town in the woods, embracing their camp, the elm tree, and the spring. This determination was executed at once, and the few rough log cabins which soon appeared took the name of Harrodstown. Subsequently it was called Oldtown. And now and for many years Harrodsburg has been standing upon the dust and ashes of its two venerable predecessors, with little left that its first builders saw, save these dimpled hills and smiling valleys, and the sun, moon, and stars, that shine now just as they did a hundred and nine years ago.

It is also proper to remark in this connection, that Harrodsburg was the first county-seat of the district of Kentucky, while that district was still a part of Virginia, as well as a part of the western possessions of George III., King of England. It was the first place where courts and elections were held on this side of the mountains. It is, therefore, older than the Revolutionary war; older than the Federal Constitution; older than the first county in the State, and had been standing eighteen years when Kentucky was admitted into the Union in 1792. These statements help us to realize that our Centennial is being held in a place that is venerable with years; in a place that abounds in memories and incidents connected with the first settlement of our good old Commonwealth. Such a realization as this can not fail to add an inspiration and a felt interest to our present service.

And there is still another fact which, to Presbyterian people especially, must impart a very marked interest to this hour—a fact, that had much to do in locating the present sessions of our Synods—a fact that suggested and arranged the services upon which we have now entered. And that fact is this: In the month of October, 1783, or just one hundred years ago, the Rev. David Rice, from the Peaks of Otter, in Virginia, came to Harrodsburg, or to Harrod's Station, as the old records say, and preached the first Presbyterian sermon ever heard in Kentucky. So that we are now upon the very ground, and not far from the very spot, where that discourse was spoken—where the Gospel, as we preach it, first fell upon the ears and touched the hearts of a pioneer Kentucky congregation. To recall this fact, and to realize this truth, will surely add a very touching and tender interest to this occasion.

This, then, was the beginning of the Gospel in Kentucky, as we hold and preach it; and from this event, we are accustomed to begin the history of our Church, west of the Alleghany mountains.

And now to commemorate this event; to gather up a few of the points in our past history; to recall some of the struggles, trials, and heroic labors which the fathers endured in planting our Church in the wilderness; and then to linger for a little while upon their names, their faith, their courage, and successes, are some of the themes that shall direct our present meditations. Such meditations will, doubtless, be pleasant and suggestive to us all. They will awaken in our hearts and memories some suitable feelings of love and reverence for our honored dead; they will teach us something of our indebtedness and obligations to them—something of God's wonderful goodness, both to them and to us, who inherit the benefits of their labors—something of the difference between the present and the past; and something of the extent of our obligations to that God, who has always been kind to us, and kind and merciful to those who have gone before us.

In laying the foundations of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky, our fathers were confronted with difficulties and multiplied discouragements from the very beginning of their labors. The country was all wild, new, uncleared, and unsubdued by the hand of art or agriculture; its immigrants were from various localities, with different tastes, habits, and spirits—with little learning, culture, or refinement, but abounding in that dash, daring, and recklessness, which often characterize frontier and border life; and then, too, the Indians still made occasional raids through the country, throwing its inhabitants into a state of wild and mad excitement.

In most respects, the early settlements of Kentucky, were all very much alike—alike in their general surroundings—alike in the dangers to which they were exposed—alike in their hardships and privations—alike in their dress and modes of living, and alike in their moral tone and spiritual destitutions. They were all virtually without Sabbaths, without preachers, and without churches; a tall, robust, muscular, healthy, brave, and daring people; who had come here to appropriate to themselves the Indians' hunting-grounds, and build for themselves and their children, homes, towns, and cities; and a people, who showed by every look and act that they intended to accomplish the ends for which they had come to this most inviting land. So that a rapid and even rough sketch of Harrodsburg, of its extemporized church and of its congregation, when Mr. Rice preached here one hundred years ago, will give us a fair outline or picture of the physi-

cal state, the social habits and appearance, and the moral and spiritual condition of the whole country at that period of our history. For, as I have said, the different forts and settlements were then nearly alike in all things, and, hence, to look at the picture of one is to see the substantial likeness of all.

Harrodsburg was then a rough wooden hamlet, surrounded by forests and little patches of cleared lands and farms. Though, in many respects, the strongest, the most advanced, refined, and influential place in the country, it still presented the aspect of a little town in the woods, or of a military post, standing far out upon the borders of civilization.

The building in which Mr. Rice held his first service, we have reason to believe, was the rough, stockaded block-house of the village, which had frequently protected the people from the murderous attacks of their Indian foes.

In thinking of this extemporized church, we can, by a little stretch of the imagination, see its rough benches; its primitive three-legged stools; its dimly-burning iron lamps or tallow candles, and can hear the creaking noise of its ponderous doors, as they turn upon their great wooden hinges.

Seated, as we now are, in this elegant house of worship, resting upon its softly-cushioned pews, and enjoying its beautiful gaslight by night and softened sunlight by day, we can scarcely realize the truth of this feature of our picture. And yet it is true to life, and stands out before our vision to-day, telling us something of the wonderful changes and advancements, which the years of the outgoing century have wrought.

The congregation to whom Mr. Rice preached, we may safely imagine, was a fair average of the thoughtful, genteel, and religiously-inclined people of the town; and would have compared well with a congregation, assembled for divine worship, at Louisville, Lexington, Bryant's, Logan's, or any other fort or station in the country.

Some of his hearers, doubtless, were bare-footed and in their shirt sleeves; some stood or sat during the service in full pioneer or backwoods costume, clad in moccasins, leggings, and deer-skin hunting shirts, with leathern belts around their waists, which supported murderous knives, full powder-horns, and other warlike implements. Their ever-present and trusty rifles were with them, too, for the scream of the panther, the bark of the wolf, and the angry growl of the bear were still heard in the neighboring woods and hills. More and worse, stealthy and enraged Indians still lurked about the exposed settlements

and sometimes made sudden and unexpected dashes upon the older and stronger places. And you will not forget the fact that the terrible defeat of the Blue Licks had occurred but a little more than a year before this—a defeat that had filled all the stations in Central and Eastern Kentucky with distress—with mourning for the lost and with anxiety for the safety of themselves. It was even some years later than this, when men ceased to carry their guns with them to church, in the more exposed districts.

But the majority of Mr. Rice's congregation, as we may well suppose, appeared in their very best outfits. It was a rare occasion, and they would naturally put on their best attire. Still, however, their hands were all rough and bony from hard and constant toil, and their faces and features bronzed and tanned by the winds and suns of the fading summer. And even their nicest and best Sunday apparel, both of parents and children, of belles and beaux, was all home-wrought of the coarse wool, flax, and cotton of the neighborhood—made, too, by the hand-card, the spinning-wheel, and the weaver's loom, which were necessary parts of furniture in nearly every cabin, and served to amuse our ancient mothers and their healthy, light-hearted, laughing, and rosy-cheeked daughters, in the absence of fashionable calls, light literature, and artistic music.

There is certainly a very wide and suggestive difference between the appearance, at least, of Mr. Rice's congregation, and mine to-day. About differences in other respects I can not now delay to suggest or inquire.

What the people of Harrodsburg, a hundred years ago, generally, thought of the new preacher—how they were pleased with his looks, tones, gestures and so on; and what effects his sermon produced upon their minds and hearts, we can now only conjecture. Doubtless, however, there were critics then, just as there are now, who freely commented upon the rhetoric and oratory of the sermon; critics who were quick and clear in their judgments of the strength or weakness of a sermon, and cultivated yea, even fastidious, in their tastes, as to the exact oratorical way in which that sermon should be delivered.

But it is not improbable that, at least, a few heard him gladly, yea, with flushed cheeks, throbbing hearts, and tear-dimmed eyes. His words would necessarily awaken tender and sacred memories in the minds of some, carrying them back to the Sabbaths and sanctuaries of other days—to the homes, the friends and kindred they had left behind them.

We may gather something of Mr. Rice's feelings on this occasion, and something of the view which he took of the moral darkness and spiritual destitutions of the country, from the text which he used. It is this: "The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up."

Without Sabbaths, churches, ministers, or papers, they were truly in darkness. And without that light and life, which come through the Word of God, as it is read and preached and energized by the Divine Spirit, they were, truly, sitting in the region and shadow of spiritual death.

That they might see this great light and escape the glooms and pangs of spiritual death, he had come to hold up before them the light of the glorious Gospel—to preach Christ and him crucified, and to persuade men to be reconciled to God, through him.

And the light, which he thus brought to Kentucky, was blessed to the salvation of many, during all the years of his long and memorable ministry. And by the preaching of his contemporaries, and those who have succeeded them, it has extended through the land, giving hope and comfort and eternal life to all who have received it and walked in it.

The Revolutionary war virtually closed with the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, in the fall of 1781. With its close, multitudes began to turn their hearts and faces towards the rich, cheap and unoccupied lands of the West. Hitherto, emigration had been confined, comparatively, to the few—to hunters, explorers, land jobbers, and those who were ambitious to be among the very first daring and adventurous occupants of these western wilds. But now a different, and, in many respects, a far more enlightened and substantial class of people was ready and anxious to come. These came by families, by companies and by great colonies, to settle around the old forts or stations, or to form new settlements of their own. This was the state of things when Mr. Rice reached the country, in the fall of 1783, and continued to be for many years. In 1780, Kentucky was but a single county; but so rapid was its increase within the next twelve years, that it grew into nine counties with population enough to warrant its admission into the Union, as an independent State.

These immigrants came, some from North Carolina, a few from Pennsylvania and other north-eastern States, but mainly from the State of Virginia. On this account, we have always claimed to be a daughter of Virginia, both in Church and State.

Among these immigrants, there was a scattered Presbyterian element, out of which our first churches were gathered and organized. And it will be interesting, in this connection, to look, for a moment, at our *ecclesiastical origin*; to see where we came from; to know who were our ancestors; as well as to learn something of their faith, their principles, and their spirit.

Our first people, then, came to Kentucky from the States which I have just named, the far larger portion of them coming from the churches and Presbyterian neighborhoods in the valley of Virginia. But, then, they or their parents were only emigrants to the States which they left when they came here. In blood, religion, and nationality they ran back by a remove or two to the old country—mostly to Scotland, or to the North of Ireland, where many of them, though of pure Scotch blood, had lived so long that they had acquired the name, "Scotch Irish." In doctrine, they were Calvinists; in church government, Presbyterians. They belonged to a faith and people who innately loved civil freedom and personal liberty, and who, for hundreds of years, had chafed under and rebelled against religious intolerance and State and prelatical oppressions.

They carried the blood of martyrs in their veins—the blood of those who signed the League and Covenant, at Gray-friar's church in 1638. They had been a long persecuted and afflicted people, but like brave old John Knox, feared the face of no man, and willingly bowed to no master, save God. So, whether they fled from persecutions at home, or were poor and voluntary exiles from their native land, as most of them were who came to this country, they were all stubbornly and unyieldingly upon the side of tolerance and religious freedom. Hence, those of them, who were in America during the war with England, were patriots, and actively helped the Colonies to gain their independence. And when Virginia formed her first State Constitution, our people, through the eloquence, learning, and influence of John Blair Smith, did more, perhaps, than any other religious people, to secure the adoption of the famous act of "religious liberty"—an act that frees the conscience and the Church of God from all civil or state control—an act that has since been accepted by all our States. This, then, is something of our origin, something of the faith, the principles and the spirit of the old Presbyterian stock. And we are not ashamed of our origin, nor of our record in the past, but point with becoming pride and pleasure to the positions we have held, to the places we have filled in the State, in the Church, in learning, in agriculture, in commerce, and in all that advances and adorns the race. The names and

deeds of our illustrious and honored dead occupy a large space in the history of the Protestant world. A want of time will not allow me to speak of the Calvinistic and Presbyterian Huguenots and Holland Dutch, who also came in small numbers to Kentucky, in its early settlement. They were and are still a grand and good people, and have done much to sustain the Church, as well as to strengthen and build up the State. Here, as in Holland and in France, they have always been upon the side of a pure Gospel, a free Church, and a liberal civil government.

The scattered Presbyterians whom Mr. Rice and our first preachers found in Kentucky, and those who came in the next few years, were, as might be expected, in a more or less demoralized spiritual condition. Many of them had felt the evil effects of the long war; many had lived for years upon the borders of civilization, exposed to the damaging influences of a wild, rough frontier life, where they were without Sabbaths or ministers, and where they were compelled to fight a savage and treacherous Indian foe. And still others had suffered from the evil and poisonous effects of that insidious French infidelity which followed the Revolutionary war, and which had spread through the country, beginning in the high places and among some of the great men of the East, and extending to the cabins and many of the humble pioneers of the West.

Hence, Mr. Rice spent his first year in gathering congregations, and in trying to elevate the tone of morals and piety among the people.

The second year he organized three churches; one at Concord or Danville, one at the forks of Dicks river, and one at Cane Run which was in this vicinity, and was transferred to the Harrodsburg church, under the pastorate of that great preacher, Dr. Cleland. This year, also, he preached a funeral sermon at McAfee's Station, on Salt river, which was the first sermon ever preached in that vicinity.

The following year he organized the Salt river people—the McAfees, McCowns, Armstrongs, Sharps, Lapsleys, Buchanans, and others—into what has for a long time been New Providence church—a church that is only a few miles distant from this place, and a church to which Dr. Cleland gave some forty-five years of his great and useful life.

In the autumn of 1784, the Rev. Adam Rankin, the second of our pioneer preachers, came to Kentucky, and began his services at Lexington and in Fayette county. He at once organized a church in

Lexington, and soon afterwards, the church which has always been known as Pisgah.

In the fall of 1785, the Rev. James Crawford settled at Walnut Hill. He and Terah Templin were ordained to the full work of the ministry at Danville, in November of that year, by a commission appointed by the Presbytery of Hanover.

Mr. Templin laid the foundation of some of our old churches in Washington county—the church at Hardin's creek, which is now Lebanon, and the church at Road's run, which is now Springfield.

Thomas Craighead and Andrew McClure came in 1786.

Thus, within three years from the time of Mr. Rice's arrival, our ministerial force had increased to six men, who were preaching to twelve organized churches, and to quite a number of gathered congregations.

This year (1786) the Synod of New York and Philadelphia, which was still our highest church court in the United States, formed the Presbytery of Transylvania, composed of the six ministers just named. The new presbytery held its first meeting in Danville, October 17, 1786, with Mr. Rice in the moderator's chair.

And it will be interesting to note, in this connection, that a great revival of religion began this year in Hampden Sidney and Liberty Hall (Washington and Lee) Colleges, which continued for two years, and pervaded the entire Synod of Virginia. Many young men of great ability and future promise were converted, and, in due time, brought into the ministry. Eight of these, subsequently, came to Kentucky as missionaries, and their names are as follows: Robert Marshall, Cary H. Allen, William Calhoun, John P. Campbell, Samuel Rannels, Robert Stuart, Robert Wilson, and John Lyle.

By education and training, these men were exactly suited for the responsible and difficult work which awaited them here. And their whole after history shows that they were successful in winning souls to Christ; wise in extending the borders of the Church, and administering its affairs, and bold, able, and efficient in defending the truth, as it is set forth in our Standards of doctrine and church order.

In the beginning, the Presbytery of Transylvania embraced the whole district of Kentucky, including the Cumberland river settlements, with a large country, extending through what are now the States of Tennessee and Mississippi, and then, subsequently, reaching northward into Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, a territory vast enough to make a mighty empire.

In the year 1789, the single Synod of New York and Philadelphia was cut up into four Synods, and these constituted our first General Assembly in the United States.

From this date to 1799, or for ten years, the Presbytery of Transylvania belonged to the Synod of Virginia, and was thus obliged to send its delegates a long and difficult distance, to attend the sessions of their higher court; besides being put to immense inconvenience in the settlement of all cases of appeal or complaint, as well as in many other vital respects.

In the meantime, the Presbytery's churches and congregations had greatly multiplied; and its ministers had increased to the number of twenty-six, a number sufficiently large to warrant the erection of one or more new presbyteries. This was done, and in the year 1802, the Presbyteries of Transylvania, West Lexington, and Washington met in the city of Lexington as the Synod of Kentucky, with the names of thirty seven ministers upon their roll, and with David Rice as their first moderator.

The most memorable and important act of this first Synod was the erection of the Cumberland Presbytery out of the Southern portions of Transylvania; which act the Synod revoked for grave and sufficient reasons at its sessions in 1806.

Passing unnoticed the damaging and troublesome Rankin controversy and schism about psalmody, you will note that at the beginning of the present century the Church entered upon what is called in our history the great revival period, of which I shall speak only in the very briefest terms. The revival began under the preaching of the Rev. James McGready, in the Green river country, in the year 1800, and ran through the next two or three years.

It was widespread, not only reaching all the churches in Kentucky, but extending into several other States. In feeling, it was deep, powerful, anomalous, yea, startling, and, in many respects, incomprehensible—far more so, perhaps, than anything of the kind which has ever characterized the history of religion in this or any other country, accompanied, in many instances, with a nervous disturbance as yet unexplained.

That it was, in a large degree, a genuine work of God's grace, and that multitudes were soundly converted, none will deny who have carefully studied its history. But that it was, at the same time, accompanied by very much that led to serious errors in doctrine and church order, and that it was attended with fearful disorders, silly and fatal delusions, extravagant and disgusting fanaticisms, and wild and sinful excesses, will scarcely be denied by any in our times. It left behind it a few results that were good, but many more that were pernicious and evil. When the excitements of this strange work had

died away, there followed a long period of coldness and spiritual dearth, which was not broken till the beginning of the revival in Dr. Cleland's church in the year 1823, which gradually and silently extended during the next four or five years to most of the churches in our Synod. This is usually denominated in our annals, the revival of 1827-8, and was precious, not only in the conversion of souls, but in bringing many into our ministry who have done a great and good work for the Church.

But we must return for a moment to the first revival named. During its continuance, and following its close, there were grave departures in doctrine, and in the forms and modes of religious service, as we hold them, introduced by some of our own ministers. They had received "new light," had learned "new doctrines," had picked up "new measures," and were ready to make, and did make, war upon our Confession of Faith and catechisms. These were led chiefly by Barton W. Stone, and soon formed a party known as the New Lights, or Stoneites. Subsequently, they amalgamated with the disciples of Alexander Campbell, and have thus grown into a large and influential sect. Of course, this defection from our ranks was a serious trouble, and a grievous loss. Again, going along with and following this revival, great changes were also taking place in the religious views and practices of some of the members of the Cumberland Presbytery.

They needed more ministers, and, hence, were willing to license any who made a credible profession of religion and felt that they were called to preach the Gospel, regardless of mental culture or theological training. And their doctrinal views in the meantime had reached a point that would only allow them to adopt our Confession of Faith in part or with large mental reservations. They had discovered, as they supposed, a sort of middle yet tenable and logical ground, between Arminianism and Calvinism; and from this, they proposed to preach and expound the doctrines of the Bible; which they proceeded to do, and still do.

On account of these grave and fundamental departures from the teachings of the old Westminster Confession of Faith, the Cumberland Presbytery, as I have already said, was dissolved by the Synod, in 1806. And in four years afterward, or in 1810, the members of this dissolved body, who did not return to Transylvania, united with those, who constituted themselves into an independent presbytery, which they called the Presbytery of Cumberland. And this was the foundation and beginning of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church—a Church

which holds our exact form of government, but differs from us widely in its standard of ministerial education, in some of its church usages, as well as materially, in some of our old-fashioned Calvinistic doctrines.

The schism, out of which this Church grew, was also a real loss and grievous trouble to our already depleted ranks; but under the blessing of God it has grown and prospered, and accomplished a mighty work for Christ and the world. It soon extended its borders beyond Kentucky and Tennessee, reaching southward, westward, and northward, and is now one of the large and influential powers in the Christian world, reporting in all, by its minutes of last year, one Assembly, 27 Synods, 117 Presbyteries, 1,386 ministers, 2,457 congregations, and 111,863 members.

From the year 1810 and onward, our Synod had a slow, but steady growth, adding to its churches, increasing its ministers, and giving a fair proportion of its time, men, and means to the cause of secular and religious education. As the country increased in population, and as the Church grew and expanded, north and south of us, other synods and presbyteries were formed, until the Synod of Kentucky was confined, as it is now, within the bounds of our own State.

For a moment I recall here the fact, that in the beginning of our history in Kentucky, we had *but one Synod in the United States*, which was the "Synod of New York and Philadelphia." Now, those who are represented in this Centennial service to-day, in spite of all our losses, by schisms and in other ways, have, in Kentucky alone, two synods, ten presbyteries, more than two hundred ministers, more than two hundred and fifty churches, and nearly fifteen thousand members. These facts and figures will give you some idea of what Kentucky Presbyterians have been doing at home, since David Rice preached his first sermon in Harrodsburg.

To have followed up our history, through all the intervening years, which I have virtually passed over in silence; to have noted a tithe of their important events; to have mentioned Blythe and Cameron and those who belonged to their day—Cleland and Wilson and those who labored with them—Nelson, Blackburn, McChord, and Lapsley—Edgar, Bishop, and John Breckinridge—Nathan Hall, Brown, J. C. Young, and Wm. L. Breckinridge—McClung, Rice, Stiles, Hill, and Grundy—Bayless, Green, Robt. J. Breckinridge, and Stuart Robinson—as well as a host of others, belonging to the list of our honored and worthy dead, would have far transcended my limits, as well as your time and patience. All these subjects, and matters of personal

history await the facile and scholarly pen of a second Davidson, who will, doubtless, supplement that author's elegant volume with one of his own, possessing like merit and bulk.

More: To speak of our honored dead, of the maintenance of our doctrines and forms of church government, of our work and influence in the different departments of education, and of our Sabbath-school schemes and labors, are themes yet to be presented by accomplished speakers, who will follow me in these services.

And now, I shall devote the residue of my time to a brief notice of three or four features of that history, which I have thus imperfectly epitomized.

In a service like this, our sympathies naturally prompt us to look at the difficulties and great discouragements which met and hindered our fathers in their efforts to build up a Presbyterian church in Kentucky. These, as I have already intimated, were great, stubborn, and long-continued. It was surely no easy matter to interest the minds of a backwoods people, and turn their thoughts and affections to a subject that disallowed wickedness and excesses of every kind, to persuade them to honor God's law and to keep his appointed Sabbaths, to inspire them with a spirit of peace, love, and forgiveness, and bring them into Christ's kingdom, while society was mixed, rough, and unsettled, and while they were still exposed to the temptations of hate and bloody revenge. When we think of all the difficulties and discouraging perplexities which met and followed them through the trying years of their work, we often wonder that they succeeded so well as they did, and are deeply impressed with the plenitude of the mercy and grace that constantly attended and sustained them. If God had not been with them, they must have failed. But now, with all the learning, refinements, and Christian civilization of a century, we find human nature to day just as it was in the days of our fathers—as prone to evil, to levity, and irreverence—as prone to hate and revenge—and as prone to soul-destroying errors and exciting novelties! Education and what we call higher and advanced civilization do not make men, essentially, new creatures. They may change, modify, and in many respects adorn and beautify, but they can never regenerate the soul and make a sinful race truly love and honor God. Nothing but the grace of God, coming through a preached Gospel, can do this. Hence, with our constantly desecrated Sabbaths, and with floods of wickedness all around us, it is, after all, about as difficult to preach the Gospel successfully now, as it was when illiterate backwoods men and rough Indian fighters made up the congregations. And if we

succeed in our difficult and discouraging work, it can only be through the same divine agency that imparted success to our fathers.

Our sympathies are also deeply moved, when we recall the great physical labors, discomforts, and actual sufferings, which were necessary parts of their daily experience. With our advantages, comforts, and comparatively easy work, we can scarcely put a proper estimate upon these. We really know but little about them. We ride to our church courts in easy-going coaches and with the speed of the locomotive; they went upon horseback, through rain, sunshine, heat, or cold; measuring the long and tiresome road through mud, over dangerous and swollen streams, and often exposed to hunger, thirst, and rough fare. We go to the Assembly in palace cars, are entertained like princes, and have a royal and luxurious holiday; to them an attendance upon the sessions of the Assembly was a hardship, and a tedious, self-sacrificing labor. For years, the journey was made in the saddle, bridle-path and buffalo trail, and then by rough, lumbering, and bumping stages. We can fill our Presbyterial and missionary appointments in two or three Sabbaths, and the travel and the labor are a pleasant recreation. But it was not so with our fathers. Their missionary and evangelistic travels and labors were ten-fold more than ours—reaching over a vast extent of country, and involving labors and sacrifices that we could hardly endure now. For example, Mr. Vance was appointed by his presbytery to preach two Sabbaths in the Illinois Grant, Mr. Cleland to preach at discretion in the Indiana Territory, and other brethren to perform labors nearly as difficult. These appointments were not only made, but presbytery saw that they were filled. Beside all this, their home work was simply immense. It was filled up with travels, preachings, exposures, and hardships that would appal many a man in our day.

My brethren, these were truly men of God; men filled with preaching and missionary zeal, and men who were willing to endure hardness for the sake of preaching the Gospel to dying sinners. And to the praise of His grace, God owned and blessed their labors, preserved their lives, and, in one way and another, took care of them and their families.

And it is risking little to say that, if the spirit, zeal, labors, and self-denials of these pioneer preachers had characterized all the later periods of our history, our Church would appear in a different attitude to-day; for it can not be denied that there have been frequent and long periods, in which we have been greatly lacking in these essential ele-

ments of success—periods when pastors were satisfied to watch and feed their own flocks; when churches were content to meagerly support the Gospel at home, and leave vacancies and destitute places to shift for themselves; when Presbyterians had lost much of their spirit of evangelization, and when young ministers, naturally sought easy and fat places, rather than weak churches and destitute settlements.

There is no denying the unpleasant fact that, for many years, our synod, presbyteries, and churches were in a spiritually dozing mood, having lost very much of their old zeal, energy, and Christian consecration, as well as very much of their former spirit of aggressiveness upon the unoccupied regions of the country.

But may we not indulge the hope that these days of spiritual inaction, sloth, and indifference are past and gone? that we have been baptized anew, by the Great Head of the Church, with the same spirit which animated the hearts and warmed the zeal and inspired the abundant labors of those who planted a Church for us in the wilderness?

I am sure we may indulge such a hope; for our preachers, through the entire State, are manifesting new zeal and interest in their work; preaching efficiently, not only at home, but to those who are unable to supply themselves with the Gospel. The spirit of evangelization is prevailing throughout our borders. And the wonderful success that has followed the evangelistic scheme which we put into active operation two years ago, has not only accomplished grand results, but is stimulating the whole Church to do still greater and better things. Two such enterprises as this, prosecuted by our best talent, sustained by the abundant wealth of the country, and owned and blessed of God, would soon not only double but quadruple our present numbers.

Note another fact. From the beginning of our history in Kentucky, we have been a migratory people. Families, neighborhoods and little colonies went to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and still further south, as these States opened up; and the drain upon our churches still goes on. It will astonish any one to know how many churches have been planted in these States, by removals from our Kentucky churches and congregations. It is known that the single little church of Pleasureville, in the last fifty years, has planted three separate and self-sustaining churches in the North-west; besides sending individual members to various other places. Many other Kentucky churches have, doubtless, done the same. Thus, for more than half a century, the fruits of our labors at home have gone to build up and sustain Presbyterianism abroad. And in this way we have done a great

and a grand work. And this truth readily and satisfactorily accounts, in part at least, for our apparent want of growth at home. We would have been a very large and strong body here to-day, had not so many of our people emigrated to the North and South.

And the very large emigrations, which went to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois during the earlier years of their settlement, suggest, in this connection, a question connected with an institution, that is now happily dead, and that no one in these Synods would reanimate if he could.

They, many of them, left the State of Kentucky, not mainly because they were poor and could do better elsewhere, but because they did not like the institution of slavery, and preferred to live and raise and educate their children in a free State. Not because they were abolitionists did they leave us; but there was an important sense, in which they were opposed to slavery, as a *permanent institution*; and now that the institution has passed away, with all that belonged to it and that was engendered by it, I venture to affirm, that the great majority of Kentucky Presbyterians would always have been willing to rid the State of slavery, by compensation or gradual emancipation.

Whilst they did not believe that to hold slaves was a sin in itself, yet they believed and felt that such a relation imposed grave and serious responsibilities, that it was attended with constant difficulties and disadvantages, and that the people and the State would, in the end, be better off without it. All our past records, our connection with the Colonization Society, as well as our own entire history, show that we never were a pro-slavery Church. The well-known views of N. L. Rice, Robert J. Breckinridge, John C. Young, and Stuart Robinson upon this subject, may be taken as a fair exponent of the views and feelings of the great body of the Church, during the entire century.

A single other point and I shall relieve your patience. It is charged by some that our history has been characterized by endless disputes, irritating debates, and divisive discussions; that much of our time and abilities has been given to these, rather than to a quiet and peaceful preaching of the Gospel. Those who make this charge certainly misread our history, and as certainly misapprehend the true position of the Church as a witness-bearer for Christ, and as an appointed defender, as well as proclaimer and expounder of God's truth.

In the Rankin, New Light, and Cumberland troubles and schisms, the rule which our fathers invariably followed was one of defense, and not one of unnecessary and irritating attack. The same is true in reference to the discussions which grew out of the doctrines of the

Trinity, the divinity of Christ, the personality and influence of the Spirit, the sovereignty of God, the decrees, the doctrines of grace, the covenants, and our forms of church government. These were all discussed, ought to have been discussed, and were obliged to be discussed in the years that have gone, or else allow the truth, as we solemnly and conscientiously hold it, to be perverted and destroyed by its blind and prejudiced enemies.

Truth is worth all that it ever costs in the way of protracted or even excited and exciting discussion. Bought at such a price, it is immeasurably cheaper and more to be desired than that peace and quietude which follow in the train of soul-destroying error. In a calm review of the past, I am persuaded that we and our fathers have been given too little, rather than too much, to bold, outspoken, and aggressive debate. Error and damaging heresies are always bold, outspoken, and aggressive in their attacks upon truth and orthodoxy; and they can only be met and stayed in their course of ruin upon an open and sometimes hot field of discussion. A failure to do this is a virtual betrayal of the truth itself. During the present dispensation, there is obliged to be a conflict between light and darkness—between truth and falsehood. And it is a total misapprehension of this truth, as well as a kind of sickly sentimentalism, that prompts some to complain of bold and earnest discussion and others to cry aloud for a truce in all theological debate. All such may sigh and weep for the coming of that good time when all men shall see eye to eye, and when jars, and discords, and mental and spiritual strifes shall cease forever on earth; but, if I know anything of human nature, and have read the word of God aright, this good time which we would all welcome with joy is a boon which the Church need not expect in her militant state. It can never come while sin is in the world, and while Satan blinds the eyes of men.

Hence, I affirm again that we have never been guilty of overmuch manly and earnest discussion in reference to the essential doctrines of the Gospel, but have often erred, perhaps, upon the other side. Our modesty, our liberality, and our apparent disinclination to deal in the polemics of theology, have sometimes put us in a false position before the unthinking multitudes. They have been tempted to say, and have said, that our course was not only cowardly, but the result of a felt weakness of our distinctive doctrines. Hence, if we had been just half as bold, earnest, vehement, and dogmatic in teaching and defending these, as some others have been in teaching and defending what is peculiar to them, it might have been far better for us. Still,

through the century we have stood fast by the truth amid all the attacks made upon it; we have preached the Gospel from a Calvinistic standpoint, and now, as the century closes, the symbols of our faith remain as they were at its beginning.

And as other orthodox churches are overtaking us in learning and theological education, they begin to see and understand our doctrines as they really are, and find that they and we are not so far apart at last.

Finally, the closing century reveals the anomalous fact that, as Kentucky Presbyterians, we are divided into two Synods, with separate Presbyteries belonging to each, and all under the care of two distinct General Assemblies. I have neither the time nor the inclination to explain, to any curious inquirer, this anomalous fact; and if I had both, the proprieties of the hour would forbid it. If, perchance, children of the same family have had differences, and have agreed to live apart, it would surely be no time to discuss those differences, when they had lovingly met together, to celebrate the birthday of a venerable mother. Let this, then, be an hour of joy and rejoicing—an hour filled with good will and brotherly kindness. I shall not purposely utter a word to mar the felicities of the hour. In years that are now happily gone, we, as enlightened and independent Christian men, honestly differed about the interpretation of our ecclesiastical constitution, as well as about the powers and jurisdiction of our church courts. Our differences seemed to be so grave and radical at the time that we divided, and remain so till this day.

Though divided, we are at peace, and are actively and efficiently engaged in the great work which has fallen to our separate lots.

Though divided, we are all Presbyterians, sound in doctrine, and true to the faith and principles of our fathers. "We all maintain and preach that old covenant theology, which Paul taught by inspiration; which the mighty Augustine defended; which Calvin set forth in such lucid order; which Knox so fearlessly preached, and which the Westminster divines so wonderfully formulated."

These are the doctrines, and this is the Church for which we thank God, and which we now commit to Him, to the incoming century, and to those who are to take our places when we, like our fathers, have gone to our rest and reward.

In the beginning of our history in Kentucky, as I have said, we had but a single Synod in the United States. Now we have two General Assemblies, 36 synods, 249 presbyteries, 6,000 ministers, 1,100 licentiates and candidates for the ministry, 8,000 churches, and more

than 700,000 members, who contributed to the support of the Gospel last year \$11,000,000.

We, also, have academies, colleges, universities, and theological schools, with vast sums of wealth to sustain these as well as the Church.

Now enlarge the thought and take in the Presbyterian Church, with its numbers, wealth, influence, and institutions of learning, in Canada, Scotland, Ireland, England, France, and among nearly all peoples and nations, and you will realize that, though we are comparatively small and weak in Kentucky, we are still one of the three most numerous, powerful, and influential churches in the Protestant world.