



SECOND  
GENERAL COUNCIL  
HELD IN  
PHILADELPHIA  
1880  
UNITED STATES



SCOTLAND



IRELAND

285  
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# REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

## SECOND GENERAL COUNCIL

OF THE

# PRESBYTERIAN ALLIANCE,

CONVENED AT PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1880.

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PRINTED BY DIRECTION OF THE COUNCIL.

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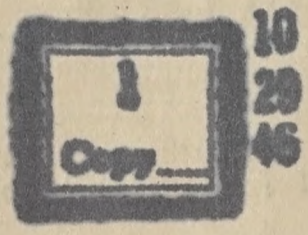
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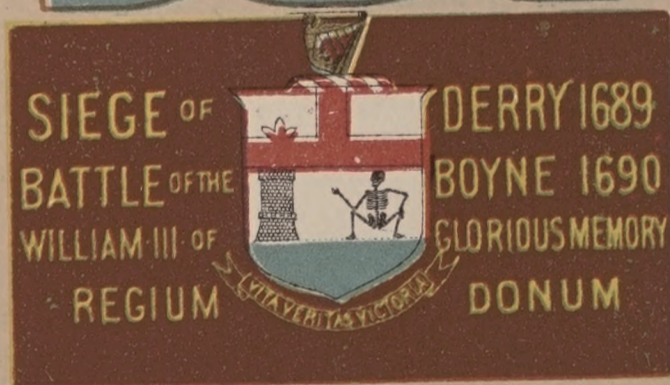
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IRELAND.



THE ULSTER PLANTATION · A·D· 1605  
BRICE · BLAIR · CUNNINGHAM  
LIVINGSTONE · KIRK · SHOTTS · SIR JOHN CLOTWORTHY  
BLACK OATH · 1639 · IRISH MASSACRE 1641  
FIRST PRESBYTERY · A·D· 1642.



ACT OF TOLERATION · A·D· 1723  
RISE OF THE SECESSION CHURCH · A·D· 1733  
REPEAL OF SACRAMENTAL TEST · A·D· 1780  
— HENRY COOKE · 1821. —  
FRANCISCUS MAKEMIUS · SCOTO HYBERNUS · A·D· 1681

## SECOND

# GENERAL PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

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THE Second General Council of the Presbyterian Alliance met in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 23d of September, 1880, at 11 A. M. The Rev. William M. Paxton, D. D., of New York, preached the opening sermon, as follows:

“And I say unto you, That many shall come from the East and West, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.”  
—Matthew viii. 11.

The centurion who drew this utterance from our Lord had certainly exhibited an extraordinary faith. Others before had believed that Jesus could heal by contact with the diseased person, but here was one who believed that he could heal at a distance. “I am not worthy,” said he, “that thou shouldst come under my roof, but speak the word only and my servant shall be healed.” He not only states his confidence, but explains the mental process by which he reached this conviction. He was a man in authority—a centurion, having soldiers under him. They went and came at his bidding. In the same manner he believed that Jesus was in a position of authority over the forces of nature. All the powers of the universe were subject to his command. Here was a sublime faith, exhibiting itself suddenly in an unexpected quarter, by a heathen man. Our Lord expresses his surprise: “I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.” It might have been expected that the Israelites, who had been familiar with wonders, would believe; but here was a heathen whose faith was without a precedent. Our Lord points the attention of his disciples to it, and tells them that this is an illustration in a single example of what shall take place in the future on a large scale; that this one Gentile, coming with such an extraordinary faith, is only the first fruit of a future harvest, when they shall come from the North, and the South, and the East, and the West to sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God.

May I not turn to you, brethren and Christian friends, and say, This day is this Scripture fulfilled before our eyes. Who are these, and whence come they? They are Gentile believers in the kingship of Christ over the forces of the universe: in his power to convert and

ada. At the close of the sermon, Dr. Paxton constituted the Council with prayer; after which, on motion by the Rev. William P. Breed, D. D., of Philadelphia, an adjournment took place, until until 3 P. M., to Horticultural Hall.

3 P. M.

The Council reassembled at 3 o'clock, in Horticultural Hall, and was opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Paxton.

#### ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

The following Address of Welcome was delivered by the Rev. W. P. Breed, D. D., of Philadelphia:

Mr. President, and Fathers and Brethren of the Second General Council of those who throughout the world hold the Presbyterian system:

The Church in Philadelphia sets before you an open door, and in the providence of God it has become my privilege to point you to that door, and to the word "Welcome" carved deep and large on posts and lintel. We are bidden to entertain strangers, for so we may entertain angels unawares, but we are already aware whom we entertain. Ye are "the angels of the churches" which dot the globe over from China around again to China.

Man proposes. God disposes. We had proposed that you should now be listening to the voice of the beloved Dr. Beadle. God has ordered that voice away, to hymn his praises in the choir above. The place thus left vacant was to have been filled by the stately and venerable form of one to whose voice, for nearly a half century, Philadelphia listened as to a chime of silver bells—the form of Dr. Henry A. Boardman. His heart was in this Council. A few days before his death it became my duty to reply to a letter from him touching its interest and success. And lo! he, too, is not, for God has taken him! But if these departed worthies are no longer seen by us, are we not seen by them? As we breathe benedictions on their memories, are they not dropping benedictions on our heads?

Fathers and brethren, we greet you severally with the welcome due to your professional eminence, efficient service, distinguished ability, and high personal worth. And we greet you collectively as a Council representing "a great crowd of witnesses," 30,000,000—yes, 40,000,000—of them in every land, in every clime—those millions the children and successors of many legions more, seated now in the galleries of History's vast Coliseum, tier above tier, generation upon generation, of those who, through ages of toil, trial, and triumph, "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the army of the aliens."

In the name of this city of Brotherly Love we greet you. Unless through a period of nearly a quarter of a century I have been misreading the Philadelphia heart, your coming has caused that heart to beat with unfeigned pleasure, and I hazard nothing in assuring you that Philadelphia will do its utmost to make you happy while you are here, reluctant to depart, unwilling to forget, and glad to return.

To you, as Christians, we, Christians of Philadelphia, extend the welcoming hand. For, however we may differ, we are at one in the song we sing together here, and shall sing together hereafter: "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen." "Ye," said the blessed Jesus, "are the light of the world." And we recognize you as Christ's torch-bearers in every land where you dwell. "Ye," said Jesus, "are the salt of the earth;" and we recognize you as conservators of pure morals, as promoters of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report."

And we underscore the welcome we extend to you to-day as *Evangelical Christians*.

Unhappily, it is not impossible for even those who "hold the Presbyterian system" to become tainted with rationalism, with Socinianism, with the spirit of a devastating criticism that criticises the Bible out of its covers and the title-page off the volume—a spirit that, like a tunic of Nessus, eats into the bones and marrow with its paralyzing poison. But ye are not of these.

In you we see the champions and propagandists of the system of truth which embraces a triune God, the Creator, Preserver, and Governor of all; a divine, human Christ, who redeems us unto God by his blood; a divine, Personal Spirit who applies to the heart the redemption purchased by Christ; a divinely inspired, immaculate, and supremely authoritative Bible telling what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man—in a word a gospel unmarred by an enervating ritualism, un mutilated by an impertinent rationalism, unchilled by icy unbelief.

But it were to leave a chasm in the proprieties of the occasion, not to say that as holders of our ancient and venerated Presbyterian system you are greeted with a welcome of special and affectionate cordiality. Your presence here in council is a conspicuous and emphatic reminder of the sometimes half-forgotten fact that at the Reformation, 360 years ago, the Church, in every portion of the world, with one insular exception, betook itself instinctively to that form of policy distinctly outlined in the Acts of the Apostles, pointed to repeatedly in the Epistles, whose essential features are the official equality of ministers, participation by the people, in the persons of Ruling Elders, in the government and discipline of the Church, and the unification of the whole in a series of courts of review and control, the series terminating in a Supreme Judicatory, the Synod or General Assembly.

To angels and to men you are the visible sign of an invisible and invincible force. Surely none other than a force like that "which heaves the hill and breaks the shore and evermore makes and breaks and works" has availed to draw all these hundreds over mountains, across oceans, along water-courses, up the sides of the earth, away from country, from home, and from scenes of labor, to sit in council together here on these far-off shores where so lately "the buffalo roamed and the wild Indian pursued the panting deer."

To resist this unifying force were, we are persuaded, to resist the Spirit of Christ. To yield to, cherish and cultivate it, is to point the prow towards a unity foreordained from before the foundation of the world in which "the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working, in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love."

First of all in our more special welcome we greet the respected and beloved *Missionaries* of the *Cross* from heathen lands.

The one object for which the Church exists, the one aim that justifies her existence and vitalizes her frame is the glory of God in the conversion of the world. The sole commission she bears is, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and in the persons of those who have taken their lives in their hands and gone to the ends of the earth to preach the gospel we recognize those who have most literally and unreservedly laid themselves on the altar of obedience to this great command. And without all question we are ready with one voice to say "Amen" to the words of the poet:

"Methinks that earth in all she vaunts of majesty,  
Or tricks with silk and purple, or the baubled  
Pride of princes, or the blood-red pomp of  
The stern hero, hath not aught to boast,  
So truly great, so noble, so sublime,  
As the Lone Missionary, casting off  
The links, and films, and trappings of the world,  
And in his chastened nakedness of soul,  
Rising to bear the embassy of heaven."

And right glad do we greet to-day our brethren from the great land that balances our own at the antipodes—far-off Australia, with the contiguous lands and islands. Physically, brethren, we stand foot to foot; spiritually, shoulder to shoulder. Your presence here certifies to the world that Presbyterianism, like the leaven of God, has struck through the planet. We in this New World welcome you from that New World, and pledge you our sympathy, prayers and aid in your efforts to win your lands for our blessed Emanuel.

Among us also we see the turbaned head of a Christian convert from the land of the Vedas, the Ganges, the Himmalehs. Welcome now the familiar face of Narayan Sheshadri, and a blessing upon all the toilers in the wide harvest-fields of India.

To these shores from Germany we have already welcomed many



scores of thousands who bless our land with their diligence, and adorn it with their intelligence. A distinguished member of our National Cabinet was born in the Fatherland. And till time shall end the Christian world will hold in admiring and grateful remembrance that land whence, in the dark days of Tetzels and Leo X., issued the heroic defiance, "We go no more to Canossa."

Welcome, then, ye brethren, from the land whose brain has so often and so powerfully quickened the pulsations of the world's brain; whose thought has been on the thought-hearth of mankind—the land of him who sprang from his knees on the Scala Santa with the shout which is still ringing in the world's ears, "The just shall live by faith!"—the land in almost every portion of which Presbyterian principles are every day asserting themselves with greater distinctness and force.

To Switzerland also we extend our greetings—Switzerland, whose hospitable doors were ever open to the panting fugitive from Rome's reeking sword—Switzerland, where Calvin and Beza preached and toiled, and where the newly recovered principles of Presbyterianism earliest crystallized again into apostolic forms. In Calvin's heart and brain throbbed the aspiration for a General Council of the Reformed, and Calvin is here to-day in the persons of our beloved brethren from the land of the Alp and the glacier.

And it is with no common heart-glow that we take the hand of the respected representative of the time-tried, foe-tried, fire-tried Church of the Vaudois; the dust and blood of so many centuries of confession and martyrdom on her skirts and sandals! Many a time, for many weary years, the bones of the slaughtered saints

"Lay scattered on the Alpine mountains cold  
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled  
Mother with infant down the rocks, their moans  
The vales redoubling to the hills and they  
To heaven."

Welcome to the church whose walls and towers are mantled with the mosses and ivies of so many centuries; whose historic page weeps and bleeds with so many woes, and smiles with so many virtues and victories!

Nor do we overlook the younger but vigorous and faithful Free Church of Italy, Cavour's dream realized. "Libera Chiesa in Libero Statu." A future bright with promise awaits the young Free Church of Italy.

And with all love and holy reverence do we welcome here the representative of the Church of Bohemia. When Luther was thirteen years old, thirteen years before Calvin was born, Bohemia had its organized Presbyterian Church. Mountain-rimmed land, land of Waldhausen, of John Milicz, under whose preaching Prague from being a Babylon became a Jerusalem, land of Huss and Jerome!

We see the smoke ascending over your plains from countless martyr fires; we hear the groans of the four thousand flung into the

ENGLAND, WALES.



PURITANS



WESTMINSTER CONFESION  
— OF FAITH —  
ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES  
WESTMINSTER ABBEY  
A.D. 1643-1647.



TWISSE · HERLE · GOUGE  
BAXTER · PYM · HAMPDEN  
WANDSWORTH · A.D. 1572  
BANGOR · COLUMBANUS · A.D. 590

mines of Kettenberg; we see the legions of the Pope harrying you, until of your three millions of people, more than two millions are under the sod. But fire and sword and the cruelties of centuries have not availed to purge from Bohemian blood the precious leaven of the gospel. We welcome you, brethren, and pray God to give us all the martyr spirit of the Bohemian worthies of old.

And how the Presbyterian heart throbs when the eye is turned towards sunny France, once the banner-bearer of the Reformation. The thought of her starts across the field of memory a grand procession of Presbyterian worthies, the brothers Coligny, Conde, Sully, Philip du Plessis Mornay, the humble but faithful Palissey, Louise de Montmorency, the Duchess Renee, Charlotte de Laval, and last but not least the noble Jeanne D'Albert. Glancing back through three hundred years we see around that cradled babe in the house of La Ferriere, in Paris the first Huguenot Church organized. We look again sixteen years after, and lo! at La Rochelle a General Assembly, in which 2,500 churches are represented, and some of those 10,000 members strong. Yes, the French brain and heart are excellent soil for Presbyterianism, and the day is dawning when every drop of Huguenot blood shed on St. Bartholomew's dreadful day, and on through all the wrath of the subsequent dragonnades shall spring up a champion for the faith of the martyred Huguenots! This hour we hear the footfall of the coming legions! At last, at last, as Beza said to the Apostate Antony Navarre, "The anvil has worn out the hammer."

And can we believe our eyes? Do we indeed see in this council representatives of the Presbyterian Church of Spain? Spain, the land stamped so deep with the fiery seal of the Inquisition; Spain, that discharged the Armada from her ports to crush Reform in Britain; Spain, the birth-place of the Society of the Jesuits; Spain, that gave to the world an Alva as well as a Torquemada; Spain, whose name was on almost every sword that flashed in the fields of European persecution; Spain, whence came the suggestion and the inspiration of the St. Bartholomew massacre! And yet here to-day are representatives of the Presbyterian Church in Spain. Verily the world moves, and Presbyterianism is one of its moving forces! Welcome, thrice welcome, brethren from the Presbyterian Church of Spain! The crown jewels of Queen Isabella furnished forth Columbus for the discovery of America, and now this Council sitting on the shores of America, pledges itself to do its utmost to put recovered Spain as a crown jewel in the diadem of King Jesus!

And Belgium, too, we welcome. You, brother, represent a green islet of Presbyterianism in a black sea of Romanism; the fiftieth part of a million surrounded by 5,000,000 Romanists. Verily the Great Captain has stationed your church as a Leonidas band in a Thermopylæ Pass. The arrows of your enemies darken the air, but the shade is not so dense but that the keen gaze of 30,000,000 of pairs of Presbyterian eyes penetrate it, the sympathies of 30,000,000 of Presbyterian hearts find way through it, and the sanctified energies of

30,000,000 of pairs of Presbyterian hands reach through it for your aid!

Holland also is welcome—present with us; if not in the person, yet in the message of Van Osterzee, and also in the persons of her faithful sons from the southern confines of Africa. The story of Presbyterian Holland is one of the great glories of history. Early and long was she, with Belgium, a city of refuge for persecution-hunted Waldenses, Albigenses, Lollards, and fugitives from smitten Bohemia, land of the Silent William and his princely “beggars,” who, after an endurance rarely equalled for length and severity, and feats of heroism never surpassed, drove the minions of Alva, Philip and the Pope like chaff before the wind from the territories they had filled with moans and groans and drenched with tears and blood! Her Leyden sheltered our pilgrim fathers. From her Delfts-Haven sailed the Mayflower. We are proud of the Dutch blood in our veins, and we glory in the Dutch element in our theology.

Crossing the channel we reach the Mother Land of this Republic. Presbyterians of England, a hundred welcomes! Within your circling shore the morning star of the Reformation rose, and that, too, a genuine Presbyterian star. A century before the hammer of Luther had nailed the theses to the door of All Saints’ at Wittenburg, the hammer of Wycliffe had nailed the Twelve Conclusions to the doors of St. Paul’s and Westminster Abbey. It was in England that the master stroke of Protestantism was first struck—the putting of the Word of God into the hands of the people in their own tongue, and time has been when half of England was Presbyterian. That great journal, the *London Times*, has suggested that the Church of England add to her book a leaf of Presbyterianism. Beloved brethren, may God so bless your labors that your government shall be constrained to take not a leaf only, but the whole blessed volume!

And how superfluous to say that Scotland is welcome! Ye, brethren, are the children of that early Protestantism that created a people in Scotland; of those who fought and won the great battle for Christ’s crown and covenant; the children of those who once and again saved the Reformation in Great Britain, and once at least by stern resistance to that bad triumvirate, Charles, Laud and Wentworth, saved constitutional liberty for the English-speaking world. The voice of Jenny Geddes is to-day echoing among the hills of America. The scratching of the pens that signed the solemn League and Covenant that day in old Gray Friars, and upon the tombstones in the church-yard, and in some cases, with ink drawn from the self-gashed arms of the signers, and with the appended emphasis, “Until death,” makes the blood tingle in our veins! The heartiest of welcomes to old Scotland to-day! May God keep her ever in the van of sound doctrine, with her tabernacle of blue, the hangings of her doors in blue, and her ephod all of blue!

To Wales also we extend a welcoming hand. True, indeed, Wales gave to the world a Pelagius, but in that gift she seems to have ex-

hausted her stores of heresy, and for the gift she has abundantly atoned by a wealth of evangelical treasures. To the Church of Howell Harris, of Griffith Jones, of Charles of Bala, and of a goodly host of other worthies; church baptized in the blood and fire of persecution; Methodist in name, Calvinistic in doctrine, Presbyterian in polity, of unblemished orthodoxy and apostolic zeal, right welcome art thou to a place in this Presbyterian Council.

Right cordial, too, is our welcome to warm-hearted, fervid-spirited Ireland, the labor-field in ancient days of that grand Presbyterian St. Patrick, whom even our Roman brethren delight to honor. You Presbyterian Irishmen, under the sunshine of whose industry, sobriety and gospel morality the rugged North blossoms as the rose, while under the fatal smile of Rome the greener South lies so desolate, with your memories of the days of the "Black Oath," when your fathers wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; in deserts and in mountains, in dens and caves of the earth, being destitute, afflicted and tormented; memories of the days when almost to a man your fathers went forth with wife and babe from manse, bed and bread for conscience sake; memories of Derry and the Boyne water and of many a subsequent and victorious struggle in the field of high and mighty debate; sons of those Ulster Irishmen, who, in the struggle which resulted in the creation of this republic, were ever first in high, heroic resolve, and ever foremost in the clash of battle, welcome to our homes as you always have been to our hearts!

Nor are any more welcome than our friends and brethren from across our northern border. Rome laid her hand on the land from which you come. God released it from her grasp and gave it to Protestantism, and you are making good the transfer. Right eagerly we watched your struggle for union, and north of the border no hearts beat with greater delight than ours at your success. We recognize you as Christ's fishers of men, and you recognize us as Christ's fishers of men, and we will fish in each others' waters, and neither Earl Granville nor Secretary Evarts will say us nay.

When first the white man's bark dropped anchor on these western shores the red man was monarch of all this broad domain, from lakes to gulf and from ocean to ocean. But now the inexorable steamer, on river and lake, has run down the red man's frail canoe. The city stands on the site of the wigwam village; factory and foundry smoke where the Indian council fire blazed, and railway trains howl over the red man's burial-places. A few have survived, and in this Council to-day sits one with the undiluted blood of the red man in his veins, and the blood of the red man's best friend sprinkled on his heart. Welcome, thou representative of a lone remnant of abused, down-trodden and buried millions!

And now to you, brethren in the Lord, gathered from all parts of our broad land; from where the Oregon rolls and so lately heard no sound save his own dashings, from where Niagara raves down the rapids and leaps into the abyss; from the banks of the Hudson, and the Mis-

Mississippi, holders of the Presbyterian system of all schools and names, we extend a hearty welcome.

One hundred and seventy-five years ago, the first American Presbytery was organized in this city. To-day, of its 850,000 people, nearly 150 Presbyterian ministers, 120 Presbyterian congregations, with a communion roll reaching to 42,000, and an adherence of more than 100,000 join in giving you a genuine Presbyterian welcome.

Welcome one and all to the city where the first American Presbytery was born and cradled; welcome to the city where in the days of yore a Presbyterian General Assembly sat side by side with that Congress whose acts created the republic. Nor will Presbyterians allow the world to forget that conspicuous among the members of that Congress sat one minister of the gospel, and he a true-hearted son of Presbytery; whose genius, eloquence and weight of character emphasized by the compact Presbyterianism of the land, in the momentous crisis which involved the whole future, went very far to turn the wavering scales and make the cause of civil and religious liberty outweigh fear, hesitation, and untimely prudence, and whose bronze statue of gigantic size stands an ornament in yonder beautiful park.

Fathers and brethren of this Council, in the unity of the cause and of the millions you represent, the glory of so many generations shining behind you, their momentum upon you, and the future beckoning you, you seem to my eye to be kneeling here for a fresh ordination at the hands of an august Presbytery.

Laying their ordaining hands on your heads, I see the stately forms of

*Memories* that touch the very virtue of every high and holy sentiment of man's nature; the hands of

*Heroism* in endurance and achievement that make man proud that he is a man; the hands of

*Gospel Doctrine* unmarred and unmutilated, and the Godliness that issues alone from its bosom; the hands of

*Education, Sound Learning, and Sacred Literature*, and last, but not least, the hands of

*Civil and Religious Liberty and Constitutional Government*—a Presbytery of imposing presence and of commanding authority, bidding you, with this onlaying of hands, to be mindful of your ancestry, not forgetful of your obligations, and to see to it that the priceless heritage committed to you by your sires be transmitted unimpaired to your sons! The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. AMEN.

#### REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS.

The Rev. George D. Mathews, D. D., presented the following report: