

THE SCOTCH-IRISH IN AMERICA OF
THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY OF AMERICA
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PROCEEDINGS AND ADDRESSES

OF THE

FIFTH CONGRESS,

AT

SPRINGFIELD O.. MAY 11-14. 1893.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF
THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

NASHVILLE, TENN.:
BARBEE & SMITH, AGENTS.

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SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

OUR PIONEER PRESBYTER, FRANCIS MAKEMIE.

BY REV. JOHN S. MACINTOSH, D.D., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WE have finished a good comfortable breakfast in Jury's Hotel, Londonderry; and grouped around a roaring fire, are reading our letters from "the States" and running our eyes over the *Derry Standard*, when the door opens, and with a good, round Donegal brogue, the waiter says: "The cyar's at the door, yer honors." So out we bundle. And it is a good car and a team of fine hacks. Yes, a team! Tandem, you know. One of the finest ways of traveling you ever enjoyed. And as we are going to take the owner of Maud S. and Sunol home, why, you see, I tipped the chief ostler last night for his best roadsters, and I have telegraphed ahead for the relays.

Now you want to see the country that bred Makemie and Robert Bonner—both boys of the Donegal sod—so we will take the long road. Here we turn off, leaving behind the strange old mystery of Grenyan Hill; and sweeping through Newtown Cunningham, we bowl along the splendid road by the east bank of the Swilly River, and reach Letterkenny, where I have telegraphed Mr. Hegarty to have a "raal ould Irish" dinner smoking hot for us on our arrival.

Dinner over, and a fresh pair of clean-limbed, big-chested quarterbreeds "put to," that make the eyes of our President dance, we're off again. Now the road lies over as picturesque hills and dales as any eye might wish to see. Yonder lift themselves, blue and dreamy, the hills of the Inch and the mountains that guard Buncrana. Here on each side lie the farms which sturdy thrift have reclaimed and made teem; there the humble schoolhouses where the lads and lasses of good old Ulster blood are getting ready for "Amerikay." And now we spin through the long street of Gortlee; and there lies Castle Wray. The old ruin yonder is the last bit left of the ancient fort, Fort Stewart. Just beyond is the demesne of Sir James Stewart, the lord of the soil; and on the soft-swelling knoll rising behind the wood stands the most interesting object of the whole neighborhood. It is the remains of the ancient abbey of Killydonnell. That was an honored Franciscan monastery. Let us go up and look around, for these are the hills and

here the scenes where Makemie walked and mused; and while we gaze across the slopes to the "lough of storms" I will tell you the tale of Killydonnell and her stolen bell, whose mystic knell makes the fisherman on the Swilly shiver once every seven years. In the belfry of the abbey hung a thrice-sacred bell; the prayers and virtues of countless saints were gathered into it; but the reckless marauders from Tyrone stole it one wild night and started across the lough with their ill-gotten booty. As they reached the center of the lough the bell grew heavier and heavier, the boat sunk deeper and deeper in the seething waters, the "scaich" of the Banshee was heard in the rising gale. Down went boat and robbers, but just as the bell vanished it tolled. And ever after, once every seven years, on the night of the theft and at midnight, an arm and hand come forth from the clouds and lift the bell, which tolls its weird and woeful tones across the yeasty waves.

Off again, we pass the site of the old mill on Gregg's ground, where the boy Makemie played; and rounding the curve of the road, we find ourselves bowling up the street of Ramelton, or Rathmelton, where you, sir, were born, and Francis Makemie some two hundred and fifty years before you. It is an old place, this town on the Leannan. The records run back to the first years of the seventeenth century; and as we search them carefully we find that under a good, stanch elder and laird from Scotland there came a band of sturdy farmers and skilled craftsmen to settle in this part of Donegal and make the broad Lowland speech and hearty worship known along the banks of the salmon-filled river that flowed from Lough Fern into the Swilly. It was a typical settlement of the best Ulster stock; and the Blacks of Springfield, and the Bonners of New York, and the Calhouns of Virginia and Ohio, and the Pattons and McIlhennys of Philadelphia show that the blood has not got thin even yet.

Here we shall stay a few days while we hunt up all that we can now discover about a child who has shed a deathless honor on this little town beside the ferry, and started the great Presbyterian Church on American soil.

The morning is clear and bright after a quiet and restful night. We start out to find that old sexton of the "meetin'-hoose" who remembers more of the "auld-farrant crack" than any other man in this old-fashioned town, for we want to get near to that old water mill where the lad we seek to know used to play, as we have heard. "Ou-ay! Yer' afther Makemie, air ye? Weel, ye may speer al'

roon, ye'll no' mak' muckle o't. Hoo-an-iver, I'm telt that yinst fowk seed the wheen stanes o' the ould mill awa' yonher." So we get our "lead;" and we make straight tracks away up from the "Brig-En" beyond Gregg's ground on the road to Cluny, and at last reach a spot where off in the distance we can see the lough and here we will sit down and talk of the boy of Ramelton.

I. THE BOY OF RAMELTON, FRANCIS MAKEMIE.

There are two ways of studying a race: You may take them in the mass; Or you may choose out a man, himself the flower of the past and the father of the future. The study of the lone man who sums up his folk is fraught with many rich gains. The eye is fixed on one figure, the features are sharply outlined. The scene is dramatic, life is felt in its hot throbs, memory fills her halls with striking pictures, and remembrance abides. And if the man be a full-blooded son of the race, his heart true to their strongest loves and hates, his aims the passions of his people, his soul the sum and outcome of their history, his inspirations their finer traditions, his hopes their prayers, his work the forth-letting of their toils, his victories the highest and latest embodiment of their aspirations and achievements: then he tells in himself the tale of his race, he makes the story of his people seize our hearts, and a walk with him leaves us forever at home with him and his kinsfolk. Here is a man made in Ulster, blooming into full maturity along the Chesapeake, and by the labors of his later life largely making one strong-hearted section of Scotch-Irish America; and he gathers into himself the genius and the glory of his race. Well may he therefore be taken as model for any sculptor who would set in the gallery of our many-blooded nation the face and form of a brave, thoughtful, conquering Scotch-Irishman who left his monument in deeds, not words.

He was born somewhere about 1658. There floats down the years the memory of some words spoken in Boston by the prayerful preacher which give the sight of his mother bent in prayer for her boy. From his education and its thoroughness we know that his father was a man of some substance. The child grew up among one of the truest groups of Ulster yeomanry. At the fireside the lad listened to that hot and angry talk that burst from the raging hearts of cheated colonists. These are the daring men who had guarded the walls of Derry and saved the land for England; but now they were defrauded by the state, downtrodden by ingrate

and forsworn landlords, and degraded by a proud Church. The hot tears which the boy saw fall from the eyes of strong men, robbed of rights, blistered his soul, and the scars never died out. There he learned to yearn for a free country and a free church. Those days lie behind the Scotch-Irish in the Revolution. Froude has not overstated the seed sowing in Ulster and the harvest of ruin Britain reaped on our shores.

Francis found a noble schoolmaster. The teachers of those days were commonly "steeckit" ministers, men who from loss of voice or bodily strength, or some frailty unfitting for pulpit work, betook them to the scarce less holy work of the school. Who this teacher was cannot be found out; but we know two things: he made a student and a Christian of his pupil. The school was a poor cabin with an earthen floor; to it the barefoot boys came in the early morn with their armful of peats under one arm and their Latin and Greek books under the other. And they were taught to fear God and keep his commandments and how to construe Virgil and Homer. Makemie ever laid his tribute of praise at the feet of the holy man who made his faith firm in Christ. The work done by the old clergymen, both in the land of our fathers and of our birth, cannot be overestimated. They made sure of the Church, the school, and the college, whatever else might fail. The harvest this broad land to-day is reaping. It is not the Puritan who has dotted this land with schools any more than the Hollander and the Ulsterman.

In the winter of 1675 Makemie went to Glasgow and entered the great college with which the honored name of Andrew Melville is so grandly linked. That going to Scotch colleges in those days set forth two memorable facts. The first is the denial of college rights to Presbyterian boys in Ireland. The second is the defiant push of the Ulster youth. It was a daring deed, that going to Glasgow. I have heard an old Glasgow student talk with the late Dr. Cook, of Belfast, about their common journey to Glasgow. From his Irish home to the nearest port the young Ulster lad had to walk on foot; then he took what was known as a "bullock-boat," that is, a heavy, old lugger for the transport of cattle—and on the channel passage spent anywhere from four days to four weeks. Then he walked all the way from the Scotch coast to Glasgow; and then housed in a "sky parlor" somewhere round the old High Street, or down the Gallowgate. But he grew a man and a scholar, a patriot and a Christian.

On the time-honored and gloriously emblazoned roll of the old

University of St. Mungo we read, under date A.D. 1675, "Franciscus Makemie;" and then follow two words now known all across the world, "Scoto-Hybernus." This record is, I believe, the first historic mention of our true racial name. And it tells exactly its history and its real meaning—the Scot of Ireland.

Ye men and women of our race, cherish a high regard for that ancient seat of learning on the Clyde! Remember that when Ireland and her Established Church refused to give the boy of Presbyterian convictions any collegiate rights on Irish soil Glasgow said "Come;" and she gave her best and freely. There grew up the bold and scholarly men who have molded our institutions and our destinies. The outreach of a college, who shall tell it?

Those early college years of Makemie in Glasgow were the days of terror in Scotland; they were the days of the infamous Duchess of Lauderdale, "the Bess of old Noll, the Bess of Athole;" the days of the fearful Conventicle act by which thousands were robbed and hundreds imprisoned for their faith; the days of the sycophantish Sharp; the days of the pitiless and plundering "Highland Host;" the days of the "boot and the thumbkins, and the dragonnades;" the days that made Cameron and his Covenanters. You know how these tyrannies would tell on young Presbyterian college men. But if his heart burned within him, Makemie steadily and nobly pursued his studies for full five years; and at the end came forth a well-read man, an excellent Greek and Hebrew scholar, a master in Church history and polemic theology.

II. THE LICENTIATE OF LAGGAN.

In 1680 Makemie is introduced to the Presbytery of Laggan and taken "under the care of the Presbytery as a candidate for the Christian ministry, and with a view to licensure." For not a little of our knowledge of this part of Makemie's life we have the "minutes of Presbytery" to guide us. Putting myself into communication with kind friends in the neighborhood of Derry, I have sought and gained all the facts now to be gathered regarding our "Pioneer Presbyter." This old Presbytery of Laggan is a singularly interesting study. It stretched its episcopal jurisdiction over the whole of the country now making up the Synod of Derry and Omagh; and it was the home of the men whose fathers had stood in the breach at Enniskillen and at Derry. They knew that they had saved their country. They knew what had been promised to them, what they deserved; and they saw and felt what had in most

grievous wrong and with perjured falsity been done to them. The saviors of the land dared scarce call their lives their own. Ulster has always been sacrificed to the fears of England and the schemes of plotting statesmen. Six months before Makemie was introduced into the Presbytery there was fought that memorable fight of Bothwell Bridge. It was a very small affair, that little scrimmage of the 22d of June, 1679; but big fates lay in it. The renewed covenant was hid there; the firm soul of Ulster not to yield to the "Black Oath" slept as a germ in it; the Ulster Volunteers and Vinegar Hill were there; the new movement of the cheated colonists from the Irish soil to the New World may be found there; the hatred to old tyrannies that flamed out in Pennsylvania and Virginia are there, Cowpens and Bunker Hill are there. It was indeed a time when hearts beat high and blood coursed fast and hot. Just at the time Makemie was "giving in his pieces of trial" not a few noble ministers of the Presbytery were lying in jail because they would not conform. Among them was the saintly Drummond, who was Makemie's pastor at Ramelton, and with him was John Traill, the great Hebrew scholar; also Adam White and William White. Why in bonds? Because they would not take "the oath of royal supremacy" in matters of faith and worship. Here is the divine education for American freedom. But though the times are blood-stained and troublous in Ulster and in Scotland, that honest old Presbytery neither hastens nor slights any part of its work. Time and again they call the young graduate of Glasgow before them, they test his knowledge, his power to preach, and his experimental acquaintance "with the saving truth of the gospel;" and thus unwittingly they are ripening the "Apostle of the Accomack."

At last they are satisfied; and in 1681, Francis Makemie is licensed to preach the everlasting gospel of the grace of God. The time and the scene are memorable. The thundercloud of pitiless persecution hung right above the heads of the Presbyters of Laggan. The learned historians, Reid and Killen (See "Reid's History," Vol. II., pp. 339 and 340), tell us that the godly men of Derry and Donegal, moved by the sins and sorrows of the hour, proclaimed a fast day, and in a paper of great clearness and force set forth the pressing reasons for this special service. "Shortly after, the magistrates in that district, being intolerant Prelatists, pressed the oath of supremacy with unusual eagerness on the officers and soldiers in the Laggan. Numbers of these, being Presbyterians, refused to take the ensnaring oath except with certain explanations which were not ad-

mitted, and in this refusal it was believed that they were encouraged by the Presbytery. A copy of the causes of the late fast having about this time fallen into the hands of these zealous magistrates, they summoned four of the neighboring ministers to appear for examination—to wit, Rev. William Traill, of Lifford; Rev. James Alexander, of Raphoe; Rev. Robert Campbell, of Ray; and Rev. John Hart, of T'Aughboyne. The trial and condemnation took place at Raphoe on Tuesday, the 3d day of May, 1681."

It was at the last open meeting of the Presbytery before the trial and imprisonment of these servants of liberty and truth that Makemie was licensed, and the solemn services were conducted by these very men, who, taking their lives in their hands, pledged to fealty to Christ, to faithfulness to freedom, and the faith of their fathers this youth of glowing soul. Could he fail to thrill under the inspiring touch of that historic hour?

And at that very meeting was read a letter of pitiful entreaty from the shores of the Chesapeake begging the men who were thus hindered in the work of the Lord in the land which they had redeemed from wilderness waste and from godless ignorance to fertility and intelligent faith in Jesus, to come themselves, or send preachers to the hungry Scotch and Ulstermen in the new fields of Maryland and Virginia. The letter of Col. William Stevens pouring out the prayers of Maryland and Virginia for help from the Scot in Ulster for the Scot in the New World is read in open Presbytery just after Makemie sits down from "receiving his charge." Through his heart sweeps a fire that never died.

Broken tracks are found for a year and a half of the young licentiate; now he is preaching at St. Johnstown on the "Liberty where-with Christ makes his people free;" again at Burt on "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is nigh;" and again near Milford on the sweet call, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

At last it comes, the hour of crisis for him and the Presbyterianism of this new land. The youth feels the divine hand; the Presbytery in its dark hours of fines and imprisonment and death recognizes the duty God has laid on them, and Francis Makemie, or Makemie, is set apart and ordained the first fully trained, duly licensed, and regularly ordained clergyman of the Presbyterian Church who shall go to the United States, carrying in his valid and regular orders the right to teach, to preach, to administer the sacraments, to govern, and to ordain—"juxta laudabilem Ecclesie Scotie Reformatæ formam et ritum." The Church of the Culdees, of Pat-

rick Hamilton, of George Wishart, of John Knox, of Andrew Melville, of Welsh, and Livingston, and Blair, the Church of the Grassmarket, of Derry, the Six Mile Water, and the Laggan, stretches her boughs forth to the Western World. As Dr. Killen truly says, "he was the first Presbyterian minister who settled in North America; and, with a few other brethren from Ulster, constituted the first regular Presbytery that was organized in the New World." From the banks of the Clyde to the shores of Lough Swilly, and from the hills of Donegal to the slopes of the Chesapeake, so the blue banner moved. It was the hands of a Ramelton boy that first planted the sacred flag in the fresh soil of the new land.

III. THE SHEPHERD OF THE SCATTERED SHEEP.

On a new shore, with the sweet, fresh airs blowing across the waters of the Eastern stretch, with the thousand pledges of the coming summer's fullness greeting him, stands a young man of some five and twenty years, lithe and elastic, blue of eye, with brown hair, square chin, firm foot, and full, round voice, who shall ere long be known as the "Apostle of the Accomack." He was the shepherd who had come to seek the sheep. They were a scattered flock. All along the "Eastern Shore," here and there in the heart of the Baltimore province, yonder in Virginia, down through the Carolinas, away beyond the Alleghanies in Penn's grant, by the banks of the Susquehanna, the Juniata, and the Delaware, these adventurous Scots from Ulster had stretched; and they loved the ways of the old Church of Scotia and of Ulster. But they had been left without a shepherd. Now he is here. The tidings sweep like prairie fire. The new herald hastens hither and thither; everywhere they, who have come for miles, group around. The old psalms rise again, the old broad Ulster speech is heard in the pulpit "explaining the chapter" and telling the old, old story. Makemie found awaiting him a congenial commingling of kindred races and religionists: Ulsterfolk, Huguenots, and the Scotch Covenanters, who had fled after the murder of Cameron and the dark days of Cargill, together with some English Nonconformists who had hidden away in the woods of the Chesapeake from the lawless cruelty of the returned Stuart.

What a day and scene and field it was for the fiery-souled youth from the shores of the Swilly! There only with bated breath and in banned conventicle had he and his elders dared for months to speak; here he stood untrammelled on a fresh soil and a new shore where the Baltimores had for their own sakes secured an unham-

pered freedom of faith. The young preacher hears spirit voices sounding in the air: "Loose him and let him go." How his heart bounds within him as he realizes the facts! Here is a land where bound spirits are free, bound eyes look abroad with fearless frankness, bound classes know themselves equals of all.

We have heard much of what the Scotch-Irish have done for America. There is another chapter to be written: "What America has done for the Scotch-Irish." How Makemie must have felt all this run like volcanic fires through him. And right nobly did he respond to the call. His labors were incessant. By boat, on foot, and in the saddle, our sturdy Ulsterman pushes, without stop or stint, his holy work. Remember, that was the real pioneer work. Those closing decades of the seventeenth century were no times of easy circuit riding. Then indeed the servant of the Lord did "endure hardness." But at a dozen points along the Chesapeake, through Virginia, down into the Carolinas, you find the marks and the labors of this pioneer preacher. Everywhere he is gathering the scattered men and women of his blood together; everywhere he is restirring their souls; everywhere he is laying the foundations of the coming churches. To-day in a hundred noble city churches and in countless quiet country sanctuaries are the echoes of the vanished voice sounding. If you seek his monument, look around. The little town of Ramelton spreads over the leagues of our own continent.

But he is no mere ecclesiastic, this shepherd of the sheep; he throws himself into the whole life of the young people. All the marks of the Ulster Scot are strongly stamped upon him. He mingles with men everywhere, and as a great, big-hearted and strong brained man; the children love him, and the sorrowing confide in him. His counsels in the market and in the court are as sound as his sermons in the pulpit. He makes his influence felt among all classes, from the proprietor down to the scattered red men. The magistrates consult him on high questions of state, and he shows them that he has studied law; merchants talk to him of trade, and they find to their surprise that he is an authority in commerce and finance; the negro comes to him with his burden, and finds a friend; and the Indian, in his wrong, meets a guardian in the "Chieftain of the Chesapeake," as the red men called him.

Nor does Makemie confine his toils to the shores of his adoption. While he was passing his trial in the Presbytery of Laggan, an earnest cry for help from the island of Barbadoes came to the Ul-

ster brethren. That call Makemie never forgot. Leaving for a time in the hands of another Donegal man, Rev. William Traill, the work at Rehoboth, Snow Hill, Accomack, Virginia, and the other churches of his vast diocese, Makemie set sail for the Barbadoes, where he finds many of the victims of Stuart and Laudian tyranny; and them he cheers and confirms in the faith. This dwelling in the lovely island was his first rest, and was very blessed to the restoration of his health, which had by this time become very seriously impaired through his incessant and varied labors. And yet the season was not wholly one of rest and retirement; for, in addition to constant preaching and visiting, Makemie was finishing his Catechism and completing his powerful statement of "Old Truths in a New Light," a treatise in which he most vigorously combated a large number of then prevailing theological and ecclesiastical errors. In this work and several other publications of our unwearying pioneer he showed the thoroughness of his training, his remarkable dialectic skill, his unusual argumentative powers, and his thorough knowledge of the moral and spiritual needs of his times. The many-sidedness of the man impresses one who carefully follows his busy footsteps and his quick, strong pen. He leaves Barbadoes with the blessings of a comforted, strengthened, and revived church, with a large stock of revived health, and with a new resolve to push the good work of liberty, education, and religious life with even greater zeal than before.

IV. THE CHAMPION OF CONSCIENCE.

For freedom of faith is the new battle cry of the hardy son of Donegal. The new rôle he takes is the "Champion of Conscience." The boy who grew up by the yeoman's hearth when ingrate persecution was destroying the peace and harmony of that fair Ulster which Presbyterian brawn and bravery had saved; the lad who sat on the school bench where a godly patriot made his scholars learn that God alone ruled the conscience; the student who trod old Glasgow College halls when the fight was to the death against fawning Sharp and despotic Laud; the graduate who was giving in his pieces of trial before a Presbytery whose members were under summons to stand trial for their free faith, and the licentiate who was set apart in secret by a Church court that had to hide to escape the prelatie police; the minister who was hounded from St. Johnstown to Burt, and from Burt to exile—he was not likely to forget that the battle for liberty of soul and freedom of conscience was the ho-

liest war which he could wage for the future of the new land and for the future of the faith. Down the whole stretch of Maryland he had unsleepingly watched every subtle attempt of Tory and of Quaker to cut off or abridge the fullest enjoyment both by the Maryland Catholic and the Accomack Presbyterians of their chartered rights. True son of the race, believing in the sacredness of chartered rights and holding by the privileges secured by constitution, Makemie is ever found in the front and the fiercest of the fight against Tory magistrates and usurping prelates. He taught the truths so dear to the Scot and the Ulsterman in all generations that God and his word alone gave law to the soul and the conscience. Now in the pulpit; now in clever, telling tract; now in the law court, now before the proprietor himself, you find the dauntless, lawyer-like, self-sacrificing advocate of coequal privileges for all in their worship of almighty God.

Thus from the hills of New England down to the lowlands of Georgia Makemie became known as the teacher and the swift spreader of the views that were most hateful to the Tory and the tyrants of the courts, but were all the more warmly loved by the growing body of free colonists. In one state and by one man Makemie was most bitterly detested. That was the province of New York; and the man was that putrid peer, Lord Cornbury, the cousin of Queen Anne.

The occasion of Makemie's great battle with this foul wretch, scandal of the Governor's seat and scourge of all good and godly nonconformists within his government, was as follows: Makemie, with his companion, Hampton, had reached in the course of a missionary journey the then little town of New York, the seat of Cornbury's government; and on January 17, 1707, had preached in a kind of off lane called "Pearl Lane" to a congregation of members of the Dutch Reformed, Congregational, and Presbyterian Churches. At that service Makemie delivered his famous "New York Sermon," and administered the sacrament of baptism. Cornbury had issued an order forbidding any worship save such as conformed strictly to the order of the Church of England. This order was in defiance of law and of constitutional right. Makemie, resting on the statute law of the district of New York, and fortified by his regular certificate from the courts of Barbadoes, of Maryland, and of Virginia, and knowing full well the provisions of the "Statutes of William and Mary granting liberty of worship," refused to be bound by the unlawful order of a despotic and unjust Governor. For this act he

is arrested, put under bail, and ordered to appear at a later day. A hasty trial takes place, where the Governor comes off badly worsted. Then the trial is adjourned, the bail is heavily increased, and the Governor hopes that Makemie will fly, that the bondsmen will be left to pay, and that he will be done with the troublesome "strolling preacher."

But the rotten peer, filthy with vice, bankrupt in pocket, an out-cast in English society, miscounts utterly. He does not know the man of clear, blue eyes, square chin, firm-set mouth, and fearless heart. Makemie has not come of men who run away. At the time appointed Makemie returns, reports for trial, and enters on the fight. For days the stern battle is waged in the court. Never was a miserable scoundrel, playing at despot, more heartily sick of the plight into which he had flung himself than was clown Cornbury. Makemie had secured the ablest counsel of the hour: James Regniere, William Nicoll, and chief of the three, a Scotch-Irishman, David Jamison, then the leader of the bar. To these three lawyers you must add Makemie, himself a student of law, and one of the keenest debaters who ever faced an antagonist. It was a memorable battle for conscience. Hampton was dropped out by the prosecution, and Makemie was left to bear the whole brunt of the charge. Nor did he flinch. Everything in history, in the use and wont of England since the enthronement of William of Orange, all the customs of the colonies, all the resources of Biblical and ecclesiastical lore and history were combined in that memorable defense of the "liberty of preaching." Every mean device, every falsehood, every threat was used by Cornbury and his tools, the sheriff and the attorney for the crown. Then the case went to the jury, and the verdict was: "Not guilty!" Makemie had won, and conscience was free. Still they meanly wrung heavy costs from the victor.

But the son of the men of Derry was resolved to make that trial a sore memory for Cornbury. Out came a flaming tract which told the whole story from beginning to end. That tract was an education. It lived in the souls of men, and it molded thought for years to come. Makemie's trial and victory lie below a large part of our liberty of conscience to-day. The bitter sorrows of Ulster have given birth to much of our national joy.

V. THE PARENT OF THE PHILADELPHIA PRESBYTERY.

It seems a long reach from Ramelton to San Francisco, but

Makemie made it. He is the parent of organized Presbytery in this land, for from his farseeing mind and organizing genius came the first Presbytery of the land, the historic Presbytery of Philadelphia, and she is the mother of us all. How strange the life lines that runs through families! and equally strange the life lines that link the Churches of Christ. The oaks of Derry and the rocky isle of Rathlin, with their preachers of Saint Patrick's old schools, link themselves with Columbia and Iona, with Aidan and Lindisfarne; and these holy isles and their schools and their preaching missionaries link themselves with the Culdees and St. Andrews, and St. Andrews with Patrick Hamilton and George Wishart, and they with Knox and Melville and the colleges of St. Andrews and Glasgow, and these with the Ulster Scots and the Presbyteries of the Laggan, and the Presbytery of the Laggan with Makemie and Traill, and the Presbytery of Route with Andrews and the Tennents, and they with the Presbytery of Philadelphia; and that old mother Presbytery has grown into our great Church, which now studs the shores of the lakes with the watchtowers of Christ, and causes the sweet psalms of the faith to roll across the sunny waters of the gulf, guards for Christ the long Atlantic coast, and keeps her holy sentinel-watch from the mouth of the Columbia to the lowest point of California's flowery fields. The schoolboy from the old thatched cabin above the Swilly and the licentiate of the Laggan knew not how he built that day in the humble "conventicle" on Chestnut Street, between Second and Third, in the little town of Penn.

Makemie, possessed of all the characteristic shrewdness and foresight of his "pawky" race, was remarkable for his business ability and habits. He had unusual knowledge of affairs and the way to manage men; he had shown all through his checkered career the rarest organizing power; he was marked by exemplary exactness, and his large experience in the conduct of his own extensive properties, together with his execution of countless trusts imposed on him by those who knew his faithfulness and sound judgment, gave him singular administrative and executive qualifications.

These qualities, together with his sound training in Church history and his study of the new country, taught him the duty and the necessity of having an organized Church that could impart regular and valid orders to her clergy, manage her enlarging affairs, guard herself from attacks and encroachments, enable her to play worthily her part in the forming of a new and many-blooded people, superintend the education of youth, especially for the gospel

ministry, and carry on the ever pressing work of evangelizing the opening land.

For several years he had nursed in his own thoughtful soul this plan of Church organization; he had traveled far and wide and marked and stored up his own quiet observations; he had made friends with the best in the land like Cotton Mather; he had cultivated these precious friendships; he had looked out for young men of promise like his youthful Timothy in Philadelphia, Andrews, who might be drawn into the ministry; and finally he had gone back somewhere about January or February of 1704 to Ireland and Scotland to pray the churches there for additional laborers in the free and fresh land of the West. That visit of Makemie in 1704 drew many of the best of our blood to this land. He arrived at the moment when both Church and State were making life too bitter to bear. The boy of Ramelton, now the apostle of Eastern Shore, told the tale of the new home wherever he went through Donegal, Derry, Antrim, and Down. The tidings flew like wildfire across the farms and through the congregations of the synods of the Laggan and the Route. The Ulster Scot, who had been cheated and was now hounded for his faith, who was not suffered to bury his dead with the forms of his ancestral faith and was dragged into the Church courts to confess his own marriage unlawful and his children bastards, stirred under the hopes of a free land and a free Church. To that memorable visit of Makemie at that point of cruelty and crisis you may trace the settlement of thousands of colonists, your own grandsires.

On his return, and after his victory over Cornbury, he set about the organization of the first Presbytery. First he had to fight the rascal peer again, Cornbury and his minions; for Cornbury, having made New York province too hot for himself because of his riotous lusts and ceaseless plundering, was striving to gain possession of the government of Penn's land. But Makemie, ever on the watch, so used his wide influence and many friendships, and so made his knowledge of Cornbury and his crew tell in the colonies and on the home government, that Cornbury was defeated in his plans, and soon recalled to Britain in disgrace. Pennsylvania had her toleration rights secured, and Philadelphia was adopted as the home of the new Presbytery.

Makemie chose the seat of the Presbytery in the Quaker City for these reasons: First, The Presbytery will be there wholly free from all interference because of this law: "All persons living in

this province who confess and acknowledge one almighty and eternal God to be the creator and upholder and ruler of the world, and that hold themselves obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly in civil society, shall in no wise be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion or practice in matters of faith and worship; nor shall they be compelled at any time to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place, or ministry whatever." Secondly, because of the central position of the province. Thirdly, because of the many alliances even then forming between the city on the Delaware and the Southern towns, the close connections with the Jerseys, as the land was known, also with Long Island and New England, where there were then not a few Scotch-Irish and where Presbyterianism was making its power felt.

For me, child and Presbyter and pastor of the historic Tennent Church of Philadelphia, it were a task most tempting to tell how that firstborn of the Presbyteries of our land throve and spread its holy power over the Eastern shores, to trace its steady outstretch, and point out from some Pisgah-height how to-day the little vine planted by the hands of the Ramelton boy has grown to cover all this land. But this is not the place nor now the time. Suffice to say that from that humble church in the old "Barbadoes Store," as it was then called, came churches and schools and colleges and students and synods and at last the great Assembly. And of all this grand and glorious growth, the lad whom the nameless schoolmaster taught in that thatched cabin on the hill above the Leannan, the young churchman whom good John Drummond, pastor of Ramelton, welcomed to the table of the Lord, the well-trained licentiate of the persecuted Presbytery of Laggan, the faithful shepherd of the Chesapeake, the laborious apostle of the Accomack, the calm Champion of Conscience in the courts of New York, and the first Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of America, is the father.

You ask for Makemie's monument. No shaft of marble lifts its glittering spire to greet the sun; no statue of bronze, massive and symmetric, recalls the stalwart and sainted servant of Christ; no hall of learning bears his name upon its broad brow; no college keeps his memory green to move the crowding generations of aspiring youth to like apostolic fervor. But his trophy is a CONTINENT of Christians, of churches and colleges, and each one stands blessed and blessing to-day through God's grace given to the boy of Ramelton. If you seek his monument, look around our land; and go stand

next week in the capital of the freest, the richest, and the most Christian nation of the world, where the Assembly that grew from Makemie's Presbytery gathers for the annual congress of a great Church.

And yet, and yet, I could wish that soon and somewhere there should rise some noble college hall that might prove that Churches, like republics, were not ungratefull!