

FOURTH OF JULY SERMON,

DELIVERED IN

Lawrenceville Presbyterian Church,

BY

REV. RICHARD LEA,
PASTOR.



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Lawrenceville, July 11, 1859.

REV. RICHARD LEA :

Dear Sir:--Your address on the subject of the "Fulfilment of the Prophecies," delivered on the Fourth of July, was highly instructive, and very interesting. We believe that its publication will be well received, and generally useful; therefore, we respectfully request that you will furnish a copy, to be printed for distribution.

We are, very Respectfully,

Your Friends and Obedient Servants,

THE TRUSTEES.

To the Trustees, &c.

GENTLEMEN:—I duly received your note of the 11th inst. You are aware, probably, that it is an almost invariable practice with me, to turn aside from my usual course of *textual* preaching, on the Fourth of July, and to read a chapter from the Book of God's Providence!

I am gratified to learn that you were interested in my Address, and that you believe its publication will be useful and interesting to others. I cheerfully place the manuscript at your disposal.

Your Friend and Pastor,

RICHARD LEA.

A FOURTH OF JULY SERMON.

PSALM II: 9. "THOU SHALT BREAK THEM WITH A ROD OF IRON.
THOU SHALT DASH THEM IN PIECES LIKE A POTTER'S VESSEL."

When last we noted the events of current history from this desk, the awful massacre in India claimed our attention. Since that period, India has been subdued and annexed to the British Crown. China has also been humbled, by the united arms of England and France, while Africa has become still more the object of attention. Thus Paganism has been shaken to its deepest foundations, its mightiest ramparts have been much weakened, and the Gospel has freer course. Even Japan may be safely visited; while upon our own coast the pride of the Mormon has been brought low. Evidently, as far as *organized Paganism* is concerned, the victory of the Cross is nearly complete. Much, very much, is yet to be done, but the remaining work must be principally accomplished by the Church, instead of the world; the Missionary, instead of the soldier.

The Ministry which lately went out of power in England, settled, we hope forever, one important question, viz: That the Jew might take his seat in Parliament, and legislate with the Christian, the Pre-

testant Christian—while Anti-Christ has mortally offended the ancient people of God, in the kidnapping Mortara case. Thus, Bible-loving races are drawing nigher to each other; soon we hope to see Jews and Protestants *one*, in worshiping the *one* God—Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Mahomedan races are rapidly growing weaker and weaker. Their ancient valour is much impaired, their enthusiasm is gone; they are too ignorant, too obstinate, too lazy to be redeemed. Fall, as powers, they must; and at no distant period. They have despised the religion of Jesus, and refused his gentle yoke, for centuries; soon their days will be all numbered; others will dwell in the seats of their conquest. There is but this choice for any Nation or Power—“Kiss the Son,” or “perish from the way.”

In old times commentators were much perplexed to know who the “Kings of the East” were, that should succeed Mahomet. Were they the Jews? or the English? Present appearances would appear to indicate, that both combined, English and Jews, will take possession, ultimately, of the Promised Land. England, we hope, will be a better Ally with them against Russia and Turkey, than formerly either Egypt or Babylon.

Just now the attention of the world is placed more upon the nations who are combating upon Italian soil; all of them Roman Catholic nations; all of them hitherto concerned in helping Anti-Christ; yet now met face to face in deadly strife. To these let us turn, for a moment or two.

Charlemagne delivered Rome from the power of the Exarch of Ravenna, and his successors, to the present day, have been the main props and stays of Popery. The Emperor of Austria is his successor now. He wears the iron crown of Germany—of Charlemagne—formed, in part, of a nail or two from the true Cross, (or some other nails.) Francis Joseph is young, chivalrous; the Kaiser of Germany—the Head of the Sondre Bund—whom the States of Germany are bound by treaty to aid, if he falls into mortal peril. He is exceedingly proud, intensely Popish—bound to Rome by the late “Concordat.” Since 1815, Austria has protected the States of the Church, and carried out her own designs, with greater or less success, in the other States of Italy.

France has always, since its conversion to Rome, been called a popish country, but with Gallic irritability has often changed sides, and fought for glory, full as much as for religion. Sometimes during the middle ages, the King of France would support the Pope, sometimes war upon him. Sometimes France would be Infidel, Republican, and under the two Napoleons, an Empire; but on the whole she has always been willing to serve Popery, to a great extent. What are the real sentiments of the present Emperor, none can tell. He has promised Protestant and Catholic to do great things for them; he has sworn to maintain liberty, and established a complete despotism.

Sardinia did good service with the Allies in the last Russian war, and could not well be denied a seat in the Congress which met at Paris to settle the peace of

Russia. Once there, in that Body, it was impossible to refuse a consideration, to some extent, of Italian affairs. The mask was raised somewhat which covered the tyranny of Austria, and although much was not done in these affairs, yet much seed was sown, which was to spring up, and grow far more rapidly than any of the great contracting parties imagined. From that time Popish Sardinia began to reform, to establish religious toleration, to permit Protestant preaching, Bible reading—but above all, the King imagined, or felt, that the dominion of Austria was a yoke not to be borne; and as the Pope could not be persuaded to banish the hated power, he determined to drive out the Austrian, and called on France to aid in the great struggle.

It is not so easy to see the precise motive which induced Napoleon to answer the call so readily, and at such immense expense. Some suppose that he was under promise to the Italian Republicans, that if ever he ascended the throne of France, he would drive Austria from Italy—and that these Republicans would assassinate him, if he did not fulfil his promise. Some urge his relationship by marriage with the House of Sardinia. Others, that he is fired with a desire for military glory; that he thinks it necessary to employ his Army; or that he has some secret, un-guessed motive, which none but himself can know. Our solution is, that God has a great work for him to do, and that he sent him upon this errand of mercy or wrath. “He ruleth in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth.”

When Napoleon publicly insulted the Austrian Ambassador, the effect in Europe was perhaps greater than he anticipated, and he tried to gain time by explanations; yea, went so far as solemnly to assure Europe that there was nothing in his warlike preparations—that in fact he was not arming at all!!

Then he assured Europe that he wanted peace, and was willing to submit to arbitration! Still, however, he armed! Night and day the arming continued; so rapidly did he work, that, when Austria declared war, his legions were on the ground in sufficient time to save Turin. Whatever we may think of the righteousness of his cause, his plans were worthy of his great Uncle; while their execution would have filled him, in his day, with amazement. Over the Alps—across the sea—his forces rushed, with the speed of the whirlwind, none thinking of return until they returned covered with glory. Their arrival was hailed with extravagant joy by the Italians; Royalists and Republicans vying with each other in his praise, and forming in line to fight his battles. England looks on with deep concern, and arms to the teeth, but what can she do? She has no immediate cause for war, and her Ministry are now more French than Austrian. Prussia arms, and threatens. The German States arm, and menace. Russia significantly says, take care, or I will act. Napoleon says, truly or falsely, Gentlemen, be cool, I am only fighting for liberty—I only wish to drive out the Austrian, and shall then retire and permit the Italian States to choose their own governments. Many of the Republicans cannot

understand the love of France and Sardinia for free governments, and regard as a significant fact, that every conquest strengthens Victor Emanuel. Indeed, all are perplexed. But there is one, whose feelings must be beyond all description; the very fact that he boasts of his calmness, proves it. The poor, miserable old man who, fled in 1848, disguised as a groom, behind the carriage of a Protestant, chased by his own people, but forced back upon them by French bayonets—Anti-Christ—whose word was once power, who ruled kings at will, now sits pale and trembling upon his seven hills; none so impotent as he, while his beloved sons are in hostile array—all parties making his particular States neutral, just now. But which shall he trust? Austria? whom all his people hate so! France? who is warring on beloved Austria! The Red Republicans? who would string him to the lamp post! He might be safe here! or in England!! Oh! the hour of his blasphemy is well nigh closed. 1866 is fast approaching. The ghosts of St. Bartholomew crowd around him. The victims of the Inquisition are shrieking in his ears. True, all yet is still. His mighty Cathedral yet stands; none like it in all the earth. Listen to that music! Look at those gems of Art! Alas! the booming cannon of Magenta sounds in his ears—the shouts of Garibaldi's men pierce the recesses of the Vatican. The Angel is even now lifting up the mill stone, to cast it into the flood. In the hour of his calamity he cannot pray, for he is drunken with the blood of the Saints. Oh! that the *good* would flee from the doomed City.

So far, victory appears to perch upon the banners of the French; but war is a very hazardous game, and the difficulties of the Allies will increase when the Austrians assume the defensive. Besides, no sane man would attempt to guess how long Italians and French could remain together in any cause, where their interests are identical, especially where their interests conflict. Popery never did, never will, never can make men true and faithful to each other,—to be this, men must have their consciences in their own keeping, and be enlightened by the Word of God. Close the Bible, and give the Priest the direction of Conscience, and you are ready for anything, especially when the Priest counsels evil, for the best of men are naturally depraved. At present the Allies are in concert. If Austria is weakened, and driven to the wall, the great Popish power is destroyed. Prussia is Protestant. Prussia received into her heart the persecuted Saltzburgers, and opened the Bible to the people, and God has blessed her ever since. Austria defeated, the King of Prussia is really the Kaiser, the successor of Charlemagne, either with or without the *nail*. Prussia is the head of the Sondre Bund then, and the “Concordat” with Rome falls at once to the ground; and even if Prussia steps in sooner or later to save Austria, it will not materially aid Popery—for Austria will then be weakened, dependent, humbled. Prussia will be the real power of Germany. Nothing will save the position which Austria has long occupied but victory, unaided by other powers; and we can easily understand how fervently Bishop

John, of New York, prays for either speedy peace, or Austrian success. On the other hand, what would follow if Napoleon should suffer one crushing defeat? His Zouaves slain, his Imperial Guard broken, away from his Capital. The Monarchs of the world hating him. The Republicans, particularly the *Red ones*, distrusting him—France suffering shame instead of glory. Napoleon is the main hope of the Priests in France; take him away, with his Army broken, and in one hour the Tocsin would ring—Republicanism, of any color, would hold out a friendly hand to Hungary, Poland—any Nationality panting for freedom. Republicanism in any nation would give the Bible to all, would permit the Ministry of all sects to pray and preach. In such a war, what could England do? What could America do? Send millions of Bibles! Thousands of Teachers! hold up a glorious example. Perhaps this time has not yet arrived; sooner or later it will come. If a Nation is to be born in a day—and the arm of the Lord is not shortened—there is time enough between 1859 and 1866, to accomplish all.

But what of the States of the Church? and particularly what of the bloody City? Several things are said of it. 1. The Kings of the earth were to give their power to the Beast. They have done so, for centuries. 2. She was to be most magnificently attired. No Harlot was ever decked in such costly array; she is to this day the wonder of the world; as beautiful in herself, as dreadful in her power to arm Kings in her quarrel. 3. She was to speak blas-

phemies. Who has ever made more pretensions to pardon, and make gods and goddesses, than Rome? She has spoken against the use of the Bible; pretended to create the Saviour in the Wafer, and placed him below his Mother in heaven and on earth. 4. She was to shed the blood of the Saints. If all the blood she has shed was collected in her City, it would rise higher than the Dome of St. Peter. 5. She is to be destroyed in one hour; suddenly. The Angel casts the mill stone into the flood, and Kings, Merchants and People, are terrified and surprised at the sudden, awful and complete destruction. "Come out of her, my People, that ye be not partakers of her plagues." If there are any in her communion who hate Idolatry and love Bible Religion, let them leave her now. The souls under the Altar are crying "How long, Oh! Lord, how long, ere thou avenge us?" and the Eagles, *single* and *double-headed*, are gathered around the carcase. If Austria triumphs in the present struggle, the Pope reigns as a vassal of the House of Hapsburg. If France conquers, she will encircle the Pope still with her bayonets. If the Republicans league together and prevail, there is nothing in their eyes so detestable, and which they so long to destroy, as the civil power of the Pope.

Previous to '48, the *Unholy* Father might have made himself popular, and retained his spiritual power by moderating the tyranny of his Civil Code. But he irritated his own people in his power. Fled from them in his weakness. Returned, insolently, with French cannon. Called around him Austrian bayo-

nets. His Protectors are now fighting among themselves. We pray God that every Protestant nation will remain neutral. Let the parties concerned fight it out, they would not listen to advice. An English Statesman remarked, just as war was imminent—“We can do nothing to prevent it. Francis Joseph is mad; Victor Emanuel is a fool; Napoleon is panting for glory, intoxicated with success,—arm yourselves and look on, but let them fight.” Strange, even, *he* said nothing of the Pope; whoever dreamed that the Pope could utter one potent word to allay this storm; the magician has lost his wand; his spells are broken; his enchantments will not work; his Master, the Devil, cannot aid him; his own people forsake him and rush to the standard of Garibaldi; one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six is coming on apace. Oh! ye Nations, who have suffered and toiled, and bled twelve hundred years, longing for light and truth, lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh.

A few words respecting Popery in our land. Their number, from emigration and other causes, is increasing; their wealth, and political power, and churches, all are increasing. So let it be. No brave Protestant or true American would take their liberty from them, as long as they do not interfere with our worship; they have a right to as many images, and crosses, and beads, as they are willing to purchase. For us, they may bow to a Saint, adore the Wafer, and kneel to the Priest, as much as they please; we will only use moral suasion to induce them to turn

from these vanities unto the living God. But they had better let our Common Schools alone; better cease to war upon the public reading of our Bible. One political question must come up, is now up. The State does not tax churches, grave yards, schools, &c. This is perhaps right. But suppose a denomination purchases a large tract of land and calls it a Cemetery; part of it is occupied with graves, and a large part of it is reserved to sell out in lots when property advances. Suppose a Church is built, with a magnificent Parsonage, covering a square or more in a great city; is that luxury to be supported by taxing doubly the humble dwellings of the Poor, or the Stores of the Merchant, or the Offices of Professions? But *how* can you prevent this shameless, mean prostitution of property and privilege? If there really is no other way; if Republican or Democratic courage and ingenuity cannot devise a remedy, I for one, say, as a Preacher, a Christian, an American Citizen, *tax all!* Let all all denominations, and all corporations, buy as largely as they can, build as magnificently as they please, but if they cannot be confined to their appropriate sphere, if they will, with pious fraud, cover speculations at the expense of those who surround them, *tax all alike*, or at least all over a fair valuation of \$20,000; and let no bequest to any charitable purpose be legal, unless the will was made by the donor in sound mind, one year before his death.

In conclusion, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice, let the multitude of the islands be glad thereat." He guides Cabinets and Councils, gives wisdom to the

wise, or turns their counsels into foolishness. He maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder thereof he restraineth. Napoleon may not mean it, but he plans to fulfil God's designs. Inscrutable though he be, to his fellow mortals, all his motives are perfectly transparent to Him who made him. Darkness and light are both alike to Him. Francis Joseph may be proud, and in his heart hate the Parvenu, he may "draw the sword for law and order, and right," and feel that his ancient House shall lose none of its glory under his administration. He may look with sovereign contempt upon little Nations, who desire to think and act for themselves, and determine to chastise them for such intolerable impertinence! But a Higher One rules and governs all his actions; and that High One looks also unto him who is of an humble and contrite spirit, and that trembleth at his word. Victor Emanuel is brave, his chivalrous courage at the head of his legions draws forth the admiration of Italian and Zouave. He may be sincere in his purpose, as dauntless in his actions; yet is he only the Rod of the Lord, to strike the oppressor. If he becomes a tyrant himself, he will be at once a broken reed, and cast away as naught. Garibaldi is the rough, honest Patriot. Too much the soldier to talk with Kossuth, or manifesto with Mazzini; leaving them to use the tongue and pen, he chooses to carve his way with his sword. Alone he fights, and presses on! He may speak his mind freely to Napoleon, and act independently of Emanuel. He appears only to do his part—the part God has assigned him. His can

only be a preparatory work, which will be finished by a mightier, wiser instrumentality.

The surrounding nations chafe, and arm, and marshal; a voice from above exclaims—"Be still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the Nations." Let them reverently attend to that voice, nor rush unbidden into the strife. When their time arrives they will hear the sound of the trumpet; then let them see to it, that they fight on the side of the Lord of Hosts. Every blow struck against liberty and truth will rebound upon the giver. No subtlety, or power, or wealth, can much longer uphold despotism. God has said "Let there be light." I have given the Heathen to my Son for an inheritance, the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession. He must reign until all his enemies are put under his feet. May we in these latter days watch the signs of his coming, and hail his arrival with exultant joy.

The Panorama passes on! See there! Turco, Zouave, Italian, Sardinian, Frank, and Austrian, *all*, with their own free will, and with all their might, doing what God hath foreordained to be done. They will have the deserved punishment, or reward. He will have all the glory, now and forever. Amen!