

ute research into the methods of judicial inquiry prevalent in Spain to recognize in the legal assassination of Ferrer a modern instance of a once familiar procedure. Those who lecture the peoples for their want of self-control say they ought to accept the informed judgment of the tribunal which must be presumed to have before it facts and evidence of criminal intent not publicly disclosed as yet. But it is this procedure, the secrecy, the preference of a military for a civil court, the selection of witnesses, the hurrying of the execution, that furnish the substance of our indignation.

It is not, as some foolish persons suggest, a sign of growing anarchism that leads our great cities to organized protest against this action of the government of Spain. On the contrary, this protest is the most powerful testimony that could be given to the growing recognition of the modern state as a standard and security of justice. In earlier times, nay, in times not remote, such acts of a state were so common as to awaken less indignation and no surprise. The most Christian monarchs employed false charges, cooked evidence, and hurried executions, as usual methods of dealing with the propagators of dangerous doctrine; the church used the secular arm freely and openly to rid her of her enemies. We cannot affect surprise that the church and the compliant government of Spain should have failed to recognize that the age has gone when these things can be done with ease and impunity. For the force of the indignation of the civilized world against the judicial outrage in a little known country has surprised those who are in sympathy with the movement. It is, in the first place, a new testimony to the solidarity of labor. For though the shock of the outrage was felt among all classes of the nations, it is significant that the working class organizations have everywhere and alone exerted themselves to give immediate and vigorous expression to their sentiments. Others have followed their lead. In some ways it is to be regretted that the public manifestation of an almost universal feeling should have been left so exclusively to the spokesmen of the extreme left. But any such consideration is outweighed by the revelation that the parties of urgent discontent in every land join in demanding plain public justice as the first and most urgent duty of the state. This sense for justice is the basis of democracy, and it is only natural that it should find earliest and most vehement expression among the workers, who in every country are still most exposed to the dangers of an officialism wielded by class or creed, and who see in liberty of speech and education the best security against such abuses of power. This internationalism of moral sympathy is not the mere vapid sentiment which some represent it to be. The official answers of foreign ministers still belong to the era of separatism

which ever asks "Am I my brother's keeper?" International relations on their formal side still remain so inchoate that no open expostulation with a foreign government is possible, unless it be covered by the assertion of some special interest upon the part of the intervening nation, or unless the erring state be very feeble or very backward. But the international character of this ferment of feeling must be itself a factor of growing import in the relations of states and governments. Perhaps the time may even be approaching when it will be recognized, not merely as the right, but even as the duty, of the responsible statesmen in the foremost civilized nations to denounce as disturbers of the international peace governments which commit or permit atrocities that shock the conscience of humanity and stir dangerous emotions of riot and distrust throughout the civilized world.

It is profoundly to be desired that the keen general sense of justice widespread among the peoples should grow so strong and find such vigorous expression as to compel their governments to seek modes of realizing in peaceable forms of representation this reality of the moral and emotional solidarity of nations. The enlistment of the labor movement in the different nations in this cause of humanity is an admirable rejoinder to those who charge it with materialism, class-hatred, and anarchic tendencies. For the agitation has evinced in the workers the most passionate conviction that the state stands first for justice, that the education of the people is their truest and safest method of advance, and that a martyr for education is even more sacred than the soldier who suffers or is slain in the narrower political and economic struggle. . . .

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### A LAY SERMON.

An Address on "The Promise of Divine Protection,"  
Delivered Before the New Church Convention  
at Brockton, Mass., June 12, 1909,  
by Alice Thacher Post.

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Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.—Isaiah xliii. 1, 2.

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Wherever throughout the wide world the universal Word has gone this message of love and protection has carried comfort. Our brethren of the ancient time, and our brethren in the far corners of the earth, share equally with you and

with me in the redemption that leaves man in equilibrium and freedom for the regeneration. To each soul the Lord God says: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. . . . When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee."

What is that "thou" in you that He addresses with such words of comfort? It is not something you are not concerned with—obscure and uninteresting, only related to a far-away world, and only to be spoken of in terms of self-abnegation. No, rather it is the very life of your life. It is what the Lord God is cherishing into a love of those around you, and a delight in serving them, and a desire to know how best to do it, and finally a realization that this life of your life is God-given and not self-created. This is the "thou" of your life. Hold this thought fast: The "thou" of your soul that the Lord has redeemed is the love, little or great, that is to bind you to all others in the universe, and to Him. This He is tenderly caring for and cherishing, and this He will always protect and cherish. "But Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, these may forget, yet will I not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands."

See how He is caring for this love within. It has to be born and grow obscurely, without much direct consciousness of it on our part. But we shall make a great mistake if we think it is not related to all our conscious life. It is in the motives which have brought you here, for it is in whatever causes you to like to be with others, innocently, without desire to make them admire you; it is in your longings to hear more of the pleasant messages of the Word; it is in whatever leads you to wish to work co-operatively with others, without forcing them to do for you what you would not do for them. And all this is represented in most perfect symbolism in our eating together, sharing service, and thanking the Source of all Good for what we serve to each other.

How wonderfully has the Lord God always protected and cherished this incipient love—the love that He has given to thee to be "thou."

Do you remember back in your days of little childhood, how you learned to love the beauty of the world? Those who cared for you showed the world to you with companionable and affectionate explanation and admiration. And somehow the angels also told you it was beautiful. And what is this beauty but heavenly glory pressing down into the life of this world? To the little children and to all of us it gives imagery to which the good affections can relate themselves. Into the love of the flowers and the blossoming fruit trees, for example, can come in its right time the love of a blossoming and fruitful life.

And then also is given the love of companion-

ship. We find ourselves in a family, and then in school, and in a surrounding society of human folks like ourselves. And we enjoy them and desire to be with them. Into this innocent and happy love can come in its right time the love of the happiness and welfare of those whom we love.

And then we grow into the love of activity, and into this in the right time can come the love of service and mutual co-operation.

And there is also the love of self-expression—the love of representing some of the thoughts, perceptions and affections within. We may write or speak them through language; we may paint or draw them as pictures; we may mould or carve them; we may utter them in harmonies and melodies; we may build them into noble architectural forms; we may plan, plant and prune them into gardens; we may write them into ledgers and letter-files as orderly business; we may heap them into well-arranged wood piles,—the forms of self-expression are infinite. And into this group of the experiences of this world comes that wonderful phase of self-expression, so often undervalued and maligned, the manifestation of our personalities in raiment. How much individuality and friendly charm may be expressed in the clothing! Are not all these natural forms of self-expression wonderful preparations for the message that each man has in him to tell to his fellows? For every man has in the "thou" of him a truth especially given to him by the Father—a truth not quite the same as that given to any other man. And when in the regenerate life the time shall come for him to deliver his own God-given message, will not all the impulse to self-expression in the preparatory years be the receptacle and perhaps the medium for the delivery of his message?

Down through all these ways has the Divine Providence led us toward the kingdom of heaven.

But not all of the progress of life is peaceful receptivity and calm growth. We do not lightly step from the life of self to the life of love of others. We stop here and there. We love others, but we care most for their love of us. We love some others—those we know,—but not the great common life—the larger neighbor. We love those nearest to us, and so passionately do we love the outside of them, their bodily clothing, that when that clothing is laid aside and they go on into the more real life, we feel that we have lost them. We love activity, but in serving ourselves, not others. We love self-expression for the glory of its cleverness. But all the time the Lord God is cherishing the "thou" within, that He has redeemed, that He is going to save for the heaven He is making of the human race. There are waters to be passed through:—the floods of falsities that tell us that this world is all there is of life, and that we shall do well to make it serve us; that self comes first, and the others—well, it doesn't matter so much about them; and that

what we do is of our own strong hand and resourceful brain, and that we should be thought well of by men and angels because of it. And farther still, the way leads through fire and flame:—the lusts of obtaining for ourselves all the good things of the world, of having dominion over our fellows, and of the sufficiency of self-derived life.

The divine protection that has all along from our first infancy planted the seeds of the beauty of love and service, is promised to us above all in the temptations through which the soul must pass from the states of earlier life when self, even though it be affectionate and love activity and usefulness, still dominates the life, to those ineffable states of the kingdom of heaven, where the love and service of others and the recognition of the divine source of life, are the very heart of the man, and the love of self becomes subordinate. To us, as to all our brethren,—even to the farthest corners of the world,—it is promised: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

Sweet, but also bitter, are the experiences of this great but not far journey into the kingdom of heaven, when seen with earthly vision.

When those first beginnings of kindly habits of life were established with us, we readily adopted them because we could thereby obtain kind treatment in return, as you teach a little child to ask courteously for what it wants. Then we assumed a still greater appearance of solicitude for the welfare of others, that we might be thought well of, and obtain more for ourselves. It was, so to speak, a "false heaven" glittering before us, that was nevertheless of the Divine Providence, leading us to establish exteriors into which the genuine love of others could later come. But when this ideal of a life that is to give us more than we give, comes crashing down about us, as surely sooner or later it will, the world seems hard to live in. But then the door of a world that would be worth living in, opens before us, if only we have eyes to see.

When we make the affections of family life in this world, and the success of our activities in the affairs of the world, no matter how useful these affections and interests may be, the goals of life, and then in the divine order the loved ones pass into the larger House of Life, and the threads of the earthly weaving are snapped, loneliness and bitterness overtake us. How clearly we see the Divine Providence in this, over and over, in our own lives and the lives of others. The very doors of the heavens often open to us then.

When with struggle and brave endeavor, extended through years, we have repelled the temptations of the world, faithfully striving after a life according to the commandments; and then

with more advancing interior vision recognize the absolute inherent evil of the soul in its own proper life, finding a devil instead of an angel at the heart of us, and all that beautiful record-life rotten at the core, then indeed life turns to dust and ashes and bitterness. Well for the soul if it then remembers that through the very fires of hell the Lord God Himself walks with us.

Two attitudes of the spirit, even of the regenerating spirit, toward these shocks and changes and bafflements of the journey of life, are possible.

We may grudgingly admit that the Divine Providence has cared for us in the past, at least in considerable degree, while we still continue to mourn over the crashing down of "false heavens," and over bereavements and disappointments; and we may look to the future with fear, dreading constantly the little untoward daily happenings of life, as well as the greater things—disappointment, poverty, disease, insanity, bereavement,—all those different shatterings of earthly comfort and arrangement. But is not this working against, and not with, the Divine Providence?

Why, dear friends, why, if for one little moment you have believed in the immanent and absolute care of the Lord God—that in passing through flood and flame He will be with you,—why not throw yourself wholeheartedly upon His care?

You can identify yourself in your own thought of yourself, with the earthly life of you—the life of crashing ideals, of losses and bereavements and disappointments and heart's bitterness.

Or, if you will, you can identify yourself in your own thought of yourself, with the "thou" that the Lord God addresses—that spiritual thing that is to be born again. It is nothing of your own self; it is a seed of the Lord's planting; it is the God-given selfhood—the "thou" that the Lord has redeemed. "Fear not, thou worm Jacob."

Take hold of His hand. There are His friends and your friends to love. There is His house to live in. There is His work to be done. What can happen that you should fear? Are you afraid of losses of earthly treasure when you are with the Master of heavenly treasure? Do you fear endings which are His beginnings? Do you who know not, dread to go with the All-knowing? Rather is it not like a glorious journey from a world of images into the world of life, along with the everlasting God Himself, who says to thee and to all thy brethren of all the world: "Fear not."

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But death is not terrible, \* \* \* for death is also in the Plans of God.—Bolton Hall.

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No man will hinder thee from living according to the reason of thine own nature: nothing will happen to thee contrary to the reason of the universal nature.—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus.