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LECTURE ON SWEDENBORG,

DELIVERED BY

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THE third lecture of the present course of Lectures, provided by the Committee of the Athenæum, was delivered at the Guildhall, on Monday evening, by Mr. George Dawson, on Swedenborg. Mr. Shenstone presided ; and there was, as at the former lectures, a large and respectable company, who from their frequent applause were evidently delighted with the lecturer, and appeared equally astonished and pleased at his descriptions of the genius, character, and opinions of Swedenborg, who to most of them was no doubt previously a stranger, or only known through the medium of bigoted and ignorant prejudices.

Mr. Dawson began by observing that Emanuel Swedenborg,—long despised and often forgotten—had the privilege that belongs to all men who devote their lives to thought—that as the world grows older, they get more revered, better known, and better loved. The men that are run after during their lives—the men of action, and the men of noise, receive their recompense in this world. Charles the Twelfth was a man of great abilities, a wonderful soldier, and in some respects a great king, but he was fading very fast from men's memory ; whilst Swedenborg, who was his cotemporary, had the privilege of finding a larger audience in every successive generation. The king is now scarcely known, as to any influence he exercised upon the world, while the philosopher's influence is great, and is becoming greater every day. It was one thing to have a name written in a book, and another to have a name always living, always connected with thought, and always bringing forth, in each successive generation, new thoughts and new feelings. Swedenborg had the privilege of finding a larger audience every decade that passes, and in proof of this, he need only refer to the audience before him. It would have astonished Swedenborg's friends, a quarter of a century ago, could they have known that in a few years, a popular lecture would be given upon Swe-

denborg and his doctrines, under the auspices of a Literary Institution. Swedenborg had generally been looked upon as a mere sect-maker, and as one to whom the language of Festus to Paul was really applicable—"much learning hath made thee mad." The restrictions that had so long existed as to the subjects which should be introduced in public institutions and assemblies, had also prevented Swedenborg, and others similarly circumstanced from being understood. It was a rule with most Institutions that there should be no politics and no religion introduced, forgetting that when those two things are taken out of life and conversation, what is left is but like a chip in porridge,—a dead, dry, dull, material *hortus siccus* thing of this world and its affairs.

He was not there to declaim against Swedenborg. Those who knew most of the man, knew that, if one were so inclined, an evening would not be long enough to abuse him. How little then could he (Mr. Dawson) hope to do him justice in so short a time. He did not pretend to have read all that Swedenborg wrote, and for all his deficiencies in describing the man and his writings, he would ask pardon from those who knew him well. His object was to roll away the clouds that fools had rolled around the memory of one of the most pious, most pure, most noble of men; who chose the pen as his profession, adhered to it all his life long, and laid down that great rule, that knowledge is worse than ignorance, if it does not lead men to live wiser and better; and that all science is worse than idleness if it does not end in God. Swedenborg fell on very extraordinary times. He appeared just when it was best he should come, as God always appoints. He came when men's faith had long ceased to have anything prophetic and inspiring in it. Religion had come to be a mere historical business. It was a dependent on past history. It prated in church about a living God, but in reality it was worshipping a God that had withdrawn from any active concern in human affairs. Or, religion was morality merely, without a spiritual basis; a sort of magisterial religion, very good if one never got into trouble. Afterwards came that grand and gigantic French Revolutionary attack upon all the internal mystical side of life. This world and all it contains were reduced to what you could see and feel. Men talked about God as a force, and put the next world into a coffin. They believed in nothing in this world but what could be seen, felt, and tasted, with the bodily organs. They believed in nightingales—provided they were roasted. In short, they looked upon this world as one great workshop and cookshop; and all the tales about spiritual communion, and influences,

and utterances, as the tales of inspired madmen and fools of old time. Then there was another sore evil. The men who were really religious could not stand their ground against the encroachments made by the waves of the sea of science. The scientific flood was ever taking away scraps and morsels of the Christian's endowment; as the sea, in some places, encroached upon the lands of some beneficed clergyman. There were good people who thought that Bible truth and scientific truth could not be harmonized, and therefore they took their stand upon Bible truth; and when they were very honest, they said plainly that knowledge must be twisted to meet the literal statements of the Scriptures. On Sunday people felt bound to admire the spirit of the New Testament; they would rejoice in turning one cheek if smitten on the other, and the next day would curse the smiter and rejoice in a man who had what they called plenty of spirit in him, who would resent rather than receive an insult; and upon the whole, on Monday they thought the Duke of Wellington was much more of a man than some of the saints. By and by they put religion in a little world by itself, and tried to systematize trade and politics, and all other matters, and place each under its own set of rules and morals. Thus we had the political world, the religious world, the scientific world, and circles and worlds without number, governed by different moral codes, and with very little sympathy between them. Now all these things were evil. It was an evil whenever a man's religion entered into a battle with anything that is not immoral and sinful, and so a wrong to conscience. That could not be a great religion that could not take into itself everything that is not hostile to the life and light of the Lord God. What this age wanted, was some reconciling faith,—a faith in which religion and science would be brought together and married. The history of the world was a contest between the moral and spiritual elements in man; in one age the spiritual having the ascendancy, and in another the material. Now if any man could show that this world is *not* a "waste howling wilderness;" that body, soul, and spirit are *not* separate things, but one within the other; that man is in heaven while in time, in soul while in the body; and that every duty is not to be considered beautiful or important according to the effects that follow from it, but in its essence,—we should welcome him, and gladly receive his teachings. This contest between heaven and earth, religion and science, body and soul, duty and delight, Swedenborg had done much to set at rest. If men had studied the Gospels, they would have read that when the wine flagged at a marriage festival, in Cana, it was supplied

by miracle. The Holy Book began its miracles at Cana of Galilee. As for some ascetic people, wearing hair shirts, they thought they could reach heaven by some wretched rope ladder, or by a flight of wings, and that the less flesh they carried, the sooner they should get there.

Such, then, were some of the signs and portents of the times when Swedenborg appeared on this world's stage. It would be useless to dwell long on Swedenborg's life. It was a quiet life; there were not many startling facts in it. Let us see, however, if there are inducements enough for us to become students of his writings. He was born in that fine old Scandinavian land of Sweden, that had blessed the world with so many men of thought and action. His father was Jesper Swedberg, bishop of Skara, and his son Emanuel was born in the year 1688. He was not a very jovial sort of boy, and of his early life we had not many memorials, beyond the fact that he was given to thought and speculations on religious matters. Some men must begin very early in life the great work they have to do. He went to the University of Upsala; in his studies he was diligent, patient, and laborious, and at the age of twenty-two took his degree of doctor of philosophy. In 1710 he came to London, and had a narrow escape with his life. At that time an epidemic raged in Sweden, and vessels that came to this country had to undergo quarantine. Swedenborg was induced by some of his countrymen, who came off in a boat, to go with them into the city. For this he was very near being hanged, and was only freed under the condition that if anyone attempted the same thing again, he should not escape the gallows. It was his custom to resort to all places of learning, and we therefore find him at Oxford, at Utrecht, at Paris. Everywhere he was perpetually working, and very soon he was perpetually writing. Of his poems, that is, those in metrical form, published in early life, he could not say much. His great poems were to be found in his after religious books. In 1716 he commenced his *Dædalus*, a periodical. He then became acquainted with Polheim, and while living under Polheim's roof he wished very much to marry Polheim's daughter. He got a sort of agreement on the matter from the father, with the daughter's signature, which was attached from feelings of filial obedience. This agreement, which gave the young lady uneasiness, her brother stole from Swedenborg's desk, and put it in the fire, which to Swedenborg was a great grief at the time; but he was a man who had other work to do than to sit and watch the ashes. In his after life he was on one occasion jocosely asked if he was ever desirous of marrying, and he said he was once on the road to matrimony, "but,"

said he, "the lady would not have me." However painful it might have been to Swedenborg to miss Lady Polheim, it was a great good to us all, and perhaps a blessing to the lady herself. In 1718 we find him at the siege of Frederickshall, with Charles XII. He there ingeniously planned rolling machines, by which two galleys, five boats, and a sloop, were conveyed overland a distance of fifteen miles, and under cover of which Charles was enabled to carry on his operations. In 1719 he was ennobled, not made baron, as is generally supposed. He was at this time appointed Assessor of the Board of Mines in Sweden, and perfected his studies in metallurgy. In 1724 he published some of his works on natural philosophy; one on the philosophy of the Infinite. In 1744 appeared his great work "The Animal Kingdom," and in 1745 "The Worship and Love of God." In all his scientific doings and works he was a patient, exact, and practical man. Of all the men ever called dreamers, Swedenborg was the least like one. He meddled with all knowledge, and was a quiet, methodical, orderly, patient, duty-doing man; and it was on this basis he was to uprear that which afterwards made his name still more famous,—his attempt to discover the nature and properties of spirit, and to penetrate into the unseen world. This great change occurred between his fiftieth and sixtieth year. Up to that time he had been a man of science. In the fifty-eighth year of his age he appears in a new character. He says on this subject, "I have been called to a holy office by the Lord himself, who was graciously pleased to manifest himself to me, his servant, in the year 1743, when he opened my sight to a view of the spiritual world, and granted me the privilege of conversing with spirits and angels, which I enjoy to this day. From that time I began to print and publish various arcana, that have been seen by me, or revealed to me, respecting heaven and hell, the state of man after death, the true worship of God, the spiritual sense of the Word, with many other most important matters conducive to salvation and true wisdom." Now here was a very large claim put in by Swedenborg. He (the lecturer) supposed that his audience were Christians. Where was the extravagance? Swedenborg asserts that there is a spiritual world. Was *that* a novelty? Did they not believe in a heaven and a hell? Could they tell when intercourse with that world ceased to be possible? Could they draw some sharp chronological line, to define when spiritual gifts ceased? There was nothing in all Christian theology so loosely done as the line when gifts and graces of a supernatural kind ceased out of this world. There they were, and when did they go? There had been an unbroken series of

churches that asserted that these supernatural gifts never did die out. Christian people treat Swedenborg's claim as a seer of visions, as *a priori* ridiculous. How angry people are at the supernatural claims of those they do not like! If Col. Gardiner gets converted by a vision, and professes to have seen Christ crucified on the cross, forthwith Dr. Drodridge writes his life, and the Religious Tract Society publishes many editions of it, without note or comment to say "We are very sorry that Col. Gardiner should have been so fanatical as to attribute his conversion to a vision." He (Mr. Dawson) might show other cases. A member of the Society of Friends was not at all put out by Fox's illuminations and voices. Bunyan had visions; but then Bunyan was a Baptist, and belonged to our regiment, and so he had a license. But on the other side, the feeling was that if you are not of us,—if you have visions—then you are a fool and a madman. But they say Gardiner's vision was only once, and Swedenborg's visions lasted through many years. The marvel is that the thing is done at all. It is not the number of cases, but the thing itself that is disputed. It is quite as marvellous to have one vision as a thousand. He did not say that he believed Swedenborg's claim at present. He left that, but he would ask why people laugh so much at him. The great men of the world had all voted on that side of the great question. Socrates and Plato in the old world, St. John and others in the New Testament, Origen, Plotinus, Jacob Behmen, Pascal, Fenelon,—all the great men were those who believed that underlying the sensuous, visible world, there is a spiritual and unseen world, in which might be discovered the essences of things. Swedenborg was therefore in good company; his inward or spiritual eyes were opened. Some people complained of the abstruseness of Swedenborg's books. He (the lecturer) believed there was not a sentence in them that could not be made plain to an ordinary audience. Swedenborg did not say he was inspired, but only that his spiritual or inward vision was open. He said that men's inward eyes were overclouded by sin, or they would see and hear what was now hidden from them. He (the lecturer) would ask the audience if they had never heard in the song of birds, more at one time than at another, and what was this but the quickening or opening of some inward sense? Swedenborg said there was an inward sight and an inward hearing. It is a phenomenon running all through history, that as a man greatens and brightens, all life is altered to him. Did they never marvel where Wordsworth, and Byron, and Shakspeare, found all their bright thoughts? They never had such ideas visit them. No, how could it strike them

if their eyes were scaled? What was the difference between Shakspeare and other people. The difference was that there were eyes within the poet's outer eyes. There were spiritual eyes as well as eyes of the body; and under the visible forms of nature there lay a significance, a beauty, and a meaning that was hidden from the common observer, but which was seen by the poetic soul. So says Swedenborg,—for this spiritual world around us there is an eye prepared. It is not shown to the body's eye, and God was pleased to open his inward eye, and these things were made plain to him.

From this time Swedenborg dropped his secular duties, and gave up his assessorship. The king, in consideration of his long and faithful service of 31 years, continued his salary, but Swedenborg desired only half of it. He then devoted the rest of his long life to the one great purpose of reforming the theology of his time, and to founding what was called the New Church. His spiritual gifts soon got noised abroad, and some thought they meant fortune-telling. A widow, Martville, sought his advice for the recovery of a lost receipt for a sum of money that had been paid, and was demanded a second time. Swedenborg was kind, and did not scowl her away. By means of his spiritual privilege he conversed with the deceased husband who had paid the money, and the receipt was found; but those who thought that a prophet was no good excepting for the lost spoon, or that this great man was good for fortune-telling, would find that he kept clear of that. When Swedenborg began to write these great heresies, a worthy bishop and doctor got up a complaint against him. The doctor, whose name was Ekebom, had the honesty to say of himself, that he took great care not to examine Swedenborg's works. Don't read what those opposed to you say, as Sydney Smith remarks, lest you should be prejudiced, you know. Swedenborg, however, was a man of good connections, of high repute, and of such a calm, quiet, blameless life, that it was found impossible to get up any great stir against him.

In 1771 we find him in London. A little before his death he was seized with apoplexy. He was at this time visited by a Lutheran clergyman, who asked him if he adhered to his spiritual revelations, on which the dying man lifted himself up and said, as he had made no pretensions in heat or extravagance, there was nothing to revoke in the hour of his death. In 1772 he died, at the age of 85, in Cold Bath Fields.

His life being closed, he (Mr. Dawson) would turn to some matters in which, to him at least, Swedenborg was most interesting. Let them fancy that Swedenborg and his works stand like some great temple, and over one of its doors this inscription—"The invisible things of God from

the creation are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made ;" for that should be the writing over every Swedenborgian porch in the world. And over the other door of the temple might be written, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." These were the two great mottos the man's life suggested to us. Entering into this temple, he found that this house which Swedenborg built to God, was very like Solomon's temple of old, or some of the great shrines in Catholic lands. It was not a little mean building—a meeting-house, square, drabbed, and white-washed—but a great majestic temple, not where logic was despised and learning unknown, but into which this great man brought everything he could lay his hands on,—all that philosophy and learning could bring ; and yet everything had written upon it "Holiness to the Lord." Swedenborg was, therefore, to his mind, attractive, for if there was anything he disliked, it was Manicheism,—that which this country was so full of,—miserable Puritanism—religion warring against science and art. In this man's religion, what he (Mr. Dawson) admired first, but not most, was, the idea that religion does not require of us to become foolish and dull, grave and grim ; that it is not required of man, that in order to become a lover of God, he must also be a lover of ugliness, meanness, and deformity. Swedenborg gathered more knowledge than all other men, and he carried it all as an offering to the shrine of God.

He wished now to enter upon the consideration of one or two of Swedenborg's principal doctrines. The one that interested him most was the doctrine of correspondences ; but an "outsider," like himself could hardly be expected to treat it in orthodox fashion. There was no such thing as an *accidental* correspondence of natural and spiritual things. Swedenborg showed this clearly. He taught that everything was first in spirit and in thought, before it was in body and in form ; that therefore whenever you lay your hand upon a thought or an idea, it has its counterpart, its sign and type, in this visible world. There was a connection between the tones of the voice and a virtuous life : the voice sweetened as the temper sweetened. In like manner, every feature and every motion was indicative of the spirit's quality. One might even make the ugliest man on earth beautiful without rouge, carmine, or brush, by calling up to his memory his mother's words and image, or telling him some tale of old that would stir his affections to their depths. Such was the connection between body and spirit, that a change of the inward always changed the outward. The debased part of our population daily grew uglier. As a nation became educated, it grew, not handsomer, but more

beautiful. As men sunk down in morals and intellect, beauty decayed, and they took their place in the sty of sensualism. Plato well said,—Only a good man could be a beautiful man. Mere handsomeness was only animal. What Plato meant was this, that beauty consisted in the development of those inward senses that shine in the eye, touch in the fingers, and are heard in the tones of the voice. This he pronounced to be real beauty, and all this can be produced outwardly only by being first wrought inwardly, by inward worth, by the Divine within us. Bodily beauty was but the weed in which the Lord dressed goodness. Outward beauty, which is of God, is the finger with which he beckons us to come up higher and behold the beauty of holiness.

Swedenborg said that man is a microcosm, a little world in which can be found every mechanism of the great world. The mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms are all in man. He taught the great doctrine that the least things are, in form and function, the same as the greatest; and he proved it. Swedenborg placed before us the great strings of principles, on which we may string facts like so many beads. He says of the lungs, that the initial of the lungs, the beginning, or the least lung, is of the same form and function as the total lungs. In crystals, every fragment has the same number of facets. Thus Swedenborg taught them to learn little things from big ones, and big things from little ones. As to the harmonies between colours and tones, they were perfectly familiar to all. There were also relations between forms and colours; between morals and mathematics. Morals were only mathematics in a different sphere; and morality and Euclid were the same book read in two different ways. The right line of geometry became the line of rectitude in morals. A knave did things in a round-about fashion, instead of going in a direct way, like an honest man. As Coleridge said, a knave is only a round-about fool. Another illustration. Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. Now set a cultivated man opposite to a low vulgar creature, one who knows only beer and skittles, and tell them that they are equal, alike men and brethren; and the educated man would turn aside from the other as a being with whom he could feel no sympathy; here were beings seemingly unequal; but teach them that being both created by one God, for one heaven, and that they must look up to some common point above them, and out of themselves, and then the first dim sense of their being equals in comparison with the Infinite, will dawn upon them. Compared with Him they are both equal, and are

therefore equal to one another. Let men forget themselves, and meet in something greater than themselves, and they will acknowledge their common brotherhood.

Swedenborg's great principles of series and degrees, of influx and efflux, were proved to be true by their universal applicability. He explained the doctrine of the Incarnation of Deity more clearly than any other man that ever wrote. He proved that God was made flesh, and that his name was called Immanuel. It was with him no cloudy doctrine of theology, but a necessary doctrine of human existence. He was, too, a great anatomist, and the first that made anatomy a pleasant study. He went out into nature with a guiding principle, and he had this great merit, that he sought the soul where God had placed it. Hence he says "I took the analytic mode to find the soul." What a check to materialism this! In Swedenborg's writings there was room for phrenologists and others, provided they did not stop at their own little circles. There was no greater blunder made by the practical people of the world than the neglect of anatomy. Till Swedenborg's time, the dissecting room and the scalpel were words of horror. Swedenborg turned anatomy into a glory, a liberal art. There was nothing so little studied as anatomy, and nothing that more deserved to be studied. Out of Swedenborg's anatomy we might learn politics, and social knowledge,—the best principles of drainage and ventilation and all the laws of mechanics were found in the human body. When God made the world he hung his own picture up in it. Read Swedenborg often if you want to have an intimate knowledge of the soul's temple, the place in which God puts spirit. Swedenborg justified poetry, and as a Natural Philosopher he reduced similes to a science. He completed the circle of knowledge; he begins with God, and he leads all things back to God again. He might utter Swedenborgianism in this sentence, "of one thought, by one thought, God made all things which exist in this world."

Mr. Dawson then adverted to Swedenborg's doctrine of heaven and hell. Swedenborg, he said, maintained that heaven is not in space, but is internal and spiritual,—that it is a state of the mind. It became one to speak charily of the popular heaven and the popular hell. It was supposed that if one could but get inside heaven, just squeeze in, he was all right for ever. Swedenborg could not enter into this doctrine. He had meditated upon these words of the Lord, "the kingdom of heaven is within you." It was possible to make a heaven below, or a very hell upon earth. How? This little heaven might be in a barn. How is it made? By the pouring out from loving souls and hearts

all blessed influences. It was a state of the feelings and emotions rather than of geographical external form, or outward place. Thus Swedenborg insisted upon the awful doctrine that every hour of our lives we are building up our own heaven or our own hell—that every hour, like the insect, we are weaving round us a spiritual body in which we shall dwell for ever, and that every feeling, every word, produces a spiritual state to match. Every indulgence in sensualism adds something deformed to this state, and, instead of one great limbo, in which the fool, with his eleventh-hour conversion, was set upon the same footing as the man who had gone through a life-long struggle for the same object, Swedenborg said that each built up his own house accordingly. Swedenborg asserted that the outward face of the spiritual world is not different from this; that as in this world a tree is one thing to one man and another thing to another man, so it is there. He liked Swedenborg for having nothing to do with disembodied spirits, but he gave a body to everyone,—as St. Paul has it—a spiritual body, fitted to the spirit, formed by the spirit, woven round it, created by its own acts and feelings; and this was a more noble doctrine than that vague dreary kind of existence which is commonly supposed to await us hereafter. Swedenborg knew that there are no beings who were made angels off hand. He taught that heaven is the great end for which exist all worlds and all life, and that its inhabitants are the eliminations from all worlds of the noble, the holy, and the just. What is the meaning of all this world of ours, with all its noise and trouble? It is a place for the fitting up of souls to furnish heaven.

Swedenborg's *Spiritual Diary*, the lecturer said, was a strange book. It was a methodical diary kept by him of his experiences in the unseen world. It was a terrible book, not prepared by Swedenborg for publication, but kept for his own reference. Much of it he (the lecturer) did not believe, and he could not. This *Spiritual Diary* was looked upon as the most bedlam book of all that Swedenborg wrote. It might be regarded either as a correct map of things as they existed, or as a map showing how a great man supposes them to exist. He (Mr. Dawson) took it in the latter sense. Swedenborg says that lazy luxurious people are punished in the other life—that he saw them punished—in a manner so horrible that he (the lecturer) could not relate it or believe it. Swedenborg makes exceptions for queens and such like that cannot help it. The punishment was so terrible that even the spirits in the next world could not look at it. It was a tremendous punishment. But there seemed to him (the lecturer) a want of correspondence in the nature of

the punishment, and in its quality and amount, and he had not been able to look upon it as a picture of an objective reality. He had found the Spiritual Diary so quaint, so undesignedly witty, so awfully wise, such a sublime poem of all the ways, and habits, and customs of men, that its like was not to be found. It was theological, but thoroughly practical. If Swedenborg ever showed a want of mercy, it was for men who did not believe in good works, who preach justification by faith alone, as some people do; as if good works were dead weights to a man in his ascent to heaven. That provoked Swedenborg's scorn and indignation. He represents Melancthon as being engaged in writing a treatise on justification by faith, and as the writer elevated his mind to the consideration of charity, or sunk it to the contemplation of faith alone, he was alternately elevated to a higher sphere in the spiritual world, or sunk down into regions of obscurity and cold. He (Mr. Dawson) did not ask the audience to receive that Diary in any other way than as the marvellous utterances of a man who was morally and mentally incapable of a lie, and not likely to be deceived. The book was a thorough carrying out of the moral purposes of ethical justice into another world; it was the carrying out of that great principle of the sequence of doctrine and morals, which was as certain as that of gravity and light, that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." The doctrine of compensation was perhaps the one which the world was least disposed to believe. There was no very great faith in men that they *cannot* do a bad action and not suffer from it. People *would* reason, perversely, that because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, the hearts of men *may* be set upon doing evil. To Swedenborg, death was only an unclothing and a clothing upon, and therefore if a man began something to-night, and he died to-night, that thing would not be lost. If begun here, it must proceed towards its end, for its recompences and rewards. He (Mr. Dawson) knew not a book so terrible to a man who did wrong as this strange bedlam be-called Diary of Swedenborg. It was a book that burnt like fire all the foolishness and rottenness of life. It made a man who was indulging in wrong doing tremble at the thought of passing from this world into eternity. It was the severest and terriblest vindication of moral justice, of moral sequence, of necessary recompence, and of consequent reward, that was ever written.

Swedenborg's doctrine about the Bible,—his division of the books of the Bible into two classes, seemed to the lecturer as wanting in evidence. I have tried this evening,

said Mr. Dawson, to get you to see that this man will enable you to walk through nature understanding its end and purposes, to see its essences and modes of being. Swedenborg honours second causes. He enables you to solve all your difficulties about first and second causes. Second causes are all necessities of the First cause,—God being the cause of causes. Second causes are, to Swedenborg, theological; he admitted them into the church. To Swedenborg's disciples there are no difficulties about particular Providences, and a general Providence. To them body and soul are admirable friends, and when this body is done with they know they shall have another, and a better. Swedenborg is a calm and quiet, but a pleasing writer. Under his rule you may be as scientific as you like, provided you love God and your neighbour. You may be a learned pundit, and yet an humble Christian. Hence I consider him one of the greatest harmonizers in science and theology. Believing many things different from Swedenborg, he has taught me one thing, which is to travel the road of life from Dan to Beersheba. He pours out of himself so rich a stream of truth that one cannot but listen to him. He says you may be learned and pious, merry hearted and devout, a doctor in divinity and a doctor in philosophy, at the same time; that you may go to college and to chapel, and serve God equally in both. You may eat, drink, and be given in marriage, and for all these things you will have no shame, and conscience can bring no charge. If I were going to be shut up in prison three years, Swedenborg's books would be my choice, and at the end of three years it would be six more before I should find them uninteresting, strange, or dry. I am avoiding his theology, because, as you will see, if we should get into the doctrine of the Trinity, you might complain that it was not fit for the place and the occasion. Suffice it to say that Swedenborg was the justifier of the poets, the expounder of symbols, that he taught that instead of nature being dead, materialistic, and barren, it is a house informed by spirit; a house of clay, but filled with Divine fire, and that every step in nature is a step to that great altar which conducts the worshipper to the throne of God, and up through the ranks of angels you rise higher and higher until you end in Him who is the cause of all causes, Beginning and End. In conclusion, he asserts that the more truly learned you become, the more you know,—of necessity, the more near you must be to God. Then, however you may judge of this man, you cannot do otherwise than admire him as teaching that a man may be at once simple and profound; a Bible believer, and an humble Christian soul.

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