

An Hour with the Editor

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG

One of the most remarkable men of modern times was Emanuel Swedenborg, or Svedberg. He was born at Stockholm in 1688. He came of a very prominent Swedish family, his father having been professor of theology at Upsala and bishop of Skara, and a man of exemplary piety, whose orthodoxy was somewhat questioned, because he claimed to be able to converse with angels. Emanuel at a very early age exhibited similar qualities; but he was no mere visionary. Physically he was rugged; intellectually he was brilliant; as a student he was ambitious. Natural science and engineering had great attractions for him, and he readily accepted the post of assessor in the Swedish College of Mines. In 1718 he gained distinction and the gratitude of his country by devising means, whereby the King was enabled, at the siege of Frederickshall, to transport his boats and galleys overland a distance of 14 miles. On the accession of Queen Ulrica he was ennobled and his name changed from Svedberg to Swedenborg. He continued his investigations into matters relating to mining, and for that purpose traveled quite extensively. His transformation from a student of physical science to an investigation of the occult seems to have been gradual. He appears to have always had a longing to comprehend the infinite and the spiritual and to gain something like a correct idea of the relations between God and man; but it was not until 1744, when he was 56 years of age, that he enjoyed what he called "the opening of his spiritual sight, the manifestation of the Lord to him in person, and his introduction to the spiritual world." Previous to this, he said he had had remarkable dreams and heard mysterious conversations, which culminated in the appearance of a Being, who said: "I am God the Lord, maker and redeemer of the world. I have chosen thee to unfold the spiritual sense of the Holy Scripture. I will myself dictate to thee what thou shalt write." He thereupon abandoned his study of science, and devoted himself to becoming familiar with the spiritual world. In 1747 he resigned his government position, accepting half his salary as a pension. He thereafter devoted himself to his new vocation and produced his great work, "Arcana Coelestia," in eight volumes, a work which he claimed was written under the direct inspiration of the Almighty Himself. He produced many other works devoted to an exposition of the principles of the New Church, his life being spent alternately in Sweden, Holland and England. He died in London in 1772.

Swedenborg always had the respect, confidence and love of his contemporaries, and he seems to have held the esteem in which he was held. His habits of life were simple, his food consisting of bread, milk and coffee. He made no distinction between day and night, sleeping when he felt the need of rest. Sometimes he remained in a trance for days together; but usually his intercourse with spirits was in broad daylight and with all his faculties alert. He does not appear to have concerned himself at all about demonstrating to others the actuality of his intercourse with spirits.

It would be impossible in the space here available to go into details as to the doctrines taught by Swedenborg. The fundamental idea seems to be that mankind can only appreciate the Deity in His aspect of a divine man, and that Jesus Christ was a manifestation of Him, the only manifestation of which the finite mind is capable of comprehending. The Deity Himself is infinite love; His manifestation is infinite wisdom. From God there emanates a spiritual sun, and from this emanates the sun of the natural world; in other words, the spiritual has its origin directly in God, and the physical in the spiritual. The spiritual and physical are distinct and yet are intimately related by substances, laws and forces. Each is complete in itself. The causes of all things are in the spiritual world; the final end is found in the Divine Mind. The object of Creation is the conjunction of man with the Creator.

Swedenborg taught that there are spirits of evil, and to these he attributed the fall of man, from a state which he describes as "conjunction with God." He rejected the doctrine of the atonement, claiming that the incarnation of God in Christ was that divine love might be made manifest. He maintained that the spiritual life is as real as the present life, and taught that marriage is an eternal relation. He claimed to have been a witness of the "last judgment," which he said took place in 1757 at which date the Second Advent of Our Lord occurred.

The New Church, as its adherents call it, or Swedenborgianism, as it is popularly known, is an active organization, although it is not numerically very strong, and is not increasing very rapidly, if at all. It can hardly be called an aggressive organization. It has never been the practice on this page to criticize the nature of any religious belief or the tenets of any religious organization. It is, however, allowable to say that even those who find in Swedenborg's teachings and claims very much to which it is impossible for them to give assent, admit that "he felt, if he did not adequately expound, the harmony of the Universe, the fundamental unity of being and thought, of knowledge and will of the divine and the human." Many of the greatest thinkers have admitted that his insight into the depth of the Universe was profound; and it may be added that his theory of the intimate relation of the spiritual and physical seems to receive confirmation from discoveries in the latter sphere of investigation. But whichever intellectual doubts one may feel as to Swedenborg's teachings in all their details, there can be only one

view of his sincerity of purpose, his lofty appreciation of man's place in the Universe and of the ennobling effect of his doctrines upon those who accept them.

MAGENTA AND SOLFERINO

When in 1849 Vittorio Emanuele, who is known to the English-speaking world as Victor Emanuel, became King of Sardinia, the condition of Italy was almost chaotic. Austria was exerting her best efforts to keep discord alive so as to secure possession of the region around the northern end of the Adriatic; the Kingdom of Naples was tottering; the various duchies were uncertain as to their future; the States of the Church, as the region over which the Pope reigned was called stood powerless amid the contending factions, and a republican movement was disturbing the popular mind everywhere. Amid all this confusion the House of Savoy alone stood firm and resolute. "The House of Savoy cannot retreat," lute. "The Sardinian King, and henceforth it became evident that a new power had arisen, that must be reckoned with. Besides the large island of that name, the Kingdom of Sardinia included the region lying between Switzerland and the Mediterranean, the principal part of which was the Piedmont, whose inhabitants have always been a valorous and soldierly race. Victor Emanuel began his reign by advancing the reforms which his father had inaugurated, the chief of which was the restricting of religious corporations, and the state control of the origin of the movement which culminated in the deprivation of the Pope of all temporal sovereignty. Events moved slowly until 1853, when Cavour became prime minister. The King recognized his commanding talents and his aspirations for a united Italy with Rome as its capital, and he was given almost a free hand. Cavour's first step was to offer the assistance of Sardinia to England, France and Turkey in the war against Russia. The offer was accepted, and the Sardinian troops distinguished themselves at the battle of the Tchernaya, in the Crimea. Thus Sardinia won for herself powerful friends, and her soldiers were inspired with the spirit necessary for the struggle, which was soon to be precipitated. Cavour's next step was to appeal to the powers against the misrule of the King of Naples. Great Britain would only promise non-interference; but Napoleon III, anxious to emulate the achievements of his great uncle, was ready to further the ambition of the Italian king and incidentally achieve a reputation on his own account by driving Austria out of the Northern Italian provinces, and thus leaving Sardinia free to deal with Naples. Austria meanwhile had grown apprehensive and had appealed to the powers to compel the disarmament of Sardinia. The answer was a declaration of war against Austria by France and Italy. The French army crossed the Alps early in the summer of 1859, and on June 4 the battle of Magenta was fought, followed on June 24 by the battle of Solferino, after which Napoleon basely deserted his ally and made peace with Austria. These battles were of immense importance to Italy notwithstanding the fiasco of the campaign later on, for it left the way clear for Cavour to carry out his plans. They can be classed in the list of great battles, and the credit of the victory rested with Marshal McMahon, created Duke of Magenta by reason of his splendid achievement in the first conflict. In the following Spring, Sardinia assumed sovereignty over Central Italy. The climax, for which Cavour had been preparing, had now arrived. The atrocities of the Neapolitan King goaded his subjects to rebellion, and thereupon Garibaldi emerged from temporary retirement and threw himself into the conflict. A few words must be said in passing of this remarkable man.

Giuseppe Garibaldi was born in 1807. He was born at Nice. At the age of 26 he took a prominent part in the Italian national movement, and for his participation therein was condemned to death, but not until after he had escaped from the country. For fourteen years he led an adventurous sea-faring life, but in 1848 he served with the Sardinian troops against Austria, and later joined the revolutionary government at Rome and distinguished himself in the defence of that city against the French. He was compelled once more to fly from the country, and he went to Staten Island, New York, where he hired to a candle-maker. He returned to Italy in 1850, and in 1860 he invaded Sicily with about a thousand patriots and captured that island. He thereupon declared himself dictator, but acknowledged the supremacy of the Sardinian King, whom he regarded as the saviour of Italy. He died in 1882.

Victor Emanuel was careful to disavow responsibility for the acts of Garibaldi, although he was in full sympathy with him. He realized, however, that, with Austria upon his Northeastern frontier and France upon the West, it behooved him to be exceedingly cautious as to how far he countenanced movements which meant territorial aggrandisement. But Garibaldi was resolute, and the people flocked to his support. The Kingdom of Naples was soon in his hands, and thereupon Victor Emanuel took the only course open to him, and with the assent of the European powers marched an army across the States of the Church into Southern Italy, and accepted from Garibaldi the region over which he ruled as dictator. It was not until some years later that Rome was declared to be the capital of United Italy, but how this came about and how the temporal power of the Pope became extinguished as one of the consequences of another battle will be told in due course.

The place, which Magenta and Solferino

occupy in European history is important for two reasons, first because they marked a turning point in the history of Italy, and secondly because they inspired Napoleon III. with desires of military glory, which cost him his life. We have now reached the beginning of an important change in the political history of Europe. We saw in the sketch of the House of Hapsburg, how that family attained to the dignity of Holy Roman Emperor, which had come to mean the premier place in the Germanic federation. We shall in the next article, trace in outline the steps by which this exalted place passed into the hands of the Hohenzollerns.

FORCE.

There seems to be a resemblance between vegetable force and animal force, as we have called them for convenience. Both find expression in growth, both set at defiance other forces. They resemble each other in so many respects, that on the purely physical side of animal life, what was said of vegetable life might be repeated in connection with the other. There is a close connection between the two. Vegetable life takes inorganic materials and converts them into food fit for the sustenance of animal life, and we fancy this is true even in the case of fishes. So little is known of the habits of fishes that it is difficult to speak with certainty in regard to their food, but in the last analysis it would probably be found that, while certain species are carnivorous, just as certain animals are, the substances which sustain the life of fishes at one time passed through the vegetable stage. Eliminating the mental and moral faculties, there seems to be nothing in animal force materially different from vegetable force. Hence it seems as if it would be right to speak of life as a force, including both the animal and the vegetable in the same classification.

But we are all conscious that there is in animal life a force that is absent in any other department of creation. It may be defined as the force of will. In the lower types of animal life this will-power may be rudimentary; but it is never wholly absent. We take a jelly-fish out of the sea. It looks like animated water. When it is in the sea, it is difficult to imagine that it possesses the power of decision, that it is capable of choosing between alternatives, and yet one would be rash to say that it does not. As we ascend higher in the scale of life, the existence of the power of decision becomes more and more strongly marked, until we find it so developed in mankind that one can set no limitations to it. It is of this that will be spoken of today.

What is this wonderful quality inherent in animal life that possesses the faculty of deciding between alternatives? So far as known, all living animal organizations have it. The movements of animalculae in a drop of water seem to an observer looking at them through a microscope to be purposeless, but this is probably because of our limited faculty of observation. Let us take the case of a living creature built on a scale large enough to bring its movements within the radius of our judgment, say, a house-fly, a butterfly, or a bee. That these are able to decide between the courses of action equally open to them will be conceded by all who give the matter any thought at all. Some years ago, a resident of Central America thought that if he took some northern honey bees to that land of perennial bloom, he would get a bountiful supply of honey, because the bees would work the twelvemonth through. But he was mistaken, the bees after the first year, realized that there was no necessity of storing up honey, and they abandoned the habit. This incident has frequently been cited as showing how difficult it is to say where reason ends and instinct begins; or the case may be stated the other way about. The origin of instinct is a subject over which there has been much discussion, one school of thinkers suggesting that it had its origin in intelligence, but in the course of time, became a fixed habit, almost mechanical in its nature. Another holds that it came about by necessary evolution. Dr. Romanes, in his treatise on instinct, says: "It is quite impossible that any animal can ever have kept its eggs warm for the purpose of hatching out their contents," but this seems to be an assumption of the very fact that remains to be proved. He says that the incubation of eggs by hatching is only a variation of the habit common among cold-blooded animals of carrying their eggs with them for protection. But everyone who has kept hens knows that the protection of eggs does not seem to be a matter of any special concern to a hen until the desire for incubation is upon her, and he also knows that this desire for incubation will be manifested in certain hens for weeks together, during which they will not lay eggs. They will sit on almost anything. The passion for maternity, that will lead a hen to sit for weeks on a door-knob, can hardly be explained on the hypothesis that she is trying to protect her eggs. During the incubatory period a hen, and doubtless all other birds that brood over their eggs, develop a local fever, which increases the temperature of the breast to the point necessary for the hatching of the eggs. With vital force, whether in the animal or vegetable world, there seems to co-exist the instinct of reproduction, and the difference between an oak tree, encasing within the acorn the germ of life from which a new tree will be born, and the bird in its branches brooding over the eggs within her nest is in manner rather than in essence. This aspect of the question is a point at which evolutionists break down. Realizing the impotency of their line of reasoning to lead to any definite conclusion, they ask for millions

of centuries for the making out of processes the existence of which they assume. The instinct of reproduction is akin to the power of creation, and it seems as though one might say that its existence in animal and vegetable life is a proof that some intelligent exterior agency to matter can alone offer an explanation of it.

THE SENSE OF PROPORTION

We are all lacking to some extent in a sense of proportion. The things by which we are surrounded seem to us to be the greatest things in the world. A man, who served in the engineer's branch of the Royal Navy, once said that what the admiral's wife did was of absolutely no consequence to the second engineer's wife; but what the first engineer's wife did was of supreme importance. This illustrates human nature about as well as anything else. Not many of us know the name of the prime minister of Austria-Hungary, and probably a good many of us neither know nor care if there is such an individual. Though he may have much to say as to the destiny of some forty millions of people, and have great influence upon the peace of the world, he is less important in the eyes of most of us than the alderman for our ward. The Tsar is a formidable personage; but in the eyes of the small boy, with a unleashed dog, he is not to be compared with the poundkeeper. How many people who read this have the least idea what the Lohit Brahmaputra is? In a recent magazine twenty pages are devoted to it. Perhaps many of you know what the Brahmaputra is; but it is the Lohit Brahmaputra that is now referred to. Is it a man; a place, a system of philosophy or a tribe? It must be something of importance or twenty pages of a magazine would not be devoted to it. Do you happen to know where Burgos is? The chances are that you do not; yet Burgos has its municipal and social problems; there are ladies there who are in the swim and others who are not. It is a distinction to be a Canadian Lieutenant-Governor; but how many of you who read this can tell the names of them all? If the Secretary of the Treasury in President Taft's cabinet should send in his personal card to you tomorrow morning, would you be quite sure whether he was a "statesman" or a book agent? Do you know who is the British Home Secretary, and can you tell us with certainty who Mr. Winston Churchill is, and how many there are of him?

When you have been on a railway journey and the train has stopped at some small city, and you looked out of the window and saw men and women moving through the streets, did it occur to you that they live in a world of their own and the doings of it are as great in their eyes as the doings of your world are in yours? Perhaps you have felt—most of us have—a feeling that as you sit in your Pullman you may appear to the people on the platform to be some one of consequence; but you don't. They look at you with the same indifference that they look upon the tourist sitting in an observation car. Perhaps you may be charged with weighty affairs, at least you may think they are weighty; but even if the people on the platform knew all about them, the young miss who has strolled along to see the train pass, would be vastly more interested in knowing whether her particular friend of the opposite sex was likely to have any business calling him down to the station. We measure ourselves and our affairs by one standard and those of other people by another, and we suppose it is just as well, for after all we are really of more importance to ourselves than other people can be to us, and it is not selfishness to think so.

Now possibly there is no moral to these ramblings; but it may be not amiss to say that if we would all cultivate a sense of proportion we might save ourselves a good deal of unhappiness. Perhaps we would not put so much of an strain to be like other people. To the second engineer's wife the first engineer's wife is of importance, and to the first engineer's wife some one else is in the same relative position, and this is because of an absence of a sense of proportion. Did you ever climb a mountain? If you did, you must have observed how the differences in elevation, which seemed quite marked, when you were among the foothills, sink into insignificance when you stand upon the summit. To the balloonist, who ascends to a great height, the earth seems flat. There is a mental altitude attainable by all which will make what seem to be great differences matters of no importance. Doubtless it is not well to be too exclusive; but it is well to remember that our minds may be our kingdoms, and that all true happiness comes from within. Perhaps this follows from what has been said above, and perhaps it does not. It is true anyway; and if this article, which was suggested by the paper on the Lohit Brahmaputra, suggests to some people, who may be worried over a little social difficulty, that a sense of proportion is worth cultivating, and that combined with a sense of humor it will make life's pathway smoother than it otherwise might be, it will do some good.

A Century of Fiction

VII.

(N. de Bertrand Lugrin).

Ouida's books are the echo of her own personality a personality that meant to its possessor a life of deliberate self-sacrifice, and a

death supremely pathetic. Nothing is more worthy of pity than the existence of men and women, who, thinking they have weighed wickedness and virtue in the scale and found wickedness far over-balancing the good, proceed to judge the world by their own standard, making no allowance for their own deficiency in judgment. The very fact that sin shows so black to us is due to the preponderance of the good. The very fact that we are hurt and astonished by evil doing, is because we are accustomed to the surroundings of light and beauty and selfishness. Else would sin not effect us as it does, else would we grow callous to it and indifferent. It is the fashion, and always has been, for a certain class of men and women to speak with flippant bitterness of what they call the prevalence of vanity and jealousy, envy and malice and uncharitableness, but their works are only lip phrases surely. They look at the question from one narrow standpoint, admitting, most of them, that they find exceptions to the general rule in their own family, exempting their own parents, their brothers and sisters, their husband and their children from the sweeping condemnation, but they sigh that the rest of the world is cruel and heartless, and that good deeds and virtuous living have nothing at all to do with success. But the man they condemn most, perhaps, is someone's adored father, who has proved by a thousand deeds of personal heroism and self-denial his sterling worth to his children. And the woman, who is designated as designing and callous to the welfare of others, stands to those who love her as self-sacrifice personified. We are not capable of judging one another, no matter how fair-minded we pride ourselves upon being, and whether we want to believe it or not, it is a fact, nevertheless, that goodness is everywhere, among the poorest, the richest, and among the most sinning. Of course, all this has been said over and over again, and we forget it over and over again; Ouida forgot it, if she ever really admitted it; and her stories all tell the same pitiful tale of virtue trampled underfoot and passion enthroned; of selfishness triumphant over sweetness and purity and charity. She had no faith in modern society. She hated intensely all that was artificial and superficial, and saw little else in the world but the innocent suffering for the guilty and virtue going unrewarded. All the same, she does not convince us of the impracticability of noble ideals, nor the worthlessness of unselfish aspirations. But upon unformed minds her books cannot have a salutary effect; and it is only those who are capable of forming their own conclusions, who can read them without being impressed by their unwholesome bitterness. One exception must always be made, for her children's stories are, among the sweetest that have ever been written.

Ouida was born in 1840 at Bury St. Edmunds. She was an English woman of French extraction, and her real name was Louise de la Ramee, Ouida being a contraction of her Christian name used by her sister when a baby. She was brought up in London, and at an early age began to write for periodicals. Her first novel was Granville de Vigne. It is a romance dealing with people in high life; indeed, the aristocratic element figures largely in all her stories, an element which she affects to despise for its many evil qualities, though she is not blind to its good ones. But Ouida never mingled in society, high or low, and her information must have been founded to a great extent upon hearsay. During the last years of her life she lived in Italy and France, but always isolated more or less from her fellows. It is only a few months since she died, a little old lady, grown more sarcastic with age, and followed to her lonely grave by one mourner, a serving woman.

And yet Ouida had claims to genius; her books teem with wonderful descriptions, and through them all runs a golden vein of poetry. She clung tenaciously to the good, though she believed in the preponderance of evil. She was a remarkable writer, and yet she was not "great" in every respect, for genius is above prejudice.

Her novels of Italian life are among her best; they abound in almost magical description, for as we read we are transported, as it were, to the scenes which she describes, and can see those places, rich in poetic tradition, which Petrarch, Dante and Raphael have immortalized. Someone has said that Ouida's stories are to grown-up people what fairy stories are to children, quite frankly exaggerated for the sake of effect or beauty, but appealing to an element in our characters which many of us have never wholly outgrown. This accounts probably for her very large circle of readers.

One of the most noted of her stories, and one which has been dramatized and played times without number, is "Moths." This story deals with unscrupulous women of rank, who have been spoiled through a surfeit of luxury. Lady Dolly, one of the worst examples, has a daughter who has been brought up away from her influence, and who has grown to be a beautiful, pure-minded, truth-loving girl. Her pathetic experiences when she returns to her mother and her mother's wicked world form the theme of the novel. As a story it is interesting to many, and as a play it never seems to fail to attract.

He—"Do you really think your father will consent to my marrying you?" She—"Well, I heard him tell me last night that he'd thrash you if you didn't."

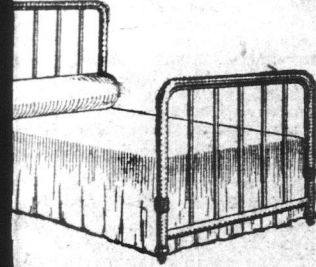
Passenger—"I say, conductor, there's an old gentleman fallen off the bus." Conductor—"That's all right, he's paid his fare."

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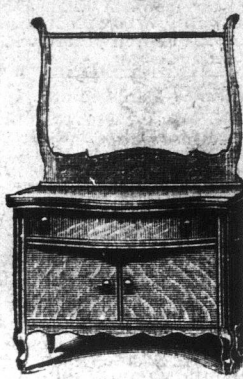
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