have come from some source, my nat-
ural philosophy teaches me this." But,
leaving the natural philosophy of the
child free from false tradition, let us
inquire. What does the philosophy of
the Christian sects, or many of them,
not all, teach? "God made the world in
six days, out of nothing!" This is very
wrong; no child should be taught any
such dogma. God never did make a world
out of nothing; He never will, He never
can! There is no such principle in ex-
istence. Worlds are made of crude ele-
ment which floats, without bounds in the
eternities—in the immensity of space; an
everty of matter—no limits to it, in
its natural crude state, and the power
of the Almighty has this influence and
wisdom—when He speaks He is obeyed,
and matter comes together and is orga-
nized. We take the rock, and the lime
from the mountains and burn it and
make mortar with lime and sand and lay
the foundation of houses, and rear the
superstructure with bricks, stones, adob-
ies, or lumber. We bring these elements
together and organize them according to
our pleasure. We should teach our chil-
dren that God has so organized the earth
from the rude, rough native element. It
is true that some believe that it never
was created! Well, all right then! It
is here anyhow; they cannot dispute the
fact that the earth is here, no matter how
long it has stood!

This calls to my mind some circum-
stances of our trip. We had Major Pow-
ell with us on some portions of our jour-
ney South. He is now preparing to ex-
plode more of the Colorado. He was
engaged in this undertaking last year;
then he went on his own responsibil-
ity. This year he has received a little
aid from Congress. One evening while
sitting by the camp fire, said I, "Major,
how long will it take light to come from
the nearest fixed star to the earth? Some
of our astronomers say thirty thousand
years." Said he, "O dear! Thirty thou-
sand years will not do it, it will take
as many millions of years." Well, that
opened up conversation, and I do not
know but I might have indulged in a
little of my boyism. In our journey-
ings we came to some petrified trees ly-
ing on the ground; they were broken to
pieces. Some had very fine quartz be-
tween the bark and wood, very finely
formed, beautifully crystallized, perfect
diamond shape. Said I, "Major, how
came these here?" Well, he did not know
when they were brought, or how they
had become petrified; they had certainly,
according to his opinion, come from some
other country, for no such trees grow
here now. In our travels we came to
one place where there had been a slide
of rocks, and there was a perfect bed of
oyster shells in the rock—perfect rock.
Said I, "Major, how long has it taken for
these shells to become petrified?" He phi-
losophized a little upon it, when I said,
"Look here, you and I both know that
there are springs of water that will pet-
trify things of this kind in a short time,
and that petrified human bodies have
been exhumed which, it was known, had
not been buried very many years, and
how do you know that it has required
a hundred and fifty million of years to
bring about what we now behold? It
may only have required eighteen years!"
I recollect a circumstance bearing on this
question, which occurred in the State
of New York, which I will relate. A
certain lady had been laboring under
disease, pain and sorrow for eighteen
years, her sufferings and the nature and
character of her affliction baffling the
skill of the best physicians; after suffer-
ing for the space of time I have men-
tioned she died, and, for the cause of