

have come from some source, my natural 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 existence. Worlds are made of crude element which floats, without bounds in the eternities—in the immensity of space; an eternity 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 organized. 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, adobies or lumber. We bring these elements together and organize them according to our pleasure. We should teach our children 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 circumstances of our trip. We had Major Powell with us on some portions of our journey South. He is now preparing to explore more of the Colorado. He was engaged in this undertaking last year; then he went on his own responsibility. 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 thousand 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 journeyings we came to some petrified trees lying on the ground; they were broken to pieces. Some had very fine quartz between 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 philosophized a little upon it, when I said, "Look here, you and I both know that there are springs of water that will petrify 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 suffering for the space of time I have mentioned she died, and, for the cause of