

**NATURAL
RELIGION; PP. 1-198**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649655427

Natural Religion; pp. 1-198 by Theo. W. Haven

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

THEO. W. HAVEN

**NATURAL
RELIGION; PP. 1-198**

NATURAL RELIGION

— BY THE —



REV. THEO. W. HAVEN, PH.D.

NEW YORK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PUBLISHING COMPANY
1892



Copyrighted 1891 by T. W. HAVEN.

Left
The Christian's Review
7-13-32

PREFACE.

The greatest problem of the age is said to be the religious problem. The succeeding pages are an effort to meet these queries quietly, firmly, courageously, to answer them intelligently and yet truly. One thought is that the true answer may be discerned from within us, that the study of man will reveal the perfect faith. Our will is to help those who have made shipwreck of their faith, to formulate a new and abiding conviction. While humbly suggesting a sufficing and complete new religion, builded from the truths discerned in later times rather than those declared of old, it is not inconsistent with, and will easily become, the prologue, the porch of the new-born Christianity.

T. W. H.

Hope, North Dakota, December 1, 1891.

CONTENTS.



CHAPTER.	PAGE.
I. NORMAL LIVING IS RELIGION	5
II. THE NATURAL MAN	18
III. GOD AND MAN	28
IV. THE RELIGION OF HEALTH	37
V. THE RELIGION OF THE MIND	48
VI. THE DUAL NATURE—BODY AND MIND	63
VII. THE WILL AND ITS USES IN RELIGION	76
VIII. CONSCIENCE	95
IX. CONSCIENCE-FEELING	111
X. DUTY	126
XI. THE MORAL SENSE GOD-GIVEN	144
XII. EVOLUTION OF THE MORAL SENSE.	154
XIII. HEART	163
XIV. CHARACTER	177
XV. INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY.	186



NORMAL LIVING IS RELIGION.

The world of outside nature is around us. We behold gloom and light of cloud, aspiring arms of trees, sombre-tinted earth, and faded grass. We hear chirping birds, and see the horses drawing loads to town. Houses man has builded dot the plain. They are tinted like the rainbow. Their brown and red, and cream and white, saffron and orange and slate bodies make a medley; their great glass windows, like illumined faces, seem to smile upon us. We are looking into nature—we are looking with a purpose. We look and wonder what this outside nature has to do with our religion. We sit in soberness, with reason active and attentive. Those clouds are very high and almost lead us to the thought of the sublime. Those distant woods, a ghostly company, wave their gloomy branches, and point us upward, onward to the world of mystery and the great unknown. The grass beneath our eyes tells us that the past is dead; and the future comes; and after a little the resurrection of the Spring, new grass, new flowers, new life. The moving members of the horses, the strange, squeaky note of a discordant bird reveals nerves and muscles, lungs and throats, wonderful life, "concreted thought," that is in nature, in horse, bird, man. We see indeed that the reason finds opportunity to cogitate, the imagination is prompted to flights, and the sensibilities are stirred as our totat-

ing eyeballs make the pageant of nature shift before us. If religion were thinking, the natural man, turning unstudied eyes on this sea of light and sound and color and solid reality, would gain many suggestive thoughts and worthy reasonings.

If religion is estheticism, nature may be quite a factor in religious life.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

This is extreme religiousness. He who feels such thoughts most deeply is most genuinely religious of us all. You and I should wander oft in nature, for nowhere is a greater chance to be religious. Here alone we see the vast and sublime. A million tints in prodigal beauty abound. Gigantic forces, heaving underneath the crust of earth, heap in wild confusion hills and dales, and yet a sunlight clothes the jagged edge of rock and soil with grass and herb and fern and shrub, till even roughness has its softness and its beauty. We should have artistic sense. The grand landscapes of this earth must be loved. We must see them at their proper worth, marvels of tint, color, wonders of luxuriance of light and shade, massings of colossal matters, vast in scale, overpowering in their size. Stand at the mountain side, at the ocean's edge, beneath the canopy of stars, on a hilltop, viewing a city or the distant plain; study nature in her grander moods. The eye of the artist must be ours, that we may see each beauty, and every glory of her scale of loveliness. If art and religion are one, you and I must

meander through the fields and draw our inspiration from the grass and woods. Life must be an education; nature our school house, and the inarticulate voices of her streams and leaves our instructors. We must evolve esthetic sense until the draperies that hang the bed of mother earth, and the skyey tent which walls her chamber, are appreciated. Shall we spend the days sauntering through nature inquiring into her varied moods? Shall we enthuse amid the violets, and romance among the daisies, read the poetry of leaves, or the heart that warmly nestles in a rose? Shall we swing in the tree top, feeling the tempest, watching the rolling clouds, the lurid lightnings, hearing the thunder peal, seeing nature lift aloft her arm of power? Shall we see in Sun the symbol of eternal love, and in the rain the falling tears from the eyes of God?

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began,
 So is it now I am a man,
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The child is father of the man,
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.—[*Wordsworth*.]

And prayer is made and praise is given,
 By all things near and far;
 The ocean looketh up to heaven,
 And mirrors every star.
 Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
 As kneels the human knee,
 Their white locks bowing to the sand,
 The priesthood of the sea!
 —[*Whittier*: "Nature's Reverence."]