

# **THE RELIGION OF NATURE**

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The Religion of Nature by E. Kay Robinson

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**E. KAY ROBINSON**

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OF NATURE**



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RELIGION OF NATURE

BY

E. KAY ROBINSON

AUTHOR OF "TO-DAY WITH NATURE," "MY NATURE NOTEBOOK,"  
"IN THE KING'S COUNTY," "THE COUNTRY DAY BY DAY"  
EDITOR OF "THE COUNTRY-SIDE"

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*What has been found*

First Edition printed June, 1906.  
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TO THE HEADS OF ALL  
CHRISTIAN CHURCHES I DEDICATE THIS BOOK  
BECAUSE, ALTHOUGH DOGMAS CLASH AND CREEDS DIFFER,  
THERE IS ONLY ONE  
TRUTH

E. K. B.



“For the right that wants assistance,  
’Gainst the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
For the good that we can do!”

## PREFACE

**I**N this little book my object is not to preach, but to prove on logical and scientific grounds, and in language which all can understand, that man has inherited the spirit of God and will return to God.

In my earliest childhood I was entrusted, during the absence of my parents in India, to the care of a Scotch clergyman of the severest school. His sermons and his moral exhortations were, so far as my memory serves, all of the gloomiest and most terrifying kind. The end of the world and the commencement of unending torment were always in my mind—at the age of five—as probable occurrences of every day.

My very earliest recollection of nature and wild life is bound up with this haunting dread. I was in the garden one day when a wild duck flew by. I had never seen one before; and,

with its neck stretched out in front and no tail to speak of behind, I mistook one end of the bird for the other, and thought that it was flying tail-first.

I vividly experience even now the hot-cold rush of thought into my amazed mind: "A bird flying backwards! The impossible coming to pass! The end of the world!" I rushed indoors and upstairs, and hid under my cot in terror. Such is the state of nerves to which too much religion of the frightening kind can reduce a child of five.

Removed to home surroundings by the return of my mother from India, the end of the world and my own certain damnation were still my terrors in the night; and by day I must have been rather a terror to my seniors with my constant efforts to get some light on the subject. They could not solve my difficulties; so they put me off by saying that we must believe without questioning.

When I grew older, the 'problem—of course, an old one—presented itself: Why is it wicked to ask questions? We have been given reasoning power by God: and one could understand