OUT OF NATURE'S CREED: A POEM OF OPTIMISTIC PHILOSOPHY

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Out of nature's creed: a poem of optimistic philosophy by Thomas Nunan

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THOMAS NUNAN

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Out of Nature's Creed

A Poem of Optimistic Philosophy

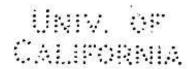
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A. M. ROBERTSON

1912



DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION, TO JOAQUIN MILLER

To humankind a poet, he, Prophetic in his power; Protector to the lordly tree; Creator to the flower.

A teacher to the singing creeks;
A shaphard to the hills;
A brother to the mountain peaks
Whose realm his fancy fills.

To man at times a mystery,
Alone, austere and wild;
Yet, most of all he loves to be
A playmate to a child.

And now to him upon the beight I bring this verse of mine, As with a reverent hand I might Place blossoms at a shrine.

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Out of Nature's Creed

Man, seeking boundless truth afar, Trains all his thought upon a star.

He peers upon the vast unknown
As though the light were there alone.

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Yet, all the boundless truth is near, And God and Heaven are with us here.

In human darkness, we are told, The flowers of truth will not unfold;

But this illusion well may be In thinking wrong when Right we see.

Of Nature's truth was noontime made? Of something else the midnight shade?

One sun alone in day can shine; A myriad suns at night are mine. Our noonday orb defies the sight; Far distant orbs give softer light.

The stars in countless hosts I view, And know that every gleam is true.

Yet, could we nearer contact earn, Each soothing star would glare and burn.

'Tis well that while our fancies roam, Our feeble bodies stay at home,

But near or distant, day or night, May we behold but truth and right.

What sometimes seems a strange defect, The true perspective will correct.

Woo not the unknown good alone; Let good be all about you shown.

See in the gleams of children's eyes More gleams of God than in the skies.

Make homes, and at thy hearths shall be Worlds grand as all Infinity.

God's best of blessings is to toil; The world's great storehouse is the soil.

But bend your efforts toward the sod: The field's a heaven—yourself a god.

The man who plants brings into birth New life, new beauty, on the Earth.

Wherever you may plant a tree, A helping friend you'll thenceforth see.

What beauty, glory, wealth and power For him who grows the simple flower!

And while by toil your way you earn, Old Nature's secret lore you learn.

A demagogue will loudly preach, But truth the silent lilacs teach.

Ah, vain the pomp of churchly show Compared with prayer of violet low!

As timid as a timid child, Though richly garbed, is tulip wild.