

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

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649197361

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

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

THOMAS NUNAN

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

Out of Nature's Creed

*A Poem of
Optimistic Philosophy*

BY
THOMAS NUNAN

Dept. of
CALIFORNIA

SAN FRANCISCO
A. M. ROBERTSON
1912

COPYRIGHT
A. M. ROBERTSON
1912

Univ. of
CALIFORNIA

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 shepherd 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 height
I bring this verse of mine,
As with a reverent hand I might
Place blossoms at a shrine.

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.

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.