

PS

3511

Le5/6



Jessie S. Pettitt Hunt





Class \_\_\_\_\_

Book \_\_\_\_\_ 8

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**















WONDER-LAND OF NATURE







# WONDER-LAND OF NATURE

BY

JESSIE S. PETTIT FLINT



The Christopher Publishing House  
Boston, Massachusetts

*Copyright 1918*  
BY THE CHRISTOPHER PUBLISHING HOUSE

JAN 14 1918

©CLA 179966

**Dedicated**  
To the Cause of Truth

---

“Love ye the truth, for the truth’s sake?”





# Wonder-land of Nature

## PRELUDE.



IN THIS Wonder-land of Nature,  
We will study every feature  
Till the footprints stand before us.  
Clean and clear is all the reading,  
Giving man all he is needing,  
Reaching to conclusions, thus:—  
    Man, the center of all being,  
    Soul or Life, that which in seeing  
    Is unseen by mortal eye,  
    Is the vital part of Nature,  
    Is the all essential feature,  
    Is the part that's you, that's I.  
And this Life now reaches downward,  
Reaches upward, reaches landward,  
Even into waters linger.  
Even every tiny leaflet,  
Every bramble, every floweret,  
Feels the touch of Life's fair finger.



# Wonder-land of Nature

## PART FIRST.



IFE and matter stand together  
Non-destructive, co-eternal.  
Matter, but the form we live in,  
Soul, the Power that controls matter.

Co-existing, all eternal,  
Soul and matter stand together.

Look upon the Power within us!  
Never fading, never changing,  
Always shapes its form unto it,  
Always rules the weaker matter  
With the will and with the wisdom  
Of the mighty Power above us,  
Being part of that great wisdom,  
Part of that great Law and Order.

Matter can delay expression,  
Being faulty, being shifting,  
Lacking strength and stable action,  
Of itself but weak and shifting,  
Without thought and without motion.

Only *Life* can make it living,  
With its vitalizing current;  
Only *Life* can make it answer,  
Pulse, or beat into the rythm  
Of the vitalizing current.  
Forced into its secret chambers,  
*Life* wakes up the sleeping matter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh the music of the Spring time,  
And the song of *Life* about you,  
Even now expressed through matter  
That surrounds your every dwelling.  
    *Life* is life, heed the expression,  
    That you may know deeper meaning.  
    Know the *Life* that is forever,  
    Know the *Power* that ne'er can vanish,  
    Feel the thought it mirrors to you  
    In expression through earth matter.  
In no form could you be standing,  
With no words could you now greet us,  
If you had no *Soul* immortal.  
And the *Soul* of all is living,  
*Soul* of man and *Soul* of creature,  
*Life* of all there is in matter.  
    This I know. And the hereafter  
    Is as now, not to be measured  
    With the passing of a body.  
*Years and Soul are all eternal.*  
Matter comes at *Life's* brave bidding,

But expresses what the thought is  
Of the Master Power within it.  
Matter is but outward clothing,  
Shaped to cover Life within it.  
Tell me how you get your garment,  
Life of joy and Soul of beauty?  
Tell me how you get your clothing,  
How you master all expression,  
Tell me how you conquer matter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Could Life answer, 'twould be saying:—  
“Through the Law of my own Being  
Comes the mastery of matter,  
Comes the Power of Life expression.”

And into this land of wonder,  
Always seeking, always asking,  
Never finding end to longing,  
Never finding end to knowledge,  
Always finding more before us.

In this Wonder-land of Nature  
Tread you softly in your journey  
Lest you crush the form before you,  
Lest you free the Life so joyous,  
Free it from the form it gathered  
From the store-house of all matter  
That does lay in wait before us;  
Lay in wait for Life to gather.  
Life, who calls aloud for clothing,  
And who shapes it as the Life is,

Close to form and to each feature,  
Masters well each dear expression  
Of the Law that lives within it.  
Tread you softly, where you wander,  
Lest you hinder Life expression.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the Wonder-land of Nature  
Let us study every feature.  
Look upon the glowing landscape,  
Note the dogwood and its blossom,  
Note the smallest thing existing,  
Knowing that 'tis Life expression.  
Even on the barren hill sides,  
Find we proof of Life eternal.  
Life, whose mighty force through matter  
Worms its way into the mountain,  
Stores itself in mighty current  
To be drawn on in the future.  
Life, the Power that rules all matter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blades of grass and clover blossom,  
How grow you so close together  
Without blending life or matter?  
Feel you not a neighbor interest  
In the needs of one so near you?  
Do you never wish to borrow  
From each other, life expression?  
*Could* you, if the thought possessed you,

Could you borrow from each other?  
In the words of man's own language,  
Whispered in his ear so softly,  
What would be the answer given?

“We exchange most kindly feeling,  
Giving shade and shelter gladly,  
Helping all we can to brighten  
Each and every one's existence.  
But beyond that there is nothing  
We can do for one another.  
Clothing we can never borrow,  
Neither blend the Life within us  
With the Power of any other,  
Only as we all together  
Form the great and universal  
Power of Life that rules all matter.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Lovely wild rose, fair sweet briar,  
Do you ever exchange blossoms?  
Do you ever copy color,  
Shape or perfume from each other?  
How is all your sweetness blended  
When you stand so close together,  
And not change your own fair clothing  
For the clothing of each other?  
You, the sweetest of fair roses,  
Fairest of all Life expression,  
Tell me how you keep so distant  
While your arms embrace each other.

Never leaf or blossom changes  
While you stand so close together.  
Tell me how you conquer matter,  
How you keep yourself so distant.

Like sweet music came the answer:—

“Oh, the master hand within us  
Knows our needs and all our longings;  
Shapes the garments to our liking,  
Fitting us as no one else can.  
Why should we then need to borrow  
When we have just what does suit us?  
When we have our own expression  
Of the Life that is within us?  
Oh, my master, be contented  
With the beauty of your nature,  
Find you out the best expression,  
And, then strive to bravely follow  
Where the Light of Truth shall lead you.  
*Nought there is in borrowed clothing;*  
It is like a false worn garment  
That does cover deep in darkness  
Truth within. Great Nature's Truth does  
Shine without and is not changing  
To the tune of fashion's playing,  
Or to suit the ages graces.  
Truth is Nature, learn to love it,  
Learn to prize it, 'tis thy portion  
For thyself. Thou never changest,  
Even though thou think thou hidest.  
Truth shines forth and no deception



Shall deceive the mighty Master.  
By thyself, is our own motto,  
Take it man, and do not falter."

\* \* \* \* \*

Bird of passage, stay your journey,  
Why do you not with us linger?  
What is there that calls you from us?  
Stay with us another season.

Bird of passage, why not linger?

"Oh, you know 'tis not my nature  
To thus brave the wintry weather,  
And a warmer clime I'm seeking.  
Ask the snow-bird to your mansion,  
Ask the bunting and the sparrow;  
You can give them food and shelter.  
But my fear of you is greater  
Than the very coldest weather;  
So I travel on my journey  
To the sunny region southward."

Do you never change your nature,  
Shy and fleeting bird of passage?

Do you never stop and listen  
To the voice of mankind calling,  
Calling you to share his dwelling?

Starting southward on his journey,  
From the little feathered songster,  
Floated back this timid answer:—

"You might cage me, you might tame me,  
But the joy would be departed . . . . ."

From the life that I am living.  
Joy is *not* in thwarted Nature,  
But in living and in being  
One's own self,—that is the secret  
Of my joyous, free expression."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus it is throughout great Nature,  
From the woodland and the forest  
To the modest, quiet hill-top,  
And the crest of yonder mountain.  
All the Life expressed upon it,  
From the smallest to the greatest,  
From the flowers and vines and brambles,  
To the creatures that feed on them,  
Even all the things that liveth,  
Do unite in one grand chorus  
Of eternal praise to Nature.

Nature, that does change her garments,  
But does hold herself quite steady,  
Shapes and builds unto her liking,  
Copies every inmost feature.

Should not man now take a lesson?  
Be *himself* whatever happens,  
Be himself through form of matter,  
And bring matter in subjection  
To the mighty Power within him?  
Matter governs all expression,  
And man's building is so faulty  
That he sees not Law inherent

That can rule and subject matter.  
Soul or Life is of the Master,  
Power Divine, and Universal,  
And can rule and control matter  
For each man as well as creature.  
Listen to the voice within us,  
Listen to great Nature's chorus:—  
"Leave the haunts of men so crowded,  
Turn to Truth and Nature's lessons,  
Lessons that are full of gladness,  
Lessons that will banish sadness,  
Lessons that are all uplifting,  
For they *are* true Life expressions."  
Power Divine does now enfold us,  
Let us learn to walk within it,  
Let us learn true Life expression,  
Let us learn to be a master,  
Let us be a slave no longer.  
Power Divine, give strength and courage,  
Help us stand forth true in matter.  
May we be a part of Nature,  
*True*, as all the lesser creatures,  
Sing with them the joyful chorus,—  
"Truth, and love, and conquer matter."



# Wonder-land of Nature

## PART SECOND.



LET US take a stroll this morning  
In this Wonder-land of Nature.  
Note the dew drops on the grasses,  
Note the sweetness of the clover  
White with blooms, and honey laden.  
Later, when the sun shines warmer,  
And the dew is gone from petals,  
Honey-bees will gather from you  
All the stores you have so hoarded,  
Sweetness in the form of nectar,  
Gathered by the Power within you,  
Given to the willing worker  
That subdues and conquers matter.  
Oh, 'tis well, that as we wander  
On our way through Life's long journey,  
That we note the things about us.  
Lessons learned by one's own seeking,  
Sweeter are, and of more value  
Than the ones that are forced on us

Through some personal disaster,  
Brought of ignorance and weakness  
By our faithful Mother Nature.

Meadow lark! Note his sweet singing!  
Minds he not the dew on clover,  
Comes he early for his breakfast.  
All the freshness of the morning  
Is within the floating bird call  
That spreads outward o'er the meadow.  
Tangled briars line the road-side,  
Making screens wherewith to hide him;  
But the voice is all too thrilling,  
And we look between the branches  
Far beyond, into the meadow,  
See him as he floats far from us,  
Sending back the tones so rounded,  
Full and sweet,—past the conception  
Of the man who has not heard them.

Little ground bird, little brown bird,  
Hiding here amongst the brambles,  
Why do you not fly far from us,  
Sing, and join in a grand chorus  
With the lark that has so cheered us?  
Habit, nature,—what is *that*, pray?  
Have you not a throat for singing?  
Have you not some wings for flying?  
Can you be content and lowly?  
Oh you bird, if you could answer!

We must always answer for you,  
Just according as our thought is,

And not heed your would be answer.  
Why is man now, always ready  
To give voice to other's motives?  
He but judges outward conduct,  
Tempered by the inmost living  
Of himself. So be not hasty.  
We reveal ourselves most surely  
When we judge another's conduct.

Life within is pure and holy,  
But the faulty life expression  
Through the shifting, changing matter,  
Gives but superficial voicing  
Of the truth that is within us.  
We have surely Power within us,  
Power Divine that never changes.  
Law and Order are inherent  
In the Souls of all the people,  
In the Souls of all the creatures,  
And the Lives of all below us.  
Never changing, all enduring,  
Law Divine controls all matter.

But the matter that doth clothe us  
Is so faulty and so shifting?  
In that fact we find progression.  
Matter being weak and shifting,  
Strengthen good, and cast out evil.  
Build we well for our Great Master.  
Subject matter to our bidding  
Under this great Law of changing.  
Soul Divine, and strong and stable,

Shall control and conquer matter,  
Shall express just what the Life is  
Of the man, as well as creature.

Penetration into matter  
Comes with building the form better.  
Discard all that is of darkness,  
Night and evil, cast far from you.  
Day and truth and sweet fair living  
Makes the earthly shell much lighter,  
Makes the penetration stronger  
Of the Soul that is the Master.

\* \* \* \* \*

Matter governs all expression.  
Man can never voice the music  
Of the inmost Soul within him,  
Without matter that can vibrate  
To the touch of the Soul's fingers.  
Darkened matter, gross, imperfect,  
Does but darken Life expression,  
Does but hinder Soul perception,  
Only hides the perfect beauty  
Of the Soul Divine within it.

Matter governs, Soul shall conquer.  
Matter seeks the vital current  
That shall come from the great Master,  
And the Master seeks the clothing  
That the matter can now give him.  
So, dependant on each other,  
Interblending, yet quite separate,



Soul and matter live together.  
Hidden still, and yet not hiding,  
Soul does strive to pierce the darkness  
That does come of darkened clothing,  
Comes of weakness, want of knowledge,  
And forms mighty chains that bind one,  
Binds one to the faulty conduct  
Of the weak and shifting matter.

Strength is not in passive living,  
Strength comes not in weakly yielding;  
Strength comes in the power to conquer  
Sluggish, inert folds that bind one,  
Weakly craving, crying, matter.

Up, oh man, and be ye doing!  
While ye do, be also careful  
Not to trample on thy neighbor,  
Judge him not lest ye shall falter  
Even more in thine own actions.  
*Motives* give to no man living,  
Lest you tread on what is sacred,  
Lest you show your own great weakness,  
And the faults of your own building  
In the form you now are wearing.

Gently let the dews of kindness  
Fall upon the barren way-side;  
Gently let thy footsteps follow  
Where the words of love doth lead you;  
In your mind keep well the motto:—  
“Matter governs, Soul can conquer.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Maple tree, so tall and spreading,  
Shade and comfort hast thou given  
Unto man for many seasons,  
Unto insect and to creature;  
And the birds have sought thy shelter  
From the storms and from the sunshine.  
Man has bored beneath thy surface  
For the sap which thou dost gather  
Through the mighty Power within thee,  
Sweetness, that does fill thy Being,  
And does prompt thee to give shelter,  
Food, and kindness to all living.

Brave old maple! Can we gather  
As do you, the sweets of Nature?  
Can we feel the life within us  
Throb at touch of fellow creatures,  
And be made to give of kindness  
Unto all that seek our shelter?  
Are you fated to so garner  
Up the treasures round about you,  
And does man but force a tribute  
For his care,—because he owns you?

Man does think he is so mighty,  
And all Nature made just for him,  
Moon and stars and all the planets,  
He, the mighty man and master!  
Is there fate in all of Nature?  
Is there fate in man's own living?  
What is fate? And who is bonded?  
Who is *free*, the *Lord*, the *Master*,

That controls the fate of others?  
Oh great maple, can you tell us  
What is *freedom*, what is *bondage*?  
Can you solve the depths of living  
For the man who now seeks knowledge?

This the answer, could it reach us:—  
“We a part of pure expression  
Of the Law Divine within us,  
Free to give and free to gather;  
Fated only in the changing  
Of our humble clothing given.  
You, the man, the higher creature,  
Are possessed of powers much greater  
Than the spreading, growing maple.  
And the Law that is inherent  
In the Soul, should never falter  
Till it gains full penetration,  
And controls the changing matter;  
*Fated only*,—in expression  
Of the shifting, changing matter.”

\* \* \* \* \*

If the maple states it truly,  
Man is fated in his clothing  
Changing, coming and then going;  
Fated, under Law of Changing.  
But is *he* not *his* own master  
When he holds the Law within him,  
Law Divine, with the Almighty  
Power that rules and controls matter?

Has he not the power of choosing  
Elements that form his clothing,  
Seeking good, discarding evil,  
Bringing order out of chaos,  
Shaping well to suit his liking?

Is not freedom man's own portion,  
When he learns the Law inherent,  
When he learns to conquer matter?  
Law of change in his own clothing  
Gives the chance to conquer matter.  
Fate does play into his keeping,  
*Fated change*, and thus makes free men  
Of the men who are in bondage.

But a Master he can never  
Be until he knows his station,  
Knows his part in the great chorus  
Sung by all in life expression;  
Knows that he is never singled  
Out alone, to be the mighty  
Lord and master of Creation.  
He must learn to be more humble,  
Take his place with every creature;  
Know that birds and even insects  
Have a part in Divine Wisdom;  
Even every plant that groweth,  
Tree, and bramble, are expression  
Of Intelligence and Wisdom.  
And a man who gains his freedom,  
Puts no bonds on other creatures,  
Asks no more than he would give them,

Kindly help, and food, and shelter.  
All the Universe is Mighty,  
And man's senses are but quickened  
To take in the grander beauty  
That a broader outlook gives him.  
*He*, the *master* of his living,  
Is the *servant* of the lowly.





# Wonder-land of Nature

## PART THIRD.



HOWLING WINDS, ye sweep my  
pathway!

Driving rain and sleet so cutting,  
Must we face your force so blinding

As we journey toward the Northward?

Cold and pitiless to travelers,

Ye do give a cheerless welcome

To the stranger who is seeking

For the lost in unknown regions.

One lone ewe has rashly wandered

From the fold, and now we seek her

As we travel toward the Northward.

Oh my dog! Why did you follow

Me through all this storm and darkness?

Did you not have home and shelter

In the place where last I left you?

Why not wait for my returning,

Why not patient be and trusting,

Knowing that your master loved you,

And would save you this hard journey.  
Oh my dog! My brave old fellow!  
Faithful more than human creature,  
Worried, till at last you found me.  
Walked through storm and through the dark-  
ness,

For the one you loved most truly.  
Such brave love needs fond returning,  
And demands a faithful master,  
If a man is not quite willing  
To be deemed less than the creature.

Man can be forlorn, forsaken  
By his kind, and all his kindred.

He can be the least deserving  
Of a kindness or attention,  
Yet his *dog* will not forget him;  
He will bear the blows he gives him,  
He will bear neglect and hunger,  
All for sake of his own master.

Look into his eyes so loving,  
Full of speech, of earnest longing  
To be loved and comprehended.  
Every action tells a story  
Of his thought and feeling toward you.  
He expresses thought and reason,  
And the same inherent Wisdom  
That is common to his master,  
In degrees,—the form of language  
Differs most, but that is nothing  
In comparison with knowledge;



And the dog is full of wisdom  
 When he guards his well loved master;  
 See him scent a note of danger,  
 Quick, alert, while man is sleeping.  
 Note him now, the brave old fellow!  
 He has found what we are seeking,  
 Found what man could not discover;  
 Hidden in a deep depression,  
 Partly cave and partly open,  
 Facing open to the Southward,  
 Stands the ewe, her form protecting  
 Two weak lambkins from the weather.  
 Weak from hunger and exposure,  
 Faithful in her hour of danger  
 To the helpless ones beside her,  
 Stood this mother in the darkness.  
     Is not love like this as human  
     As the kind we find amongst us,  
     We, the human kind, and master?  
 Gently gathered we the lambkins  
 In our arms and traveled homeward,  
 With the mother close beside us,  
 While the dog found us our pathway.  
     Can we put aside this lesson  
     Taught by creatures far below us?  
     We must learn to be more human,  
     We must learn to be more faithful,  
     We must learn to conquer matter,  
     Else the creatures will just shame us.  
     Can we doubt the Divine Wisdom

That does dwell in every creature?  
Part of that great Law and Order  
Of the Power that does control us?  
And that Law is never changing,  
And that Law is ever living,  
If it be in man or creature,  
Bird or plant, is ever living.

And man is no more immortal  
Than the creature, bird or bramble;  
But all Life does live together,  
Soul and Life, and is immortal.  
Even through the changing garments,  
Life and Soul, are ever living,  
And do hold their own through matter.  
And as Law is all unchanging,  
Law, that is in them inherent,  
It does follow that they change not,  
But are stable through all action  
Of the shifting, changing matter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Such a morning in September!  
Fair and fresh with glowing dewdrops,  
And the air so richly freighted  
With the harvest of the Autumn;  
Rich with perfumes from the garden,  
From the orchard, from the wayside,  
All is ripeness, all is plenty.

Come with me out in the highway,  
Come, and let us take a canter

On the smooth and beaten highway,  
Breathe this air so rich with Autumn,  
View the glorious scenes about us,  
Shifting, changing as we pass them.

Maud will take you, Prince shall follow.

Maud so faithful, kind and steady,

Prince the king of all his fellows.

Did you ever ask your horses

Questions that torment and bind you?

I would just like Prince to tell me

If he minded being ridden,

If he minded me as master?

Can you think what he would answer?

If he could, in our own language,

If he could, what would he tell us?

“Oh my master, Life is noble

If we give the true expression

Of the Soul that is within us.

I do gladly bear the burden

Of your weight upon the saddle,

And the burden is no greater

Than the one you bear for me.

Yours the hand that feeds and guides me,

Gives me shelter and protection,

And I only gladly carry

You where ever you do ask me.”

Now if this is Prince's own answer,

We can read between the pages,

And well know that equal tribute

We must give unto each other;

I must never ask my charger  
For a thing I would not give him,  
Were I Prince, and he in my place,  
Just as if we both were human.

If the element is present  
That makes brute more just than human,  
Man had better don the saddle,  
Be the pack horse for the creature.  
Prince, my Prince, are you not asking  
Some good day, to be the master?  
Come now, Prince, what is your answer?

“Never more than at the present.

Man holds relative position,  
Just as do all living creatures,  
And their natures are unchanging,  
Holding Law and Order in them.  
Never *could* I change my nature,  
Even if I should so long to.  
Law, you know, is all abiding.”

Oh my Prince, and what a lesson  
You have taught us this bright morning.  
We can feel the love of Nature,  
Brotherhood of every creature,  
Kinship of all things that liveth,  
We, a part of Divine Wisdom  
With you all, and there enfolds us  
One great Power, the Mighty Master.  
Will Intelligence now guide us,  
Infinitely great and tender,  
Bring unto our comprehension

The fine smallness of our greatness;  
Make us better by this knowledge,  
Make us servants of the lowly,  
Make us masters of expression,  
Bringing Soul to conquer matter.  
This, oh Power Divine do for us,  
Teach us how to conquer matter.





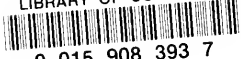








LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 908 393 7