

When Nature wants to drill a man  
And thrill a man,  
And skill a man,  
When Nature wants to mould a man  
To play the noblest part;  
When she yearns with all her heart  
To create so great and bold a man  
That all the world shall praise--  
Watch her method, watch her ways!  
How she ruthlessly perfects  
Whom she royally elects;  
How she hammers him and hurts him  
And with mighty blows converts him  
Into trial shapes of clay which only Nature understands--  
While his tortured heart is crying and he lifts beseeching hands!--  
How she bends, but never breaks,  
When his good she undertakes....  
How she uses whom she chooses  
And with every purpose fuses him,  
By every art induces him  
To try his splendor out--  
Nature knows what she's about.

When Nature wants to take a man  
And shake a man  
And wake a man;  
When Nature wants to make a man  
To do the Future's will;  
When she tries with all her skill  
And she yearns with all her soul  
To create him large and whole....  
With what cunning she prepares him!  
How she goads and never spares him,  
How she whets him and she frets him  
And in poverty begets him....  
How she often disappoints  
Whom she sacredly anoints,  
With what wisdom she will hide him,  
Never minding what betide him  
Though his genius sob with slighting and his pride may not forget!  
Bids him struggle harder yet.  
Makes him lonely  
So that only  
God's high messages shall reach him  
So that she may surely teach him  
What the Hierarchy planned.  
Though he may not understand  
Gives him passions to command--  
How remorselessly she spurs him,

With terrific ardor stirs him  
When she poignantly prefers him!

When Nature wants to name a man  
And fame a man  
And tame a man;  
When Nature wants to shame a man  
To do his heavenly best....  
When she tries the highest test  
That her reckoning may bring--  
When she wants a god or king!--  
How she reins him and restrains him  
So his body scarce contains him  
While she fires him  
And inspires him!  
Keeps him yearning, ever burning for a tantalising goal--  
Lures and lacerates his soul.  
Sets a challenge for his spirit,  
Draws it higher when he's near it--  
Makes a jungle, that he clear it;  
Makes a desert, that he fear it  
And subdue it if he can--  
So doth Nature make a man.  
Then, to test his spirit's wrath  
Hurls a mountain in his path--  
Puts a bitter choice before him  
And relentless stands o'er him.  
"Climb, or perish!" so she says....  
Watch her purpose, watch her ways!

Nature's plan is wondrous kind  
Could we understand her mind ...  
Fools are they who call her blind.  
When his feet are torn and bleeding  
Yet his spirit mounts unheeding,  
All his higher powers speeding  
Blazing newer paths and fine;  
When the force that is divine  
Leaps to challenge every failure and his ardor still is sweet  
And love and hope are burning in the presence of defeat....

Lo, the crisis! Lo, the shout  
That must call the leader out.  
When the people need salvation  
Doth he come to lead the nation....  
Then doth Nature show her plan  
When the world has found--a man!

~ Angela Morgan

