

*sent the bill to find that I have gone to my grave a bankrupt? Find that I have wantonly laid waste the land, leaving no root of wild flower, no shade of tree, no spring that falleth from the hills?*

*Shall I destroy their trees for the little gain it may bring to my short Life-tenantry? Shall I make of their land a desert by day and a deluge by night? Shall I stamp with the degeneracy of gullies my own offspring, and scar with the red birth-mark of poverty the unborn of my own breed?*

*I live, charged with a great Goodness from the Past: I can die, paying it, only by a greater Kindness for the Future.*