

in the eternal wonder of the soul-questioning stars
that which satisfies their own souls.

Imagine fighting Rome founding a religion!
Or bookish Greece! Or the trading Saxon!

Religions come from mangers. All great soul-
dreams were born amid flocks and herds.

This is my own story, and the telling of it shall
be in my own way. And as I am not a writer,
but a forester, doubtless my telling will be all
awry. For I have seen enough of life to know
that the generals who have won in the field of
fiction, like the generals who have won in the field
of fact, have won because they have had the drill-
ing.

And in my case the drilling has been only trees
— trees, and their children, the flowers.