

in our estimation, nothing is more horrible than solitude, you are condemned to an everlasting existence in the woods of Walden. There, for the duration of eternity, you shall remain. The Justice of your fellow-men has thus condemned you forever. . . .”

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And so—today, you are a tree. You stand proudly in the wildness of your permanent habitat, and your branches look up at the sky. Solitary spirits, such as yours, can be seen wandering in the shade which you cast over human heartaches and miseries. At your side, they are happy again, as when they were children; and only they can understand the language of your leaves, which rustle soothingly:

“If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.”