

"All is produced by Thought, and hence its sacred, unassailable right to destroy all that hinders its free growth.

"I calmly recognise that all prejudices are fragments of old truths; the host of errors, that hover over life, are merely ashes of old truths, burnt by the flame of that same Thought, which formerly produced them.

"I recognise that those that lie upon the field of battle are the conquerors, not those that seize the palm of victory. . .

"The sense of life lies in creative power, which is self-sufficient and illimitable.

"I go to burn with a consuming fire and thereby light the gloom of life—death is my sole reward.

"But I desire no other gift; I plainly see power is a disgrace and a weariness, riches a senseless burden, while glory is a phantasm, that arose through men not knowing their own value and ever servilely degrading their own selves.

"Doubts! You are only sparks of Thought, no more. Putting its own self to the test, Thought gives you birth from the abundance of its vigour and feeds you by the same great force!

"A day will come, when in my breast all senses will join Thought, forming one mighty and creative flame; and with that flame I will extinguish all that is dark and cruel and evil. And then I will be as those gods that Thought created and creates!

"All is in Man's power, and all exists for Man!"

And once again, free and majestic, his stately head thrown back, Man slowly wends his way, firmly stepping upon the dust of old prejudices, alone amidst the dismal gloom of errors; behind him—sweeps along a heavy cloud of all that's past, in front stands calmly waiting in his way a host of mysteries.

They are as numberless as all the stars in heaven, and endless is Man's way!

So marches on rebellious Man—forwards! and higher! ever forwards! and ever higher!

MAXIM GORKI.