

## FOREWORD

O China! arrogant in thine isolation, had not thine ears been stopped by prejudice, in the very beginning of this twentieth century thou wouldest have heard at thy closed doors a voice crying, "I am Zeitgeist, the Spirit of the age, mighty, invincible. Bid me welcome, patriarch among the nations. Admit me freely and thou shalt prosper; resist me, and lo! thy doom. For enter I will. If thou wilt not greet me as friend, I come as foe. As futile to build a Great Wall to bar the winds from thy fair landscapes, as futile to erect towers on thy beach to check the tides from thy shores, as to oppose my onward march. For I am a force of the Infinite.

"Thou lookest with pride on thy four hundred millions of inhabitants. Well thou mayest! For where is their equal for industry, for intelligence, for perseverance, for frugality, for cheerfulness? What realm has an aristocracy like thine, measured by breadth of intellect?