

FOREWORD

I am the child of the Centuries. I am the son of the Æons which were. I have always been, and I shall always be. To make me it has taken fire, star-dust, and the Spirit of God — the lives of billions of people, and the lights of a million suns.

I have grown from sun and star-dust to the Thing-Which-Thinks.

It were the basest ingratitude if I were not both thankful to God and proud of my pedigree.

What has come to me has been good; what shall come will be better: for I am Evolution, and I grow ever to greater things. Life has been good; death will be better; for it is the cause of all my past, making for a still greater future.

And this I know, not from Books nor from Knowledge, but from the unafraid, never silent voice of Instinct within me, which is God.

My debt to the past is great: I can never, in full, repay it; for they, my creditors, passed with it. They left me a world beautiful: shall I make it a world bare? They left a world bountiful: shall I leave it blazed and barren to the sands of death?

I am in debt to the Past. Shall the Future pre-