

## PAX HOMINIBUS BONAE VOLUNTATIS

These words, "Peace to men of good will," have been mistranslated, "Good will towards men." Christ said that he did not come to bring peace, but a sword; that he would divide mother from son and father from daughter, careless of the effect of such remarks upon the feelings of Dr. Sigmund Freud. There is no warrant to suppose that Christ was any kind of a Pacifist. On the contrary, he not only prophesied the most terrible wars and disasters to humanity, which, by the theory, he had absolute power to stop, but he threatened eternal damnation to the great mass of men. Billy Sunday's presentation of Christ is a perfectly scriptural one. Christmas is therefore a season of peace to men of good will, and to them only. But who are these men of good will? Only those who happen to agree with us for the moment.

We have the most artistic photographs dating back not so long ago of Mr. Roosevelt with his arm around the Kaiser's neck. Immediately before the war Mr. Erbert G. Wells published a book in which he said that Germany was the one country in the world worth living in. German science, German manners, German morals, German everything was the only love of Mr. Erbert G. Wells. No sooner did war break out than he published another book to prove that Germans were raving maniacs hypnotized by Nietzsche. It is evident from these shining examples that our humanitarianism, like all other forms of thought, is strictly limited by time and space. The circumstances of the moment must rule our deepest beliefs. In other words we must be opportunists. The idea of moral character is outworn and ridiculous. Herbert Spencer has shown that the animal which adapts himself to his circumstances is going to survive longer than those who resist their environment. Away then with all considerations of principle! Good feeling, honor, truthfulness are merely false ideas. They are liable at any moment to get you into a mess. We must do as Mr. Pickwick said, "Shout with the largest crowd." One of the most dangerous things that we can do is to think for ourselves. Archimedes lost his life through being intent upon a geometrical problem when he ought to have been reading the newspapers so as to see the proclamation that his life was to be spared. His business was really to identify himself, and claim the protection of the conquerors. We hope that no reader of this paper is so foolish as to try to think for himself. What are papers for, but to save all this trouble? The only problem that can possibly present itself to us is this, "Which is the largest crowd?"

The idea of resisting repression is a totally wrong one. Christ submitted willingly to what is generally admitted to be the greatest crime ever perpetrated, although, as he himself explained, he had twelve legions of angels actually mobilized, which would have made as short work of the Romans as the angels of Mons did of the Germans in the early part of the war.

I have never been able to understand, by the way, why the angels contented themselves with a single victory. It would have been much nicer for everybody if they had marched straight on to Berlin. I have, therefore, the highest authority for submission to any kind of tyranny. Christ said, once again, "Agree with thy adversary quickly while thou art in the way with him, lest he deliver thee to the officer

and the officer deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the jailor, verily I say unto thee, thou shalt not come out till thou hast paid the very last mite," or words to that effect.

It is sometimes a little awkward to draw one's morals exclusively from the teachings of Christ. They sometimes lead apparently to contradictory conclusions; and, being equally bound by both, contentions arise in ourselves which are only too likely to lead to a neurosis; and that, as you know, leads to a kind gentleman asking us about what happened when we were three years old. The Australians have a better way of explaining these things. They say truthfully, "Oh, you are all right," and then as a sort of after thought, sadly, "It is a pity the tree fell on you."

Religion is in some respects a difficult if not a fallacious guide. Quot homines tot sententiae; or, as the Indians say, "A new language every eight miles." Our true guide is certainly the biological indication. Now, as explained above, biology counsels adaptation to circumstance. We shall save ourselves knocks if we do what the other man tells us without any grumbling. We may go so far perhaps as to say "brute" or "pig" when he is not within an ear shot, but even that is a little dangerous, tending rather to the calamity of thinking for ourselves. However, there are certain animals whose idea of biological adaptation is not quite so simple. There is the tiger, who adjusts his environment, or himself to his environment, by means of tooth and claw. The question is whether man is a savage brute like a tiger, or a dear little caterpillar whose highest aim in life is to look like a dead twig. It depends very largely as far as I can make out whether one happens to be a vegetarian or otherwise. It is a remarkable fact that this article appears to lead absolutely nowhere. The biological test of conduct breaks down in very much the same way as the religious test. What are we to do?

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law!

Now perhaps we shall get somewhere. If we conceive of each individual (with his heredity and environment complete) as a machine constructed to serve one definite purpose and one only, we relieve ourselves at once from all difficulty about moral judgment. We can justify the existence of President Wilson in keeping us out of war, making the world safe for democracy, and all these nice things which he does so splendidly; and we can also justify the existence of the monster, tyrant, assassin and religious maniac invented by the New York papers and labeled William. The economy of nature provides for all types. You cannot feed a horse on rabbits or a snake on grass, in spite of Mr. Swinburne's remarks about "the chewing of some perfumed deadly grass." At the same time, we have a perfect right to take sides with either the horse or the snake. If I were a machine made in Germany, I have no doubt that I should shout, "Hoch der Kaiser" whenever there was a slight lull in the conversation. Even so, if I had been born in a cannibal island, I should have been constantly agitating for a regular supply of missionaries, and cursed my local Hoover if the distribution was insufficient or the price prohibitive. So long, then, as we are true to ourselves, it is as with William Schwenck Gilbert, "You are right and I am right and everyone of us is right." At the present juncture my righteousness consists of being an animal of such a nature as to wish the power to pass into the hands of