peculiar prizes to offer; and there is the other, the unseen, with another quite different set of prizes. The problem is how are we to get the utmost out of both, a substantial bank-balance here and a safe reservation hereafter; how secure treasure both in this world and in the world to come? But this attempt to reap a double harvest is foredoomed to failure. In the matter of prizes the next world cannot compete on fair terms with this. Its prizes are remoter, more problematical; they have no market value and are not quoted on the Stock Exchange lists. A piece of real estate yields to most professing Christians, I suspect, more solid comfort than a prospective mansion in the skies. So the real estate interests come first. We want to get on in this world and to get safely into the next. Very well, then; it's business for the one and religion for the other. But meantime chiefly business. We will squeeze out of this world what we can, as honestly as we can, six days of the week; and we will stake out a claim in the next by keeping up a nodding acquaintance with religion around the week-end, and by being charitable so far as our means allow.

Now beneath this view there lies a stupendous, though quite obvious error. Though there may be two worlds, *there is only one life*, and that life is continuous and indivisible. Speaking of the German threat of war in July 1914, Mr. Bernard Shaw said to his countrymen that they could not go on for years calling themselves "the boys of the bulldog breed," and then suddenly turn round and say that they were gazelles. Clearly, we cannot