

warmed by the same old stars and sun. Our psychology is new, but reason, memory, and judgment are what they were when Plato thought and David dreamed. The creeds may have changed, but not the obligations of conscience and duty, or man's relation to his God. If the gains of our critical era have been large, the losses also have been heavy. Criticism moves in a very limited field. Its restraints are severe. Oft from enduring Truth it hears the words, "Here stay thy proud waves; thus far and no farther." Fortunately the analytic spirit soon discovers that he who picks a flower to pieces loses it. For the botanist, the field daisy means a mass of petals torn part from part, while for Robert Burns "the wee crimson-tipped flower" means a sweet poem and hours of rapturous delight. And now that the intellect has completed its analytic work, our generation has come to realize that the heart with its hunger is, as before, unappeased. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. The creed is the outer, verbal photograph of that inner, vital experience. Man's interest in those verbal pictures named creeds, unfortunately, seems waning, while his interest in religion is steadily waxing. As Edmund Burke once said, "Man is by constitution a religious animal."