

is Christianity in its essence. Everywhere may be seen signs of unrest and unequal, if not unregulated, pressure. Some, clad in the antique armor of an orthodoxy long since outgrown, are bravely fighting battles which were decided ages ago, and celebrating their unreal victories at a shrine devoid of any living Presence. Others, caught in the current of omnipotent purpose, are frantically seeking to change or control its direction, not believing in a Divine Immanence that does anything. Still others, like those human jackalls who rob the dead on a battle-field, are turning the turmoil of the hour to private gain and can look with equanimity upon the uprooting of all trees so long as the fruit falls into their lap. But these all are mere symptoms. This is the springtime of the world, and the Divine Life is about to put forth new forms of beauty and blessing.

What these forms are to be, what they must be, will appear upon a moment's thought. Christianity has expressed itself in theology, in art, in church organization, in evangelism, in literature, in individual experience. While these will change in form they will abide in essence. But these are not sufficient for the complete utterance of the Life. One vast region has as yet remained comparatively apart from its transforming influence. This is the region of the organized social life, in commerce, politics, and all the multiplex relations of man to man as members of civilized society. Here we may look for the new revival. Here indeed it has already begun. One of the curious features of the case is the fear with which this splendid escape from a petrified conventionalism is viewed. It is said to be the result of anarchy, of socialism, of education, of machinery, of democracy, of the devil, of labor, of capital, of the spots on the sun, of high prices, of low prices, of silver, of gold,—when all the while it is simply the coming of spring, the breaking out of Life, the overthrow of the frost king of selfishness. It is the same mysterious omnipotence that turned the world upside down, with one Paul for a lever; that by the mouth of a Luther or a Cromwell diverted the current of history; that, when the hour came, scourged slavery from the earth, finding meet in instruments in a Wilberforce, a Garrison and a Lincoln. There is nothing to fear except this absurd fear. The mountain streams are rushing tumultuously. The ice is moving out of the harbors. The firm earth, hitherto frost-bound, is opening for the seed of the sower. Some old landmarks are being swept away. Some