

this happen? In what country? Among what people? Who could be so cruel as to let loose on a quiet country village, without police, such men, frenzied with drink, after dark, on a meeting where there were old men and young boys dreaming of no harm? Who brought these men here? It is the province of law, not mine, to answer this. Whoever they be they have a great crime to answer for—if not before man's tribunal, before the great white throne. We may thank God that he restrained their hands, so that their crime is not to-day greater, and our hearts sadder. The morning cometh, and also the *night*. We had our morning of joy; this is a night of discouragement, but not, dear Christian friends, of despair.

This is not all the text says to us. It tells us of a night, all the darker because of its coming after the morning, but

II. It bids us *look, wait, watch, and work for another morning*. Hope of returning dawn, sometime, somehow seems to be the meaning of the words, "If ye will enquire, enquire ye; return, come." There is a ray of hope even for Dumah; how much more for Israel. "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." In the conflict which lies, truth is immortal. Truth may be wounded, pressed to the earth, but it always rises with new vigor. During this darkness that succeeded the morning the sharp eye can detect in the far-away east, streaks of the returning dawn. Where are the signs of day, you ask, for the temperance cause just now in this country? Where? you ask in impatience and distrust. There! do you not see them?

(1) Is not the very *thickness of the darkness a sign of dawn*? When properly understood, that disgraceful riot is a hopeful sign. You have read history in vain unless you have noted that men are always beaten and their cause hopeless, when they abandon *logic* and take hold of *cudgels*; when they abandon *law* and betake themselves to *force*. There is, it is commonly reported, in the possession of a man in this village, who saw the blow struck, a piece of stick, some three or four feet long, and of heavy size, which was broken in two pieces, at the second blow, on the shoulder of one of these men who were pursued and pelted, as you have just heard, as if they were wolves from one of these swamps. That "cudgel" broken in two, as such arguments at last are always, is the last argument of the "Licensed Victuallers." Last fall that Association hired men to argue against us on the public platforms. They reasoned then with hard words and soft arguments; their friends now argue with