

you, at least, good little Samaritan. Do come in again."

It had been very hot all day, and towards afternoon it became stifling. One great cloud curtained the heaven with blackness, lit up occasionally with fierce leaping flashes of lightning. An incessant low rumble of thunder filled the air—but suddenly gave place to a wild rushing sound as though all the winds of heaven were battling together. Another moment and the tornado was out in all its mad fury; the house shook to its foundations; the windows rattled, and pane after pane of glass was dashed into the rooms, letting in the torrent-like rain. Broad branches, torn from the trees, went crashing to the ground; the darkened air was filled with flying leaves; great hailstones clattered like bullets upon the roof; the thunder pealed in terrific tones, and the lightning, now become incessant, made one sheet of living fire.

It was a fearful scene, full at once of terror and of sublimity. The people in the house huddled together in the parlor, half frightened, half filled with admiring awe. The children shrieked at each new crash of boughs or boom of thunder, and all within and without was confusion, apprehension and excitement. Mrs. Olney stood at the window of her own room, looking out upon the conflict of the elements, and softly saying within herself, "How wonderful are Thy works, O Lord of Hosts!" The door opened, and Mrs. Euston advanced into the room. She looked rather excited, but said with an effort at raillery:

"Well, my little saint, I have come to see how your faith supports you in this really trying hour. What? calm and confident as ever? Do you know that there is real and imminent danger? The house may be struck at any moment. Are you really not alarmed?"

"My times are in His hand," said Mrs. Olney, turning towards her friend a countenance pale but composed. Then, as a still more frightful crash of thunder hurtled through the darkened air, she exclaimed, "Oh, does not even that say to you, *'Be still, and know that I am God.'*" And she turned away, with an earnest prayer that her friend's hardness of heart might not be punished by some terrible visitation of Providence.

That prayer of love and faith was answered. A few months afterward Mrs. Euston came to visit Mrs. Olney in the city.

"Do you remember," she asked, "that frightful tornado in the summer? I shall never forget it. The power of God, as manifested then, and your simple reliance upon Him and submission to His will, made an impression on me which, struggle as I would, I could never efface. Blessed be His name, I now can say with you, *I know that He is God.*"—*Am. Messenger.*

## ALCOHOLIC MEDICATION.

BY HON. NEAL DOW.

There is no topic more important now to the temperance cause than that of alcoholic medication. It is very difficult to persuade many people of the injurious effects of intoxicating drinks, and of the danger of the drinking habit, while physicians continue the practice of indiscriminate prescription of alcoholics. This is sometimes carried to so great an extent as to produce the impression that the doctors consider alcohol, like some quack medicines, a universal specific.

A gentleman in England whom I was visiting told me that, being unwell some years before, his doctor, among other matters, prescribed regular and free doses of port wine. "But, doctor," said my friend, "I am a teetotaler, and do not like to take wine; and, besides, I do not believe in it, even as a medicine." "Your teetotalism is all very well," replied the doctor; "but in this case, as a medicine, you must take wine. There is nothing else that will answer the purpose, and I do not see the way to your recovery without it. If I am to have the responsibility of treating your case, you must yield to my judgment; if you decline to do that, you must employ some other physician." "Well, doctor, if you insist upon the wine as a medicine, you must furnish it, for I will not send to the public house for it." And so the doctor sent bottles of what he called port wine to the patient's house. At the regular intervals, by direction of the patient, his wife transferred the prescribed quantity from the full bottle to another; and so the wine treatment went on for weeks, until the patient was well. At his last visit the doctor said: "I hope now you are convinced that alcohol has its place, where it will do good—if not as a drink, certainly as a medicine: for I may tell you now, as I didn't at the time, that your case was critical. I was in doubt as to the result, and there was nothing to meet it but alcohol. You could not have recovered without it."

"Wife, hand down those bottles," said my friend; and she did. "There, doctor!" he continued, "is all the wine you sent here, and I have not taken a drop of it. My opinion remains the same. I have no faith in alcoholic medication."

The doctor went away in deep displeasure at what he considered the trick that had been passed upon him; and especially, perhaps, that the alcoholic theory was at fault in this case.

I was visiting for some days an eminent physician in the West of Scotland, and the conversation turned upon this point. The doctor said that a neighbor and friend of