

2. — Regular exacerbation of symptoms at four o'clock p.m., abating at eight o'clock, p.m.

3. — The urinary system as above related.

There were other concomitants, such as constipation, horborygmus, etc., all found under the remedy, *Lycopodium clavatum*. The way was so plain in this case that the wayfaring man though a fool did not need to err, and I recognized the drug indicated. I gave it to him in the sixth potency, a powder every three hours. The indications were so unmistakable that I really anticipated instantaneous relief. But after two days upon the above prescription I could notice no marked change, certainly nothing for the better. The symptoms remained the same. I stuck to my drug, but I saw that I must go higher. I had nothing higher than the 6x, and no chance of getting it from the pharmacy in less than two days. So I sat down and ran it up to the 15x, decimal scale. You will never know, friends, what the test of faith is until you have taken a drop of mother tincture, or a grain of crude substance, and run it by the centesimal scale to the thirtieth potency. I administered the fifteenth potency of *Lycopodium* to my little patient without a scintillation of faith. It had oozed out at my finger tips during the process of potentiation, but I administered it because I did not know what better to do. Saw him next day and there was marked improvement. All the symptoms were present, but lessened in degree. To make a long story short, the boy went on rapidly to complete recovery.

As a matter of course this gave me another mighty impulse in the right direction, and I could not but recognize the fact that there was a law of cure, beautiful and inerrant as any other of Nature's laws. We are all aware that *Lycopodium* in the crude is a comparatively innocuous substance, and probably the only experience most of you have had with it is limited to dusting it into the flexures of babes suffering with intertrigo. Why what we call potentiation should liberate so mighty a curative principle as is found in potentiated *Lycopodium*, and thousands of other inert substances, is something beyond the realm of reason, and we are obliged to accept demonstrable truth,

whether we can understand the *modus operandi* or not.

Again I buckled into homoeopathic *materia medica*, determined to be a homoeopath, in deed as well as in name. I used my repertories and studied my cases as closely as possible, now and then making centre shots that elevated me to the clouds. But because I could not all the time apply the law and get ideal results, I began to fall off in my enthusiasm and soon was in the old ruts of alternation and polypharmacy. And so I went on at this living and dying rate, dissatisfied with my art, my heart aching for patients that I knew were curable if I could but find their remedy, until the year of 1888. It was about midnight in the month of February that I was summoned to the bedside of a lady, fifty years of age, large and fleshy. She had been an invalid for many years. She had been given drugs galore, and the stomach had become utterly intolerant of any further drugging. Her medical attendant had said that she could live but a few hours at longest. I was convinced that his prognosis was not far from the truth. Her condition was as follows:

1. She was sitting bolt upright in the centre of the bed. She could not lie back in the least degree on account of extreme dyspnea. Nor could she lean forward at all, because of enormous gaseous distension of the bowels and stomach.

2. Heart beating like a trip hammer, so that it perceptibly shook the bed. Spitting great quantities of frothy blood.

3. Enormous eructations of gas, aggravated by the least morsel of food or drink. These eructations gave no relief to the sense of fulness and pressure.

4. Her clothing and even the bedclothes were drenched with a colliquative sweat that was cold as death.

5. Extreme thirst for cold water, taking frequent small sips.

There were other symptoms that I cannot stop to detail. Neither was there time for an extended examination. She was supposed to be dying and what I did must be done quickly. I took in the above data, called for two glasses of water and alternated *nux vomica* 3x and *arsenicum album* 3x every five minutes. Getting no relief from these after a thorough trial I floundered about among a number of other drugs for a couple of hours. Not