

writer has said that "pain is a guardian angel to turn us from the sensuous Eden of ignorance."

The majority of people are very unphysiological in their habits of eating, drinking, exercise, clothing, etc. They live in such a way as to clog up the outlets of the body, accumulate impurities, obstruct the blood vessels, and oppress the vital organs. They are consequently heavy, dull, torpid, and in a condition to feel the need of stimulants or something to arouse vital action and quiet morbid irritation. And hence they find in the stimulus of alcoholic liquor, and in the sedative influence of opium or some other narcotic, remedies precisely adapted to their feelings; and although these medicines invariably make a bad matter worse—the temporary relief and exhilaration being attributable to a preternatural excitement and expenditure of vital power—the pleasurable sensations of the moment are, in most cases, sufficient to induce the invalid to keep on repeating the doses with increasing frequency until the system has no longer the ability to respond and the vital machinery is in a sad condition of premature decay. And just here, let me emphatically impress this upon your minds: all the dissipation and debauchery in this so-called wicked world originates in the same way.

People have faith in drugs, all the world over, in exact ratio of their ignorance of their nature and *modus operandi*. If it were generally known that all the sarsaparillas, tonic pills and bitters, invigorating cordials, purifying syrups, life balsams, blood foods, nerve strengtheners and matchless sanatives of the world which are running down the throats of the credulous and unthinking multitude, as the rivers run down to the sea, owed all their potency to charm, their virtue to cure and their ability to delude to some combination of stimulants and narcotics, and mainly to alcohol, opium, sugar, etc., they would no more think of seeking a remedy for disease in any of these quack nostrums than they would think of going to a grog-shop for a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

The advance of science, which is only a higher development of common knowledge, has almost revolutionized all the old fetish and theological ideas of disease. The study of anatomy gave birth to physiology as a natural sequence. William Harvey, a young Englishman, in the early part of the seventeenth century, demonstrated the circulation of the blood, which in those days was supposed to be an exceedingly impious suggestion, as it showed how that man and animals could live without the incessant tinkering of the Almighty to keep them alive. But, strange as it may seem to us in this enlightened age, Harvey, knowing well the prejudices of his profession, dared not publish his discoveries for many years, and it is said that no physician over forty years of age ever acknow-