

MENINGITIS

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Some years ago a young medico who had just qualified was looking for work and found in *The Lancet* that a doctor in Dublin wanted an assistant because he was married with two children, a boy of about 7, and a girl a year or so younger ; his work was growing and he often had his evening and nights interrupted by calls. The young man made an application, was asked to go along for an interview and was accepted.

After some months the little boy became extremely ill and their physician pronounced it inflammation of the brain or meningitis. Every care was, of course, taken, and nothing omitted in the way of nursing and attention but in spite of everything the little lad duly got worse and died. You can imagine the grief of the parents.

A few weeks later the new partner was asked to call at a house in the suburbs and there was a similar case—a small lad with inflammation of the brain. The parents were told that the illness might be fatal but that everything possible would be done to meet the trouble. The young doctor reported to his chief and they spent that evening and late into the night reviewing the case wondering if anything else could be done, and by searching in the *British Pharmacopœia* they found that the Homœopaths, in this illness at a certain stage corresponding to this little boy's state, would give *Belladonna*. They wondered whether they would be justified in trying this though they knew of nothing else. However, the chemist was asked if he could supply *Belladonna* in the necessary potency and he said "Yes, by sending to London for it and that will take four or five days." The order was given and the young doctor called in a few days time to pick it up. He asked if he could spare a few minutes and was taken behind the shop into the parlour where a boy of twelve years of age or so, was lying on a couch—he was the bottle-washer, very ill.

The young doctor said : "Oh dear, another case of acute brain fever" but the chemist said the boy had been poisoned.

The doctor would not admit that he could not recognize this particular illness because of his recent experience and their present case. The chemist went on to say that the boy had eaten some belladonna berries which he had got for a plaster.

Here then was a grand picture of belladonna poisoning corresponding almost exactly to the illness they were to treat with potentized *Belladonna*. The medicine was given and the case recovered.

The doctors were encouraged to learn more about Homœopathy and finally they became good Homœopaths with many cures to their credit. The young doctor in later years published a useful and helpful handbook.

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A MIRACLE CURE BY A MASTER ARTIST

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saved me almost from the clutches of death, and has given me almost 35 years of vigorous life of usefulness and service. The first point is the use of high potencies. Once or twice the same potencies were repeated a third time, but *without any effect*, while the next higher potency acted with a rapidity which would seem unbelievable. Sometimes the effect was apparent in less than half an hour. But for the high potencies used I could not have been cured! If proof of the efficacy of high potencies were necessary I am that proof. I know how very hard it is to hit upon and select the significant symptoms from amongst a jungle of common, insignificant ones, and but for the genius of a Master Craftsman the right remedy might have been missed and the grave must have claimed me long ago. I remember how *Mez. cm* was once given to a little girl instead of *Mez. 200*, and how it killed her.

And last comes the contrast with other system of medicine. I consumed pounds of quinine, the only cure of malaria known, or rather then known, to the orthodox medicine, without the least bit of benefit and with incalculable harm, while a single dose of the right drug in an infinitesimal dose stopped the malady like a miracle. This is what I call a cure!

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