

as a member of Society he is bound to look, not to his own things merely, but also to the things of others; that he is bound to subserve rather than to subvert the interests of the community to which he belongs—and that, consequently, he is not at liberty to give general circulation to an article which the most eminent Chemists and Physicians declare to be rank poison.

What an excitement was raised throughout England some years ago, when by mistake a Chemist gave to a customer "oxalic acid" instead of "epsom salts"! The Press thundered its anathemas. Public indignation was roused. Parliament interposed. Stringent regulations were passed. Everything was done that could be to prevent the recurrence of such a catastrophe. In that case only one individual suffered and that inadvertently. With beautiful consistency, Government authorizes hundreds to deal out to their heart's content, a commodity which has wrought amongst the human family an amount of evil a thousand times more wasting and wide-spread than ever "oxalic acid" did. The Maine Law gives this commodity its rightful position alongside of the other, inscribes on it a similar label, encloses it within similar phials, puts it under similar restraints. It dissolves its unnatural alliance with beef and bread and other wholesome articles of provision, and selects as its fitting companions, opium and laudanum and strychnine and nightshade. It proclaims in short *Alcohol* and *Arsenic* to be Siamese Twins.

Its grand object is to rear a break-water against the fiery tide which strong drink is rolling in—with authoritative voice to say, "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." An indiscriminate traffic is therefore made contraband. That traffic is limited to medicinal and mechanical purposes.

Intoxicating liquor is regarded by this Law very much in the light of a Beast which no man can tame, an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. It must not be allowed to roam at large, but be caged, chained, muzzled. It must not be seen in the forest, far less in the market, tracking its path with blood, but, as within a menagerie like a curiosity, to be looked at, not handled. If it goes out at