

And got—not a convert—for all of his  
pains,  
But only derision and prisons and  
chains,  
It moves, *for all that!*” was his answer-  
ing tone,  
For he new all the earth could “go it  
alone!”

When Kelper, with intellect piercing  
afar,  
Discovered the laws of each planet and  
star,  
And doctors who ought to have lauded  
his name,  
Derided his learning, and blackened his  
fame,  
“I can wait!” he replied, “till the truth  
you shall own!”  
For he felt in his heart he could “go it  
alone!”

Alas! for the player who idly depends,  
In the struggle of life, upon kindred or  
friends;  
Whatever the value of blessings like  
these,  
They can never atone for inglorious  
case,  
Nor comfort the coward who finds, with  
a groan,  
That his clutches have left him to “go  
it alone!”

There's something, no doubt, in the  
hand you may hold,  
Health, family, culture, wit, beauty and  
gold  
The fortunate owner may fairly regard  
As each, in its way, a most excellent  
card;  
Yet the game may be lost, with all  
these for your own,  
Unless you have courage to “go it  
alone!”

In battle or business, whatever the  
game,  
In law or in love it is ever the same;  
In the struggle for power, or the scam-  
ble for pelf,  
Let this be your motto—“*Rely on your-  
self!*”  
For, whatever the prize be a ribbon or  
throne,  
The victor is he who can “go it alone.”

Always have one thought to which  
your mind can go back to with pleasure,

## TOUCH NOT THE TEMPTING CUP.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,  
Touch not the sparkling wine;  
Trust not the pleasures of the bowl,  
The glories of the vine;  
The bloated face, the bloodshot eye,  
Shall tell you the reason why.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,  
Beer, brandy, wine, or gin;  
Let toppers praise their foolish ways  
Who make a mock of sin;  
The drunken demon's maddened cry  
Shall tell you the reason why.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,  
Though urged by friend or foe;  
Dare, when the tempter urges most,  
Dare nobly say, No—no!  
The joyous angel from on high  
Shall tell to you the reason why.

Touch not the tempting cup, my boy,  
In righteousness be brave!  
Take not the first, a single step,  
Toward a drunkard's grave;  
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh,  
Shall tell you the reason why.

## BEAUTY.

The following is an extract from Dr.  
Hoewe's address before the Boston Phren-  
ological Society, and contains a beautiful  
idea, on a beautiful subject, beautifully ex-  
pressed:

“Most heartily do I agree with the  
sage who said with a sigh—‘Well, philo-  
sophers may argue, and plain men fret,  
but beauty will find its way to the human  
heart.’ And it should be so, for so hath  
the Creator wisely and kindly ordained it.  
He hath vouchsafed to man the faculty of  
perceiving beauty. He hath made the  
perception a source of delight to him,  
and he hath filled the earth, the sea and  
the skies, with bright and beautiful ob-  
jects, which he may contemplate and ad-  
mire. Else, why is the earth and every-  
thing upon it, so varied of form, so full  
of beauty of outline? Why are not the  
hills, the rocks, the trees all square? Why  
runneth not the river canal-like to the  
ocean? Why cometh the green bud, the  
white blossom, the golden fruit, and the  
yellow leaf? Why is not the firmament