

Be sober—men fly to the cup to inspire
The flow of the soul with alcohol's fire ;
Thousands have lived to bemoan the sad hour,
When conscience and brain were both seared by its
power.

Fix your eye on a niche in the Temple of Fame,
And to gain that proud spot bend your soul's earnest
aim,
Rememb'ring that if with the noblest you'd stand,
Your goodness and greatness must go hand in hand.

If waves of despondency roll o'er your soul,
Think of the men who have reached their bright goal:
A Watt or a Stephenson, names dear to fame ;
Go trace out their footsteps, and walk in the same.