

A TAVERN is a true picture of human infirmity. In history we find only one side of the age exhibited to our view ; but in the account of a tavern we see every age equally absurd and equally vicious.— *Goldsmith.*

AGAINST diseases all, the strongest fence
Is the defensive virtue—Abstinence.

A YOUNG lady having read about a man having invented a stove which consumes its own smoke, hopes he will devise a method whereby tobacco-smokers can be run on the same economical principle.

SIGN THE PLEDGE.

It is supposed that this song, when sung at the close of Temperance Meetings, has been the means of leading hundreds to sign the pledge. Sing the Chorus over and over again, until all have signed.

TUNE—"Hold the Fort."

Come my comrades, join our number,
Leave your haunts of sin ;
In the temperance army battling,
Victory you shall win.

CHORUS.

Here's the pledge—oh, comrades, sign it !
Sign, and keep it true ;
Leave the cup, there's poison in it,
Misery and woe.

See the temperance banner waving
Proudly in the sky ;
Conquering heroes march beneath it,
Firm to do or die.

CHORUS. Here's the pledge, etc.

Hark, the tramp of many thousand
Who have joined the band !
Forward, says the great commander,
To the promised land.

CHORUS. Here's the pledge, etc.

Then come my comrades, come and join us,
Take the manly stand ;
Sign the pledge, and keep it nobly ;
Come and join our band.

CHORUS. Here's the pledge, etc.

