

and glorious Maker, and most merciful Saviour, than by all other sinnes I am subject untoe; and for this very sinne it is, that my God has often been strange unto me; and for that cause, and no other respect, I have thus vowed; and heartily beg my good Father in heaven, of his gracious goodness and infinite mercy in Jesus Christ, to assist me in the same, and to be favourable unto me for what is past. Amen.

ROBERT BOLTON.

*Broughton, April 10, 1639.*

### The Bad Lump.

**T**HE following incident we relate on the authority of the old sailor, who delivered a Temperance Lecture on board a steamboat running between New York and New Haven.

Having found a man who was divested of all decent clothing, and in a wretched state of health, in consequence of drinking, he induced him, amidst the discouragements of the tavern keeper, at whose house he had found him, to sign the Temperance Pledge for one year. The landlord prophesied that he would not keep the pledge a year; or that if he did, he would never renew it. As the year was coming to a close, the old sailor called upon the man, and secured his signature again. He signed it for 999 years, with the privilege of a life lease afterward! When the day arrived upon which his first pledge expired, he roguishly went to visit his old friend the tavern-keeper. "There he comes," (said the eager rum-seller,) "he will have a great spree now to pay for his long abstinence." When he arrived at the tavern, he complained of a bad feeling at his stomach, and of various evils, among which was a bad lump on one side, which had been growing for a number of

months. "Ah," said the landlord, "did I not tell you it would kill you to break off drinking so suddenly? I wonder you have lived as long as you have. Come, what will you take?" and suiting the action to the word, he placed a decanter before him.

"But," said the visitor, "I have signed the pledge again for 999 years, with the privilege of a life lease after it!"

"What a fool!" said the landlord; "if you go on as you have done, you will not live another year."

"Do you really think so landlord?"

"Certainly. Come, what will you take?"

"Oh, no, landlord; I have signed the pledge again, and then this terrible lump on my side. I do not believe that drinking will make it any better."

"It is all," said the landlord, "because you left off drinking. You will have a bigger lump than that on the other side before long, if you continue another year as the last."

"Do you think I will? Well, then, so be it. I will not violate my pledge; for look here, landlord, (pulling out a great purse, with a hundred dollars in silver shining through the interstices,) that is my lump which has been growing for so many months, and as you say, it is all in consequence of signing the pledge. That is what you would have had, if I had not signed it; and if I have a bigger one than that for 999 years, I will not go to drinking again!"—  
*New York Evangelist.*

**WRONG SPELLING.**—A Teetotaler of Worcester, thinks that the brewers spell the name of one of their drinks wrong—he thinks *ale* should be spelled *ail*.