## THE PRODUCAL RETURNS.

EY REV. J. JENKINGS.

"For this my son was dead and is alive upon he was lost and now is found."

In a beautiful quiet town in the southwest part of New England, lived the young man, a portion of whose history is here sketched. His father was a farmer of independent estate, of unimpeachable integrity, of industrous habits, and of devoted piety. His mother was of kindred apirit, a help-meet indeed. By their united efforts, they reared a large family and spread around

forts, they reared a large family and spread around them a noble famil. Which yielded its annual products in great altindance.

The substantial families stood on a moderate elevation, Solidanding a most delightful prospect. At his first was a row of beautiful elims which the alting green foliage intercepted the side of the meridian sun, affording a man, affording the side of the meridian sun, affording the side of the meridian sun into the peaceth. The side of the side of the striped by fertile facility and with a beautiful prove. On the other, but the fruitful, fareaching glain, which so often waved in golden reaching plain, which so slien waved in golden harvent beauty

Evely thing within and around the establishment space ditted to inspire contentment and happiness. Morning and evening, the circle of devotion was gathered around

"In ald-lashiened Bible that lay on the stand." and the God of the families of the earth was humbly invoked by the venerable patriarch and head.
All secular toils onded with Saturday's setting oun; and regularly as the Sabbath came, the will, and regularly as the Sanoath came, the milk-white steed moved on with almost devotional step to the village church. Happy family!—
Who can wish to cast into such a circle seeds of corrow? But even around this enclosure, this happy fireside, a fell destroyer lurks. With all the serpent subtlety which,

## "With burnish'd neck of verdant gold,"

capproached our first mother, fre tempte his victim. In the mind of one con of this kappy family, there entraines up a desire to leave the rentraints of parantal love and faithfulness, and the healthful fallows of the fames in the desired vals, by the total love the fames in the busing scenes of the college. The milder by left he quiet desired con mingled in the scenes of galety and desireation which the village life afforded.—And men's how changed! Sin witters in his And now, how changed! Sin glitters in his eyes opposed her soft carpet ut his feet, and pours her honeyed accents into his ear. He meets temptation at every turn, and many of his conetane companions are the victims of the destroy-er. For a time he often visite the paternal roof, but a few miles distant, and from them received a bealthful check.

He grew up to manhood, and thus far had kept to exemp within his control.

le cateny, want his control.

Jampperino he was a model—robust, manly, and model—robust, manly, and model—robust, manly, and model—robust, manly, and model—robust an accom—lished histy. and for a time no dark cloud was no between his legran he le

It was not until abe was the mother of two is reliable and service in the service

hours at the gilded saloon, and from that he des-cended to the commonent haunt of dissipation that lurks in the wall. He was now regarded as a miserable, ruined man, and his history for a few years is the history of a drunkard, a disgrace to his friends, a curse to his family, and a misance to society. His property was rapidly wasted, his home was desolate. He paused not in his nis nome was desorate. He paused het in his career, till he found himself within the gloomy walls of a prison. There he began to meditate on his past life, and his present condition; the wrongs which his wife and children and his parents had endured at his hands, came up in sail review before his mind. The stings of conscience were awakened, and remore gnawed at his heart. The last event was too much for his fa-ther; his heart was broken, and he lay up-on the bed of death. He had one request, he prayed that Almighty God would spare his life still he could see his anfortunate son once more. The prayer was answered. The son returned he entered the sick room; the old man still breathed, and his countenance was lit up as with oreatned, and the countenance was at up as west new life. "I have prayed for this hour," said he, "and new I ask you to make one solemn promise; it is that you will live a sober man." I will," he asswered, and the tears flowed thick and fasts. The father died, his spirit passed peacefully, up to him who gave it. The history of the sea spon that hour forms a brighter page.—He wok the Washingtonian pledge, borne in the handsof one who had been a similar slave. this, as the life-boat of the shipwrecked maxiner, he cast himself and was saved.

His widowed mother could only exclaim THIS MY SON WAS DEAD, AND IS ALLYE AGAIN HE WAS LOST AND IS FOUND."-Worcester Mag.

## THE HID TREASURE.

An affecting incident, lately tolding company

where I was present, has dwelt on my thoughts ever-since. It is highly characteristic of the place, the people, and the times that belong to it.

Private intelligence having been received that his victimality, there class of peasants in Ireland, arms were collected use of peasants in Ireland, arms were collected that and concepted for miles of the land concepted. For miles with the poorer of the land concepted for miles with the peasants in Ireland, arms were collected to the peasants in Ireland, arms wer and concealed, for unlawful purposes, a party of and concessed, for minawal purposes, a party of military, were despatched to make a sudden sateral in, the suspected flouses. Among others, they wasted a poor cabin, inhabited, seemingly, by yery quiet, inoffensive people, where, after most careful searching, they could find no trace of what they sought. When on the point of departing, one man remarked that the rough stone ing, one man remarked that the rough stone which served as a sort of hearth, wore the appearance of having recently been moved; the earth about it was loose, and the stone seemed to have been hastily laid down. This revived their suspicion, and they promptly lifted the rude flag som taplace, and saw under it a parcel, carefully wrapped up in some poor, ragged covering. How many pike-heads, how many pistole, or was marter of conjecture, as they carefully unagently was matter of conjecture, as they carefully unagently was matter of conjecture, as they carefully unagently and the server of conjecture, as they carefully unagently the server of the server o was matter of conjecture, as they carefully unfolded the envelop. This was done, and the captors held in their hands-an Irish Bible.

The facts need no elucidation; every body knows, that for a poor Irishman to possess the word of God is high treason against the church of Rome; and that any offence given to the priesthood of that church, in a popish district, is specifify punished with the loss of the little all of

the helpless victim.
Pue Bible, if discovered, would be burned buried, or thrust into some inaccessible corner. while a terrible penance would await the pos-sessor of such a contraband article; and any resistance thereto would incur the curse of ex-communication, with all its subsequent terrors of seaseless persecution and temporal ruin. This 

that will notice conforted.

The war is the half-suppressed suppresser had suppressed to the suppressed suppresser had suppressed to the suppressed to th

the respectable hotel, and at length spent his the earth on which it stands—and there deposit the treasure.

When hight arrives, the door was secured, the aperture called the window blocked up, and the precious I tille, taken from its resting place, was read by such imperfect light as they could, man-age to affort. And this in the actual circuit of the the British isles, this in the heart of Protestant Britain, the very Abrone of freedom !- Charlotts Elizabeth.

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

From the New York Observer.

"MAKE ME A LITTLE CAKE PIRST." "

A TALE OF HARD TIMES.

It was a season of grievous distress throughout the honician borders. In vain did the merchant prin-Phænician-borders. tempt their neighbours of Asher and Naphulla to traffic in their marts. No carayans laden "with tempt vious neighbours of Asner and Naphunia to traffic in their marts. No carazons laden "with wheat of Minnith and Pannag, and honey and oil, and balm," wound through the passes of Lebanon; no joyfalson of Isaachar cheered his mule, "arouchley, balween two-buithens" of Olives destined for the bagaars of Acebo. The earth was burnt with drought. For many-months there had been no rain in all the land of Israel. Nature withered; the surface of the plains became powder and dust, and famine lay sets upon man and beast. Those were "hard times" in Sameria and Galilee—hard even for the rich; and

Samaria and Galilee—hard even for the rich; and much more so for the poor.

In a little town on the declivity of Lebancn, in sight of the sea, lived a widow and hor son. Through all the embarrassment and distress which came so heavily upon the community, she had tolled on; for when did ever a mother cases her struggles sgalast want and despair, while the istange of a beloved child was before her, to nerve her for the effort? But every resource was at length exhausted. Wasted with grief and famine, even a mother abandoned the struggle for life; and collecting her last handful of treat, she went outside the case to gather standing that meal, she went outside the gate to gather sticks, that she might dress it for her and her son, that they might eat it and dis.

she might dress it for her and her sop, "that they might eat it and die.

But white she was engaged in this melanchely service, she was estended by a venerable stramper," a hairy man, and girt with a girdin-in distinct about her go and do as she had purposed; "but," said her, in a tone that at eace awas sid revived her spirits. "make me thereof a different in her shedlence; for they barrel of meal did not waste, and nor ruse of all fail, as long as those hard times fusted.

The widow of Zarephath wins our grains for the amplicity of her faith, and affered us a model for our imitation. From her shippher history we learn that the present care not the only." The the world has seen, nor are we have first embermaned people that have been suited on, in the depths of persent, to help the cause of the Lord, by parting with a portion even of the little property which is loft us. Professing Christians it is was easy for you to give money when you were; flushed with prospority; and perhaps you thought yourself liberal, and in your heart blessed your own generous philanthropy. But what you then did you ever go the more hungry or weary to your bed, or endure cold, or lie syake an hour at night that you might increase your tharities?

But clrounstances are changed. The "tines are herd," and you are comparatively—perhaps absolutely—poor. And now comes the trial of your faith; you wannot escape it. To your door, as really as to the gate of Zarophath, the Lord's cause comes and asks for relief, and to you, as to the widow, it brings a promise with it. Will you believe? Will you

thorgate of Zarophuth, the Lord's cause comes and asks for relief, and to you, as to the widow, it brings a promise with it. Will you believe? Will you obay? Are you ready to divide your last morsel with a suffering Sariour—not taking any for yourself, until you shall have made for him "a little cake first." Do you say "there are other persons whose property has escaped the general wreck; go then." So said not the poer widow to Elligh, though doubtless there were many in her city, whose manulons glittered in her sight, comparatively unvisited by want. The greater your poserty, the less able are you to do without God's blessing upon, the Bheral.

But perhaps, you are indoubt how much is required of one in, your circumstances. Know, then, that your

ofione in your circumstances. Know, then, that you must give at least enough to prove to your conscience that you esteem his cause the most precious interest in the universe—that it commands the first place in

your affections and the first fruits of your increase.

And how knowest thou but that this "little cake" —this token of cupreme regard, consecrated to God first of all, though' it be but a dollar, or Even but a dime, may secure for all the rest, the copious blessing of Elight's God, which shall forbid thy meal to waste or thine oil to fail, as long as "the pressure" je uponable land?