

"No! you're not my son," said the father.

"But *I am* your son," persisted the sailor.

"Well, if you are, your mother will know you—come along with me."

They went together to the old man's home, and the father sent one of his children into the garden to his wife, with a message that Samuel was come home. She immediately came in, and looked steadfastly at the stranger for some time in silence—at length she said with a significant shake of the head, "That is not our Samuel" and flaunted out of the room. Presently she returned, and said, "our Samuel had a piece of wood grown into his arm." The sailor instantly jumped up, drew off his jacket, bared his arm, and said, "There! will that do?" and sure enough, the splinter was there, and as easily slipped about as on the day he left home.

"Yes! oh, yes! it is our Samuel; *the lost one is found!*" the mother exclaimed; and they fell on his neck and kissed him; rejoicing like the father over the prodigal son.

The splinter in his arm was the result of an accident. James was making a faggot rick, and to please his son, who was just able to run about, he put him on the rick, and thoughtlessly threw the faggots at him. After some time of enjoyment, the little fellow began to cry, and the father, reproaching himself for his folly, took him down, and soon succeeded in soothing him, and so the matter passed away. Some time after, the child said, "Father, the piece of wood is still in my arm," which on examination