

## THE LOST ONE FOUND ;

OR, A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF SAILOR SAM.

A FEW years since at a village in Sommersetshire, there lived a man and his wife, named Miller ; they had a family of children, one of whom, their son Samuel, at the age of ten years, ran away, and his parents knew not what had become of him. They mourned his loss more sadly than if he had died under their roof. But he went to sea, and after an absence of twenty years spent in the East India and China trade, he returned, a fine, stalwart man, what his companions would call "a jolly sailor."

On landing, he went to his native place to look for his parents, but they had removed to Langport ; thither he went in search of them, and was told that the man he enquired for, worked for a Mr. Stuckey. When he got to the place of business, he saw an elderly man sweeping the pavement, and said to him, "Does Mr. Stuckey live here?" "Yes" was the reply ; "Do you want to see him?" "No ; but I suppose that I want to have a word with a man that works for him," said the sailor.

Twenty years had so changed both, that there was no recognition on either side. The old man then asked the younger—

"What is the man's name whom you want?"

"James Miller," said the sailor.

"That's my name," replied the other.

"Well, if you are the man I'm looking for, *I'm your Sam,*" said the heavy broad shouldered sailor.