

room early, and showed him a large amount of jewelery, &c., which they said they had won at cards during the night. Knowing that he was in need of funds to pay his board, they pressed him to take some of it, for means to pay his landlord. But before he had disposed of any of it they were all three arrested for burglary, and as a portion of the property taken from the store which had been robbed was found in his possession, he too, was tried, convicted and sentenced. He had no friends, no money, and dared not write home—so hope sank within him—he resigned himself to his fate, never expecting to get out of prison, or see his parents again.

Upon inquiring of two young convicts who came with him on the same charge, I learned that what Arthur had stated was true, and that his only crime was keeping bad company, leaving his home and unknowingly receiving stolen goods. Questioned separately, they all told the same story, and left no doubt in my mind of the boy's innocence. Full of compassion for the unfortunate little fellow, I sat down and wrote a full description of Arthur, his condition and history as I obtained it from him; painting the horrors of the place, the hopelessness of his being reformed there—even if guilty—and the probability of his never living out his sentence; and describing the process to be used to gain his pardon. This I sent according to the directions in the advertisement. But week after week passed and no answer came. The boy daily inquired if I had heard from his mother, until at last hope long deferred seemed to make his heart sick, and again he drooped and pined. At length a letter came, such a letter! He had been absent to a distant city,

but the moment he read the letter the good man responded. The father of the boy had become almost insane on account of his son's long and mysterious absence; he had left his former place of residence—had moved from city to city—from town to town,—and travelled up and down the country seeking the loved and lost. He had spent most of a handsome fortune; his wife, the boy's mother, was on the brink of the grave, pining for her first born, and would not be comforted. They lived in a western city, whether they had gone in the hope of finding or forgetting their boy, or that a change of scene might assuage their grief. He thanked me for my letter which he had sent to the father, and promised his assistance to secure the convict's pardon. This news I gave to Arthur; he seemed pained and pleased; hope and fear, joy and grief, filled his heart alternately; but from thence his eyes beamed brighter, his step was lighter, and hope seemed to dance in every nerve.

Days passed, and at last a man came to the prison, and rushing frantically into the office, demanded to see his boy. "My boy! my boy! Oh, let me see him!" The clerk, who knew nothing of the matter, calmly asked him for the name of his son. "Arthur ——" "No such name on our books—your son cannot be here." "He is here: show him to me! Here is your own letter! Why do you mock me?" The clerk looked over the letter—saw that Arthur Lamb was the boy wanted, and rang the bell for the messenger. "There is the Warden, sir, it was his letter that you showed me." The old man embraced me and wept like a child. A thousand times he thanked me, and in the name of his wife heaped blessings