

would go to him and learn his history—but there were so many duties to perform, so much to learn, and do, that day after day passed, and I would neglect him,—having learned that his name was Arthur Lamb, and that his crime was burglary and larceny, indicating a very bad boy for one so young. He had two years more to serve. He never could outlive his sentence, and his countenance indicated he felt it. He worked at stone cutting on the State House—hence my opportunities for seeing him were less than though he worked in the prison yard—still his face haunted me day and night—and I resolved on the next Sabbath as he came from the Sabbath school, I would send for him and learn his history. It happened, however, I was one day in a store waiting the transaction of some business, and having picked up an old newspaper, I had read and re-read while delayed, until at last my eyes fell upon an advertisement of a “Lost Boy!” Information wanted of a boy named Arthur —, (I will not give his real name, for perhaps he is still living,) and then followed a description of the boy—exactly corresponding with that of the young convict—Arthur Lamb. Then there was somebody cared for the poor boy, if indeed it was him; perhaps a mother, his father, his brothers and sisters who were searching for him. The advertisement was more than a year old—yet I doubted not—and as the convicts were locked up, I sent for Arthur Lamb. He came, as a matter of course, with the same pale uncomplaining face and hopeless gait; thinking no doubt that something had gone wrong and been laid to his charge.

I was examining the convict's register, when I looked up there he stood—a perfect image of des-

pair! I asked his name. He replied, “Arthur.”—“Arthur what?” said I, sternly. “Arthur—Lamb!” said he, hesitatingly.

“Have you a father or mother living?”

His eyes brightened—his voice quivered, as he exclaimed,

“Oh have you heard from mother? Is she alive? Is she well?” and tears which I had never seen him shed before ran like great raindrops down his cheeks. As he grew calm from suspence, I told him that I had not heard from his parents, but that I had a paper I wished him to read. He took the advertisement which I had cut from the paper, and as he read it exclaimed,

“That is me! that is me!” And again sobs and tears choked his utterance.

I assured him the advertisement was all I could tell him about his parents—and that it requested information to be sent to the Christian Chronicle, New York.

I told him I must write—and that it would be a lighter blow to his mother's feelings to know where he was, than the terrible uncertainty which must haunt her mind day and night. So he consented—and taking him to my room, I drew from him in substance the following story.

His father was a respectable and wealthy mechanic in an interior town in the State of New York. That at the holding of the State Agricultural Fair, in his native town, he got acquainted with two stranger boys, older than himself, who persuaded him to run away from home and go to the West. He foolishly consented with high hopes of happy times, new scenes and great fortune. They came as far as Cleveland, where he remained several days. One morning the other boys came to his