

mance or two, just as every young fellow has, hid away somewhere among the tombs of the old philosophers. This morning his father had informed him, through his tutor, amid gigantic pinches of snuff, that arrangements had been entered into, for his marriage to a very "eligible" young lady, on his return from Europe, after a two years tour. To have his pet romances dug out and returned to chaos, to bury them still deeper or to recede from the quiescence of obedience, were the alternatives proposed by agitation, free-thought. "It's a wonder you were not forced to meet and break a ring to wear as a talisman on your heart, or do some other absurd thing to make you hate each other worse than you do now," said the traitor. "What a lovely girl!" And Guy Sinclair, obeying an instinct which no training can quite destroy in a young man of twenty years, paused suddenly to look into a shop window—a very excusable subterfuge, when a pretty girl is standing in the door. She was a lovely girl; and the gentleman who attended her, seemed to be aware of the fact, if his eyes told the truth; which eyes are very apt to do, no matter what the tongue is saying. Guy yielded to another instinct which proved itself an unmerciful dislike to the unconscious pedestrian. The young girl did not glance at Guy, though her dress brushed him as she passed. It must have been charged with electricity, for light as the touch was, he experienced a shock, only it seemed a great deal pleasanter than any battery he had ever met with before. He stood staring in a very un-cholar-like attitude till she was out of sight, and then stooped to pick up a tiny bit of paper that had fluttered out of some of the rich folds of her dress, and lay at his feet. He was looking at it, something as a child views the Greek alphabet, when the cheering voice of Ellis Blair broke the enchantment.

"What is it Guy? hieroglyphics or sanscript at the very heart if one may judge from your face."

Guy answered slowly, "a stamp, is its genius, but the difference is beyond my knowledge."

"I am further advanced in logic than you are, then, for I can tell the difference;" said Ellis Blair, glancing over Guy's shoulder, "it is a 'Connell.'" Where did you get it?

"It is not mine;" replied Guy, evasively, "but what do you mean by a 'Connell'?"

"That's the name it goes by. It is a New Brunswick stamp, as you can see, or rather an essay, for it was never in circulation, I believe. When decimal currency was introduced into New Brunswick, and a new order of stamps required, the gentleman whose name that stamp bears, and whose likeness you have before you, was Post Master General. He might have thought his own face handsomer than Queen Victoria's, or he might have thought a hundred other things; the result of his thoughts, whatever they were, was that impression. To say that the rest of the Executive Council were as-

tonished at this proceeding, is using the very mildest terms admitted by the English language. There was a rupture, and the Post Master General resigned. His successor, after such an awful warning, did not attempt to arrogate any undue honour, hence the five cent New Brunswick, now in use. The 'Connell' is very scarce and consequently very valuable."

"Why," answered Guy "it never could have been worth more than five cents; I don't see how it is worth anything now."

Ellis Blair laughed at the perplexed countenance of Guy Sinclair, "my dear Guy, did you ever suck your thumb or shake a rattle when a baby? I can imagine you sitting up beside Mr. Frost (and he's frosty enough to take the sunshine out of any young life) reading Virgil when six months old. That stamp is worth nothing as a medium for forwarding letters, but to a stamp collector, it is invaluable.

Then, observing the flush that covered the face of his friend, he continued, "never mind my fun, Guy; I have a tendency that way, which is a good thing for a fellow who has to rub through the world the best way he can, as it helps to keep the gastric juice in good order. But I want to have a talk with you before you start on your tour, so come round to my office. You are so methodical in your movements that I know exactly where to find you."

"That is just what I have been thinking about all the morning, Blair. I've lived and thought by rule, am under a constant surveillance all my life. I've been crammed with obsolete ideas, until I almost feel myself coeval with the old mythologists, while the real, bona fide world is a mystery to me."

"You speak the truth, my dear fellow," replied Ellis Blair gravely. "The very fact of your using the term bona fide as you just now did proves it beyond a doubt. There is no such element as good faith in the world, Guy; when it is found it is an accident merely. But if you are ignorant of its ways, you, have escaped its snares. However, life was not given to you to hide under a bushel; your very wealth and position, only renders your responsibilities the greater. But here we are; I am going to show you my stamp album, which will give you a better idea of that 'Connell,' than if I should explain for an hour."

The young men went through the album; one an attentive listener, the other as a representation of Timbromania, doing his best to be understood, for simple and childish as the employment seems, it is not comprehended at a glance, as many imagine.

"It is very pretty" said Guy at length, as he raised his eyes thoughtfully to the face of his companion—"a face as plain to be read as an open book,"—but I don't see much use in it."

"My dear boy, is there any use in that picture on the wall or in this vase of flowers? you will say, no; and you will be wrong. They assist me, collaterally, of course, in my profession.