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"MULTUM IN PARVO."

[EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

VOL. 2. NO. 14.]

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, JULY, 1866.

[PRICE 5 CTS.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "GAZETTE."

LOST!

BY WAIF.

CHAPTER IV.

After the disgust and *ennui* consequent on a voyage across the Atlantic, Guy Sinclair Junr. gazed out at the grey smoky-looking city of Liverpool with a langour belonging to that period of a life—the termination of a sea voyage—and no other—a langour which made his comfortable apartments at a fashionable hotel almost as unendurable as the state-room he had so gladly quitted. There was a slight physical insufficiency about this young scholar that amounted to very little of itself; but which had been fostered into a positive evil. The black shadow that had loomed up in Mr. Sinclair's life-path had obscured with its pitchy gloom the poor motherless babe, that had now a double claim on his heart. He had shrank with painful reserve from every thing human and the helpless infant, that might have softened the grief and opened a new future to the stricken man, was left only to receive the sympathy of hirelings. Thus man in his blind groping, too often missing the treasures within reach, clutches the baser elements of existence. As time moved on and the shadow grew into a fixture, Guy Sinclair learned to look at it as most of us do, when there is no compromise to be made with fate. So the gulf widened and the boy was an orphan indeed. In a pecuniary view there was no lack, but the little one's joys were never shared by another, and they soon ceased to become joys. Staid respectable women who had out lived the freshness and buoyancy of life attended to his wants with scrupulous exactness. The child naturally shy, instinctively felt, as his mental powers developed, this injudicious treatment, without understanding its cause, grew more reticent and inactive, and turned to his imagination for the attractions children generally find in their daily amusements. While few boyish games gave strength to his muscular organs there was plenty of food for the

nervous system; this was where the insufficiency lay—his muscular and nervous powers were unequally ballanced. It is scarcely surprising, then, that he should wonder wearily what there was in life worth clinging to so tenaciously.

After a poor attempt at dining and when Mr. Frost had donned his spectacles and was lost among the leaves of a heavy volume, Guy opened a portable desk, with the intention of notifying his safe arrival in England to Guy Sinclair across the waves. His eye was caught by the hand writing of Ellis Blair on the large envelope containing the promise I direct. ons for a tinbrophilic collection. It was unopened but now he seized it eagerly, for the very sight of his friends' steady chirography brought his cheerful face and earnest eyes before him with a rush of emotions that was quite new to his sluggish, ingrafted nature.

"Begin with your native land, Guy," he wrote, 'to help and stimulate you I enclose all the unused American stamps I can lay my hands on at so short a notice. These you observe, are the legitimate Post-office impressions, but there are numberless local stamps, that you can easily obtain from American dealers. Below you will find the name and address of several; also some dealers in New Brunswick to whom you can write for British Provincials. Write your wants in as few words as possible; they will understand you if you send the money—by looking over the price list, I also enclose, you will be able to determine their value,—always making allowance, of course, for the difference in American and Provincial currency. The compepondence in the stamp trade is peculiar, I own, but in vulgar parlance, you will soon get the hang of it. You may think it less trouble to get these postals from European dealers, who advertize them, but I would advise you to go to the 'fountain head'. The fact is, I very much doubt if they are all of them attainable. Now I know the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia shilling to be exceedingly rare, and the Connell even more so still, indeed it is next to a miracle to get one of the latter at all in the province where they originated. How is it then that foreign