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## In a Mail Bag.

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“SEE here, will you be so kind as to move away? Don't hug up so close to me, you—you black-bordered envelope.”

“Excuse me. I feel so badly that I hardly know what I am doing. I know you do not like my company; nobody does. I don't blame them. I am sorry. You look happy, you dainty pink envelope, sealed with blue wax. Blue wax is the symbol of love, is it not?”

“Yes, true love. Love true and pure as the skies, and as enduring. I am a love letter.”

And the pink envelope fairly glowed with the bliss of its sealed kisses. It bore the smell of for-get-me-nots, and its pretty direction was as fine and perfect as copperplate. Truly it had a right to glow and throb—for it was love that kindled its warmth and sent a thrill through its very fiber.

“Alas! I carry a sad message to a far-off home——”

“What is it? Tell me. Love, you know, is very curious, and—and—my pretty lady never sent such a letter as I am before in all her life. Tell me your secret and I will tell you mine——”

“Stop that nonsense, you two there in the corner of the bag, can't you?”

“Who are you?” asked the love letter quickly. It was such a happy, giddy thing that it could afford to brave and face even a business-like envelope with the picture of a mighty structure in one corner.

“Well, I'm a full-grown business letter, and I'm on my way to tell a man that our firm cannot give him any more credit. I'm tired of hearing you two in the corner gabbling, and I wish you would quit it at once.”

“Love and death, my staid friend, are so closely allied that even the commonest of us ought to consider and have patience.”

“Well, well, who spoke in *that* dear tone?”

“I come from a great poet. He is a leader of mankind. He helped to free the slaves; and he has done much good in this great world. He is now an old, white haired man; and he sits in the golden sunset of life, respected, beloved and esteemed by the whole world. He has written his name upon the page of time, and all the ages to come will never erase that name. He is known as Whittier.”

And for a brief period the mail bag was silent. It was great company they—those wonderful, mysterious, different, queer and curious missives were in. The dainty pink love letter nestled against