



GEORGE STEWART, Jr.,]

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## LOST!

BY WAIF.

### CHAPTER VII.

Ellis Blair's letter concerning the lost Connell was like a new page in the life of Guy Sinclair. The cherished Stamp had returned to him, like Noah's dove, bringing with it food for hope,—just as the olive leaf did to the ancient patriarch. What emotions of joy and gratitude that single token must have caused among the solitary specimens of humanity that were drifting on the awful flood, they knew not whither! Guy had drifted away from home,—away from all the securities and forms of his past life—had drifted, as it were, away from himself. He had drifted by sight only, and without a ray of faith that, ultimately, there would come a season of rest,—a harvest of peace. But as we may imagine the "forty day's rain" had worked a complete change in Noah's existence, and an equal one in his mind, so had this period in our young traveller's life been to him like the trials of a "flood," and he had come out of the ark of experience, renewed in mind and body, with an olive leaf of hope in his hand.

Although we know that in reality hope is a will-o-the-wisp, which continually eludes our grasp, and that often leads us into swamps of sorrow and bogs of distress, yet there is no time in our lives when we are able to defy her fascinations and turn away from her smiles. Guy Sinclair followed her fluctuating rays just as we all do. He exulted when she smiled; and the world went in mourning when she frowned. Hope certainly *did* frown when, in his experience, she came to the place where he had so decidedly refused the hand of Harriet Percy. "what if she should now refuse you?" says Hope; and then Guy thought the world was all a "barren, barren shore." Then the enchantress rallied a little, and suggested to the young man the propriety of writing to his father at

once, and allowing *his* part of the betrothal to remain in statu-quo, just as the elder Sinclair had intimated that his own should do.

After attending to this little matter between his directress and himself, Guy felt relieved, and prepared to relieve his tutor's fears also, by leaving the Parisian police in the "dim distance."

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." So sings the poet, and truthfully, too, as far as our friend the tutor is concerned.

Had he known that a force equally Argus-eyed and effectual awaited him on the borders of France, to conquet him, and inspect his very motions, among other European powers, he might have turned his trembling steps homeward in despair. The intercourse between Mr. Frost and the Parisian Police Institution had turned that venerable personage's hitherto peaceful life into wormwood and gall. He saw a servant of the institution in every one who glanced at him,—an inquisitor in every man who was so unfortunate as to address him. The simplest courtesy at table, or elsewhere, was only a lure for another night in the guard house—another trial in an unknown language, before a foreign tribunal. Even when leaving Paris he inspected the driver very doubtfully, and with a terrible dread of a policeman's badge appearing at any moment. It was not until he was assured that they had left the French territory behind them that he cast his fears aside, and allowed himself the privilege of natural respiration. The reaction was like a draught of ambrosia to mortal lips. It is true the spectre was still beside him; but it was unseen, and, so, powerless to effect terror on his mind.

Guy had taken a cup of ambrosia too; Miss Percy was in Europe, and Ellis Blair had said that he would doubtless meet her; but the question arose, when should he meet her? and where? Might she not be entering France, as he was leaving it?

These were perplexing interrogations, truly, and were the means of sprinkling a little of the tutor's wormwood into his own ambrosia. He had made use of one of Mr. Frost's inquisitors to ascertain that the young lady was not in