

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

The sunshine of the heart be mine,  
Which beams a charm around;  
Wher'er it sheds its rays divine  
Is all enchanted ground!  
No friend of care  
May enter there,  
Though Fate employ her art:  
Her darkest powers all low to thine,  
Bright sunshine of the heart!  
Beneath the splendour of thy ray  
How lovely all is made:  
Bright fountains in the desert play,  
And palm-trees cast their shade;  
Thy morning light  
Is rosy bright,  
And when thy beams depart,  
Still glows with charms thy latest ray,  
Sweet sunshine of the heart.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FAIRVILLE, April 24, 1878.

Mr. Torch.—I wish to bring before your enlightened readers a scheme fraught with many blessings for our beloved land. Not long ago a scientific lunatic conceived the idea of draining the Straits of Belleisle and so shutting off the ice coming south that by channel. He says, that thus the climate of Labrador would become milder, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence less tempestuous, and that a rich and fertile country would be opened to settlement, in another century to become as populous as Belgium and as rich as England.

Now, Sir, this seems a direct blow at our liberties and at the cod-fisheries, first in the establishment of a nationality to the north of us, to keep our ambitions in check, and secondly, in the impoverishment of the New Foundlanders, by driving their staple to remoter seas.

When the St. John River was first explored, wild grapes were found growing on its banks; and in the Mechanics' Institute Museum is a petrified orange tree, from the Pictou Mines. Why do not grapes and oranges grow here now? I will answer the question, by the statement of some facts of history.

At the head of the bay once flourished a race whom the truthful Longfellow has named "Evangelines." Living "in clover," in a fertile land with a delightful climate, a prosperous and happy people, they dyked their lands in peace, and were so regular in their attendance at church, and otherwise good, as not to need a Y. M. C. Association to keep them straight. Their prosperity however excited the envy of the ancient Haigonians, a neighbouring race, who crossed the country and smote the Evangelines. The Haigonians, ignorant but aggressive, seeing the dykes in the land, concluded that in them and the warm current from the south flowing between the Island and the main land, was the secret of the prosperity of the Evangelines, and that by a dyke from the island to the main land they could retain this warm climate for themselves.

So they built the dyke. But what a mistake! The current, as if in contempt, withdrew, leaving only a wide expanse of flats. The beautiful land became a desert. The ice-floes of the north, hitherto kept back by the warm current, chilled the waters of the Gulf, froze the warm rain to snow and hail, and sent wintry winds sweeping across the land. Soon the plant life was destroyed, the vineyards perished, and the orange groves were mercifully turned into coal.

Thus these wicked Haigonians, with their stupid dyke, destroyed our climate, and this is why grapes and oranges no longer grow here.

Now Sir, instead of draining the Straits of Belleisle, as that scientific lunatic suggests, I propose to remedy all this by digging out this old dyke, and letting that ancient current, the Gulf Stream, resume its course. Let the Gulf Stream again flow around the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and northward through the Straits of Belleisle, tempering the waters and revivifying

vegetation, and even Greenland will have a climate like that of England. Of course this may be disastrous to Europe, and make ice as cheap in Paris, as it is here now; but it will restore our ancient rights and increase our commerce a hundred fold. Again our river will be lined with vineyards, and our marshes will abound with the finest game so that the Bay of Fundy instead of the Chesapeake will be the paradise of sportsmen. Again the orange and almond trees shall flourish, fogs will be unknown, and our city—the centre of a great rail road system, and with its fine harbor—will become the great City of America.

But the Doctor desires my attendance, I will only say in conclusion, that if any of your readers desire further information they can either address me through the Torch or visit me on reception days at the large brick building near the Suspension Bridge, where I am temporarily residing with Dr. Steeves.

Yours,  
L. Q. STAR.

BOSTON LETTER.

BOSTON, April 20, 1878.

Dear Torch,—Well here we are, scarcely realizing it, fairly launched into the Spring, and the feminine mind is already busily employed thinking about Spring clothes and "things." A walk down town through the stores, reveals such a wealth of beauty and taste in the various lines of goods that one's head is well nigh turned, and the only difficulty is how to make a selection from the many things so temptingly displayed. There are times when a mania for ugliness in both material and style seems to take possession of the leaders of fashion, and the uglier a garment the greater its popularity. But that cannot be said this season, and it would be hard for one following the mode to look ugly. There is, perhaps, however, one exception and that is the short kilt walking skirt, which is to our mind a clumsy affair, and we trust it will not be popular.

Gardens in the suburbs are being prepared for planting, though of course it is a little early to entrust the seeds to the ground. We are having delightful weather interspersed with the customary April showers, and green grass and budding trees show the result of our early Spring.

The topic of the week is the Italian Opera, and every one worth mentioning has either been or is going to hear those three celebrated prima donnas, Mme. Rose, Miss Kellogg and Miss Cary. The praise they have won in other cities has been well deserved, as large audiences every evening testify. Mignon is especially popular, and Mme. Rose as Mignon displays to full advantage her mezzo voice.

Another "walkist" has been trying to distinguish himself, he attempted to beat O'Leary's time in walking one hundred miles, but gave out at the nineteenth mile.

Fast Day, that welcome holiday, was observed in the vicinity of Boston at least, not wholly in that spirit of humiliation which the Governor's proclamation enjoined, for the base-ball season was opened by the different Clubs in and around the city, and on Charles River and Orient Lake several regattas took place.

At Williams and Everett's a fine collection of landscapes by well known American artists is attracting much attention. These pictures are to be sold this week and will doubtless bring the prices they deserve, for art is well patronized in this American Athens, as may be seen by the rapidity and ease with which \$100,000 was recently raised to build an addition to the Art Museum. This fine building is supplying a want long felt in the community, presenting as it does an opportunity for the people to see works of art that would otherwise be hidden to them, and aiming to furnish to students facilities equal to those found in any of the cities of Europe except the great capitals. LEAH.

Why is the place where a bee deposits the honey like the life lead by a Roman Catholic clergyman? Because it's cell-o'-bee, see?

EXTRACT FROM REV. JOSEPH COOK'S LECTURE on "Education before Birth":—

"The immaterial part of us dominated, Pansie, Phocion's wife, and Cornelia, discussed this topic in Pliny's villa. Goethe said well authenticated instances were recorded of ante-natal effects upon the offspring, and asked why should not a morning rise on the suffering centuries. Why, he asked, have we not a right to spread abroad the knowledge of whatever God has made important? Strong passions in the mother reproduced themselves in the child.

The qualities actively exercised rather than those possessed were those that thus reproduced themselves. There was thus a chance for human improvement. Goethe quoted, as an instance, the mother of Flaxman, the sculptor, reproduced in the organic tastes of her child, Kingsley had as his master organic passion the love of scenery, which was a marked characteristic of his mother. An Irish mother who had a malicious and a kind child knew nothing of the cause of the difference. "Were you happy when the child was born?" asks Goethe. "Happy, is it? Happy when me husband tuk up wid another woman. I'd like to have killed her." "Were you happy when *this* child was born?" says Goethe, referring to the other child. "Yes," says the Irishwoman, " afore she was born Pat was kind to me, and the woman had left the place." The lecturer read from Goethe another instance of a family all of whom were coarse except one, and she was born after the mother had been reading, with great delight, the poetry of Walter Scott. "How the immaterial dominates! There was a beauty, no perfect driving except in the matching of the white horse and the black."

BENGOUGH, the head decapitator, under the nom de plume of "Terry Terny," has been furnishing his paper, *Grip*, with sketches of his tour through the Maritime Provinces. We clip the following extract from his last letter:

St. John.—From the town av St. Stephen I win, back wast more to St. John, thinkin' mebbe I wud be so lucky as t' see what that misfortunate place lucked loike wchin the sun was shinin'. Av course I wasn't lucky enough. It was rainin' a sort av a damp fog all the while, barrin' the spheer av snow now an' then. I eudn't help thinkin' St. John ought to be called Josun a fur, begorra, it lucks as if the sun had gone back on it. I'd have the only way wan end see the sun in St. John is to shtay at a convaniant locality an' get some person to send a telegraft muntionin' that the sun was out, an' then take the express thair an' go down all av a suddin'. I had a visit to Mr. J. S. KNOWLES, office av the TORCH, an' examined wid much interest his pun-makin' machinery. He towld me the instrumint worked purty well,—it mangles up words an' two-hits strait letters into fwat they call Ballicks—but he complained that it was hard labour turnin' the crank. I axed him if he eudn't dispense wid puns in his paper, but he gev me a luck like the play actor fwlin he exclaims, "Chaos is come again," an' sez he, "A honest pun is the noblest work av man." But JOSEPH is a good harted lad, afther all, an' there is plenty av min in the world t' o bether nor his worst puns. Av course I called to see me countryman Misher BOVY agin, but he visit wasn't long, as that gentleman was extremely busy. He is plained to me that he had a big pile av "extra luggage" to attend to, an' had to work harder than any impinent thafe, so I didn't shtay to take up anny av his time.

Prof. Bell has associated with him Kate Field in introducing the telephone to the Englishmen.—*Boston Post*.

Prof. Bell will find Kate a belle abel to do the subject justice.