

Port La Joie.

(The Happy Haven.)

WHERE three tides meet, all sun-embrowned.
 By lavish summer verdure-crowned,
 Enthroned she sits, the laughing queen,
 Of whisp'ring wheatfields, meadows green,
 With Neptune's arms about her wound.

The azure waters wrap her 'round
 With sensuous, slumbrous murm'ring sound ;
 Unknowing stress, she reigns serene
 Where three tides meet.

The morrow and its cares are drowned
 In brimming bliss for each day found ;
 She vaunts her not of passion keen,
 But, priestess of the peaceful scene.
 She rules, content though unrenowned,
 Where three tides meet.

Charlottetown.

J. M.



Great Epochs in English Literature and their Causes. A Sketch — VI.

By Hon. A. B. Warburton, D. C. L.

THE ground gone over in the previous numbers of this sketch is well-worn and may cease to interest. I will now turn to some of the causes which gave birth to these great epochs—to paths which, though less trodden, may, I hope, prove worth treading. It will at once be evident to anyone, who has devoted any time to the study of English or other literatures, that to thoroughly investigate and discuss their causes would be an almost superhuman undertaking, and the finished work would be a large library in itself. In this sketch it is not intended to delve into the depths, but only to take