## Port La Joie.

(The Happy Haven.)

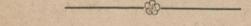
THERE three tides meet, all sun-embrowned. By lavish summer verdure-crowned, Enthroned she sits, the laughing queen, Of whisp'ring wheatfields, meadows green, With Neptune's arms about her wound.

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.

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