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Foregleanings.

BY THE LATE THOMAS A. LEPAGE.

Westward I chanced to look, ere yet the night
Fell on a day of clouds, to note what sign,
If any, on the horizon might outshine
Of a fair morrow, and there met my sight
Astonished, a long line of silver light,—
Off in whose soundless æ'ry depths divine
Peeped the faint stars, and drew these eyes of mine
Far hence, as native to some orb more bright.
So sometimes come to the tired spirit of man
Glimpses of rest and home; and for a space
He feels the breath of Heaven upon his face.
Glad earnest of the glory yet to be,
When Light and Love shall compass earth's round span
Even as the waters fill the hollow sea.

Fox Hunting in Prince Edward Island—1840-1845.

BY REV. M. SWABEY, EXETER, ENGLAND.

THIS sport, which has such a fascination for people in the old country, was indulged in, to a moderate extent, a little over a half a century ago, by residents in Charlottetown and vicinity. The circumflex accents of the huntsman's horn were then no unusual sounds in the pretty groves and the rural lanes of the Royalty.

Between "Falconwood" (then part of the estate of the late