

And then the crowds  
Of floating clouds  
The heavens and earth, between,  
Lit up so bright  
With the fiery light  
Of the great sun yet unseen !

The silver fringe !  
The orange tinge !  
The iridescent glows !  
The thousand hues  
Of reds and blues  
That our art never knows !

And then between  
That fiery scene,  
So redolent with light,  
Are sailing past  
Dark forms aghast,  
Still steeped in utter night.

This outward show  
Is grand, I know,  
With grace and beauty rife ;  
But surely 'tis  
Not all there is  
That it can give to life.

The outward show  
Of things below  
But point to something higher ;  
Unto a fond  
And fair beyond,  
To which man may aspire.

Then reader list,  
These clouds of mist,  
That earth, the air endowers,  
Might well be meant  
To represent  
Man's nature, passions, powers.

And those in night,  
Devoid of light  
Man's nature blind and bare,  
That does not know  
The slightest glow  
Of Heaven's benignant care.

But those afire  
Is man inspired  
With lamination given  
By God's own light—  
The infinite,  
All glorious Son of Heaven.

Whose beams are wrought  
Through human thought,  
And human nature brightens ;  
And what in him  
Is dark, or dim,  
Transfigures and enlightens.

And ere we go,  
May we too show

This beautifying light :  
For go we must  
If we may trust  
This oriental sight.

For 'ere the day  
Had passed away,  
The clouds had passed on too ;  
And there remained  
The pure, unstained,  
The calm, eternal blue.

O nature's laws !  
O Thou First Cause !  
Maker of all things made !  
We bow our knee  
In awe to Thee  
As Thou our thoughts invade.

And O ! may we  
Grow near to Thee,  
While passing through this world !  
And read aright,  
With clearer sight,  
Thy glorie here unfurled !

E. M. ZAVITZ.

Coldstream, 12 mo., 1888.

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## REMINISCENCES

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OF THE HAIGHT FAMILY, YARMOUTH, ONT.,  
BY SAMUEL HAIGHT.

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I have had it on my mind to write, from personal recollections, a brief narrative of the various trials and afflictions as well as of the joys and blessings of my parents and their family, from the spring of 1817, at which date my father and mother moved from Westchester Co., N. Y., with nine of their children, viz: Daniel, Mary, James, Rebecca, Esther, Reuben, Samuel, Ephraim and Hannah, leaving my eldest sister, Phebe, married to Henry Powell, and settled in Poughkeepsie, N. Y. My parents' names were Reuben and Sarah Haight, formerly Wright. Father bought 1,000 acres of land, mostly pine land with a small grist and saw mill, also a carding and julting mill, located where it is now called Otterville in South Norwich. At that time there was a great scarcity of provisions, and prices were very high, and my father commenced building a grist mill and making improve-