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## THE TWO GLENGARRYS.

THE DIARY OF MRS ROBERT ELLICE, GLENGARRY, THE LAST SURVIVING PRISONER OF THE FRENCH-CANADIAN REBELLION OF 1838.

By NORMAN MACLEAN.



HERE are two Glengarrys, mother and daughter, separated by four thousand miles of sea. The mother occupies one of the most romantic and beautiful stretches of country in the Highlands of Inverness-shire; the daughter possesses a fertile land washed by the broad St Lawrence River. While the old Glengarry is mostly peopled by phantoms, the new is filled by a teeming population; for the old glen has given its life to the new. Shortly after the fateful '45, that old race, turbulent and strong, which had made the throne of three kingdoms rock, turned with wistful eyes to the West, where they heard there was a land that could give them bread. Their chief had no longer a use for them; the days of warring and reaving were over. He wanted money, and sheep alone could give money. So the cadet families bade farewell to the places they loved, sailed across the Atlantic, and settled in the Mohawk Valley in New York. They sought peace, but found war. These men, who had joined in the mad rush to Derby, took up arms for the once-hated House of Hanover when the war of American Independence broke out, and fought with all their might for the mother-land; and when the fortunes of war went against them they fought their way through the wilderness to the banks of the St Lawrence, and sacrificed their homes and possessions in the Mohawk Valley that, on Canadian soil, they might still call themselves subjects of a king. A large stretch of territory was assigned them, and they called their new home by the name of the glen of their dreams: Glengarry.

That was the beginning of the Canadian Glengarry. Still a large population was left in the old glen—a population which the thin, stony, rain-sodden soil could not support; and as these heard of the new land where their friends were prospering and their own language was spoken, the stream of emigration which emptied the old glen into the new set in. An extract from an old Canadian newspaper makes that stream visible to us: 'QUEBEC, 7th September 1786.—Arrived ship *M'Donald*, from Greenock, with emigrants, nearly the whole of a parish in the north of Scotland, who emigrated with their priest—nineteen cabin passengers, with five hundred and twenty steerage passengers—to better their case.' These were on their way from the Scotch to the Canadian Glengarry; and without any doubt they 'bettered their case.' The last large band that thus set forth for the West—perhaps the

most important of all—sailed in 1802. It was composed of the Glengarry Fencibles, whom that redoubtable and patriotic priest Alexander Macdonell was instrumental in raising, and to whom he ministered as chaplain while they fought in Ireland for that same Government which their fathers once tried to destroy. When the regiment was disbanded in 1802, the chaplain went to London to arrange for emigrating them to the new Glengarry. Mr Addington, the Premier, objected that the Government considered the hold they had of the Canadas so slender that a person in his position could not be justified in putting his hand in the public purse to assist British subjects to that colony. Father Macdonell stood firm: he would not agree to Trinidad or any other place of settlement—the new Glengarry was calling to the children of the old! The priest pointed out to the Premier that by diverting the tide of emigration from the United States to the British colonies their population would be increased by enthusiastic British settlers, and the hold of the mother-country on the colonies strengthened. The priest was the better statesman, and he prevailed. In spite of opposition in high places, and from the Scotch lairds, an emigrant-ship sailed from Liverpool with eleven hundred souls, and after a several months' voyage landed them in Canada. That was the last band to swell the population of the new Glengarry; and they were a band of soldiers. 'If I were a young man,' said Tennyson once to Carlyle, 'I would lead a colony out somewhere or other.' 'Oh ay,' answered Carlyle, 'so would I too—to India or somewhere; but the scraggiest bit of heath in Scotland is dearer to me than all the forests of Brazil.' Father Macdonell was fortunate in realising the poet's wish—he led out his colony; but doubtless he and his thousand men, every one of them, felt as they sailed west that the scraggiest bit of heather growing on the mountain-sides of their own glen was dearer to them than aught they could ever get in that new land whither they were going. The love of the old land—the mist-caressed hills that rise from the sides of many a winding loch—never died in the hearts of these exiles. In a new Glengarry their hearts were in the old.

Right well did these men fulfil their priest's word that by their going the Empire would be strengthened; for when the States invaded Canada in 1812, and both the Canadas were seething with disaffection, the men of Glengarry rose as one man to fight for the old country. Their chaplain, now

the Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada, stirred to flame the ardour of their patriotism. It was a Macdonell who had crossed the sea as a boy that died beside his General—General Brock—on the hill of Queenstown. He was but a youth, yet a Colonel and Attorney-General for the colony; and he shares his General's glory and grave. It was the Glengarry men who, under Colonel George Macdonell of Greenfield (how familiar that name is to us!), crossed the river on the ice and stormed the fort of Ogdensburg, thus bringing to nought a plan by which five thousand men were to be thrown into Canada. It was the same Colonel Macdonell who by a march of unprecedented swiftness saved Montreal. When Bishop Macdonell promised the 'Little Englander' Prime-Minister that his colony would strengthen the Empire, he probably little thought how good he would make his word. For more than any others these Glengarry men helped to save the greatest of our colonies for the British Crown.

Thirty-five years later, when the French Canadians broke out into rebellion, the sons of these Glengarry men proved worthy of their sires. The French Canadians, with the help of the States, were sworn to relieve the continent of the 'absurdities of monarchy.' In a few days two thousand Glengarry men enrolled themselves as willing to fight and die for these same 'absurdities of monarchy.' In the course of that rebellion a link was forged which unites the old Glengarry to the new with a romantic bond. In those days the late Mr Edward Ellice (who was afterwards for over forty years M.P. for St Andrews) and his young wife, with her sister Miss Balfour, went to Canada to see the family estate there, and were residing at Beauharnois when the rebellion broke out. Miss Balfour kept a diary of the daily incidents, and it gives a vivid glimpse of events which are well-nigh forgotten. Mrs Robert Ellice can claim, no doubt, the distinction of being the last surviving prisoner of the Canadian rebellion of 1838. As one reads the faded diary one feels how much it is possible for one human life to see! This, then, is part of Mrs Robert Ellice's (Miss Balfour as she then was) narrative of events:

'November 4.—When we went to bed last night we had a strange presentiment as if something was going to happen, of what nature we could not define. We were both undrest ready to go to bed when the watch-dogs began barking under our windows and all round the house. My sister went and awoke Mr Ellice, and asked him to send and see what it was; but he said it was all nonsense. However, soon after, finding the dogs continued to bark, he sent Prevot (the servant) to go and see what was happening; but he returned and reported all safe. And so we went to bed, but not to sleep, for I felt a strange sensation of listening and watching. At one o'clock Prevot came and awoke Mr Ellice, saying that Mr Brown was below, and that a person

had just arrived post-haste from Chateauguay saying that the rebels had risen there, and had taken possession of the town. This alarmed us; but, as reports were always going about, Mr Ellice did not give great credit to it. He said, however, that as soon as the *Henry Brougham* steam-boat arrived we should go to Montreal. Again we went to bed; but in about half-an-hour we heard two *woo-hoops* which sounded from the hills. Mr Ellice looked out and saw nothing but an old cow, and he tried to make us believe it was only the cow! But in a few minutes the *woo-hooping*, yelling, and firing were terrible. We jumped out of bed and ran between two doors to protect us from the shots, which were coming in at all the windows. Mr Ellice then drew us down to the cellar, shut the trap-door on us, and left us there. There we sat huddled in a corner, with the light of one tallow-candle, without shoes or stockings, or any warm clothing, in the damp, cold cellar, not knowing what was going on above. In a little while down came Georgine (our Swiss maid) in a dreadful state of misery, having been wounded in the eye on looking out to see what was going on. Then came the other maids, and the cook crying and making herself very silly. So there we sat silent and miserable. At last the trap-door opened, and slowly and stealthily we saw coming down the ladder a man in the Canadian dress, with a long musket in his hand. We asked what he wanted, and what he was come to do; but he spoke never a word till he got to the bottom. Oh, the intense agony of that moment! But when he reached the floor and turned to us what a joy it was to see Scott (the Scotch grieve)! He had come to hide guns from the rebels. At last Mr Ellice came and told us that the rebels were going to take him and Mr Brown and Mr Norval prisoners to Chateauguay first, but where afterwards they would not say. We went up with him, and almost immediately he was taken away with the others, and we were left alone with thirty or forty rebels in the house, most of them in the kitchen (where we had to sit), and five hundred outside the house. What ruffians they looked—all the image of Robespierre—with their muskets, pitchforks, swords, poles with iron and spikes at the end of them, hoes out of the garden—in short, anything they could get hold of in the shape of weapons; and their red caps, blue caps, and greatcoats with the capots and red sash! The horror and desolation we felt when they took away Mr Ellice and the other prisoners, and left us among these malefactors without a creature we could look to for advice or guidance! The rebels found the muskets in the cellar, and that infuriated them all the more. They came about us with loaded guns. "*Oh, nous ne voulons pas vous faire du mal; n'avez pas peur, nous ne voulons que les armes,*" they said assuringly. Mr Ellice's last words to us were, "Get to Montreal if you can; do everything

in your power to get away from this." The steamboat *Henry Brougham* came in at six o'clock as usual. She was instantly boarded by the rebels and captured, as also a great many passengers who were on board. They took the screws out of the paddle-boxes, and other parts of the machinery they put on the ends of long poles as weapons. About ten o'clock we thought of breakfast, and sent for Prevot and told him to get what he could. He fortunately found half a loaf and a little mug of cream. All else had been sacked and pillaged. Three hundred lbs. of maple-sugar already gone. We saw them breaking it in lumps and cracking it and throwing it in the air to whoever would catch it. We sent for one of the captains—so called, more like a butcher—and asked him if he would allow us to go to Montreal, as we could go in our own canoe. He said he would go and hold a consultation with the other "chiefs," and bring us the result in ten minutes. We saw them walk round the house and run their swords and pikes through the canoe, and then they returned and told us we might go to Montreal if we could! As a last resource we sent to Mr Quintal the priest, and asked him to come and see us. He sent word he would come after mass. Our guards, who had got down to the cellar and drank everything, were now mostly tipsy—jumping, firing, and roaring. The only friends we had were Scott and one of the ploughmen; and they, terrified out of their wits, came creeping about us and saying, "There will not be one of us left alive to-morrow morning," so destroying the little courage we had. We watched the church, thinking mass would never come to an end. How slowly the hands went round on our watches—every minute seemed an hour! At last the curé came, and after a long consultation we decided the best thing we could do was to go to his house, all of us. It was a dreadful day, pouring rain, and they allowed us to come up in our own wagon! Thankful we were to find ourselves here, away from these fierce-looking faces.

'November 5.—What a dreadfully anxious and tedious night we have had! Every noise we heard we fancied it was a rebel. We did not undress, but just threw ourselves on the bed. We spent the morning watching a steamboat which we vainly hoped was coming in with troops, as red-coats were seen on board; but it was only a small steamboat, and we suppose she had not enough men on board. Our disappointment was great as we watched her pass on. From the curé's house we can see all that is going on. All our good horses and carriages are being used for sending despatches about the country. It makes us melancholy to look at them. A large party of the rebels (or patriots, as they call themselves) have stationed themselves at the mill, and a constant communication is kept up between the village, the Seigneurie House, and

the kirk, which are both used as stations for their troops.

'Captain Whipple came as we were going to dinner, and Mr Mason—both prisoners. Mr Parker came to see us last night—one of the prisoners, an English officer in the artillery. He had been taken with the rest to Chateaugay, where they found they had too many, so they brought some of them back again. Mr Parker had seen Mr Ellice, and brought reassuring messages.

'We spoke to two or three of the rebels to-day, who all said it was not their fault. They were forced to it—drawn out of their beds and ordered either to follow or have their houses burnt. They gave their names to Mrs Ellice, and hoped to be remembered in better days. They are in tears when they talk of it, and I believe it is the case. Different rumours and reports come every minute. Some say that the Indians are coming; others, that the volunteers from Huntingdon are on the way; others, troops from Montreal. But one thing is sure which all say, that the rebels are very much disappointed at the Yankees not being here. They expected them for a certainty on Sunday. It is a dreadful day of wind, rain, and snow by turns.

'November 6 (Tuesday).—At two o'clock in the morning we were alarmed by hearing the door-bell ring violently and people walking about. When the door was opened we found that all the prisoners from the *Henry Brougham* were brought up here for safety. A report prevailed that the Glengarry men were coming, and that they were within five miles, and would be down immediately, and that the rebels would probably burn the village, the steamboat, and everything else ere they came. The poor curé has hard work lodging them all. Thirty additional visitors is no joke. It was a long time before we could settle them all—children and babies, mothers worse than their babies; men, captains and majors! There were hysterics, faintings, and much use of smelling-bottles and cold water. Among them is a Mrs Usher, with two infants—a great heiress in this country. She evidently thinks so herself, for she takes no more care of her infants than if they were the Great Mogul's, sits in a corner, sighs and smells her salt-bottle, and talks of her sore bones. Another person, a Miss Griffen, very pretty, sits in another corner and stares through her large dark eyes, smiles at what is going on, and talks to a man, her brother—if man he can be called—in ringlets! He walks about, clapping his hands, shaking his locks, and looking interesting. Mr Parker is a gentleman—that is enough, and makes up for almost every deficiency—handsome, full of good spirits, talkative; in short, an Englishman. The rest are mediocre. . . . We were obliged to send and ask permission to milk the cows and kill some sheep, as all these prisoners live at our expense.

'November 7 (Wednesday).—We begin every day wondering if before night there will be any change in our destiny, and still always disappointed. It was said that the Huntingdon volunteers were coming, and five hundred rebels instantly rushed up the country to attack them, and left the village nearly deserted, but placed more guards on us. . . . I wonder what the rebels want. When we ask them they do not know what to say. Some say they wish all Canada to be made a free state like the Yankees. I do not believe they know what they want, but are imposed on by a few leaders. If you ask them who are their masters, they say, "*Ah, je ne sais pas; nous n'avons point de maîtres; nous sommes tous maîtres, nous faisons ce que nous voulons.*" And still they have captains. Altogether, it is an extraordinary business, and sometimes I can hardly help laughing. It is so absurd to be imprisoned at one's own place, in the curé's house, with a lot of people one has never seen before; and the house where a few days ago we were walking sole masters and lords of everything, we are now obliged to ask leave to send to for milk and food which are our own. But when one looks at the other side of the picture—at the many anxious hours we spend thinking of others and watching for ourselves, listening for noises and hearing reports, with the terror of cannon or the Indians' war-cry over our heads, then our situation is truly lamentable. Our only comfort is that as prisoners of war we might be worse. As I expected, they have not brought Mr Ellice back [the rebels had promised that] nor the others from Chateauguay.'

While these events were occurring the authorities adopted energetic measures for quelling the rebellion. Sir John Colborne, the commander-in-chief, sent orders to Major Carmichael to assemble as many battalions in Glengarry as he could collect without delay, and proceed at once to Beauharnois to release the prisoners and punish the insurgents. These Glengarry men proved worthy sons of that Fencible Regiment which their chaplain led to Canada, and which had done so much to roll back the invasion from the United States in 1812. The chaplain still survived: he was now the Catholic Bishop of Upper Canada; and, though he was seventy-eight years of age, the ardour of his patriotism was not abated. In those days he published an address to the Glengarry men, calling them to arms. 'I am far from thinking it necessary in the present critical situation of your country,' wrote the noble bishop, 'to address you on the score of loyalty to your Sovereign. When a Prime-Minister of England in 1802 expressed to me his reluctance to permit Scottish Highlanders to emigrate to the Canadas, from his apprehension that the hold which the parent state had on the Canadas was too slender to be permanent, I took the liberty of assuring him that the most effective way to render that hold strong and permanent was to encourage the emigration of Scottish Highlanders into these colonies. Your brave and loyal conduct during the late war

with the United States verified my prediction. It is a most consoling reflection that I have been so fortunate as to possess the confidence of you all, Protestants as well as Catholics, because on all occasions when my humble exertions could forward your interests I never made any distinction between Protestants and Catholics; and I have no hesitation to declare that among my warmest, my most sincere, and most attached friends are persons of a different persuasion from my own. To the credit and honour of Scots Highlanders be it said, that the difference of religion was never known to weaken the bonds of friendship, and Catholics and Protestants have always stood shoulder to shoulder nobly supporting one another during the fiercest tug of battle. . . . That the God of Battles may be your protector, and grant success to the righteousness of your cause, is the ardent prayer and sincere wish of your obedient servant, ALEXANDER MACDONELL.' Truly a catholic and generous bishop! That he knew no distinction of sect is shown by his once having received an address from an Orange Lodge, and by his having been called upon to arbitrate between the Presbyterian minister and his congregation when they had a quarrel, on which occasion the bishop spoke plain and forcible words to the minister's congregation on their duty! When such a man sent the fiery-cross through Glengarry, what wonder that the commanding-officer was besieged with people eager to enrol! In a few days a thousand Glengarry men were ready to march on Beauharnois to stamp out the fire of rebellion.

Let us now return to the diary of the young prisoner in Beauharnois. Two more days passed without any incident. The rebels were daily expecting Yankee reinforcements; the prisoners were hoping against hope that relief was near. On the 9th of November their hopes were raised by the sight of a steamboat:

'A steamboat was reported and seen in the distance, on which we all ran to the windows, straining our eyes watching it creeping gradually up. We were, alas! doomed to disappointment again. It passed, and we could hardly believe it, so sure did we feel that it was bringing us relief.'

But at last relief came. The faded diary tells the story well:

'November 10 (Saturday).—The morning we spent as usual watching and looking for succour from Montreal. We had not a morsel of food in the house. A man came to see us in secret, to tell us that the Glengarrys would be down this evening, and hoped, if circumstances changed, Mrs Ellice would remember him. We had heard that report so often, and had been expecting them every night, we did not put more faith in it than usual. Mr Parker sat on our stretcher a long time before tea, and we talked a long while of what we should do if the Glengarrys really did come. The curé came in looking as pale as death, evidently in a great fright and expecting something. We thought no more of it, bade Mr Parker good-night, and advised

N.B. Mr. Ellice Senior.  
 ("Bear") bought the farm  
 estate of Glengarry in  
 1838 (the upper glen)—  
 the southern part of  
 Glengarry was bought  
 in 1811) 1863, when both  
 father & son Edward were  
 still living.

him to drink a cup of strong green-tea to keep him awake. We were writing our journals when we exclaimed at the same minute, "Surely that was a shot at the mill?" We opened the door into the other room and asked our fellow-prisoners if they had heard it. They assured us it was nothing, and went on with their various occupations. So convinced, however, were we that it was something that we both shut up our books and put any little things we had lying about into our boxes. We had not done so five minutes when we heard shots, and *rat-tat, rat-tat* all round the house, the balls coming whizzing everywhere. We seized each other's hands and stood in the doorway, when all of a sudden we heard the doors breaking open, and such a rush from the other end of the house of men, women, and children—all our fellow-prisoners, headed by the two doctors, as pale as death. They were flying out of a little room beyond ours already filled with our servants, screaming, crying, and wailing. We were carried on by the multitude much against our wills; such a pushing and squeezing there was—children and women falling and being trampled on. I wonder we were not crushed to death. And those two cowardly doctors, instead of showing presence of mind and trying to comfort us, only cried out, "It's the rebels; we are all going to be murdered." It was a fearful moment, not knowing which party was going to be victorious. Oh! how relieved we were when in a little while Colonel Phillpots rushed into the room shouting, "Are Mrs Ellice and Miss Balfour here?"

Colonel Phillpots was one of the officers in command of the Glengarry relief-expedition. Two of the Glengarry men were slain in the brief conflict ere the rebels were driven from their positions. Mrs Ellice and Miss Balfour attended the funeral of the two Highlanders on the following day, and the Glengarry men were delighted to find that the ladies were able to address a few words of Gaelic to them.

On the second night after their own release, the one great anxiety which weighed on the ladies was removed. Suddenly the door opened, and Mr Ellice walked in clothed in a buffalo-skin, unshaven and unshorn. He had been kept a close prisoner by the rebels until the day on which the Glengarry men relieved Beauharnois. On that day the rebels resolved to send their prisoners to Napierville, and two hundred men with them as escort. While on their way they heard the news that Napierville was captured by the troops. A panic thereupon seized the escort, and in a little while the prisoners found that their guards had vanished into the woods. Mr Ellice found his way to Montreal and reported himself to Sir John Colborne, then hurried to Beauharnois to set the minds of the ladies at rest. On the 12th of November the little party embarked in a jollyboat belonging to the captured steamer *Henry Brougham*, and, rowed by four Glengarry men, made their way to Montreal, which they reached in safety, but not without further adventures.

Thus did the brave men of the Canadian Glengarry rescue those who were destined to live much of their after-lives in the old Glengarry beyond the sea. For, a few years later, Mr Ellice bought the old glen whence these men had gone, and the remnant that was left in it had no longer any need to turn with longing eyes to that land in the far West which bore a well-loved name. And if the memory of those stirring days in Canada, and of what the Glengarry men did for him there when they marched to the relief of Beauharnois, had anything to do with Mr Ellice's purchasing the old Glengarry, then the old glen owes a debt to the new.

#### THE OUTLOOK.

I KNEW a man whose rich delight  
 Was but to keep his garden bright,  
 And train the shrubs of green and gold,  
 And boast: 'Did ever eyes behold  
 Such bush and leaf of giant build  
 As those my hands and soul have tilled!'

And morn by morn he opened wide  
 The window with contented pride,  
 And viewed his work, as day on day  
 It spread its branches wide and gay,  
 Till soon, with hungry growth, it drew  
 The sunlight from his latticed view.

There lived a poor wise man of Greece,  
 Who breathed the air of happy peace,  
 Who moved within a garden small,  
 E'en smaller than his neighbour's hall;  
 Nor murmured at his narrow path,  
 Nor grudged the rich the fields he hath.

When asked how he so wise could rove  
 Within so small a garden grove,  
 He answered, 'Friend, 'tis large; come, view it.  
 Upward I find no limit to it!  
 For, earthward, though the plot be small,  
 Upward—'tis boundless, heaven, and all!'

'Tis as the first with men who move  
 Within a world's appointed groove,  
 Who never greet the golden dawn  
 Nor sorrow when the light grows wan;  
 For o'er the lattice of the soul  
 The shrubs of earth have gained control.

But wise the man, as he of Greece,  
 Who gives the curtained soul release,  
 Outstrips the earth-locked ants that toil,  
 And finds that far beyond the soil  
 His little groove of life extends,  
 Upward, unlimited, ascends!

Small though the plot from wall to wall,  
 From earth to heaven 'tis more than all!  
 A view unbroken, when the soul  
 At outlook marks God's hand unroll  
 His splendours 'mid the hosts of heaven,  
 For upward there's no limit given!

JAS. BLACKBURN.

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