

I longed for rest, prayed life might yield
Soft joy and dear delight;
You urged me to the battlefield
And flung me in the fight.

We two part company to-day,
Now, ere my strength be spent,
I open wide my doors, and say,
"Begone, thou Discontent!"

Then something strong and sweet and fair
Rose up and made reply:
"Who gave you the desire to dare
And do the right? 'Twas I!"

The coward soul craves pleasant things,
Soft joys and dear delights—
I scourged you till you spread your wings
And soared to nobler heights.

You know me but imperfectly—
My surname is Divine;
God's own right hand did prison me
Within this soul of thine,

Lest thou, forgetting work and strife,
By human longings prest,
Shouldst miss the grandest things of life,
Its battles and unrest.

A strong religious faith and hope show themselves in her work, notably in "The Mother," "Thankfulness," "The King's Gift," and in "The Ghosts of Night," which we quote below, omitting the refrain:

When we were children, long ago,
And crept to bed at close of day,
With backward glance and footstep slow,
Though all aweary with our play,
Do you remember how the room—
The little room with window deep—
Would fill with shadows and with gloom,
And fright us so we could not sleep?

We could but cover up our head,
And listen to our heart's wild beat—
Such dreadful things about our bed,
And no protection save a sheet!
Then slept, and woke quite unafraid
The sun was shining, and we found
Our shadows and our ghosts all laid,
Our world a glorious playing-ground.

We are but children still, the years
Have never taught us to be bold,
For mark our trembling and our fears
When sometimes, as in days of old,
We in the darkness lie awake,
And see come stealing to our side
A ghostly throng—the grave Mistake,
The Failure big, the broken Pride.

How close they creep! How big they loom!
The task which waits, the cares which creep!
A child, affrighted in the gloom,
We fain would hide our heads and weep,
When lo! the coward fear is gone—
The golden sunshine fills the air,
And God has sent us with the dawn
The strength and will to do and dare.

In her narrative poems, Mrs. Blewett shows a good deal of skill in telling a story, and considerable command of both pathos and humour, as in "Jack" and in "Christy and the Pipers." In the latter poem the old Highland woman, after a score of years, hears again the pipes of a Highland regiment. She says to her husband:

There are only harps in heaven, I'm told,
And maybe I shouldn't say it;
For a harp of gold's a wondrous thing
In a hand that's skilled to play it.

But those highland lads, 'twas the pibroch's call
They heard morning, noon and even,
And the pibroch's call, I believe in my heart,
They will hear in the streets of heaven.

O, a harp where an angel strikes the strings
Is softer and sweeter, but try
As I will, I cannot fancy a harp
In the hands of, say, Peter MacKay.

Some of her pictures of Canadian country life, for example, "Chore Time," "The Preacher Down at Coles," and "The Old Man's Visit," are very vivid and "homely" in the pleasant sense of the word. Perhaps the word "homeliness" in that sense is the best epithet to apply to that quality, which probably attracts her readers most strongly, a sweet wholesomeness in dealing with the joys and sorrows, the struggles and failures and successes of our everyday life. In her persistent belief that life is worth while, and that the happiness more than outweighs the sorrow, we may point to the poem called in "Heart Songs" "A Sunset Talk," but rewritten, and appearing in a much shorter and more artistic form in "The Cornflower" as "The Parting:"

One summer's morning I heard a lark
Singing to heaven, a sweet-throated bird;
One winter's night I was glad in the dark,
Because of the wondrous song I had heard.

The joy of life, I have heard you say,
Is my love, my laughter, my smiles and tears;
When I have gone on the long, strange way,
Let these stay with you through all the years—