

**HE IS A CANADIAN,
AND OTHER VERSE**

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He is a Canadian, and Other Verse by Esther Kerry

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— BY —
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He is a Canadian, London Lamps, The Spirits of the Lake (1) and The Return of the 13th and 14th have appeared in the Gazette; A Canadian Spring Song in the Canadian Bookman. For permission to reprint them, acknowledgment is due to the Editors.

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HE IS A CANADIAN

"He is a Canadian"—I wonder has he stood
In some thick forest, on a mountain slope
Silent beneath a pine
And looking out across a valley seen,
Nothing but bristling tree trunks far below
And stony-scarred grey mountains
Whose snow-caps
Rise to a sunswept blue?

"He is a Canadian"—I wonder has he stood
On some still morning by a tiny lake
And watched the water ripple on the beach
One little clearing
In the mighty woods.
And known he is first to breathe that air
Not weighted by a thousand lives and thoughts,
But rare and pure,
A breathing straight from God?

"He is a Canadian"—Then I know he knows
The keenness of our winter's icy blast,
The radiant snow, the shining blue, the frost,
That bites and purifies,
And clears away
The murk and greyness of too sordid lives,
He is a Canadian, and he shares with me,
Those vast free spaces and those open ways
And memories now half bitter, for they were so
sweet
Of careless eager life, and happier days.

Oh, Canada, of bigness, beauty, strength,
Whom we thy wandering children know as ne'er
before,

In exiles' retrospect of glorious hours,
We love thee with a love, we never felt till now—
A love not all our own, a heritage,
From those who to thy shores no more return
Their love of thee, unconscious, pent,
Which drove them forth, they knew not why
And urged them on,
All glad for thee to die,
In this great love may we be consecrate
And made a nation new,
Strong as thy mountains,
Generous as thy plains,
Pure as thy winters
And with depths unknown,
As all thy forest lakes
Still pools of peace.

London, June, 1917.

IN ENGLAND

In England, in England
We're living now in England,
We've frozen in the winter 'neath a bitter leaden sky,
In December fogged and dreary
Through sunless January
And February frostbound,
To March's lengthening days,
Till April whirled upon us
Biting snow and rain in torrents,
And the only wisp of brightness
Was the crocus' golden blaze.

In London, in London
We've lived long months in London,
Grey London, dear London, we know it now so well;
Its ancient ways a-winding
New paths forever finding,
Quiet alleys half forgotten
Wide streets fair and fine,
Grey barges on the river,
Red flame of winter's sunset,
And daffodils up-springing
Beside the Serpentine.

In Surrey, in Surrey
Now spring has come to Surrey,
The cuckoo's calling always in a tiny bit of wood,
Where bluebells shine and shimmer
Pale primroses gleam dimmer,
And new leaves quiver glistening
As the rays of sunlight pass.
A world fresh-washed in greenness
A wind bereft of keenness,
But blowing to us sweetly
New odours of the grass.

In England, in England,
We're living now in England,
We've crossed the seas to England, where our
fathers used to dwell;
Oh, days of heart-sick sadness,
Oh, days of home-sick madness,
So far away our own land
Beyond the ocean foam;
But now on still spring evenings,
The voices of those fathers
Drift whispering around us
And we know that we've come home.

"LONDON LAMPS"

*"London must spill out lives like wine, that London's lights
may shine."*

A myriad lamps of London
Are dim and shadowed now;
A myriad lads of London
Are fighting in the war.

Oh little lads of London
Who grew 'neath London's lights,
Whose lives went out in suffering
All black as London's nights.

As you have passed to glory
And shine as lights beyond;
So London's lamps shall blaze again
Through life-blood of her sons.