

After a thousand thousand rains and  
 snows  
 Had beaten on it, sanguine battle came  
 And smote the rod which held it. Down  
 it fell,  
 Clashing and clanging on the lichened  
 tiles,  
 And thence to earth. In the diaphanous  
 dusk  
 Of early June, what time it poised and  
 plunged,  
 A Poilu, wandering in the dim church  
 close,  
 Saw the descending vane and caught it up,  
 The ancient iron Cock of Tilloloy.  
 Somehow it seemed a symbol and a sign,  
 And so he bore it with him. At Verdun,  
 And too upon that red intrenched line  
 Along the Somme, it crowned the barrier,  
 And 'twas as though it crowed the  
 clarion call  
 To Victory, though the shrapnel clipped  
 its comb  
 And rent it's slender body. The Poilu,  
 Fain on his furlough after days that  
 reeked  
 With shock and slaughter, took the bat-  
 tered Cock,  
 The ancient iron Cock of Tilloloy,  
 And hid it.  
 Now that kindly hearts and hands,  
 Hearts, wherein burn the flame of love  
 for France,  
 Are to remould and fashion wall and  
 tower,  
 Again upon the crest the radiant vane,  
 Unvanquished by the onset of the Huns,  
 In reverence raised from its safe hiding-  
 place,  
 Will greet the morning as in elder time  
 When winds of Peace blew over Tilloloy.  
 Such is our dream—and may the dream  
 come true.

#### IN JUNE

The crimson roses tell me it is June;  
 I know it by the wind that never  
 grieves,  
 And by the radiant rondure of the moon,  
 And by the emerald shadows of the  
 leaves.  
 The fireflies with their tenuous golden  
 skeins  
 They too reveal it, and the oriole,  
 Flame-breasted, says to me that Junetime  
 reigns  
 By the unburdened rapture of its soul.  
 Yet sometimes I am barren of belief,  
 And whisper to myself it cannot be,  
 With all the nations in the grasp of grief,  
 And all the world so wrenched with  
 agony.  
 June is for joy, yet horror stalks abroad,  
 And he who wrought the crime blasphemes  
 to God.

#### RICHARD COBDEN: THE INTERNATIONAL MAN.

By J. A. HOBSON. Toronto: J. M.  
 Dent and Sons.

ONE would judge by reading this  
 book, which is the work of one of  
 the foremost economists of the day,  
 that had Cobden's ideas, especially  
 his idea regarding internationalism  
 and in favour of free trade been  
 adopted, not only by Great Britain,  
 but also by the other great powers  
 of Europe, there would have been no  
 such war as we have just witnessed.  
 Cobden condemned protective tariffs  
 and other impediments to trade, not  
 only because they made food dear  
 and otherwise impaired the produc-  
 tion of national wealth but because  
 they interfered with free and friendly  
 intercourse of different nations, bred  
 hostility of interests, stimulated hos-  
 tile preparations, and swallowed up  
 those energies and resources of each  
 nation that were needed for the culti-  
 vation of the arts of peaceful pro-  
 gress. Cobden believed that non-in-  
 tervention was the only safe and sure  
 condition for the play of the positive  
 forces of human sympathy and solid-  
 arity between the members of dif-  
 ferent political communities. Peoples  
 themselves, if governments would  
 cease to interfere; would discover and  
 maintain friendly intercourse, first  
 in the mutual interchange of goods  
 and services for the satisfaction of  
 their common needs. Then in grow-  
 ing co-operation for all the higher  
 purposes of life. Mr. Hobson's ap-  
 preciation of Cobden as an interna-  
 tionalist, made possible by access to  
 material hitherto unpublished, places  
 the subject in a new light, removes  
 him from the isolation of purely  
 British politics and makes him one of  
 the great modern political reformers.  
 The book, therefore, is an intensely  
 interesting study of one who while  
 devoting his energies to the allevia-  
 tion of conditions of living in Britain,  
 looked farther afield in the hope of  
 applying his theories in a practical  
 way elsewhere.