

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS



FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY



PRICE
SIX-PENCE
By Post 6½^d

OFFICE, 148, STRAND, LONDON.

St. James's Magazine.—An article upon Manitoba should be read for information by intending settlers. The facts as to the soil, its occupation, and cultivation are full, and apparently authoritative. Some verses by Mr. Evelyn Jerrold, "*Les Morts Vont Vite*," are graceful.

" *Les Morts Vont Vite*, you say, you sigh,
O wild, weak hearts that beat too slow;
Your strongest care can only try
To ward off death's last mercy-blow
From your best-loved ones:—when they die
You let them go!

" *Les Morts Vont Vite*: with outstretched palms
You pray them keep the husk they shed;
Your silly sorrow craves as alms
The worms may spare one empty head—
As if we needed Egypt's balms
To keep our dead.

" As if the balsams, herbs, and bands,
The closed, shut shell, the essenced pall,
The dread arts taught in Egypt's sands
Were needed to preserve love's thrall;—
As if death ever from love's hands
Could wrest love's all!

" Ah, would they went, the laggard dead!
Their footsteps are upon my floor,
Their dear shapes move about my bed;
Unwelcome, worshipped guests, wherefore,
Because once loved, haunt this tired head
For evermore!"