

MADONNA.

"A child crying in my dominions!" said the Lady of All Delights, as she passed down the windy street and heard a feeble wailing noise. It was not loud; not one of the gay or busy passers-by even seemed to fancy there could be such noises in their world. But the lady's ears were quick to hear a sound like that. It came to her through all the tumult of the many feet and countless wheels. "That is not as it should be" she half thought, half spoke aloud. Pausing in her walk, she looked about her; there were houses, new and old, little shops and comfortable homes, standing close to one another on both sides of the way. Only one did not seem to have a human tenant. "It must come from that old house yonder, so grey and weather-beaten," she said softly to herself. She crossed the narrow roadway, stooped in at the low entrance, and, ever following the sound, up rickety stairs and along foul passages, came at last to a battered door, shaking on one broken hinge. She pushed it aside.

It was a gloomy attic she stood in, narrow but not low. Day, entered by a single opening—a small unglazed window high up from the floor. The room was full of deep brown shadows, in all parts but one. There, in the further corner, the cold white light of the north fell in a long pale ray upon something white. Something white and awfully still. It is an upturned face. The eyes were wide open, but they saw nothing, though they gazed so steadily, and the cheeks were so wasted and hollow you would never believe they had once been rosy-round.

"One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead."

By her side lay a young babe that the thin arms had at last been too weak to lift to her breast or even half enfold. And there it lay by its mother, wailing, wailing in the cold. The face of the Gentle Lady turned white; as white almost as that of the other woman lying before her—as the paleness of white June roses is to that of drifted snow—her eyes were brighter than their wont, for they were wet with swift, unshed tears; and the soft lips parted slightly, though no word came through, only little, trembling moans. All at once she bent over her dead sister, caught up the crying child and laid it in her warm bosom. Then, with her tender arms folded close around the babe and her face bent down to its face, she hurried from the room. She was soon out again in the bleak autumn day and the turmoil of the thronging street. The bitter wind cut her hands and face, and sometimes the people pushed rudely past her in their haste, but she felt it not, for the child had ceased its wail from the time it first felt her gentle touch, and, soothed by her low, sweet words, it soon fell fast asleep.

BOHEMIEN.

CIBOLOGY.

"Voracious learning, often overfed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal."

CAST aside the well-worn books, ye seekers after knowledge! waste no more the midnight oil! let not cankering meditation stamp thought's deep lines on a brow radiant with youthful bloom! For industry now doth mean a ravening appetite; study—a never-ending feast; wisdom—a good digestion.

By the labors of the comparative cibologist the long-sought royal road to learning has been found. This latest of the sciences is founded on careful investigation of the esculent predilections of individuals and races, and on the exhaustive study of the nervous activities set on by various foods. Thus reasons the cibologist:—"My knowledge is a constituent part or element of the being whom I call myself; my knowledge is therefore an emanation of my nutriment. Clearly, since my nutriment furnishes all the constituents of my physical being. Now, as nutriment and knowledge are related as antecedent to consequent, modify or change the nutriment and of necessity you alter the knowledge.

The student, then, who wishes to become profoundly learned in some branch of knowledge, examines the synopsis of foods and their respective emanations compiled by the cibologist. With untiring industry he devours the prescribed diet in filling quantity. Rigidly does he flee the allurements of all neutralizers and opposites, and even as he digests he becomes learned in his chosen subject.

Vague glimmerings of this important doctrine are discernible in every age. Thus, the special virtues of many vegetables have been enshrined in the names of some of Rome's noblest lines, the "Fabii," for example. Poets of every clime have sung the inspiration of the meagre pulse. To the mathematical properties of the oat the canny Scot is living witness. Sauer-kraut and limburger are inseparably associated with the German name. In our own day, the succulent bean, albeit hateful to Pythagoras, has given rise to the far-famed Boston culture.

What beautiful simplicity this great discovery has introduced into our ancient university of Teioiagon!

The sachems and sages of the tribe styled "graduates" established for the aspirant to their dignity a period of probation or novitiate. The neophyte spent four years in assimilating the "pabulum" attached to one of the sections, into which the sum of human knowledge is divided. At the end of this period he became like to a sage in wisdom. The queasy-stomached and those who from early habit were unable to digest particular foods as they were then usually served, were permitted to attend certain allied institutions, in which such obnoxious food was specially prepared and flavored by sympathetic tasters. It was the peculiar province of the tasters to prevent the neophyte from eating anything that might excite indigestion or nausea, and thus rendering him discontented with his surroundings. To others of nice stomachs, who required to be spoon-fed, certain "options" were open; by these nutriment was introduced into their enfeebled systems in homeopathic doses. Some foods, doubtless considered too stimulating for the neophyte, were prohibited altogether by the sachems.

As it was held to be injurious to the neophyte to gorge at once the diet assigned, he was required, before being admitted to his new rank, to produce a "certificate" that he had consumed it in a legitimate manner as allotted by the tasters. But recently, as I have learned, the sachems have made an exceeding wise "regulation." It was found that neophytes of more than ordinary capacity, not content with the fare regularly placed before them by the tasters, had recourse to the larder. This was so obviously unfair to those of poorer digestive powers, that a penalty has been imposed on those who, in order to supplement the in many instances meagre allowance of the tasters, use the larder.

M. F. U.

SHAFTESBURY.

Foremost in every noble deed that brings
The laurel wreath of Fame's undying praise
To mortals; seeking only purest ways
Of spurning forth the ear'ly dross that clings
Like cerements to mankind e'en at his best;
Thee, woman freed from her inhuman load,
Thee, children rescued from long toil's harsh goad,
Salute with joy for God's great boon of rest.
Thy glory shines thro' Britain's wide domains;
Yea, foreign lands have owned thy godlike power;
E'en heathen tribes pour blessings on thy name.
Servant of Christ, well done! In that great hour
When toilers shall be free from tyrant chains,
The ransomed shall thee greet with loud acclaim.

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S. WOODS.