

and white dogs hunting wolves, the heretics.

Talking of frescoes, though, the most wonderful that I have seen so far is Perugino's "Crucifixion." It is painted on the wall of the chapter house belonging to an ancient convent, and is in three parts. The central part contains the crucifixion, with Mary Magdalene kneeling at the foot of the cross. That to the right depicts St. Thomas and St. Benedict; on the left the Virgin and St. Bernard. All have a background of green hills, while the central one also shows a beautiful winding river running through a quiet meadow, and on its banks a little country village. The figure of Christ is not so wonderful, though the droop of the head is very good, but it is the emotions depicted on the faces of the watchers that are so stirring. Magdalene's eyes are filled

with tears, and her face is full of penitence. St. Bernard and St. John, the one on his knees, the other standing, are looking upward, with faces full of sorrow, sense of loss, and admiration. The Virgin is as if benumbed with grief. St. Bernard was much less interesting, so I gave most of my attention to the other figures. The quiet surroundings of the convent added to the solemnity of the scene, and a young American girl who was with me remarked, that if she were a Roman Catholic she would rather come to worship here than before many of the altars in the churches. Now you will all have heard enough of Florence, so I must stop, though one might go on for hours, writing of the interesting scenes that surround us.

ELEANOR.

HEALTH IN THE HOME.

By a Trained Nurse

The Care of the Baby.

In dressing the baby do not put on the little flannel band so tight that the child cannot expand a little after feeding; it causes pain. A baby waking from sleep should be taken up as soon as he cries—it is his only means of calling attention to himself, his wants and troubles. If he is immediately put to rights very likely he will be quiet and contented again, but to wait each time until he is fairly screaming is to eventually have a cross baby. Hard crying for a long time may cause internal injury. Sharp screams, accompanied by drawing up the legs, mean pain in the bowels, caused by gas, and may be relieved by hot flannels or a little peppermint water (if possible prepared by the druggist in the right strength). Sometimes a change of position, such as laying the child on its stomach over your shoulder, helps to expel the gas. When other things have failed, half a teaspoon of castor oil may be given, and it will go down more easily if the spoon is dipped in hot water before using, care being taken not to use it too hot. It prevents the oil from clinging to the spoon. Of course there is a limit to the use of castor oil. The way to avoid the trouble is to be extremely regular and clean about the feeding of the child, and if it does not thrive on the food it has, consult the doctor.

It should be made a matter of special care to see that

THE BABY BREATHES COMFORTABLY THROUGH ITS NOSE.

A slight difficulty resulting from cold in the head may be relieved by putting vaseline or tallow on the nose, especially over the bridge, and greasing the nostrils a little also on the inside. A persistent difficulty calls for the doctor's care, and should be reported to him at once. Shoes, especially leather ones, should be taken off, and all bands around the body loosened when a child lies down to sleep in the daytime. The feet are made to perspire by the shoes, and the bands interfere with the proper relaxation of the muscles, so that he wakes restless and cross, instead of refreshed.

IT IS NO LESS THAN WICKED to threaten a child with the "Bogy" or "Black man," or anything else of the kind to induce obedience, or to "box his ears." His head should be most carefully guarded from blows. He should not be slapped upon his back, particularly between the shoulder blades. Physical pun-

ishment is to be deprecated anyway, especially as the child very often is whipped for some bad habit that his parents have allowed him to fall into by not taking proper care from the beginning. It is the child's right to be protected so far as possible from acquiring bad habits. The fear of the rod makes children liars, and the indignity involved in its use lessens that respect for themselves, and, consequently, for others, which is one of the great safeguards of their future, and should be assiduously cultivated. I have seen persons tease a child for the amusement of seeing him fight back, and when he became quite unmanageable under this treatment, whip him to restore his good temper. Such persons merit contempt, but are usually well satisfied with themselves. They stop the crying with a handful of candy, and call it square. I do not say that a child should never be whipped, but the question should not be decided in a moment of irritation, and the person who administers the punishment ought to realize that a responsibility is incurred in so doing. I do not believe it is necessary with many children, and should be the last resort.

Children should have

WHOLESOME AND REGULAR MEALS.

Milk, eggs, well-cooked cereals and potatoes, and other vegetables according to the age of the child; meat not more than once a day, and that at the noon meal. Beef, lamb and chicken are good; milk and suet puddings, whole wheat bread and rye bread 24 hours old, soups, cocoa, cornstarches, fruit, homemade preserves, cake, etc. No tea, coffee or beer; no whiskey or stimulants, except by order of the physician; no pepper, mustard, pickles, or other condiments. No meat of any kind should be given until the child is over two years old, and then only a very little, or better, none until he is five or six. It is better to give the meat gravy from the dish, not made gravy. This really contains the most nourishing part of the meat, and is readily digested. It is better not to serve milk on their fruit, and not much sugar. The last meal at night should be light in character, and the child should go to bed early. Babies should be put to bed at six o'clock, and all children not later than half-past seven, under ordinary conditions. In some places, where the summer heat is intense, it is better to allow them to stay up a little later at night, and see that they sleep in the afternoon, but ordinarily children ought, like young animals, to go to bed with the sun, and in warm weather live as much as possible in the fresh air.

ALICE G. OWEN.



On the Casquets.

(By Jim's Wife.)

It was Holy Week, I remember—
The week before Easter Day—
They were ringing the bells for service
In the churches round our way.
So peaceful-like and quiet,
When Jim brought home to me
The news of an awful shipwreck
Out in the channel sea.
The wreck of the Steamer Stella—
Maybe you remember it plain,
But the tale can't be told too often
And so I tell it again.
And may it be told by our children,
When we are under the sod,
In the memory of a woman,
And to the glory of God!

The Stella left Southampton
One shiny April day,
Bound for the Channel Islands,
For Jersey—where they say
There are months of golden summer
And apples and plums in piles,
And hedges of roses and fuchsias
A-blooming for miles and miles!
I've never been to Jersey,
And I never shall go there;
For I've never been on a steamer,
And if you paid my fare,
And gave me something over,
I shouldn't want to go!
Many's the time Jim has asked me,
And I've always answered, "No."
While I can have an outing
On a bit of solid land
I won't be rolled topsy-turvy!
And I never can understand
How other folks enjoy it!
Yet there on the ship that day
Men, women and little children
Were merry at heart and gay,
All of them looking forward
To holiday and rest.
The Stella was strong and steady,
Her crew were of the best,
And no one thought of danger,
Till swiftly over the sea
Like a cloud of smoke a-rolling
The fog came suddenly.
Fogs are bad enough in London,
They're the terror of the wave.
I've heard that sailors hate them
And fear them like the grave.
They steal across the ocean
Faster than rain-scuds run,
And muffle the wind into silence
And blot out the light of the sun.
Like the mouth of some grim sea-
monster

Rising with teeth a-drip,
The jaws of the sea-fog opened
And swallowed up the ship!
Into the deadly vapor,
That hides the reefs and shoals,
The Stella passed with her cargo
Of nigh two hundred souls!
Did she stop or slow her engines?
Did she creep along the sea
Like a snail? Like a lame duck pad-
dling?—
For that's how it ought to be
When fog is on the water.
No; 'tis a moral crime
For ships in these days of hurry
To fail to keep their time.
The captain didn't slacken,
He steamed full speed ahead—
Peace to his soul! he is sleeping
Till the sea gives up its dead.
But woe to the great, rich companies
For whom such things are done.
As I say to Jim, I'd try them
For manslaughter, every one.
On rushed the Stella, blindfold,
Laden with human life,
Father and mother and brother,
Sister and husband and wife.
Helpless, poor souls, as dummies
Shut in a wooden box,
Till the keel of the flying vessel
Crashed on the "Casquet Rocks."
Oh, Lord! Those sharp rock hatchets!
They hewed her and hacked her in two,
Ripping up her strong steel plating
As I'd cut butter through,
Rent her and wrenched her asunder
And tore away plank from plank:
In six, mad, awful minutes
The trim screw steamer sank.
Sank! Can you think of those minutes?
And yet there were deeds done then
That will shine to the endless honor

Of Christian women and men.
Deeds done, and last words spoken—
Glorious! Wonderful! True!
Though it's only of just one woman
That I want to speak to you.
The Stewardess—Mrs. Rogers—
She served for years at sea
And she wanted to retire,
And had said that this would be
Her last run with the Stella,
For she meant to settle down
With her children at Southampton—
She'd a little home in the town.
I know no more about her,
Except that I've been told
That she was nice to look at
And wasn't very old,
And went about her duties
In a pleasant sort of way,
Like scores of quiet women
Who pass us any day.
When the vessel struck she was helping
The sick folk down below.
They clung to her, poor creatures,
As I should have done, I know.
And she spoke to them brave and steady,
And through the shock of the wreck,
She held them back from panic,
And brought them out on deck,
And bound the life-belts round them.
One lady stood alone,
Without a belt; the Stewardess
Unstrapped her own! Her own!
And forced it on the stranger.
"Quick, madam! You can't choose!
You're in my charge!" she says.
"You must have it, there isn't a
second to lose."

Then she took the lady and pushed her
Into the crowded boat.
"Get in yourself!" roared the sailors,
Though they scarce could keep afloat;
"Jump in for your life, Mrs. Rogers!"
One thought of the English shore,
Of the children who were waiting
For her step at the cottage door,
One look at that choking boat-load,
"No!" came the answer, high,
"You are full enough! I should sink
you,
Good-bye to all—good-bye!"
Then she turned towards death, as fear-
less
As I'd walk down the street.
"Lord take me," they heard her say-
ing.
And the ship sunk under her feet.

The body of Mary Rogers
Went down to its deep sea-grave,
But if ever a crown was waiting
For the faithful and the brave,
If the angels were ever ready
To carry a soul away,
They carried the soul of that woman
To Paradise that day.
"Lord take me!" those words will
haunt me
Till the day I come to die,
Not, "Save me, Lord!" or "Help
me!"
As some of us might cry
From the deck of a foundering vessel,
But "take me!" Oh, great and blest,
And strong as the wing of an angel,
Was the faith in this woman's breast.
—From Sunday Strand.

A New Leaf.

He came to my desk with a quivering
lip—
The lesson was done:
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he
said;
"I have spoiled this one."
In place of the leaf so stained and
blotted,
I gave him a new one, all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled—
"Do better, now, my child."
I went to the throne with a quivering
soul—
The old year was done:
"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for
me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf, stained and
blotted,
And gave me a new one, all unspot-
ted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better, now, my child."
—Selected.