

Dante and Beatrice in the Earthly Paradise, which is described as a garden on the summit of the Mount of Purgatory. Here Dante is plunged into the stream of Lethe, that he may forget the past: a gentle lady, "Matilda," helps him to emerge. Beatrice stands on the further bank to welcome him, and around her are others; a poet Statius; groups of elders; the symbolical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, and angels.

This is but a brief summary of what may be the study of a lifetime, but it may throw a little light upon the construction of the tableaux on which the High School pupils were engaged. The whole story of Dante is one of especial interest to women, for it affords a powerful and striking illustration of what power may be wielded by one girl, not wonderful, but sweet, serene and modest in the grace of womanhood, fitted to charm and to inspire, and always, in her personality, embodying to her adorer the grace of heaven. For it was what Beatrice symbolised, rather than what she actually was, that enlightened Dante.

It will be an irreparable loss if any

new developments in the "Woman Question" should make an ideal inspiration of this kind impossible in the future!

Perhaps the girls who were engaged in the reproduction of these scenes learnt lessons from the story they were depicting. Certain it is that one and all of them tried to throw into the representation the utmost power they could bestow. The excessive stress laid on every detail, the amount of attention and rehearsal necessary, and the scene-painting all involved hard work. This last was of a novel kind. Immense sheets of canvas were laid on the floor, and Mr. Waldegrave and any girls with artistic talent zealously painted away with a very large brush indeed, producing effects that were extraordinary when viewed close at hand, but very striking when seen at a distance. Mary Percival took special delight in this work! She and Katharine entered into it with immense zeal, and Mary one day showed Katharine a sonnet by Sir Theodore Martin which pleased them both. Mr. Percival had pointed it out to his daughter.

"Beautiful Florence! As in dreams I stray
 Along thy storied streets, meseems
 as though
 I saw, as Dante saw long years ago,
 A bevy of young girls come up the way
 Flushed with the freshness of the fragrant May.
 And of them one especially I know,
 Fair, maiden-modest, and with looks that so
 Bless where they fall, they every pain allay.
 And now she turns, drawn by some mastering spell,
 Where all a-tremble the young Dante stood,
 And 'neath her grave sweet smile his eyelids fell.
 Divined he then, through Paradise she should
 His footsteps guide up from abysmal Hell
 To Heaven, star-led by saintly womanhood?"

(To be continued.)

NO PLACE AT HOME.

By L. H. YATES.



ALL who have much to do with the employing of women, especially in newer fields of work, know that the majority of the applications with which they are continually besieged come from those for whom there is "no place

at home." These, swelling the already full ranks of the genuine unemployed, may, and do occasionally, succeed in filling the coveted posts, at least for a time, taking with delight the few shillings whereby they increase their pocket-money, and robbing the worker, in very deed and truth, of that which represents for her all the difference between absolute want and comparative comfort.

Let the daughters who contemplate "revolt" think of this.

On the other hand, with increased education, with a wider range of thought, and a more varied literature for thought to feed upon, the daughters of this generation cannot and will not be made to run in the conventional grooves their forerunners tracked out. Their individuality—the strongest, most inconvenient thing about them—makes them restive under restrictions. They cannot behave as the code of propriety laid out for them requires they should do. They must try their wings, be it for ever so short a flight, although they know, too, that on the journey their plumage is sure to be ruffled, and perhaps a few feathers lost.

The youth who, being remonstrated with by his father for ways of which the latter "had seen the folly," answered, "But, father, I want to see the folly of them too!" and

his desire was not considered unnatural; but the girl who "wants to make her own minor mistakes," is considered very unnatural indeed.

It is argued by anxious parents that the dangers which beset unprotected young women are too many and too grave to be needlessly risked; that in making her "minor mistakes" she may fall into grievous error. But when actual need arises, this argument is the last to be urged.

A mind rightly trained, whose thoughts are pure, may pass unscathed through the very midst of evil. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Although we do not place ourselves in entire sympathy with the rebels, we freely acknowledge that the daughter's right to a life of her own, to a business, a profession, and a place in the world, is an indisputable one. She herself is keenly alive to this fact, every feeling, quivering sense within tells her it is so.

She does not ask for the *Wanderjahre*, that is considered her brother's birthright (a right which, when his manhood is acknowledged, he claims in many ways). She does not always ask even for a share in his university honours, but she does claim an equal right to prove and test her own theories and ambitions. He is a wise guardian who will gracefully allow her somewhat of the liberty she craves.

If the liberty to prove herself has been freely conceded, and her trial has proved unsuccessful, she returns a more willing captive, and falls into order contentedly, filling a humbler destiny with a better grace. Where the trial-test has been well withstood, when the path has been found and the feet planted therein, wisest guardians are they who then change their position of guardian for that of friend; holding the reins still, but in such sympathetic check that their restraint is scarcely felt.

This bond of friendship is the only real and

abiding tie even between parents and children; the physical link becomes weak when distance comes between, if there is no loyal feeling of friendship to weld it firm.

Where this friendship exists friction is rarely felt, however opinions may disagree; it is not in homes where friendship reigns that discontent finds a place.

If the wave of discontent shows signs of gathering strength in any household, threatening to break out into open revolt, it will not be calmed by closing the eye and shutting the ear. Forewarned is forearmed, and a difficult situation must be straightly faced.

Let the young bird try her wings by all means, when the home-nest grows too small, but see that she is not sped out of it before she is fully-fledged.

Equip her efficiently, skilled labour always finds its mart, but great is the blame to be laid on those who add one more to the vast army of incapables.

The avenues open to women branch in every direction, there are few roads left that are closed to them, therefore, if home has no binding needs and duties to lay upon its daughters' shoulders, let them choose from among the paths before them. Then give them an apprenticeship to labour, let their choice be what it may.

Every skilled worker adds some quota to the enrichment of the world, but the dabbler robs not herself alone but her fellow-craftswomen as a body, by depreciating their craft itself, lowering the estimation of women's work as a whole, lowering her own claims to recognition, and, chiefest robbery of all, depriving another, by the pittance she takes, of her right to a better place and worthier pay.

Assuredly, when there is "no place at home," there is a place waiting elsewhere; what is required is that we set about to find where that place really is, and fit ourselves to fill it to our utmost capacity.