THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

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, the river that forgets 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 symbolic 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 tableau 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 and unassuming, 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, messemas, and though I saw, as Dante saw long years ago, A bevy of young girls come up the way. Flush'd with the freshness of the fragrant May. And of them one especially I know, Fair, maiden-mest, 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 all with her grave sweet smile his eyelids fell. Divin'd 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.

I---who have much to do with the employing of women, especially in never fields of work, know that the majority of the applications 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 foremothers tracked out. Their individuality—the strongest, most convenient thing about them—makes them restive under restrictions. They cannot be, have the code of propriety laid out for them requires them to do so. They must try their wings, be it 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 shadings which best unproctected young women are too many and too grave to be needlessly raked; that in making her "minor mistakes" she is taking the sure step to the great 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. Homi 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 Wanderjahr, that is considered her brother's birthright (a right which, when his manhood is acknowledged, the claim to which is never asked 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 of proving 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 heart. 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 caused by closing the eye and shutting the ear. Forewarned is forseen, and a difficult situation must be straightforwardly 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 mate, 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 best suited for 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 not herself alone but her fellow-craftwomen 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, choicest robbery of all, depriving another, by the pittance she takes, of her right to a better place and woeber 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.