

lighted, the mail just arrived, and out of it comes INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE, between the pages of which peer many bright faces. The ample easy chair holds out its arms in eager welcome; even "puss" seems to purr "stay, stay," until there comes a sensation delightful to record. This is one out of a multitude of kindred joys attending the close of a November day; reconciling most of us

to the loss of summer's brightness and warmth. With Walter Scott, we feel

"Well pleased
For converse and for books to change
The forest's melancholy range,
And welcome with renewed delight
The busy day and social night."

Yes, welcome November, with its good cheer, its thanksgiving and happy fireside.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

ANENT the burning question of the hour, "Daughters," what is to prevent the overplus becoming in themselves noble monuments of the self-help theory? Self-help is stronger than any other help; and if a woman carries out the system thoroughly, it is safe to break the bank in the end, and bring her out excellent, because independent, and able to snap her fingers at Fate. Some find out the secret late, but it is none the less sweet to the palate; and those parents are wise who teach their offspring the lesson early in life, when the spirit rises easily to the strain, and the yoke does not gall on the vigorous shoulders. Adolescence is nonchalant, and takes much that irks middle age easily, and thus wins in a canter. Work, if work is incumbent, cannot be begun too early; and girls should never be permitted to fritter away hours and days in languid half and half occupations that enervate the senses and destroy self-respect. Then work would become easy, and bemoanings over fate would be less often heard. Learn one thing thoroughly is the true secret of success. Any talent once discovered and then "worked up," is to the young woman of to-day precisely what the acquired trade is to the mechanic. Smatterings are of no avail now, either in society or out of it. It is the woman that does one thing well who is heard of and appreciated. What matters it that all the daughters of a family are accomplished, speak German after

a fashion, and pick out a French novel, if they cannot earn money by either the one or the other? The test every girl desirous to achieve independence should put to herself is, "Will it pay me?" This before she wastes any time that may be better utilized. "First," as Mrs. Glasse puts it with regard to the hare, "catch your talent;" you may have but one, and that one of no particular showiness, but then it is lying dormant somewhere. Then develop it, by only one method—*work*. Grind at it till it yields grist to the mill. I was rejoiced to hear a sensible, good-looking girl answer honestly a few nights since, when asked if she played or sang. "No, I am more than thankful that I can do neither, I am far too busy; why, I've my living to earn. Perhaps you may not know that, like Dicken's Dora, I am a sweet girl and one of ten."

The game of husband-hunting is eminently tiring, and oftener than not hardly worth the candle. Girls that do not engage in it, but devote their individual energies to self-help, do often win the stakes, thus exemplifying the spirit contained in the verse:

"There is a ship named 'Sometime,'
Men dream of it and wait,
One at the shore impatient,
And one at the garden gate.
But one I knew, not thinking of ships,
Worked till the close of the day;
Lifting his eyes at eventide—
Lo! there his ship at anchor lay."

