

wanders toward the sea, near which it separates into two arms which form the Isle of Thanet. The town is old and picturesque, and has several old parish churches; but the chief interest centers around the cathedral. This last is built in the form of a double cross, with three towers, and in it are shown some of the most beautiful examples of early English and Norman architecture to be seen anywhere. Here are the shrines of the Black Prince and of Thomas à Becket, and around the latter the pavement is worn into hollows by the knees of the countless pilgrims who worshiped before the tomb of the illustrious prelate. The crypt is a fine specimen of the ecclesiastical architecture of the time of Elizabeth, since whose reign it has been used as a French Protestant chapel. The choir is reputed to be the finest in the kingdom, not even excepting that of York. The names of such prelates as St. Augustine, Lanfranc, Becket, Cardinal Pole, Cranmer, Laud, and Tillotson have been associated with English history as successive archbishops of Canterbury, which dignity is second only to the royal family in rank.

Canterbury is indelibly associated with the name of England's greatest novelist, Charles Dickens. His many pictures of life in the old town will be recalled with pleasure by all the readers of *David Copperfield*; and in *Edwin Drood*, his last and unfinished work, will be found an excellent portrayal of manners and society in the old cathedral close.

That Exeter is a place of great antiquity is proved—that long prior to the Roman invasion the place was mentioned by Ptolemy. Many relics, such as coins, statues, pieces of tessellated pavements, have been dug up, conclusive evidence that the Romans made it an important station.

In the reign of Alfred, it was the residence of the West Saxon kings, and was called *Eaxcestre* (the castle of the Ex,) a corruption of which term is the present name. At one time Exeter was also known as Monkstown, from the many religious establishments in the vicinity.

The precise date of the building of Exeter Cathedral is not known, but it is undoubtedly of great antiquity. It is cruciform in design, with two massive Norman towers, each one hundred and thirty feet high, which form the transepts. The whole building is four hundred and eight feet in length; the choir is one hundred and twenty-eight feet long, and extends the whole width of the church. There are also ten small chapels or oratories, schools, chapter-house, etc. The west front of the cathedral is most beautifully decorated, and in the opinion of those most competent to judge, is said to be the most beautiful *façade* in Europe. The town of Exeter being built on the side of a hill on the left bank of the river Exe, the cathedral forms a conspicuous landmark in all the surrounding countryside.

Plymouth, the principal town of Devonshire, though Exeter is the capital, is situate on a peninsula between the rivers Plym and Tamar, at the head of Plymouth Sound. Between it and the Sound is a fine open space of ground on the summit of a cliff, called the Hoe, and here is placed the citadel or principal fortress. The streets are old-fashioned and irregularly

built, but the buildings are all in the substantial style of a hundred and fifty years ago. The harbor really consists of two parts—the Hamoaze, north of the Tamar, opposite Devonport, and the Catwater or estuary of the Plym, on the east side of Plymouth.

The largest vessels lie alongside its fine stone pier at all times of the tide, and the place owes most of its importance to its advantages as a naval station and harbor of refuge, being esteemed, in this regard, as of more account than Portsmouth.

Like most of the important towns on the south coast, Plymouth was, in Saxon days, a mere fishing station, and bore the name of Tamarworth, which, subsequently to the Conquest was changed to Southtown. The place furnished against the Armada seven ships and a "fly-boat," a greater number than any other port save London. It was here that Napoleon Bonaparte arrived in 1815, on board the *Bellerophon*, after his surrender to the Allies.

Plymouth is the birthplace of the illustrious Sir Francis Drake, and of Sir John Hawkins, one of the admirals who defeated the Armada; and three great names in the world of art also call it their native place—the painters Northcote, Prout, and Hayden.

Most remarkable for fertility is Devonshire. Excepting Dartmoor and Exmoor, two sterile tracts, it is without exception highly fertile. The Vale of Exe and the South Hams, bordering on the Channel, are especially beautiful. The climate is also exceedingly mild. In the depth of winter it is only a very few degrees colder than Naples; and in summer the heat is tempered by the Atlantic breezes charged with the aroma of two thousand miles of salt ocean.

Devonshire is noted for its immense crop of apples, and in the language of an old toast, which is current yet, "Devonshire lassies and Devonshire cider!"

Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

A GENIUS FOR DOING THINGS.



HE outgrowth of modern life is a woman with a genius for doing things. She may not have been a brilliantly educated woman to start with; the district school may have furnished all she knows of geographical sections and mathematical science; she may not be able to converse in French, though sometimes she is, nor read German, though she is usually well up in whatever can be obtained through the medium of the mother tongue.

But circumstances have aided a naturally bright and active mind to develop its resources, and so she has become quick, inventive,

ready for an emergency, and able to use, if not to put to its best use, the opportunity as it comes along, and always has head and hands full of enterprises and undertakings, not only of her own, but those of other people; for the things which anybody thinks need to be done naturally gravitate toward her, and she goes to work at them, not because she knows the exact *modus operandi*, or that this is the thing which most requires to be done, but because she has a certain amount of force which she can bring to bear upon anything that she sets about doing, and is sure to bring it out or about some way or other.

She is partly the outcome of the present age of activity, and partly the natural rebound from the lackadaisical woman of the previous generation, who was proud of knowing nothing, and doing nothing, and who boasted of her ignorance, as the young college graduate of her knowledge. We look back and laugh now at the airs which it was fashionable to put on, of fright, of wonder, of surprise, of horror, at the most ordinary things, and realize our indebtedness to such novel writers as Miss Burney for giving us glimpses of a social life so full of affectations and pretenses, that our own seems honesty itself compared with it. Yet one cannot help a sentiment of profound pity for the women of those days, whose lives were absorbed in the merest details of dress and adornment, who had no childhood; every act and thought having for its aim and object the subordination of the woman, her activities, her feelings, her desires, to the ideal of elegance which she was in duty bound to represent. Nor was the wrong to the individual the chief evil of the system. Much worse was the public opinion that was formed. That affected society at large; that has left its impress upon even the present generation in the silly notion that work of any kind suited to their strength and their capacity, is not as good for women as for men.

Directly contrary to this is the active influence of our modern women of genius for doing things. Their presence is as inspiring as that of the north wind; they act like a tonic, bracing everybody up, and making the do-nothings ashamed of their idleness and inefficiency. Not that they always do wise things, or good things in the wisest way, but they do something all the time; they are proud of doing, and their force gives momentum to other bodies, and moves them to exertion, as well as renders doing nothing discreditable.

The active woman who is the head of a large household is in her element. That she is hospitable goes without saying. Her linen closet, her china closet, and her store-rooms are models. They contain the latest improvements, and are always receiving additions of odd, pretty, and new things. When blue china is the rage, she has stacks of blue china. Are embroidered towels the things, there is hardly room enough for a guest to wipe his hands without intruding upon the hollyhock and daisy bed. She never goes anywhere without bringing home new patterns, new recipes, new "ideas," in regard to her *menage*, and if she is a woman of large means, she allows little rest from never-ending changes, and "improvements."

A woman of this type who has little family, few cares, but abundant means, is the beneficent providence of philanthropic institutions and philanthropic people, who want to raise money, and need persons to do their unpaid work. She is "in" every society, a member of every committee, a directress, or secretary, or president of a dozen different organizations. If she was obliged to work as hard for her living as she does without remuneration, she would be an object of commiseration. But work with her being considered a matter of choice, which it is not (for once involved in other people's work, it is more difficult to get rid of than if it were your own), no one pities her, or considers her case as one calling for sympathy.

Different still again is the girl who is growing up out of these conditions. She is the student at Vassar, Cornell, Wellesley, or Smith College. She is the ambitious graduate, the aspirant for higher honors, the school teacher hoping to become a professor, the pupil of the art school, the conservatory, the medical department of the University, the daring intruder into the journalist's arena, and the candidate for whatever there is that a human being may strive for. What she will accomplish cannot yet be foretold; at present, her ambition is very apt to run away with her common sense. She has more desire to do than willingness to apply herself to preparation for doing anything well. Her knowledge is not sufficient to enable her to measure accurately the value of her own against another's work—moreover, she sees what has been done, even in her own little circle, with less instrumentalities than she possesses, and cannot realize the use of spending more time upon preparation. But notwithstanding that many start out poorly equipped for their undertakings, and discover too late that the age demands more knowledge, more thoroughness, more completeness in every department of labor than was required when education was less general, and facts in science, history, and philosophy less widely known, it is still true that we have much to be thankful for and congratulate ourselves upon.

The genius of the age is for doing. The woman of the present does instinctively what the woman of the future will do understandingly, and therefore better, and with fewer liabilities to mistakes. The revolution of ideas which has made it better for women to work than to be idle, better to know than to be ignorant, is pregnant with untold possibilities for their future. Everything is possible to one who has the power to will and to do, and heretofore this has been considered the exclusive province of men. Women have been bound hand and foot, and it has taken generations to undo what was faithfully and patiently performed—the work of training women to uselessness. Training them in knowledge and to usefulness will be no more difficult a task, but to what a different goal will it lead them? to what heights may they not attain? and how much greater the satisfaction in store for them? for knowledge is as useful in teaching us what not to do, as what to do; how to avoid error, as how to accomplish good. It prevents us from rushing in, as fools do, upon

ground that we are not worthy to tread; it makes us humble, instead of proud, less dogmatic in our assertions, more tolerant of ideas and opinions which we have not examined, and of which, therefore, we are not in a position to form a judgment. A woman with only a natural genius for doing things, which has not been submitted to the crucial test of knowledge and thorough training, is not by any means a safe guide. She is quick to act, but she acts upon her impulses; she is apt to be led away by her feelings; she misleads by her enthusiasm in regard to subjects with which she is not fully acquainted, and she is too often asked to lead forlorn hopes by persons who, unconsciously or consciously, trust to her technical ignorance, and know that her earnestness, the sympathy which she excites, and her acquaintance with persons and methods will possibly lead to a victory which could not be otherwise achieved.

This is one of the ways in which good women are led to put time, strength, and influence to poor, and sometimes unworthy uses, and create an object or an organization which stands in the way of better things. Knowledge will remedy this; it will make us trust more the eternal action of great natural forces, and teach us to expect less from puny individual effort, and petty personal interference. It will teach us that all good work, like charity, should begin at home, and that the embodying in our own persons of purity, honor, truth, and the results of a good and honest life, is the best beginning we can make toward helping others.

The genius of the woman of the future will, it is to be hoped, be based on knowledge. She shall do many things, but only so many as she can do well. Her genius will be the industry of which George Eliot speaks, and the cultivation of that divine patience which works out its ultimate from the lowest beginnings, starting with the soil, ending with the stars.

Victory.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

HERE'S not a law, there's not an art,
In all the universe complete,
With ultimates that bring defeat
And failure to a loving heart.

HERE is no method of control
In all the potencies of Fate,
Whereby she is not held to wait
And serve the self-forgetting soul.

ONCE, when a summer day was born,
I stood before the window pane,
And watched, across a daisied plain,
The grand maternity of Morn.

HE sweetest plaint of early song!
The freshest birth of crimson bloom!
Yet through the brightness stole a gloom,
For I was cognizant of wrong.

I HEARD the play of forest springs;
I saw the lakelet's azure roll
Sweep landward—and my woman-soul
Grew conscious of her folded wings.

FOR while the earth was glad and free,
And glorious with bloom and song,
My heart was wild with hunger strong
For Nature's sweet divinity.

NOT for woman," I began,
"Does Morning lift her golden shield,
And smile across the daisied field;
For Nature's brightness is for Man."

HE walks with careless ease her sod;
Or day by day, with patient smite,
He bends her strength to human might,
And rules her forces like a god."

ILL, in his spirit stature brave,
He claims a universal scope;
But woman buries every hope,
And walks around a wintry grave."

HEN, darkly, where the mulberries part,
A slowly moving shadow fell,
Of him, who loves me wise and well,
And holds me in his honest heart.

AND looking at his earnest eyes,
Straightway my heart forgot to moan;
My higher nature took the throne,
And claimed the crown of sacrifice.

AND said—in self-forgetful plea—
"I'll make the narrow place that's given,
The very vestibule of heaven,
Because of him who loveth me."

AND then—O wondrous to rehearse!
The narrow walls began to rise,
And towering upward to the skies,
They widened to the universe!

AND Nature's wealth came in to me!
The beautiful in sight and sound
Flowed my exalted being round
As trophies of a victory!

GRAND achievement over Fate!
O woman-soul least understood,
Thou holdest all of human good
In thy affections ultimate!

FOR wheresoe'er the path may be,
However narrow, low, or small,
Love's patient work will conquer all,
And carve the steps of victory.