

reaved of a friend like this, we refuse to be comforted in our bitter sorrow, painfully conscious that never again in life, will we meet with such a companion as we have lost.

Death, in his first selection from the sisterly throng has claimed the most gifted, the fairest. It is hard, but yet 'tis meet that our loveliest and most beloved should first stand at the pearly gates to welcome home, ere long, her weary companions.

"Truth needs no color, beauty no pencil," and the simple story of our classmate's life is in itself so beautiful, it needs no embellishment. Her early days were passed in the city of Cleveland and she left upon the minds of her friends there the impression of a beautiful childhood. During her school-life here the treasures of her pen, lent the brightest charm to all the literary entertainments of our Alma Mater, while the natural buoyancy of her spirits, together with her excellence at repartee, rendered her society most attractive to all her schoolmates.

Her character combined all those attractions of mind and person, wherein is embodied the highest type of female loveliness. A natural refinement and delicacy of taste inclined her more to the culture of polite literature, than the more difficult researches of scientific learning. She possessed a clear and vigorous understanding, and her attainments notwithstanding her predilection for particular branches, embraced a very extensive range of useful knowledge. Most favored of the muses of all our Alumnae, had ambition inspired our gifted classmate to give entire devotion to the art, her fame to-day would no doubt resound far beyond the limits of the Woodward Circle. Those beautiful lines, "No love is lost," possess that same richness of pathos, that forms the crowning beauty of the natural poetess.

In speaking of the future she at one time remarked, that her mission in life must be an important one; as she more than once had been so wonderfully restored to health, when apparently at the point of death. Her short mission upon earth is ended. How has it been fulfilled? Ask that little band of children, whom she weekly met, whom no pleasure could