

This very suggestive little life-picture shows so much sympathetic insight and power of expression, so much promise for a girl of nineteen, that we cannot be surprised at the estimate given by her professors in the class of English literature, of her work as a student. One wrote, in a testimonial given to her shortly before her death, referring to her progress in class, in the study of the English poets,—“I can witness that she has understood the mind of each, which shows a power of sympathy that will make her invaluable as a teacher of children. She has done excellent work for me—and will do honor to any educational institution to which she may be attached.” In the same strain, his colleague expressed himself, when writing to her parents after her death : —“From her I was always sure of receiving a ready hearing—an alertness of sympathetic attention which helps mightily to make one’s work agreeable. In her writings for me, she showed a ready and real wit, keen observation, and—finest of all—an unusual sensitiveness to people and experience. When I spoke to her last, I urged her to keep on writing fiction, in the hope that she might make a success of it. All that is over now!”

Lulu’s parents had somewhat dreaded her venture, at so early an age, into the unknown West, amid total strangers. But she herself seemed too happily constituted, or—in the light of after events, we might rather say,—too firmly anchored to the foundation of her earnest, simple faith, to share any such uneasiness. Though she could enter so sympathetically, as we have seen, into the needs and sorrows of others, she was herself far from taking a mournful view of life—being of a remarkably buoyant disposition, always, as it seemed, overflowing with true happiness from a perennial fountain within. Few who knew her sincere and loving Christian life could