

How glad one is to know her happy even then!—she who took such unflagging interest in other people's happiness.

Her liking for originality made her very appreciative of different types among the students. She preferred variety, both in their gifts and characters; and she would tolerate one who was indolent, on the ground that she had æsthetic tastes and was musical, and another who was narrow and dogmatic, on the ground that she had plenty of energy. This width of view, and geniality, were manifested in a respect for the individual which is often lacking in people who are wedded to big schemes. She never lost sight of the person in the class, nor, in her devotion to an end, sacrificed the human instruments that served it. She was always concerned that those who were at work in any good cause, educational or other, should themselves have lives that were not only tolerable but enjoyable. And she put a high value upon social pleasure.

Her way of dealing with people individually, instead of collectively, was the great secret of her influence over them; and similarly, her success in carrying out her schemes was mainly due to her attention to minute details—details that to other people might appear tiresome and even unnecessary. She had an imagination so vividly concrete that it almost obliged her "to take each case on its merits," and deal with things bit by bit. She fought shy of abstractions, and hard-and-fast systems she could not abide. She dreaded anything in human affairs that was stereotyped or inelastic; she liked to have an open horizon, and to leave room for "the unexpected which always happens."

It was not mere admiration for a woman who had done a great deal for women, or a sense of the public respect due to the head of their College, that brought such numbers of

old students up from all parts of the country to stand sad and silent by Miss Clough's grave scarce a month ago: it was a feeling of personal affection. And many went away that day with a new sense of solitude in life. She had helped them in their difficulties, and planned their pleasures, and taken all their welfare to heart; and she had given them, by the touch of her spirit, a wider and better outlook in life. And now, as one of them writes, "No one will ever care again in the same true disinterested way for all one's life and work—why should they?"

The lonely and unhappily circumstanced may miss her most, but the successful and happy miss her too; and some who had looked forward to helping in some small way to make old age pleasant to her, even though it had to be idle, are disappointed that they never had an opportunity. But perhaps she would have chosen to die as she did, still at work and in the College. Others who have little children—her "grand-children," as she liked to call them—are grieved to think that those children will never know her.

So short a time is it since she was with us, and so strong still are all one's associations with her, that involuntarily one imagines her reading what has here been written, and finds oneself wondering whether she will approve.—*Extracts from an Article in the Journal of Education.*

[Miss Clough, who was a sister of the poet Arthur Hugh Clough, came of an old Welsh family settled in Liverpool. Her earliest years were spent in the United States, and when she returned to Liverpool she engaged in educational work. After a journey to Florence in 1861, where she arrived a few days before her brother's death, she resumed her efforts in regard to higher education for women in this country, out of which, in 1868,