FAMOUS AMERICANS
FOR YOUNG READERS

MARY LYON

H. OXLEY STENGEL

THE·STORY·OF MARY LYON

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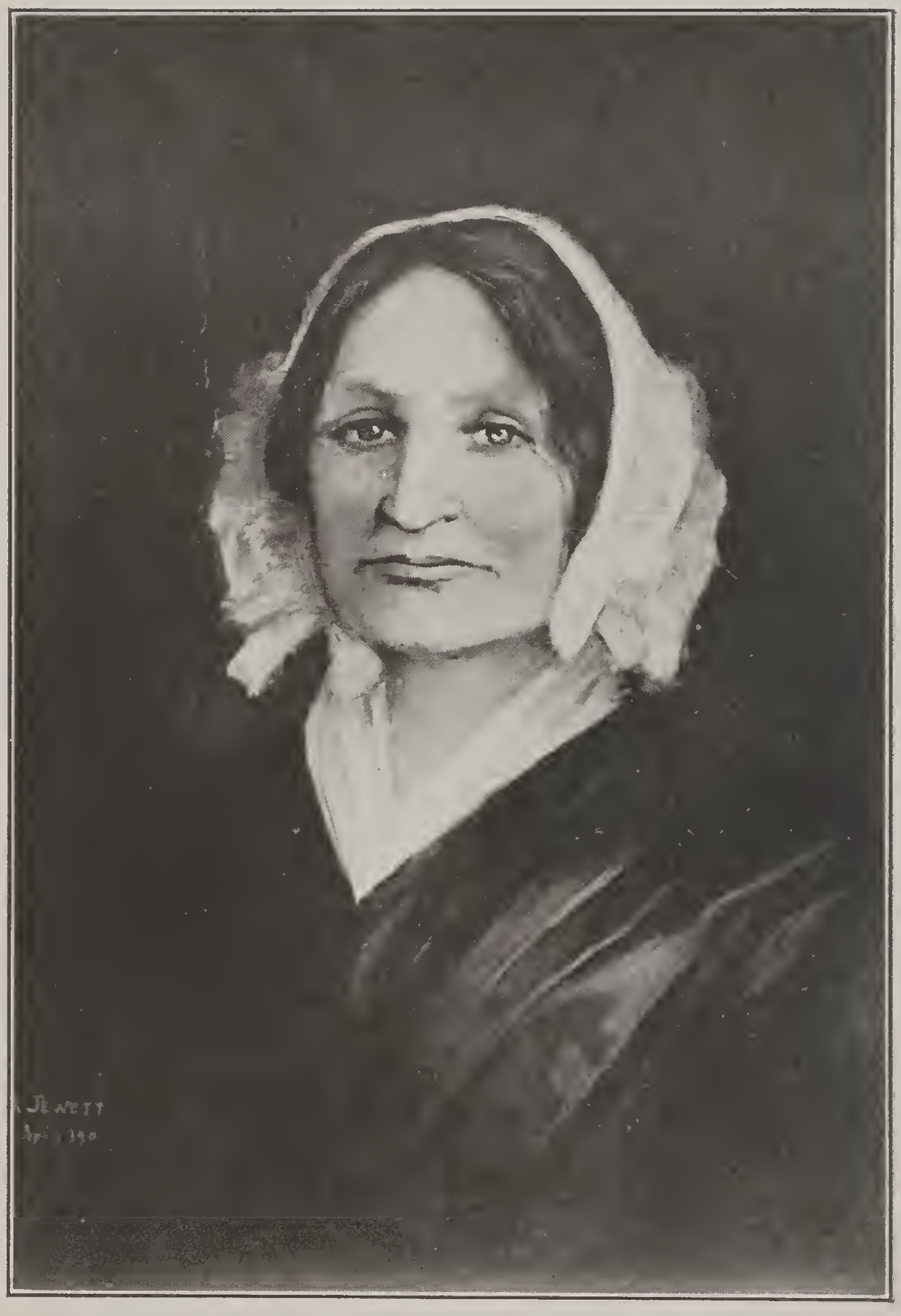

MARY LYON

From an oil painting made from miniature now at Mt. Holyoke College

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THE·STORY·OF MARY LYON

BY

H. OXLEY STENGEL

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PREFACE

When the national electors for the Hall of Fame began balloting upon "Famous Women," the first name that they chose was that of Mary Lyon. By their vote they recognized the fact that she had been foremost among the women of America for her services to other women. This girl was born in a quiet country home, in Massachusetts, a century and a quarter ago. In those days girls were not supposed to have any education beyond the simplest studies, but her whole heart cried out for a better chance. Against prejudice and opposition she worked her way through college, and at eighteen had begun to teach other girls. She devoted her life to founding Mount Holyoke College, a place where any girl could obtain an education at a low price. She was thus a pioneer in the higher education of women, and because she lived, other girls have found it easy to obtain the higher culture which was once forbidden them.

Mary Lyon's life story will prove an inspiration to every other girl who reads it. Here it is presented in a clear, story-telling way, with all the charm of a bit of fiction—yet it is all true. Many details of her early

life are not known. For those which have been preserved in letters, manuscripts and biographies, diligent search has been made. We are also indebted to many friends for aid and encouragement. Among these are members of the faculty of Mount Holyoke College, who have most willingly and kindly supplied information and photographs.

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THE STORY OF MARY LYON

I

BEGINNINGS

"Please won't you just say them out loud? I must know everything you do." There was pleading in the earnest little voice.

Seeing her brother with his books under his arm, the child had followed him into the orchard and had scrambled up on the stone wall beside him. Her short legs dangled in mid-air.

"You wouldn't understand a word. Besides, you won't ever need to know as much as I do, Mary," the boy explained.

"Why won't I, Aaron?"

"Because you are a girl. It doesn't take arithmetic and Latin to spin and weave and bake."

"But couldn't I spin and weave and bake, if I knew 'rithmetic an'—an' Latin?"

"Of course you could—but they are for boys and men."

"But why, Aaron?" Mary insisted.

"Boys go to college or teach—sometimes both—and they need to know a very great deal."

"I'm going to college and teach too, then! What is a college, Aaron?"

"A college is a big school where boys and men go after they know enough. They learn much more there. You can never go, Mary. You're a girl."

"Oh, dear! Everything is for boys and men." The child was in tears now. Seeing them, her brother hastened to comfort her.

"Never mind, Mary, I'll read my lessons aloud. I'll teach you to write and figure, too. When you get a little bigger you are going to the district school with Electa, Jemima, Lovina and me."

"But I do wish I was a boy so I could go to college. Why don't girls go, Aaron?" she persisted.

"I don't know, Mary, but if girls were busy learning, who would make the puddings and

pies? You want to help Mother, don't you? There isn't time for everything."

"I want to help Mother just a lot—but, Aaron, I want to know things, too."

Until the lessons were finished the child sat in rapt attention hugging one of the precious books which was such a mystery when she looked into its covers, and yet revealed so much to her brother Aaron. Some day she would study them for herself and be able to write and "figure"—but never could she learn all that he would unless she, too, could go to college. When Aaron lifted her down from the wall and gave her his books to carry to the house while he went after the cows, she asked: "If there was more time could girls learn more, and spin and weave and bake too?"

"I suppose so," and Aaron laughed. "But run along now, little sister."

There was no one in the big kitchen when the child pushed open the door. She could hear the whir of the spinning-wheel at which her mother and sisters were busy. Quietly she went to the shelf where the books belonged and deposited them beside those which constituted the family library. That there were

other books in the world besides the Bible—the principal book in every New England home at the time—Watts' Psalms, the lesson books, and a few volumes of poems, from which her parents often read—Mary did not dream. These seemed a rich enough store for any searcher after knowledge.

But she did not linger with the books. She had a happy idea—one which would help her mother and sisters also. And how anxious Mary was to invent something that would help others!

Dragging a chair in front of the great open fireplace, the little girl climbed up on it and reached on the mantel for the hour-glass. She was busy studying it when Mrs. Lyon entered the room.

"Why, daughter, what ever are you doing!" she exclaimed.

"I think I have found a way to make more time!" was the delighted response. "See, Mother, I can make the sand run back and the hours last ever and ever so much longer!"

Poor little Mary was greatly disappointed when her mother explained that no amount of

turning back the sand in the hour-glass could really make more time.

"But it is the use one makes of the hours which counts," she told the child, "and we must never waste time which is so precious to us all."

When the family was gathered about the simple supper table that evening and thanks had been offered, Mary again broached the subject of knowledge.

"Father," she asked, "how soon may I begin to learn? Aaron has promised to teach me."

"She wants to learn everything I do," her brother explained, "and even go to college like a boy."

"Bless you, my little daughter, I only wish that could be possible," Mr. Lyon sympathized.

"If there was time to help Mother, too," the child added wistfully.

"So that explains her reason for wishing to lengthen the hours!" Mrs. Lyon drew Mary close to her. "There will always be time for lessons, even in such a busy household as this," she comforted.

"We'll all teach Mary, can't we, Father?" Electa begged eagerly.

And so it came about that the earnest little pupil had loving teachers who marveled at her persistence and retentive memory. She first solved the mystery of the printed page while standing at her father's knee with the family Bible for a text-book. Never was Mr. Lyon too weary after his many duties on the farm to teach his children or to tell them stories of the Indians, the battles of the Revolution, "so lately fought for the freedom of these American States," or of the struggles of their pioneer forefathers. Little did he realize that tiny Mary, who was brimming over with the joy of living and absorbing knowledge as a thirsty plant does water, would some day become a pioneer also—that she would, in spite of as many and great difficulties as her forefathers encountered, blaze a trail through a dense forest—that others might follow with little difficulty.

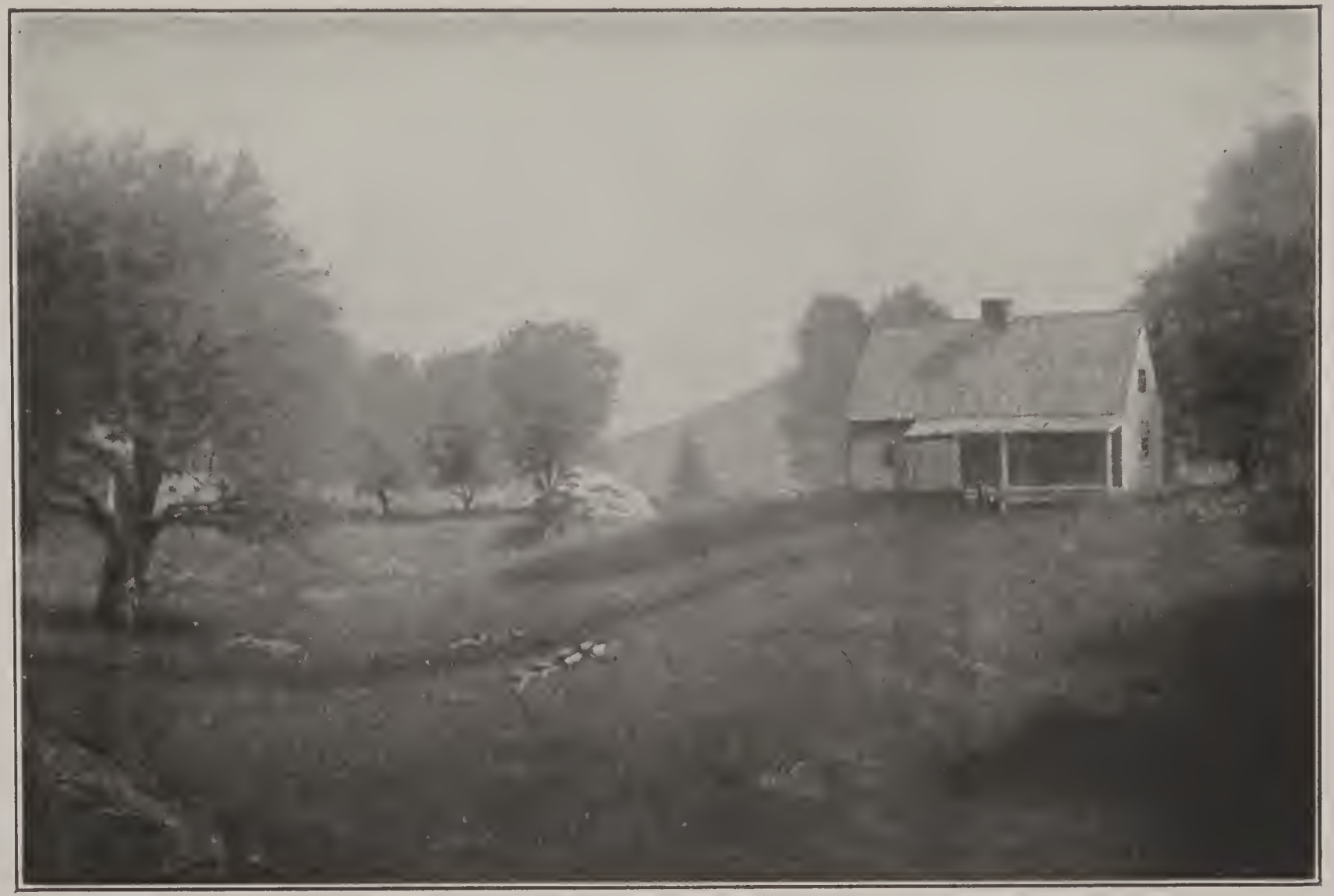
It was to the little farm on Putnam Hill—close to the tiny village of Buckland, Massachusetts, that Aaron Lyon, senior, had brought his bride, Jemima Shepherd, some years before

our story begins. The farm lay a good mile and a half to the west of Ashfield, where both had grown up. It was almost on the edge of the forest. From the rocky soil, by dint of loving labor, these two had wrested a living for themselves and their children. That they were poor, these children scarcely even realized. Nowhere but on a farm in old New England could money have counted for so little. There was ever enough to eat and to spare. Sheets, counterpanes, and clothing were the result of patient labor at the spinning-wheel and loom—and all the more valued because this was true. A new dress was, to Mary and her sisters, an event in their lives. It was treasured for Sunday wear for many a day. A simple homespun garment it was, usually dyed blue, but no silken gown could have given more pleasure to the wearer. The sheep grazing on Putnam Hill furnished the wool from which it was made.

There were no luxuries in the farm-house. Electric lights, steam heat and telephones were unknown. So also were many of our other modern conveniences. But, with the coming of dusk, candles were lighted, and throughout the long, cold winters there was

ever a roaring log fire in the great open fireplace. One need not linger when preparing for bed in the unheated bedrooms and, once under the covers, it was delicious to sniff the icy air. There were stores of apples and nuts in the cellar all winter long and, with the coming of spring, the greatest treat of all for children, syrup and sugar from the tall maple trees which bordered the lane. Within the home there was a wealth of love. Never was Mr. Lyon known to speak an angry word and the mother was referred to by all her neighbors as "an angel of good works." One of these came in one day begging the privilege of setting a plant of rare virtues in the corner of her garden, "because," he said, "there it could never die."

And so it was that, just as the interior of the Lyon home contained such wealth of love and happiness, the little "rock-ribbed farm" yielded a wealth of beauty and romance. Roses, pinks and peonies lifted up their smiling faces in the "sweet little garden which needed only to be seen to be loved." Pine trees, birches, elms and maples adorned the hillsides; dogwood, laurel, thorn-apple and



BIRTHPLACE OF MARY LYON

juniper clustered about the farm-house. In the orchard peaches, apples, and plums greeted spring with an offering of fragrant blossoms, and summer with a yield of delicious fruit. Among the rocks on the steep slopes wild strawberries grew in great profusion and richness—to be eagerly gathered into baskets fashioned out of grasses by the children.

In winter the snow converted the Lyon farm and all the surrounding country into a dazzling fairyland. It was then that the frequent visits were made to Mary's grandfathers in Ashfield, in "that little sleigh, packed so snugly and gliding so gently."

It had been a cold winter's day, February 28, 1797, when Mary Lyon was born. Hardly could she have made a wiser choice, had such a thing been possible, than the rich poverty which was her inheritance. Necessity has ever been the "mother of invention" and convention does not hamper growth on an isolated farm.

It was in the spring of 1802 that Mary pleaded to be taught. Throughout the summer her delight in books grew more and more keen. She could scarcely wait for the day to

come when she would start to school. But she found it quite as much fun to sweep as to learn a new word.

"You laugh at everything, Mary," Jemima told her one day.

"And she makes everybody laugh with her," Aaron added. "She is just like a ray of sunshine."

Not only did the child find much to amuse her in the simple happenings of every-day life on the farm, but she had a real gift for putting into words the things she found most entertaining. This gift made her excellent company for old and young alike. But she would get so full of her subject and talk so very rapidly as to become almost unintelligible.

As soon as old enough to share in the many duties of the home and farm, each child was given special duties to perform. These were privileges to be desired, and never became irksome. Mary quite envied her older sisters doing so much more than she to "help." It was a proud day, therefore, when, having carded and woven a piece of cloth with very little assistance from those older, she was lifted up on old Dobbin and rode with Aaron to

Pomeroy's mill to have it dressed. Their way lay along Clessons River.

"Can there be any place in the world quite as lovely, do you think?" she asked Aaron.

"I don't know, but some day I'm going over the mountains and see," replied the boy.

"Oh, you'll never leave me, will you, Aaron?" Mary adored her brother quite as much as he did his little sister.

"Not for a long, long time," he promised.

"I'll let you go to college though. If only you could take me with you!" she sighed.

II

FIRST SCHOOLDAYS

From the top of Putnam Hill might be seen those rugged mountains, Greylock, Wachusett, Holyoke, and Tom—friends who were stanch and true. Mary would often race with her sisters and brother to the great rock ledges, sparkling with quartz and mica, from which these giants could best be viewed—together with a host of lesser peaks. These stood guard eternally over the little kingdom of the hills—the sharp outline of their wooded crests might well have been drawn swords with which they would keep back all intruders from the outside world. It was in the valley to the north that Buckland lay. Even the little life the village displayed to the young observers from above, fascinated and enthralled them.

They did not play, these light-hearted, happy children, but their imaginations and instinct for adventure were none the less keen

because such "frivolity" was frowned upon by their elders. Play was not held to be the happy means for relaxation that it is in our day. Games and sports—"amusements" of any sort—were banned. The pursuit of pleasure had become an end, rather than a means, with the gay and thoughtless, and was therefore to be entirely suppressed by the serious-minded in old New England.

Mary Lyon's maternal great-grandparents, Chileab Smith and his wife, had been one of the two first families to settle in and found Ashfield, first called Huntstown. There being no Baptist meeting in any of the surrounding towns, he opened his house to public worship. When, through his efforts, a small church was built, he was its first leader having, at the age of eighty, been ordained a Baptist minister by his two sons. One of these sons succeeded him in the charge which drew its little flock from Buckland and Conway as well as Ashfield.

It was at this little church that Mary and her family worshiped. No day of the week held such charm for the child as Sunday. Its peace seemed to pervade the very hills. Spin-

ning-wheel and loom were silent in the farm house and every task, not absolutely necessary, laid aside. Dressed in their simple best, the entire family would, on pleasant days, walk the mile and a half to Ashfield. Their way wound in and out among the hills. Throughout the long service in the little white church Mary would sit a silent, devout little figure. Afterwards there would be the greetings to relatives and neighbors in the churchyard before the long walk home. During that walk Mr. Lyon would strive to explain to his children the difficult parts of the sermon, and to instill into their young minds high ideals.

At last the day came when the district school was to open. Mary had talked of little else for days and was up with the first streak of dawn, eager to be off. She would have forgotten her breakfast, had not Mrs. Lyon reminded her that she must eat.

"I think Mary will be a delight to her teacher, Mother," said Aaron when they were at last ready to start; "she knows something to begin with."

"Yes, she has had more than one teacher now," Mrs. Lyon replied, smiling.

"I am going to help you just the same," Mary whispered as she kissed her parents good-bye.

The little red school-house had only boards for seats and the roughest of desks, but Mary found it all that could be desired. She was indeed a delight to both teacher and pupils with her eagerness and friendliness. Her bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks and curly gold-brown hair made her attractive in appearance as well.

Throughout the fall and early winter Mary's happiness was complete. But a day came which she was never to forget and which brought grief to many besides the children and their brave mother. It was about mid-day on the twenty-first of December, that the devoted husband and father was taken by death from the little mountain home. In the retired north room the little sorrowing group gathered about his bedside, while the winter sun shone brightly out-of-doors. To the end his thoughts were of them and his last words, falteringly spoken, were: "My dear children—what shall I say to you, my children? God bless you, my children." The neighbors whis-

pered, one to another, "We have lost a friend; the peacemaker is gone."

Then came that first strange, sad winter without the father. Even the fire seemed to blaze mournfully on the hearth. No child in that household ever forgot the prayers of the sorrowing mother for her fatherless children. Each day she offered them up throughout that long, bitterly cold winter. Of her, Mary lovingly wrote years afterwards:

"Want in that little mountain home was made to walk so fairly and so gracefully within that little circle of means, that she always had room enough and to spare for a more restricted neighbor. I can see that loved widow just as I did in my childhood. She is a little less than forty years of age and her complexion is as fair and her forehead as noble and as lofty as on her bridal day. . . . Now she is in that sweet little garden; now she is surveying the hired man and her little son on that wild romantic little farm. . . . But always she is to be found busy, amid her household cares and amid the culture of the olive-plants around her table. In that little domain nothing was left to take its own way. Every-

thing was made to yield to her faithful and diligent hand. . . . The children of that household, thus abundantly supplied, never thought of being dependent or depressed. They felt that their father had laid up for them a rich store in grateful hearts and among the treasures which will never decay, and that their mother was continually adding to this store. I can now remember just the appearance of that woman, who had a numerous household to clothe, as she said one day, 'How is it that the widow can do more for me than any one else?' "

III

THE YOUNG TEACHER

The winter of 1802-3 became a sad but precious memory in Mary Lyon's life. The warm sun shone and the maple sap ran. The snow melted even from the peak of old Greylock. Colts frisked on the hillsides and little lambs in the meadow. Mary returned one day from a visit to Grandpa Shepherd's to find Aaron plowing.

"Oh, Aaron, please let me drop the seed!" she called.

"If Mother is willing," he returned cheerfully.

Mrs. Lyon smiled at the request. "You will get very tired," she warned.

"But it's something I know I can do," replied the child—and she was off to the fields to begin.

What Mary began she usually completed. The sturdy little figure followed many a long

furrow before the summer was over and neither the hot sun nor the rocky fields daunted her. The shady path leading to Pomeroy's mill also became very familiar. As she jogged along on old Dobbin, with the cloth to be dressed tied on behind her, she was thrilled by the beauty of all about her. Lacy ferns, delicately tinted wild flowers, sparkling waters, singing birds,—she knew and loved them all. She was an out-of-door creature herself and the same sunshine which wrought magic on the corn she planted gave her unbounded energy. Her hearty laugh often reechoed from one hill to another. She had never seen a city, but country and village life offered much to be enjoyed to the full.

The corn towered far above Mary's head when school time once more arrived. But alas! the little red building a mile from Putnam Hill where her school days had begun so happily was not to be reopened. For some good reason it had been decided that the school should be located yet another mile from the Lyon farm. During the milder weather Mary trudged the two long miles with her sisters and brother but, of necessity, her attend-

ance was irregular throughout that and successive winters. This was a keen disappointment to the child. She could write and "figure" now, but that did not satisfy her. She learned "by leaps and bounds" in spite of missing school so often.

"I must work every problem in the arithmetic and then learn Latin," she insisted.

"You will," Aaron returned with conviction. "I think your mind can run even faster than your legs now."

"How fortunate you are, little daughter, in living now when girls can go to school as their brothers do," Mrs. Lyon told Mary. "It wasn't so very long ago when a girl had to sit on the doorstep and hear the arithmetic lesson through the window, if she was as anxious to learn as you are. Only odd moments were given to girls by the teachers."

"But why, Mother?"

"It wasn't thought necessary to know how to figure to become a good home-maker, dear. Now that girls teach in the district schools—when men cannot be had—they must be taught."

"They should take girls in colleges, too,

Mother," insisted the child. "I want to go farther than a 'dame school.' "

"So have some other girls, daughter, but that cannot be. There was Lucinda Foot, in Connecticut, for example. At twelve this child had prepared with her brothers for Yale."

"And didn't she go?"

"No," replied Mrs. Lyon, "but she stood an examination and received from President Stiles a certificate stating that 'she was fully qualified, except in regard to sex, to be received as a pupil in the freshman class of Yale University.' Later, she did study the full college course, and, with President Stiles for her tutor, learned Hebrew."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" Mary exclaimed. "On the whole she learned just as much as her brothers then, didn't she?"

"Yes, I think she did—but it was because her parents had money enough to have her educated. A few seminaries take girls now, too, but"—Mrs. Lyon sighed—"it costs a great deal to send girls off to school."

"If only Buckland or Ashfield had a seminary," said Aaron, "I am sure Mary would

find some way to attend when she gets big enough."

"Maybe I can make money teaching like Electa's going to do," suggested the child, "and go to a seminary when I grow up. I guess you will be all through college though, Aaron, before I can start."

But Aaron was never to get to college. His duty kept him on the little farm which he loved quite as dearly as Mary did—in spite of his desire to go over the mountains and see something of the world.

Electa had three successful years as a teacher in the little school at Buckland before she married and moved with her husband to another state. In rapid succession changes came after that. By the time Mary was twelve Jemima and Lovina were also married. In order to be nearer a school, Mary had spent more than one term with relatives in Ashfield and, for a time, had stayed with neighbors in Buckland helping with the home work for her board. Her thirst for knowledge was not in the least quenched when she had learned everything her teachers themselves knew. Never

had one of them had a pupil with Mary's capacity to learn.

"I should like to see what she would make, if she could be sent to college," said one of her teachers.

Like her mother's, Mary Lyon's nature was deeply religious. It was while attending school in Ashfield that she climbed on the crooked trunk of an ancient beech tree behind the school house and, during recess, told the pupils gathered about her "the way to salvation."

There were no Sunday Schools. Between services the young people gathered under the trees in the grove or in the churchyard. Sometimes the conversation would grow light. Greatly distressed, Mary would then walk quietly off by herself. "I cannot understand how they can talk of such things on God's holy day," she told her mother.

It was in 1810 that another wedding made a very great change in the household on Putnam Hill. Mrs. Lyon remarried and moved inside the lines of Ashfield—taking with her Rosina and little Freelove. It was very hard to be parted from her mother and small sisters, but Mary, who was now thirteen, insisted that she

was quite equal to remaining and keeping house for Aaron. He offered her a dollar a week which she could save toward her "academy fund."

"Making puddings and pies will help toward learning," laughed Mary, "if learning isn't needed for baking. Hurrah for puddings and pies!"

She entered into her home-making with joyous zest. Baking and sweeping for two was not hard for Mary Lyon. She still found time to help Aaron on the farm, and to add to her fund by spinning and weaving. There were also frequent visits to her mother's.

One day Mary returned from Buckland with the exciting news that a brick house was in the course of construction. "I'm going to learn how to make bricks!" she exclaimed. "The son of the builder has promised to teach me."

"Of all things!" returned Aaron, "if you aren't the funniest girl, Mary! Why do you want to make bricks?"

"Why, I'm just curious to learn everything, I guess."

"And brick making is one of the few things

around here that you haven't tried. All right, go ahead and make bricks."

And Mary did, little knowing that Buckland's first brick house would play any part in her future life.

A year passed with Mary at the helm in the farm-house. And then it was that Aaron came home with "exciting news" for Mary. "You won't need to keep house for me much longer," he told her; "and you couldn't help loving my bride if you tried."

But Mary Lyon rejoiced only because Aaron was happy. In secret she shed many tears. She had never supposed the time would come when her brother would not need her. She had always needed him and had only feared a long separation when he would be at college. Yet, she was the one who was saving to go away to school, instead. Aaron would not miss her so much if he had a wife. Perhaps it was best after all. She did not mean to be selfish.

Mary's heart was quickly won. Aaron's wife grew very dear indeed to her. Mary taught several terms at Shelburne Falls a few miles away, and received seventy-five cents a

week and board for her services at Aaron's home.

"I shall never teach again," she told her brother one day to his great astonishment.

"What has happened?" he asked.

"I am a failure. I laugh too much and can't be severe when something funny happens. Laughing isn't good discipline."

Poor Mary! Because she was little more than a child herself and brimming over with life and good spirits, possessed of a keen sense of humor and devoted to children, she was quite sure she was never meant to teach.

"You have never failed before when you began anything, Mary," Aaron reminded her.

"That is because I never tried anything I couldn't do, if I stuck to it long enough. Maybe I haven't stuck to this task quite long enough," and she flashed Aaron one of her radiant smiles. "I'll teach till I prove that I can!"

"That sounds more like you," returned her brother.

There were still many tears shed in secret, but Mary returned to the schoolroom filled with remorse that she had allowed herself to

become discouraged over the very work which seemed, of all others, the most important to her.

"But never, never will I prove the teacher Electa was," she sighed. "Everyone is saying that now, I know."

She might not look ahead.

IV

SANDERSON ACADEMY

Never did Mary give up her plan of going on with her studies. There wasn't any question in her mind. But the "fund" had grown slowly, while she had grown rapidly.

She was nineteen when the Reverend Alvan Sanderson founded Sanderson Academy in Ashfield. Many of the villagers distrusted the venture and disapproved of a school which must depend upon the payment of tuition for its support. But Mary Lyon had no misgivings. Her chance had come at last! Gladly did she offer all of her savings, together with two quilts, her table linen and other household treasure, in exchange for board and tuition.

Tall and awkward of gait the country girl was when she descended upon the Academy. She was dressed in blue homespun with a drawstring at the neck. Her hair was short and curly. Her manner was crude. To daughters from homes of culture and means, she was

a laughing-stock; but not for long. They were quick to judge by appearances—which were not to the advantage of the girl from the hills, who had contended with poverty and made her own clothes. How were they to know that this girl had ambitions exceeding any of theirs, and that she proposed to realize them by the simple and effective means of persistent and hard study?

It was shortly after the opening day that Mary came into her own. In study after study she excelled every pupil in the school. Not one could keep up with her. Her mind never tired. If she could not "make time" as she had hoped to do when she experimented with the hour-glass years before, she could use what there was to the greatest advantage. Health and strength were her wealth and she had earned these on the farm. She could steal hours from sleep for learning and not suffer any ill effects. Nothing but thoroughness gave her any satisfaction. She scorned to skim. She had a good memory and was thankful for it, but she insisted upon reasoning out every step she took.

It was on a Friday afternoon, as Mary was

about to leave to spend the week-end on the farm, that the principal assigned her her first lesson in Adam's Latin Grammar. It was the custom in those days to permit beginners in a language to make its acquaintance as best they could without any introduction on the part of the teacher.

"You may omit all other studies, Miss Lyon," the principal told her, "and devote your time to the first lesson." He thought that now, at least, this extraordinary pupil would find difficulties enough to hold her energies in bounds. He had a surprise in store.

Mary trudged home with the precious Latin book under her arm. She joyously greeted her brother's little family and then retired to her own room that she might at once begin her new study. On Monday she was in her place in the Academy as usual.

It was afternoon before the Latin class was called upon to recite. Mary quietly took her place beside the others on a central bench in the large recitation room. She was called upon to answer a question—and then occurred the event of which all Ashfield talked for many

a long day. With scarcely a mistake from beginning to end, Mary Lyon declined and conjugated the whole Latin grammar! The principal was amazed. Every pupil sat spell-bound in admiration. No one had ever heard of such a thing before.

"How ever did you do it?" her seat-mate, Amanda White, asked in an awed tone later.

"I studied on Sunday," was Mary's confession. "I traced out the likenesses and differences among the declensions and conjugations. I can commit anything to memory quick. And as to the rules of syntax, they are so much like those in English grammar, that it did not take long to learn them. So you see, it was no great feat after all."

Mary Lyon had admired Amanda White from the first time she saw her. She was a pretty, brown-haired girl whose every movement expressed grace. Her home was in the big white house that stood on Ashfield's main street. Her father, Squire White, was a member of the state legislature and a trustee of Sanderson Academy. They first became acquainted when returning from a lecture at the church. Impulsively Mary asked this

lovely girl to sit with her at the Academy. The friendship which began that day was to mean much to both girls.

"I loved her from the first moment of our acquaintance," Amanda wrote afterwards, "and felt that her heart was made for friendship ere I had been one half hour in her society. . . . Her frank, open face invited confidence, and a mutual feeling of interest was at once awakened. . . . She requested me to take a seat with her. I did, and pursued the same branches so far as I could keep up."

It was Amanda who first learned why Mary Lyon would make such haste along the road of learning. She could not afford to loiter if she would. It took too long to save for one year at the Academy. She could not remain for another. And so there had been double reason for the remarkable progress—eagerness to learn and shortness of time.

"And yet," Amanda told her parents, "she is ever ready to lay aside her books and lend a helping hand to those of weaker intellect."

"She is all intellect," many said of her; "she does not know that she has a body to care for."

It was when Mary was about to leave San-

derson Academy because "the fund" was all used up, that Amanda White went to her father.

"Isn't there something you can do to keep her?" she begged; "the Academy would not be the same place without Mary Lyon. All the students love her and she is my dearest friend. Besides, Father," she added, "it doesn't seem right that she, of all others, should have to go—and just because she hasn't any more money."

Gladly did the trustees vote such a student free tuition. Mary was surprised and delighted. "It is all your doings, Amanda White, I know!" she said. But she insisted upon having certain duties assigned to her in exchange for the tuition. Mrs. White invited her to come and live at the big white house where she could be near the Academy and be company for Amanda. Both she and the genial squire had taken a great liking to the bright-eyed school-girl who had so modestly carried off so many honors.

And so it was that Amanda's home became Mary's adopted one. Together the two girls occupied a large room on the second floor look-

ing out over the beautiful lawn. Here, under the influence of gentle, high-bred Mrs. White, life was very pleasant indeed.

Mary Lyon had been too engrossed in "doing things" all her life to trouble very much about any method in doing them. At the White home she began to realize that there was a difference in the way things should be done. She became conscious of her own crudities, and cheerfully acknowledged that she needed help in correcting them. Often Amanda would lovingly chide her for her own good, for, as she herself said, she had a feeling that Mary Lyon was fitting herself for some important station.

"She was very likely," Amanda would say, "to leave off some article or to put on one wrong-side-out. She was one of the unfortunate ones whose wearing apparel seemed doomed to receive the contents of every overturned inkstand or lamp, but she met every such accident with the same good humor and pleasantry she manifested on all and every occasion."

Gradually she became less awkward and more heedful of her dress, but she continued to be fearfully absent-minded and absorbed in

her studies. "Oh," she would exclaim to Amanda, "do not let me go to breakfast without my collar!"

There in the White home foundations were laid which later made it possible for Mary Lyon to mingle among her kind with social ease and natural cordiality. Never did she affect mannerisms—she was too honest and possessed too much sound sense for that. She could never display the graces of a "fine lady" but she would retain the wholesome simplicity which was her birthright and which will ever distinguish the truly great. No one rejoiced over her good fortune in being taken into the White household more than did her mother.

"It will mean much to you, my daughter, to know life as it is lived at the Squire's," she told Mary.

"It cannot mean more than my dear mother's example," Mary replied.

"The companionship of such cultured people as Amanda and her family is always delightful," continued Mrs. Lyon; "they can give you many advantages that I could not, and you should be very grateful to them."

"Oh, I am—and a sore trial too," laughed

Mary. "But they are so very kind and so patient with my lapses," she added, sobering, "I can see how it must hurt them to have me so careless."

That year was a profitable one for Mary Lyon aside from her work at the Academy, but it was not yet that she had her real intellectual awakening. Sanderson Academy's methods undoubtedly strengthened the memory but, as Mary herself said afterwards, "It was one of those schools where they do nothing but study and recite. You just learned what was in the book." But she declared to the end of her life that her mental energies were aroused here and her teachers imparted impulses which never died out in her. "Many who would otherwise never have had any access to anything worthy the name of literary advantages received there the rudiments of an education. In that quiet retreat among the hills the intellect was stirred, the taste refined, and intensity given to the desire for knowledge. To mind and heart that institution was what the mountain airs are to the physical powers."

It was Elijah Burritt, well-known to the nineteenth century because of his work "The

Geography of the Heavens," who taught Mary to calculate eclipses. She was greatly interested in making an almanac with the help of a classmate. Mary's maps showed the care she bestowed upon their making—as well as her real skill. Always she continued to put her whole self into everything that she did. That was her way.

There was great excitement when she and Amanda were chosen for parts in a drama. There was also to be an exhibition of the work done by the pupils, dialogues, an oration on the character of Aaron Burr, and another entitled "The Tyranny of Custom." Away into the night the two girls recited their parts in the privacy of their own room. They must be perfect as characters in "Christianity in India." It was a missionary play and therefore doubly interesting and important.

Mary Lyon looked upon missions as one of the marvelous things of the age. No subject could be of greater importance, to her mind. Could she have known that Aaron's wee daughter Lucy, whom she adored, would one day set sail for China with such a noble object in view, she would have thrilled at the very thought. But she did know that joy years

later, after having had her niece with her both as pupil and teacher. Her influence was to be felt upon many a young life that offered itself for the foreign field.

V

GRASPING AN OPPORTUNITY

The second year at Sanderson Academy ended. Mary Lyon was twenty-one. She felt that she must return to teaching, for which she was now better fitted in every way. Yet still her object was to teach others that she might herself go on learning. She had not yet begun to have her thirst quenched—rather had it increased, if that were possible.

She would have returned to the farm that she might be with her precious Aaron and his adorable babies while she taught nearby. They would have insisted that she belonged there and have given her her old place in the household. But the time had come when Aaron was to "go over the mountains and see." He and his little family were moving to western New York.

Mary was stunned at the news. Something seemed to snap inside of her, and the hurt of it was almost unbearable. Aaron must not see

how she was suffering. Alone she roamed over the rocks of Putnam Hill recalling all the happy days they had spent there together. Now he, too, was going and the home in which she had been born was to be broken up.

But even as she sorrowed, the hills seemed to give her renewed strength. She responded to their beauty. She felt God's presence as she never had before. It was His will that things should be ordered so. A strange happiness crept into her heart. She was able to bid even her brother a cheerful good-bye although she felt—for the second time—an orphan. Into her sister-in-law's hand she slipped a paper on which was written the following verse from a well-known old hymn of a hundred years ago:

"Not one sigh shall tell the story,
Not one tear my cheek shall stain;
Silent grief shall be my glory—
Grief that stoops not to complain."

Part of her time Mary now spent with her mother and sisters. Sometimes her school would lie too far away and she would "board around." A term as schoolmistress meant a

term as a student. Finally, she made up her mind to take her scant inheritance from the farm and go for a term to Amherst Academy. This later became Amherst College. It was then one of the leading academies in New England. But before she entered Amherst she determined that her handwriting must be improved.

Daniel Forbes, "little holy Daniel" the boys nicknamed him because of his mild manners and the absence of a birch rod in maintaining good discipline, was a noted master in the community. He was teaching a "writing-school" in Buckland. With characteristic eagerness Mary decided to benefit by his knowledge. He arrived one morning at the little carpenter shop which served as a class-room, to find "Miss Lyon" sitting with the young pupils.

"You are a good teacher of penmanship. My handwriting is very bad. I must improve it. Will you teach me?" Mary explained in a breath.

"I shall be most happy to do so," the schoolmaster replied.

And so it was that for weeks Mary labored

over her attempts to produce writing resembling a fine steel engraving. It was irksome to her very soul, but such script was deemed to be a necessary part of a good education. She would have preferred to express herself in her handwriting as in other ways. But when Master Forbes set her to copying Latin she demurred. Someone might give her credit for greater learning than she actually possessed. Henceforth the penmanship specimens were "pure English." Mary settled for her tuition by hearing the lessons of the younger pupils. The carpenter shop belonged to the father of the boy who had taught her to make bricks.

Mary Lyon's arrival at Amherst caused quite as much of a stir as when she entered Sanderson Academy. "Her homespun apparel, her extraordinary scholarship, and her boundless kindness, were about equally conspicuous." Chemistry claimed her almost undivided attention. She was to be found in the laboratory early and late.

Although she could spend but the one term at Amherst, Mary was not compelled to abandon science. That summer she taught at Conway, the little village close to Ashfield. Here

she made her home with the Reverend and Mrs. Edward Hitchcock. The former was then pastor of the church and one of the trustees of Sanderson Academy. Later, Dr. Hitchcock became president of Amherst College. With such a tutor, Mary made rapid strides in science. Mrs. Hitchcock, in turn, instructed her in drawing and painting.

"I don't deserve such good fortune," she repeatedly maintained.

"Anyone who works as hard as you do doesn't have 'good fortune'—they merely reap what they sow," she was told.

It was about this time that Love sought out Mary Lyon. She had had her dreams that he would—what maiden has not? But for reasons of her own, whether concerned with self-sacrifice or her own happiness, she sent him from her. If she ever regretted his going, she kept her secret locked in her own heart. There was "pioneering" ahead for her to undertake. She was preparing.

Throughout that busy year Mary never lost an opportunity to run over to Ashfield to see her mother and sisters and Amanda White. Letters arrived from Aaron telling of the do-

ings of the little family, and many tears were secretly shed over them.

One day Amanda arrived in the highest of spirits. "I have great news," she called out on spying Mary working over some arithmetic papers under the trees on the lawn.

"I think I know what it is," Mary returned, "you are going to Byfield!"

"How did you guess?" Amanda exclaimed, "but, Mary Lyon, whatever is the matter?" Mary had suddenly burst into tears.

"I am the most ungrateful friend," Mary sobbed; "of course I am happy over your going to Dr. Emerson's school. It will be wonderful for you. I met Squire White and he told me it was all settled. But, oh, I was foolish enough, when we used to talk of going so far and to so famous a school, to think that somehow I could arrange to go too!"

"You must go! Oh, Mary, that would be wonderful!"

"It would be wonderful—but I can't think of going."

"And why not? Father will help you."

"I can't let him do that," Mary replied with a sigh.

But in the end Mary was prevailed upon to accept a loan. She was to repay it later from her teaching. If they had been going to Europe—which was an adventure attempted only by daring travelers in those days—they couldn't have been more excited. The leave-taking was the hardest. Again Mrs. Lyon was grateful that her daughter should have such an opportunity.

"Of course I shall write and tell you what we do," Mary said, "but it will take a long, long time for the post to reach you." Boston seemed as far away from Ashfield, as Chicago would seem to-day.

Although the stage route running between Albany and Boston passed through Ashfield, Squire White would not hear of the girls traveling in this way—even were he to accompany them. He would drive them himself and see them comfortably established. Perhaps he was justly proud, too, of his "turnout"—the first light spring wagon driven to a team of horses in that part of New England.

With their trunks in behind and a generous basket of lunch at their feet, the beaming travelers waved their handkerchiefs as long as

the party of relatives and friends could be distinguished in the distance. Then they became interested in the sights of the road. The Squire was occupied with the horses.

Remembering that trip later, Mary humorously described it to some students:

"You can hardly understand, young ladies, what a great thing it was to get to Byfield. It was almost like going to Europe now. Why, it took us three long days to go from Ashfield to Byfield. Good Squire White, who was one of my fathers, took me in his own carriage with his daughter. I was really a little homesick the second night, when I realized that I was so far from home. You will laugh, and you may laugh, for I am going to tell you that the next day I was very homesick. We lost our way and I did not know that we should ever find the noted Byfield, for the good people near Boston did not seem to know very well where it was. And can you believe it, young ladies, Miss White and I both cried! I cried just as hard as I could; and I really think I outcried my good friend whose father smiled upon us. But we found Byfield, for he did something better than weep; and when

he went back to Ashfield he told our friends that he had left us in a good place and that we could come back the next fall."

It was twenty-one years before the opening of the first normal school in Massachusetts that the Reverend Joseph Emerson established his academy. His object was to prepare young ladies to be intelligent teachers. To Mary and Amanda, Byfield Academy was a revelation, and its founder the greatest of teachers. For the first time Mary felt that she was being directed and curbed in her study.

"Your mind is active and powerful," Dr. Emerson told her, "but it is undisciplined. It is thinking, close thinking, that makes the scholar. . . . Words acquired in a parrot-like fashion cannot be intelligently used and are but lumber in the mind."

But Dr. Emerson did not consider a girl's mind any less strong than her brother's. He led his students to read English literature and to revel in it. Pope, Milton, Gray, Cowper, Goldsmith, Thompson and Young became intimates of the girls. History lectures were travels in many lands. Dr. Emerson's search-

ing questions compelled thought and impressed facts upon the memory. "Education is to fit one to do good," he told a class one day. To Mary the words seemed to mark a turning point in her life. "He who is not willing to be taught by the youngest of his pupils is not fit to have a pupil," he said.

There were days when Mary and Amanda felt very far from home and decidedly homesick, but working under such a man as Dr. Emerson gave them great pleasure as well as profit.

"Our beloved teacher would approve of girls attending college, I know," Mary said to Amanda one night.

"He wouldn't leave much for them to require there," returned Amanda, "if he could only teach us everything he knows."

"Oh, dear, how greedy I have been in snatching at everything, without thinking whether I was gaining useful knowledge," sighed Mary. "I have been like a sponge—always absorbing but never taking on a polish as granite does."

It was soon after their arrival at Byfield that Mary wrote her mother the following letter:

"My dear Mother:

"I feel that this summer is, or ought to be, peculiarly profitable to me. Much depends upon it. Such a spirit of piety is mingled with all Mr. Emerson's instructions that the one thing needful is daily impressed on our minds. From our scientific pursuits he is ever ready to draw practical and religious instruction. Oh, my mother, I know you would be delighted to witness our devotional exercises both morning and evening, to hear him read and explain the Scriptures, to hear such pious counsel from his lips, and to unite with him in his fervent prayers at the throne of grace in behalf of his scholars. He renders every recitation attractive. Never have I attended one from which I might not gain valuable information, either scientific, moral, or religious. We have Sabbath lessons to recite every Monday morning.

"You ask if I am contented, if I am satisfied with my school? I am perfectly so. I can complain of nothing but myself.

"Your loving daughter,

"MARY."

In writing to her parents Amanda said:

"Mary sends love to all; but time with her is too precious to spend it in writing letters. She is gaining knowledge by the handfuls."

Again Mary wrote in a note to her mother—when the post had failed to bring an answer to her last letter as promptly as she hoped:

"Each passing day carries my heart home to you, my dear parent, and all my other friends, till I can no longer refrain from writing. Did you know how much my heart dwells on her who loves me with a mother's love, some of you, ere this, would have filled a sheet for my perusal. I long to see you; but I will suppress my tender emotions while I have recourse only to my slow, feeble pen as a poor substitute for rapid conversation at the meeting hour of a mother and daughter—conversation which stops not for thoughts."

The "filled sheet," arriving on the next post, brought with it a glimpse of home.

Mary was very serious in her thoughts—as well as in her work—that wonderful summer. She was learning more from her teacher than from her books—as often happens in the life of every student. Dr. Emerson was distantly related to Ralph Waldo Emerson. Ill health had forced him to give up his church, but his pupils were the gainers because of this. He had many novel ideas for that day. One of

these was that it was a great mistake to neglect the body in the training of the mind. He did not believe that delicacy of feeling went only with a frail constitution—as was popularly held. Body, mind, and soul were all to be cared for and trained. He urged young women to "know themselves."

Because of the shortness of her time Mary had convinced her own conscience that she had a right to study on Sunday and to neglect her body in many ways. She was not even attending service. But Dr. Emerson's talks had their effect.

"Never again will I allow my curious mind to cause me to neglect the deeper needs of my soul or the welfare of my body," she told Amanda.

Gradually Mary gained such poise that those who had known her when she gave way to every feeling, felt the strength of her personality. No longer did she weep as readily as she smiled. Self-control was very difficult for an impulsive nature like hers, but not impossible. She was stirred by many emotions when she wrote Freelove under the date of August 11, 1821:

"My dearest little Sister:

"I have many facilities for improvement, but they only increase my obligation. I believe I have never before realized the solemnity of living so much as I do this summer. I often think that, if possible, it is more solemn to live than to die. What important consequences may depend upon a single word, or the most trifling deed. With how much care and deliberation should we regulate all our conduct, and even our every thought. This requires the most vigorous exertion of all our faculties; nay, more, we need constant instruction from heaven, and the daily guidance of the Holy Spirit. "Your sister,

"Mary."

"The study of language, at least one language, is the study of studies, with which all others are necessarily and most intimately connected," said Dr. Emerson. His stress on the value of English affected all of Mary Lyon's later practice.

It would have been quite impossible for Mary to become too serious and sober. She still abounded with enthusiasm and good spirits. Rather was her seriousness an aid to more complete happiness than of the sort to make her go about with a long face. She was learning life and its values. She was growing up

into a lovable, balanced woman. As at Sanderson Academy, she made many friends and was never too busy with her own studies to assist one of them.

"No mind in the seminary has ever equaled Miss Lyon's in power," Dr. Emerson told an assistant.

Mary and Amanda were by no means the oldest students at Byfield. It was another remarkable feature of the seminary that many of the young ladies were quite grown in point of years.

"We have a clergyman's widow from Maine who is past thirty," Amanda wrote her father. "There are students from all but one of the New England states. Dr. Emerson feels so strongly that we have much to give one another, that he urges us to visit about and not to spend all of our time as book-worms. This is delightfully stimulating, especially so when each one is trying to fit herself to be of real use in the world. Our beloved teacher cries out against 'literary misers, who have so much to read they have no time to act.' It would be hard to imagine our Mary becoming one! She has too much interest in people and in all

going on about her for that. With her knowledge and energy she is going to do great things. Of that I am sure. Never have I hoped to keep pace with her."

In the family where Mary and Amanda boarded at Byfield and shared a room as they had at the White home, there was a delicate little boy of ten years. He won Mary's heart at once and, with all her other duties, she managed to find time to teach him.

"I have so many good things here," she told him, "that I simply must share them." Yet those grammar lessons might easily have caused the volunteer teacher to regret her offer! Patiently and cheerfully she labored over them, even when her pupil was driven to tears by his failures. All his life he remembered Miss Lyon's kindness and unfailing good humor.

Grammar had ever been one of Mary Lyon's own greatest problems. In a letter to Rosina about this time she wrote:

"You know I have always found difficulties, doubts and inconsistencies in grammar; and the most I have done in that branch is to multiply these difficulties on every hand. But I

must not be discouraged at this. Mr. Emerson remarked to us that nothing yet has been brought to perfection; and, as there are difficulties in every pursuit, if a person sees none, it argues his almost entire ignorance. Dr. Emmons observed once to Mr. Emerson that he often found it much harder to make a pupil discover a difficulty, than to remove it when discovered."

Mary's friendship-book which she kept at Byfield gave her much pleasure. Into it went the signatures of all she wished to remember, together with bits of verse or sentiment. One name, that of Z. P. Grant, signed to a quotation from the Bible, stood out from all others. It was faultlessly inscribed, for one thing, and Miss Zilpah P. Grant was Dr. Emerson's assistant for whom Mary had a tremendous admiration. Miss Grant was stately and dignified. But she was not unapproachable. She grew very fond of Mary Lyon and a friendship was formed, which did not end when Mary and Amanda left Byfield Academy.

Squire White returned at the end of the term to convey the young ladies home. He professed to stand in great awe of their vast learning. Philosophy, Speculation, Human

Reason, Logic, System, Theory, Metaphysics, Disputation—all of these had been a part of Dr. Emerson's curriculum. "Be not frightened at their sound," he had warned his pupils, "these can never harm you so long as you keep clear of error and sin."

The trip home was more easily made than when the roads were strange and, instead of tears on the part of Mary and Amanda, there was constant praise of Dr. Emerson and his academy.

"I can, never, never thank you enough for assisting me," Mary told the Squire. "Not for anything would I have forfeited the opportunity for such real improvement."

VI

A TEACHER IN DEMAND

No sooner had Mary Lyon returned from Byfield than she received a most unexpected offer. It was to become assistant in Sanderson Academy. Why, there never had been so much as a female teacher there before, and its head was, as was to be expected, a college graduate.

"Try Miss Lyon," Squire White had urged.

"Instead of a college man?"—there was consternation among the trustees. But, in the end, they took the Squire's advice.

Just seven years had passed since Mary had declared herself a failure as a teacher—but had resolved to try again! She was finding that her forte lay especially in teaching girls. She understood them and their problems. She loved them and they loved her. The attendance at Sanderson Academy that winter pleased the trustees.

"What did I tell you?" Aaron wrote. "I

knew you would prove that you could teach—as well as spin and weave and bake. I am very proud of my sister."

It was a satisfaction to Mary to work in the Academy where she had had her first real chance. Here, too, she proved her unusual powers for imparting knowledge to others—as well as for absorbing it herself. Her love of learning was contagious. It was "fatal" for a pupil who thought she already knew enough to come into a classroom where Mary Lyon was. As far as she could, she conducted her recitations by means of topics—a method said to have been first used by Dr. Emerson at Byfield.

Miss Grant had not failed to write her former pupils, and her letters had been at all times most helpful to Mary. She and the assistant at Byfield held many ideas in common. Especially was this true in regard to "system" in adopting school courses. Poor Mary approved of this from sad experience! To be "up" in one subject, beyond her class in another, and yet never to have been instructed in a third, had more than once been her own experience—as when she conquered Adam's

Latin grammar almost over night. System was what most appealed to her, perhaps, in a college course. She wanted girls to have that as well as advanced learning.

She had been at Sanderson Academy two years when a letter came from Miss Grant which sent Mary in post haste to seek out Amanda White. She was beaming and eager to impart her news.

"I feel that this is a dream, rather than sober reality," she told her friend, handing her the letter.

"So Miss Grant is to open her school and wants you to assist her!" exclaimed Amanda. "Of course you will accept?"

"Of course I wish to do so. Think of it, Amanda! An academy for girls and conducted by women! Who would have dreamed such a thing would be possible when we were children! Times are surely changing."

"Indeed they are!" agreed Amanda.

"The best part of Miss Grant's school will be a graded course of study right through," Mary went on. "It will give thoroughness—and oh, how this is needed!"

"You are going, then?" Amanda insisted.

Her friend shook her head. "I do not know. I cannot decide for myself. Sanderson Academy is where I have been principally educated and I have received frequent favors from its trustees, as you well know, Amanda. Nothing could induce me to leave Rev. Sanderson, did not this new school seem a field especially adapted to my capacity. Here, I am among friends and I feel it a privilege to aid in carrying out Rev. Sanderson's benevolent designs. His Academy has been a silent and powerful means of doing good. . . . May the Lord direct my course. I cannot. I would not choose for myself."

It was several days before the important decision was made. Mary admitted that she had spent two sleepless nights; then a remarkable calm had come over her. She wrote to Miss Grant telling her of the pleasure it would be to work with her and of her feeling that this indeed seemed her most useful field. But not yet could she give her answer.

At last it came about that Miss Lyon was to assist her friend Miss Grant at the new school. Everything had been weighed in the balance and the scales (figuratively) tipped

that way. That the school was an experiment, added to the zest and the responsibility she felt. Together the two planned the graded studies and tried out their own and others' ideas. The buildings were new; the plans for work, new; and the results of those plans new also! Adams Academy proved its founders' ability.

As the climate of Londonderry made it impractical to conduct the school during the winter months, Mary's services were eagerly sought at that season by the Buckland Academy. "Such a thing never entered my head," she laughingly told her mother. "And it is in the very brick house which I helped to build!"

Mary's classroom in the brick house was on the third floor. In each corner of the great room was an open fireplace. Board benches ran around the walls. Wherever she taught now, her fame brought girls from great distances—even from beyond the state. The cramped quarters could not comfortably accommodate Buckland's students. The village decided it must have a new and roomy building. "Graham's Hall" sprang up almost like

magic and housed the school more adequately.

It was during the first winter after her return to Buckland—where even teachers came to study Mary Lyon's methods—that Aaron returned for a visit. He tried to persuade Mary to go back to New York with him.

"Our children and others are at the age when they must go to school and there is no good teacher to be had," he told her. "Surely, Mary, you would not feel that your talent was being thrown away, if you came where you were so greatly needed as out in Chautauqua County?"

"Oh, dear, no! Quite the contrary, Aaron," she returned. "I often feel that if a teacher would really make herself count she should teach in a remote rural school."

"Then you will come back with me?" Aaron was overjoyed.

Mary shook her head sadly. "You can never know what this answer costs me, Aaron, but it must be *No*. It is my duty to go on at Adams and Buckland. It would be a delight to go to you and yours. Surely you know that?"

"Yes, my brave sister, I do. I shall not urge you again."

When Aaron returned to New York it was Rosina who accompanied him.

Freelove was also beginning her early struggles as a teacher. Mary's thoughts were often of her baby sister while at Londonderry that summer. It was after a letter from her, telling of her "trials," and also shortly after the sad news had come of the death of Electa's husband, Mr. Moore, that Mary wrote the following letter:

"Londonderry, July 7, 1824.

"My dear Freelove:

"Although I am pleasantly situated and have no more cares and little daily trials than I should expect, yet it would be pleasant to spend an hour with one of my dear sisters, to whom I could tell all my heart. The fact that no two of our family, unless it be our brother and our sister Rosina, are spending the summer together, awakens emotions peculiar and rather gloomy. Ever since the sad news came of Brother Moore's death, I have thought much of my brother and sisters. I have seemed to review twenty years in relation to ourselves. . . . I see this family, that about twenty years ago were prattling children, united and happy in the arms of their fond parents, now

scattered over four different states of the Union, and some of them seven hundred miles apart! I see the eldest [Electa], in whom we all placed confidence as a counselor and friend, and to whom we are in some degree indebted, separated from her friends, carried by Providence into the lonely wilderness, almost alone and unpitied, where no one of us can give her a cheerful smile or a word of consolation. I well remember how much energy and animation she possessed when she used to spend her days in teaching. . . .

"You wrote in a somewhat gloomy strain but I hope it was only momentary. You will do well, dear Freelove, to try to gain the confidence of your pupils, and to make them see the reasons for your requirements. Do not say too much to them at one time. I think it best to devote some attention to their behavior, even if they don't study so much. If your older pupils should be disposed to trouble you, perhaps it may help to talk with each one out of school, and entirely alone. By doing this once in a while, you may reach their feelings and lead them to a right determination, when you otherwise could not. Try to lead them always to speak the truth, and then let them know that you depend on their word.

"Let me hear not only from yourself, but also from my other friends. Separation does not lessen the interest I take in their welfare. When I think of the older members of our

family, I also think of their children. I have the same kind of interest in their prosperity that I have ever had for that of their parents. Sometimes I feel that it would be a privilege to live, if I could only make myself useful to the children of my brother and sisters."

VII

AN ACADEMY FOR GIRLS

It was Mary's opinion, by this time, that teaching was really the business of almost every useful woman. It did not matter if she was not to make it her life work. There was too often a period of aimless idleness between school life and marriage which was much better filled. "Then, too," she said, " a woman capable of teaching and having taught well, is ready for any other sphere of usefulness." She was pleased that both Rosina and Freelove should teach, and also Hannah White, Amanda's younger sister. To Hannah she wrote from Londonderry:

"The regulations of this school are such as to enable us to have much system and order. This regular system is meant to give our pupils faithful and attentive habits. They understand their course is marked out and whatever is assigned to them is to be accomplished. Com-

position, you know, is one of the most trying exercises. But even in this we have not had an instance yet in which any young lady has been in the least delinquent. In some respects, perhaps, this school meets our wishes more fully than any I have seen.

"Miss Grant has adopted a plan to prevent whispering which has been very successful. After leading her pupils to feel the importance of being truthful, and stating facts as they are, she requires each to bring in a weekly ticket with her name attached, stating whether she has, or has not, made any communication in school during the week, either by whispering or by writing, or in any other way equally suited to divert the attention. We have some young ladies who have succeeded in controlling themselves entirely, and probably none who have not passed some weeks without a failure on this point. Miss Grant, of course, would not adopt this plan unless the scholars evinced a conscience both enlightened and lively as to the distinction between truth and falsehood.

"The prospects of this school are very promising. . . . The location here not being favor-

able for a winter school, the Academy is only open thirty weeks in the year."

Always she was introducing new methods into her teaching. The summer months found her working these out with Miss Grant; the winter, at Buckland or Ashfield. The two towns were keen rivals for her services. Sanderson Academy elected Miss Lyon its preceptress in 1826—proving that Squire White's opinion of her ability was shared by his fellow trustees. His own daughter, Hannah, was chosen as assistant.

"It is to system that I owe my success," Mary told everyone. But her friends knew that it was her skill and personality that accounted for much of it; nay, more, her faith in others and her trust in God.

"There is nothing in the universe that I fear," she once said, "but that I shall not know all my duty or shall fail to do it."

Ashfield now wanted all of her time; so, also, did Buckland. Miss Grant's school was moved to Ipswich, Massachusetts, a quaint and thrifty sea-coast town where weather conditions favored a winter session. Miss Lyon was urged to become assistant principal of

Ipswich Seminary and to devote her whole time to this work.

"You should remain in Franklin County where you are so greatly needed," her friends argued. "Either Buckland or Ashfield is where your duty lies."

"This is the field where you must feel that you can do the most real good," Miss Grant wrote.

Franklin County's ministers' association passed resolutions requesting her to remain. They even went so far as to try to persuade Miss Grant to move west!

"You hazard your health by dividing your energy between two places," they told Mary.

"Your usefulness cannot be as great when giving only part time," came the warning from Ipswich.

"I feel as if my heart was being torn in pieces," she exclaimed. "Each assures me that I can do my best work only by acting on their advice!"

The claims of home and family were very strong indeed. The call to "carry on" with Miss Grant in the work which the two friends had planned together, was likewise compelling.

At Derry-Ipswich her ideals for the proper education of girls were being put to the test. She had grown indispensable to the school, Miss Grant assured her. And so it came about that the winter of 1829-30 completed Mary's service as a successful teacher in the hill country where she was born. Her whole time was now to be given to Miss Grant's school.

Too often girls were still sipping at learning as bees do from the flowers. They flitted about here and there gathering a little honey in the form of French phrases, piano "pieces," an ability to sketch simple landscapes, and other "finishing" accomplishments such as the singing of touching ballads and embroidering intricate samplers. That is, girls from homes of means, did. It was far from Mary's intention to underrate these "embellishments." But, just as she would wish to give girls other diet than cake and candy, she saw the need for solid intellectual food. Such food would give them real strength for the needs of their lives. Always had she regretted that her own girlhood could not have had a little more of the "trimmings."

"I have sometimes felt," she wrote from Ipswich, "that I would have given six months of my time when I was under twenty, and defrayed my expenses, difficult as it was to find time or money, could I have enjoyed the privilege of learning vocal music that some of our pupils enjoy."

She was ever grateful to Mrs. Hitchcock for the lessons in painting.

There followed four years when Miss Lyon gave her entire time to teaching at Ipswich—four wonderful years for her and her fortunate pupils. Without any thought of harm resulting, Miss Grant was able, during this period, to take a long and much-needed vacation covering a year and a half. Her assistant conducted the seminary during her absence. Miss Grant, capable and commanding to a remarkable degree, with a brain of unusual power, was physically very frail. It was said of her that she had "an intellect to govern a state or adorn the bench," and she was referred to as "an American Queen," but it was Mary Lyon who saved her strength in every possible way.

Her work at Ipswich, especially when Miss

Grant was present, gave her the keenest pleasure. She was devoted to her chief and gained much wisdom from the older woman.

At Londonderry the seminary had had a teaching force of four. Now there were nine on its staff. Students came, not alone from all over the United States—as far as its limits extended—but from other countries. Teachers greatly outnumbered girls who were ambitious to become teachers.

"It has often numbered among its pupils," Miss Lyon wrote home, "those who have been employed as teachers of almost every grade, those who had, as they supposed, completed their education years before."

Ipswich scholars became in great demand in every state in the country. Many times, schools were not opened until teachers could be secured who had been trained there. The seminary was thorough. Too many studies were never given at one time and the one fixed rule was: "Review! Review! Review!"

It was impossible to house the numbers of students in the central buildings in the little seaside town, but the same hours were kept under many roofs. System again! Yet the

government was *in* rather than *over* the students.

It was amazing the number of subjects Miss Lyon taught and taught well. Mental arithmetic was a hobby. History was a delight.

"In whatever department of literature or science she is engaged, a looker-on would suppose that to be her favorite pursuit," declared Dr. Hitchcock.

"Anything may become interesting which we think important," she would insist.

Miss Lyon never overlooked the fact that everyone of us is different. But she would have each student remember that her acts affected the whole student body. "For the good of all," she would say. Beyond the school lay state and country. Miss Lyon would train citizens, not selfish individuals. She knew that some brains could not master what would be easy for others. "We expect your best, not what is good for another, but yours," would encourage one and goad another toward greater effort.

The simple and joyous religion of the teacher reacted on her students. Her smiling eyes and buoyant manner, rather than her

words, carried a message. She walked by faith. She lived with her Maker. That she was a Calvinist, few knew who did not also attend her church. Unusual as it was, she laid little stress on religious differences in seeking to lead her students to make the "Great Decision."

"God wants you to be happy; He made you to be happy!" she would exclaim. Healthily she warned against denying one's self good that good might result. "You have no right to give up your happiness because you are willing to do so," she told her girls.

Among the students at Ipswich Seminary was a young lady "of gracious elegance," Hannah Lyman. To her later befell the distinction of being recommended by Miss Grant (then Mrs. Banister), for the position of first "lady principal" of Vassar, under President Raymond.

Sincerity and modesty were impressed on all students going forth from Derry-Ipswich. "Don't use high-sounding terms with regard to your school; don't call it an Academy until it is one," Miss Lyon would tell them. "Don't

talk about your great responsibility, but rather feel it in your heart."

A few times it became necessary to expel pupils. Miss Lyon did not hesitate in her duty, but never was she severe or angry. "I am sorry for you," she would say, "but the good of the institution requires it."

Among the servants at Derry-Ipswich was a woman past forty years of age, who could neither read nor write. Miss Lyon discovered this and also that she was ashamed of her ignorance and eager to learn. At once it was arranged that private lessons would be given in the assistant's own room. Gratitude was a rich payment for this extra tax on time and strength.

Mary Lyon spent the summer, after Miss Grant's return, studying at Rensselaer School, in Troy, New York, the first institute of technology in the country. Her courses were in chemistry and natural philosophy.

A letter from Professor Eaton, enclosing a circular describing the course in chemistry in which "students are to be divided into sections, not more than five in a section," and to include "at least one section of ladies," convinced her

that her time would be well employed. "These sections are not to be taught by seeing experiments and hearing lectures according to the usual methods," the circular stated, "but they are to lecture and experiment by turns, under the immediate direction of a professor or a competent assistant."

"Would it not be well for you to spend the term here?" Professor Eaton had inquired. "You would then be well prepared."

VIII

PIONEERING

The years which Miss Lyon spent at Ipswich brought their share of sorrows as well as joys. In 1832—within exactly one month of each other, on August 18th and September 18th—occurred the deaths of Rosina and Lovina. The former, who was nearest Mary Lyon's age and, as she wrote, "a kind of darling among us all," was yet a bride, having married after going out to New York with Aaron. Lovina, Mrs. Daniel Putnam, fell ill after nursing her husband. Freelove went to Hartford to look after the five young children who lost their father and mother within a short time of each other.

It was during the summer of 1833 that Miss Lyon took the first real vacation of her busy life. This "noted and truly wonderful woman" was now greatly in need of a change herself. She resolved to travel. Her plans

included visits to Aaron and her other relatives.

Starting from Boston very early in the morning, she traveled the eighty miles to Norwich, Connecticut, by stage. Here she boarded a night boat for New York.

Throughout that entire delightful trip Miss Lyon kept a diary—jotting into it the interesting sights and happenings. And they were many. No sightseer had more energy or keener eyes. In New York and Philadelphia she found much to interest her besides the shops. But never did she allow anyone to persuade her that she should give Sunday over to any other occupation than in going to church and quietly walking about. She visited Princeton and West Point. She called upon Emma Willard at her seminary at Troy. This interested Miss Lyon very much. Its building was imposing. It housed under one roof both school and students. This seminary, like Derry-Ipswich and Miss Beecher's school at Hartford, was carrying out plans for educating girls which made it justly famous—but with a great difference. Mrs. Willard wished "to provide suitable instruction" for girls but

she hastened to explain that she had no idea of "the phantom of a college-learned lady." That was just what Mary Lyon did have!

In Troy Miss Lyon also visited hospitals, prisons and porcelain works. She was present at commencement at Rensselaer School. A day and a half were given to Niagara Falls. She was deeply moved by their wonders. In a letter to Miss Grant she acknowledged that she had been prepared to be disappointed, but that Niagara would be stored away among her most treasured memories.

"Much depends upon the manner of visiting the Falls," she said. "The American side should by all means be visited first, and I think the visit on the Canadian side should be reserved for the conclusion. All the little broken prospects and parts of views should be taken from the American shore and Goat Island, and sufficient time should be allowed for the mind to expand and enlarge and prepare to take in the greatness of the overwhelming view on the Canadian side."

The greatest pleasure that summer brought was the visits to her relatives. How long she had been planning these! Now she must get

acquainted with half-grown nephews and nieces who had once been her beloved babies. There were new faces also and "Aunt Mary" found them winning her as completely as their older brothers and sisters had. She had delightful talks with one small nephew in particular, who desired to be with his new aunt above all things.

Her travels took her as far west as Detroit. She returned to Ipswich in the fall greatly refreshed in mind and body.

She taught one more winter at Ipswich Seminary. It was her last winter of teaching —but not her last in the schoolroom. She now had other plans. She wrote Freelove during the summer of 1834: "I am about to embark in a frail boat on boisterous sea. I know not whither I shall be driven, nor how I shall be tossed, nor to what port I shall aim."

Never had Mary Lyon been willing to begin anything she did not feel herself fully able to complete. She was going to do a most daring thing and because she had the faith in her own powers to carry it through. Years before, Dr. Emerson had said:

"Many fail of accomplishing what they un-

dertake for want of knowledge of their own weakness, and many do not undertake what they might perform from ignorance of their own strength."

What this pioneer now proposed to do was not an unheard-of thing. In fact, it had been done two centuries before in America. But it had been done only for *men.* Mary Lyon still believed that women might have as much done for them. Like card houses, schools for girls had been built up—only to collapse. This was still happening. Their lives depended upon securing a certain number of pay pupils. Let a popular teacher make a change and, often as not, the school failed. More than once had this occurred in Miss Lyon's teaching experience. Buckland Academy was unable long to survive her going. What she proposed to do, was to set out to secure an endowment for an institution of higher learning for women. This was the novel venture! This the pioneer's undertaking!

Back in 1819 Mrs. Willard had asked the New York state legislature for aid in founding permanent seminaries which would then

be "secured against adventurers of fortune." In her "Address to the Public," she gave her "plan" but it did not make clear whether her idea was for schools which should belong to the state, or be partly a "public trust."

The people had endowed Harvard and other colleges. The people were to be asked, two hundred years later, to do this thing for the benefit of women. Miss Lyon felt the time was ripe and that she was but an instrument in bringing about what was so sorely needed. For a long time her heart had yearned towards girls in "the common walks of life," girls who, like herself, had been unable to afford the very thing they most longed for and needed—higher education. It was her dearest wish that, in securing an endowment in order that an institution for women might live, it would also be made possible for girls from such homes as hers had been to afford to attend it.

To Miss Grant she wrote:

"My thoughts, feelings, and judgment are turned toward the middle classes of society. This middle class contains the main-springs

and main-wheels which are to move the world."

At Ipswich trustees leased Miss Grant her building rent free. She supplied the teachers and most of the apparatus, as well as the library. Miss Lyon had offered to help her friend equip a chemical laboratory and her offer had been accepted. She had done this out of the munificent salary of six dollars a week at the beginning of her work there.

"Never teach the immortal mind for money," she pleaded. "If money-making be your object, be milliners or dressmakers, but teaching is a sacred employment."

"If you can put into operation a permanent school on right principles, you may well afford to give up your life when you have done it," Dr. Joseph Emerson told Miss Grant. It was with this goal in view that Mary Lyon set forth in her "frail boat."

The plans for this lasting institution for "females" were to provide a seminary building, containing a large hall, laboratory, reading room, library, a number of recitation rooms and a roomy dormitory where each student would have her own separate room.

These buildings were to be set in a campus containing several acres of ground. Books and apparatus were to be furnished. Sound scholarship would be insisted upon; social service training provided; broader viewpoints encouraged. All money matters would be in the hands of "an agent appointed by the trustees, to whom he should be responsible."

For a time both Miss Grant and Miss Lyon thought the proper location for this permament establishment would be at Amherst. The students would then have the advantage of attending certain of the lectures at Amherst College. "It would be a start," Mary Lyon urged. "This is the way everything is done in New England."

But New England did not readily take to the plan. It was not at all sure that it would be a good thing. Worse than those who opposed the whole idea were those who showed utter indifference. All hope of starting at Amherst was given up for good.

"The public as such," Miss Lyon declared, "know nothing of any consequence about the subject, and care less than they know!"

In spite of her own enthusiasm and her

every effort to interest others, she began to feel that it would be many years before the plans could be worked out.

At this time she had reason to feel that she was well acquainted with every kind of school, public and private, which admitted girls. Her long apprenticeship had included overcrowded district school houses with pupils of all ages and mental capacity; private "finishing" schools; higher schools—which did not last—and where the teachers were terribly over-worked. Miss Catherine Beecher began her famous school modestly in a room over a store in Hartford. It was then moved into the basement of a church where, as she said, "nearly one hundred young ladies had only one room, and, most of the time, no blackboard and only two teachers." She had only "amused the leading gentlemen of Hartford," when she asked their help in securing funds for a better building. But Hartford's women had listened to her plea and a roomy building had been the result. Her school won fame even in Europe, but her health broke under the strain of doing so much herself. She could not go on alone. Now she had proposed to

Miss Grant that Hartford Seminary and Ipswich Seminary be united. Dr. Lyman Beecher approved his daughter's idea. But Miss Grant, while anxious to do this, declined in the end because of her very uncertainty that even the one school would endure. Hartford refused to consider endowing the institution. Miss Beecher's seminary soon "was no more."

"My successor," she wrote Miss Grant, "though an able teacher, was a man who had a family to support, and could not use all the school income, as I had done, to retain the highest class of teachers."

It was about this time that Oberlin College was founded in Ohio. Mary Lyon was greatly interested in its "revolutionary program." It was co-educational. She gave of her money to it, but could not feel that it was doing very much toward raising the standard of women's schools. It also offered a special "ladies' course" which did not provide regular college work. Monticello Seminary, in Illinois, insisted that Miss Lyon become its head. She was tempted to go out to the quicker moving West, but thought better of it.

"Improvements in education seldom make any progress eastward," she reasoned. "New England influence is vastly greater than its comparative size and population would indicate. It is the cradle of thought. New England mind carries the day everywhere, and the great business is to get New England conscience enlightened and accurate."

She decided on a course of action. "This may seem a wild scheme," she wrote her mother, "but I cannot plead that it is a hasty one." What she set herself to do was to interest the whole New England community, beginning with the country population, in the plans for establishing the proposed seminary somewhere in New England.

IX

CAMPAIGNING FOR FUNDS

Miss Lyon was still acting head of Ipswich when she set out in the spring of 1834 to campaign actively for the founding of the permanent seat of learning for women. Circulars were sent out and Miss Lyon made house-to-house visits. In personal talks, as in no other way, she could bring people to her point of view. Joyously she would explain the need for such an institution and what it would mean to young women.

"I have come to get you to cut off just one little corner of your farm and give it to your wife," Miss Lyon laughingly told a farmer. "Your wife will invest the corner in a seminary for young ladies—one within your own daughter's means."

When she visited ladies she would ask: "If you wanted a new card table or a new dress very much, you would have no trouble in securing the money for it, would you?"

They gave gladly far more than she often expected.

When she gave public talks many were delighted with her ideas. She began to have hope that it would *not* take years to realize her dream. The first thousand dollars was given in less than two months. Only women were asked at first. The teachers and pupils at Ipswich Seminary gave more than a quarter of that first thousand.

Twelve gentlemen met Miss Lyon in her own parlor at Ipswich on the 6th of September, 1834. They came, as one of them, Mr. David Choate said, "to inspect a few small seeds which Miss Lyon was wishing to put into the ground somewhere and sometime, allowing us to have something to say as to the place and time and so forth, yet not wholly surrendering anything entirely up to any, and still allowing us the innocent fancy of thinking ourselves for the time being co-workers with her."

Miss Lyon insisted that these gentlemen, among whom was Professor Hitchcock, were truly co-workers. They formed a committee to stand for the enterprise until it should have

a permanent charter such as many men's colleges had. With these friendly men back of her, Miss Lyon put all her strength into making a success of the effort. Often she would be so worn out that she would sleep throughout a day and night like one in a trance.

"Now I am as fresh as ever," she would say after such a period.

The Hitchcocks now being at Amherst, Mary Lyon spent part of her time at their home.

"Here I read, write, plan and do a thousand other things," she wrote her mother. "The students call Dr. Hitchcock, 'Old Doc,' because they love him."

So often did her committee of men find Miss Lyon to have been right in not heeding "the advice of wise and judicious friends" that they became almost afraid to oppose any decision she made. But she knew when to act on their advice.

In her effort to educate the people in favor of educating women, Miss Lyon said:

"Educated women exert a power over society which cannot be exerted by mere goodness without intellectual strength."

How she wished that more men could observe with her many of her Ipswich students in their own homes! If they compared "the good common sense, the correct reasoning, the industry and perseverance, the patience, meekness and gentleness" of many of these women with untrained women similarly placed, they would be won at once to her views. Many still thought education "thrown away" on women.

"Would it not be less of an evil," Miss Lyon asked, "for the farmers and mechanics through the land, who are to spend all their lives in laboring to support their families, to have scanty stores of learning, than for their wives, who must train up the children, to be thus scantily furnished?"

As a part of her plan, Miss Lyon settled upon the ideal of first securing teachers who would find the joy of service more alluring than pay. This would help to convince men that money had no part in their scheme. All students were to enter on an equal footing and share in the housework. Miss Grant could not agree to either of these at the time.

In a letter to Amanda White, Miss Lyon

said: "After the acquaintance I have had with many cultivated and interesting families whose daughters performed in a systematic manner all their own labor, I have the greatest confidence that a system might be formed by which all the domestic work of a family of one hundred could be performed by the young ladies themselves and in the most perfect order without any sacrifice of improvement in knowledge and refinement. Such girls would not stoop to receive a definite number of cents daily or weekly, yet with the utmost cheerfulness and dignity they would do their share for the sake of the school."

Under this plan no servants would be engaged. To mix scholars and servants would be most unwise. Miss Lyon thought the plan should free the students "from that servile dependence on common domestics to which young ladies as mere boarders in a large establishment are often subject, to their great inconvenience." She felt, too, that those from homes of wealth and those accustomed to little could each benefit greatly from the mutual helpfulness and service. Perhaps it would even help to rid ordinary people of their feel-

ing against the education of women. "Yet it is a mere appendage, after all," she continued in her letter to Amanda White, "and not an essential feature of the proposed institution. If experiment should prove the plan to be impracticable or inexpedient (which, however, we do not expect), domestics could be introduced to perform the family labor, and the change would not affect the essential and more important features of the school."

Slowly, by means of circulars, advertising and untiring effort on the part of Mary Lyon, the seminary fund grew. Squire White had been interested and sympathetic from the first, and Mary Lyon had more than once consulted him. He was one of the most liberal contributors.

But up to January, 1835, neither a name nor a location had been decided upon. Now it seemed a necessity that such important details should be settled. A meeting of the committee was set for the 8th of January. The weather proved to be bitterly cold. Miss Lyon was not present at the conference, but she desired to be nearby and had been asked to go to Worcester, Massachusetts, to consult

with the members. That the mercury stood below zero mattered not to her. She rose before daylight, in order to make the trip by stage from Amherst. Professor Hitchcock went with her. Wrapped in a buffalo robe she quite enjoyed the icy air.

"A small village close by the Connecticut seems the ideal spot to me," she said, "where the institution will rise up and grow under the protection of an extended population rather than one town. But I leave the selection of the site to the committee."

Three towns in western Massachusetts had been investigated. They were South Deerfield, Sunderland and South Hadley. As there was no railroad running to any one of them, their claims were very nearly equal. The first trains in New England were run between Providence and Boston the following summer.

All day Miss Lyon awaited news of a decision having been reached by the committee. Night came on and still no word. At midnight she was informed that the choice had narrowed down to Sunderland or South Hadley. The next day South Hadley was finally

selected. But it was not until April that the name for the seminary was chosen.

"Pangynaskean Seminary," was Professor Hitchcock's suggestion. It was met with laughter from the people, although his idea was to convey a "reminder that strongly stressed development of the whole woman." Few realized the Greek significance, and the word was unpronounceable! *Seminary* met with no objection from anyone for the term was then interchangeable with *college*. Neither was the word "female" out of favor in that day. And so, when Mount Holyoke Female Seminary was at last decided upon—having been suggested by the nearness of that stately mountain to South Hadley—it was thought all that could be desired in a name. *Female* Seminary was a triumph in itself.

The ridicule of "Pangynaskian"—an unfortunate name—extended to the press in the form of sarcastic editorials and articles. This was greatly to be regretted by those who held the project dear. Yet these same unfriendly comments which sought to belittle the seminary bore fruit in unexpected ways. Persons who heretofore had shown no interest in the

founding of Mount Holyoke had their sympathies aroused. One gentleman in Boston at once sent five hundred dollars. Upon talking with Miss Lyon he offered, not only more money, but his time and influence.

Alluding to the ridicule in a letter to Miss Grant, Miss Lyon wrote:

"I wish a little could be said to lead that part of the community who *would* attend to things and not to words only, to direct their attention to the object, rather than to one undesirable, temporary word . . . to spend the time and interest they have to spare in aiding the great cause with which the new institution is connected, rather than in opposing the mere suggestion of a peculiar name."

X

BUILDING MOUNT HOLYOKE

With the actual spot picked out where the buildings were to stand, and a name selected which might endure for many centuries, Mount Holyoke entirely absorbed Miss Lyon. Her many friends did much to aid her. Agents traveled all over New England explaining the plan and asking for help in carrying it out. Several clergymen gave of their time to the work. The Reverend Roswell Hawks, the very first to become interested, traveled for three months in an effort to raise money.

"I wander about without a home," Mary Lyon wrote her mother and Freelove, "seldom knowing one week where I shall be the next." Always she carried a green velvet money-bag. She and this bag became very familiar sights throughout the countryside. She spoke in district school houses in her own

hill country. Men and women crowded them in their eagerness to hear her.

But often her ideas for educating women were ridiculed. Those who were interested with her in the founding of Mount Holyoke were called radicals. "It was unnatural, unphilosophical, unscriptural, impractical, unfeminine and anti-Christian; in fact all the epithets in the dictionary that begin with *un* and *in* and *anti* were hurled against and heaped upon it. Had not Paul said, 'I suffer not a woman to teach nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence; and if they will learn anything let them ask their husbands at home'? It would be the entering wedge to woman's preaching, practicing, lecturing, voting, buying and selling—doing everything that men do and perhaps doing it better than men do and so overstocking the trades and professions! . . ."

Even her best friends criticized Mary Lyon for traveling about making addresses and soliciting subscriptions. It was not becoming her sex, they said. It was not good taste. She should leave this to men.

"What do I that is wrong?" she insisted.

"I ride in the stage coach or cars without an escort. Other ladies do the same. I visit a family where I have been previously invited, and the minister's wife or some leading woman calls the ladies together to see me, and I lay our object before them. Is that wrong? I go with Mr. Hawks and call on a gentleman of known liberality at his own house and converse with him about our enterprise. What harm is there in that? If there is no harm in doing these things once, what harm is there in doing them twice, thrice, or even a dozen times? My heart is sick, my soul is pained with this empty gentility, this genteel nothingness. I am doing a great work. I cannot come down."

"Mary will not give up," her mother told a neighbor in Ashfield. "She just walks the floor and says over and over again, when all is so dark, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass.' Women must be educated—they *must* be!"

Mary Lyon was suffering for the cause she held dear, but not worrying because of the unkind things many said and did. She did

not like to be thought queer or masculine. She did not like notoriety for herself. What did that matter? She was not building for self. There were plenty who upheld her and who would give to the cause of women. She appealed to those with common sense. New Englanders would yet realize that Mount Holyoke might be a practical undertaking. She was not surprised when she heard it said that she was trying to establish a *manual-labor school* for young ladies. "Protestant nunnery" and "servile labor" were terms used in criticizing Mount Holyoke. An article in a church magazine roused Professor Hitchcock to write an answer to the editor who believed in "leaving a young lady under the care of her natural guardians with all the influences of home clustering around her." He considered women teachers "masculine."

"I have brought you my article. Have it published or not, just as you choose," Dr. Hitchcock told Miss Lyon.

"Then I choose not to notice such attacks," she replied smilingly.

Never did she answer any man or woman who tried to force her into an argument. She

was too big to notice their slurs and too patient with them to become angry.

Once Squire White took Miss Lyon in his carriage to call on a family of wealth whom she thought might give liberally for the building of the seminary.

"Do not expect much, my dear Miss Lyon. We know the people and I fear you will not be successful," gentle Mrs. White told her, laying her hand on Mary Lyon's shoulder.

"Oh, I am told they are very rich and I am sure they will help liberally," the younger woman replied, her face beaming.

When they returned from the call Mary Lyon went straight to her dear counselor. With a sad smile and a shake of her head she said: "Yes, it is all true, just as I was told. They live in a costly house, it is full of costly things, they wear costly clothes—but," in a whisper, "oh, they are little bits of folks!"

But there were also the two sisters, spinsters both of them, who lived oh, so simply on a very, very slender income.

"Don't you think we can do with a little less, Sister, and pledge Miss Lyon something toward her noble work?" one asked the other.

"I am very sure we can!" was the emphatic reply.

Each pledged the same sum. But reverses came before the money fell due. They did not have it, so they set to work and earned it. They could not bear to have no part in the building of Mount Holyoke.

It had been agreed upon by the trustees that work would begin on the building when twenty-five thousand dollars had been pledged to Mount Holyoke. But in 1836 the times grew harder and harder. Miss Lyon had paid all of her own expenses and had given liberally to the fund. She was most anxious to see a start made. When the trustees who had chosen the location disagreed and began to talk of looking about for another site on which to erect the seminary she wrote Miss Grant: "Another dark cloud seems to be gathering over our prospects, perhaps one of the darkest that has ever hung over our enterprise, and yet I can scarcely tell why it should be so."

But the dark cloud passed over. The first land at South Hadley was kept and at last ground was broken. Miss Lyon was on hand to watch the building. When the cellar was

nearly dug, quicksand was discovered. "The building must be placed sixty feet farther back from the road," an expert decided. "I wish it could go much farther back, but this is something beyond my control," Miss Lyon wrote her mother.

All went well for some time. Then someone insisted that poor bricks were being used. An expert was called to pass on these. He could find no fault with their quality. Up went walls—walls which were to shelter young women in search of learning. Then, one morning, shortly before the masons were to begin work, the walls collapsed!

"Oh, how thankful I am that the workmen escaped!" was Miss Lyon's smiling exclamation when she met the worried superintendent of the building.

On the third of October, a glorious day—when the mountain namesake of the seminary was decked in gorgeous colors, as if to celebrate a great event for which it had been waiting for centuries—the cornerstone of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary was laid. To South Hadley came the men and women of vision who could see into the future and who

rejoiced that such things should come to be. They glowed at the thought of their small part in this historic assembling. Miss Lyon's eyes were bright as she pictured the girls who were to come and go—whose lives would be enriched and ennobled because of this triumph.

Writing Miss Grant that night, she still thrilled with the wonder of it all: "The stones and bricks and mortar speak a language," she said, "which vibrates through my very soul. How much thought and how much feeling have I had on this general subject in years that are past! And I have indeed lived to see the time when a body of gentlemen have ventured to lay the cornerstone of an edifice which will cost about fifteen thousand dollars—and for an institution for females. Surely the Lord hath remembered our low estate. This will be an era of female education. The work will not stop with this institution. This enterprise may have to struggle through embarrassments for years, but its influence will be felt. It is a concession on the part of gentlemen on our behalf which can be used again and again."

Yet while Mount Holyoke was gaining new "converts" all the time, the hard times made

it very difficult even to collect money which had been promised in good faith. Miss Lyon had to renew her tireless efforts after the building was well under way. Often it seemed an almost impossible task. She made herself responsible for all the furnishings of the seminary. Now again she went to the women.

"My idea is to ask the ladies of each town in New England to furnish a room for one student. No matter how little individuals can give, they will then be helping to provide the needed comforts," Miss Lyon explained.

She chose one woman in each locality to interest the others in doing this "bit" for Mount Holyoke. Always she made a wise selection of an energetic, capable "captain." Some towns could not raise the needed fifty or sixty dollars while the times were so trying. But often one person, able to do so, would provide the whole amount. One man asked that he be permitted to furnish a room in memory of his daughter. A woman volunteered to give the dishes for the seminary. It meant much to Miss Lyon and her assistants that so many were interested in doing what they could for the pioneer venture. Yet al-

ways they were short of what was absolutely needed! Twice the opening of Mount Holyoke had to be delayed.

If the other years of her life had been busy, 1837 was quite the busiest of them all for Mary Lyon. She was needed constantly at South Hadley to superintend the planning of the inside of the building. She ate and slept at the home of the Reverend Joseph Condit. She spent her days with the workmen. Between times she wrote letters.

"I have so much letter-writing to do that I seem not to have much time for anything else," she said, "and yet I have five times as much as I can do which I wish to do."

"My head is full of closets, doors, shelves, cupboards, sinks, tables, etc.," she wrote Aaron. "You will think this new work for me and indeed it is." But Aaron Lyon was used to his sister's mastery of new work and he could easily believe her capable of such details as the arranging of a convenient school building.

It was finally arranged that November the eighth would mark the opening of Mount Holyoke. It was quite possible that the build-

ing would not be completed, that all the furnishings could not be secured—but the cause of women's education need not suffer because little details went wrong.

The five-story brick building was planned to house eighty students. The terms, including room, board and tuition, were sixty-four dollars for a session of forty weeks. Miss Lyon was realizing her dream of dreams—that girls from the "common walks of life" need not be shut out from the benefits to be had at Mount Holyoke Female Seminary.

When the announcement had gone out that young women would be received at South Hadley on the second Wednesday in November, great excitement reigned in many homes. Girls who had been thirsting for knowledge and eagerly awaiting this undreamed-of chance ever since Mount Holyoke was planned, could not wait for the time to come. For weeks many had been packed up and ready to make the journey to the banks of the Connecticut River, as soon as word should come that the opening day had arrived.

But when the middle of September came and there still remained so many necessary

things to be done, Mary Lyon wrote her good friend Amanda White:

"When I look through to November eighth it seems like looking down a precipice of many hundred feet, which I must descend. I can only avoid looking to the bottom, and fix my eye on the nearest stone till I have safely reached it."

Mrs. Porter, wife of Deacon Porter who had taken charge of the building of Mount Holyoke at Miss Lyon's request, was one of the good friends of the seminary. Miss Lyon could always count on her help. The villagers in South Hadley began to offer their services also. Men set up beds and carried the furniture up the stairs under Miss Lyon's direction. The women helped in innumerable ways.

"How good you all are!" Miss Lyon exclaimed over and over again as the day of days drew very near.

But more and more hindrances occurred. Even the bedding had not arrived when the sun rose on the eighth day of November, 1837. A hurry call was sent out to the countryside for the loan of enough covers to make the new arrivals comfortable. Some students were

reached in time to bring their own quilts with them to Mount Holyoke.

"What a pity that all could not have been in readiness," lamented one of the trustees' wives, as she hurried about the great kitchen preparing vegetables and slicing great piles of bread for the first meal under the new roof.

"Yes, it is," replied another helper, "but Miss Lyon is as calm and composed as if the parlor was in apple pie order, instead of filled with work benches and paint pots."

"Deacon Porter is in his shirt sleeves hammering on the steps," laughed his wife, "and Deacon Safford is also coatless and down on his knees struggling with the hall matting."

There came the sound of laughter from above stairs. Groups of teachers and neighbors were making beds with the borrowed linen and counterpanes. Others were working on quilts. "Mother Lyon" was here, there and everywhere. Her very presence brought a homelike feeling. She heard a carriage rumbling up the shady street. When it came in sight she was at the door with arms outstretched waiting to welcome the first of her family.

All day long they came—by stage and by carryall. Eighty, eighty-two, eighty-five, ninety—still the last had not arrived! Before sundown *one hundred and twenty* eager, hungry girls had descended upon Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. All must be made comfortable. They were strange and must be made to feel at home.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of that opening day a bell pealed forth. It resounded through the halls of Mount Holyoke. Doors opened and timid girls hurried down the stairs. Others, still intent upon examination questions, stopped their task and followed the leaders to the assembly hall. Examinations had been going forward all day. As soon as each arrival had removed her hat and had smoothed her hair, she had been taken in charge by a teacher. Singly and in little groups they had been discovering how strangely little they knew. Some had occupied the stairs—using the ones above them for desks. Others found packing boxes quite useful for the same purpose. Deacon Safford's hammering, as he completed the laying of his matting, came up to them from the hall below.

THE OLD MARY LYON BUILDING

First building erected for the pioneer College for Women in America

"We are in glorious confusion now, but we hope for better order soon," had been his good-natured greeting to newcomers. His task was completed before the gong rang out.

When all were assembled, a prayer was offered and Mount Holyoke was in session.

XI

LIFE AT MOUNT HOLYOKE

The "inner workings" of Mount Holyoke were very soon running quite smoothly under the able direction of Mother Lyon. There were few girls in her very large family who had not done some form of housework at home. Each now had her regularly allotted tasks. But never would that wise and thoughtful head permit any to do what might prove beyond her strength. Her health must come first, always.

"My dear little girl," Miss Lyon said to a frail student who was bending over an ironing board shortly after opening day, "did I ever assign you such a task?"

"No, Miss Lyon," was the blushing admittance, "but Hilda had something else she wanted to do very much and I offered to take her place."

"Just what I thought! Run away and rest, dear, and don't allow a great strong young

lady to impose upon your soft heart again," and Miss Lyon took the iron from the girl's hand.

With her usual sense of fairness Miss Lyon planned the work so that those having the heavier tasks need give less of their time to them. At regular intervals rooms and duties were exchanged.

The fact that all had not been in readiness when they arrived at the seminary soon proved to be a happy chance to those hundred and twenty girls. They were consulted and had their share in the arranging of the furnishings of their Alma Mater. Homesickness could not last long where there was so much to occupy every moment. When everything was in order Mount Holyoke presented an appearance at once dignified and in perfect taste. It was both home and seminary. Already there was beginning to grow a sense of loyalty which few would ever outgrow.

"Our family," Miss Lyon would say with justifiable pride.

She believed in her girls, she trusted them and she loved them. Few ever disappointed her.

It did not prove difficult to enter Mount Holyoke. Miss Lyon realized fully that if entrance requirements were made hard, few girls would have had enough preparation to meet them. A thorough course in the common schools was expected. The examinations covered English grammar, United States history, modern geography, arithmetic, and Watts on the mind. Sometime before the opening Miss Lyon had advised all prospective students to devote their time to further study. She gave them an outline and urged that each set about attaining habits of accuracy, clearness and rapidity of thought.

The age required for entrance to Mount Holyoke was sixteen. Miss Lyon did not believe in putting little girls to hard study. Under sixteen their memory was at its best. Then was the time to cultivate it. Overstudy when young caused nervousness, ruined constitutions, was responsible for "sadness without reason," and often proved fatal to high intellectual attainment, she believed.

"The most discouraging field which any teacher was ever called to cultivate is the mind of a young lady who has been studying all

her days, and has gone over most of the natural and moral sciences without any valuable improvement, until she is tired of school, tired of books and tired almost of life," Miss Lyon said. This she believed to be the result of too early "forcing."

"Manners, the cultivation of the voice, including singing, pronunciation and all the characteristics of good reading; gaining skill in such mechanical operations as sewing, drawing and writing," said Miss Lyon, "are often neglected till too late a period." To these she would add spelling, composition, memory work and the reading of good books, as well as the pronunciation of foreign languages and instrumental music, as being best pursued when young.

Miss Lyon believed that the life at Mount Holyoke, aside from all study would be of much help to her girls. "A young lady needs to feel herself a member of a large community, she told them, "where the interests of others are to be sought equally with her own. She needs to learn by practice as well as by principle that private interests are to be sacrificed for the public good; and she needs to know

from experience that those who make such a sacrifice will receive an ample reward in the improvement of the community among whom they are to dwell."

"We must always consider the good of the whole," became a proverb at Mount Holyoke.

At first a three-year course—junior, middle, and senior—was provided at the seminary. There was no preparatory department. Walking and calisthenics were made a rule. This was most unusual, but Miss Lyon knew the value of fresh air and proper exercise. She also would have her girls get plenty of sleep. In a talk to them she said:

"Early rising, young ladies, is not rising at any particular hour, for what is early for one may be late for another. Early rising for any individual is rising at the earliest time proper for her under the existing circumstances. The hour of rising should not be decided on in the delicious dreaminess of half-waking, and more than half-dozing, state of one's morning slumbers; but the decision should be made when you are up and awake with all your powers in vigorous exercise. In deciding, you must take in view your age. Young persons who have

not fully attained their growth, need more sleep than those of mature years. You must consider the state of your health. Feeble persons, with constitutions made to run only half the threescore years and ten, need more sleep than the strong and healthy. Some allowance, too, must be made for the temperaments of different individuals. Some require more sleep than others, but those who need a large amount should take their additional sleep in the early part of the night. Who was it that said, 'One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two after?' Yes, Dr. Dwight, a man of large experience and careful observation.

"Now, young ladies, you are here at great expense. Your board and tuition cost a great deal, and your time ought to be worth more than both; but in order to get an equivalent for the money and the time you are spending, you must be systematic. That is impossible unless you have a regular hour for rising. If that hour is five, and you are on your feet before the clock is done striking, then you are punctual. But if you lie five minutes, or even one, after the hour passes, you are tardy and you must lose a little respect for yourself in

consequence. Persons who run around all day after the half-hour they lost in the morning never accomplish much. You may know them by a rip in the glove, a string pinned to the bonnet, a shawl left on the balustrade—which they had no time to hang up, they were in such a hurry to catch that lost thirty minutes. You will see them opening their books and trying to study at the time of the general exercises in school. But it is a fruitless race—they never will overtake their lost half hour. Good men, from Abraham to Washington, have been early risers. . . .

"Now, young ladies, I want every one of you to fix an hour for rising for a week to come. Be sure not to fix too early an hour, for it would not injure your character nearly so much to make a mistake and decide to rise at six, when you might rise at half-past five without any injury to your health, as to fail to meet your own appointment."

Miss Lyon set a good example by retiring early and rising with the lark. Her own abounding health was proof that she was fully equal to the tasks she set herself.

Always the head of Mount Holyoke looked

forward to the time when the courses of study for young women should be the same as those prescribed in the colleges for men. She often said that she regretted very much that Latin and Greek could not at once be made a part of the required course. Public opinion was too much against it at this time.

"Miss Lyon is the most wonderful person I ever knew," said one of her girls to another as they were making their way to the seminary hall for the opening exercises one morning. "Time and again I have made up my mind to do one thing and just a word or a look from her and I do the very opposite! And the queer part of it is I *want* to do it!"

"I know," agreed her companion, "it is the same with me. She looks at one so kindly and all the while you feel that she is reading your very soul. She is so devout, and so just, and so honorable herself that her very presence makes you want to be like her."

It was at the exercises that morning that Miss Lyon delivered a talk which was long remembered by her students. In telling of it one of them said: "She started off with a short talk on comparative anatomy. 'The scientist

in exhuming an animal may find but one bone or a tooth,' she said, 'but from that alone he forms the entire animal. He can tell us whether it ate grass or flesh, whether it was gentle or ferocious. So little things indicate character. Knowing one trait of a person, whether he does or fails to do some little thing, the whole individual is revealed. You need know no more. If Domitian would amuse himself by catching flies and piercing them through with a bodkin, it was to be expected that he would kill Christians.' The great principle was developed in a masterly way. It was a magnificent lecture by itself; but the initiated knew there was 'something coming.' It came at length! The descent was easy for Miss Lyon, but it was by no means ridiculous—in fact it was solemn. Much to Miss Lyon's satisfaction the ironing room had been nicely refitted. The coverings were white and dainty. But upon its inaugural day these were badly discolored. Some showed the imprint of the iron, she told us, while others had been burned through. She did not care for that. The spoiling of the goods she could take joyfully. But it did pain her that any of her dear family

should show a carelessness akin to recklessness. It was the *moral tarnish* she feared. It might be a straw, but it showed which way the wind blew."

The routine at Mount Holyoke was along the same lines as had been laid out at Ipswich. A number of the seniors at Mount Holyoke were old Ipswich students. Miss Grant had resigned her work at Derry-Ipswich some time before the opening of Mount Holyoke. Her health had broken to such an extent that she could no longer keep up the seminary. She was now Mrs. Banister. There had been no one to "carry on" Ipswich Seminary as she and her former assistant had done. But the teaching ranks of Mount Holyoke, as well as the student body, were enriched because of the training given there. The two great friends never lost touch of each other, and Miss Lyon was never happier than when she received a visit from her former head. Nor was the first intimate friendship of Miss Lyon's life ever allowed to die out. Amanda White remained ever her dearest friend.

That she could devote very little of her time to letters to her relatives and friends when

occupied with so many pressing duties, was always a source of keen regret to one so sociably inclined as Miss Lyon. She did write—not only to her mother and sisters and these most intimate outsiders—but to each one of her nephews and nieces. But a letter to Amanda shows how she felt regarding her correspondence:

"How I should love, if I ever did such a thing, to write you a long letter! When I have a business letter to write and know that I need not add a single line to the business in hand, I can catch a few moments and sit right down and write it. But when I think of writing a letter of friendship, I dislike to give the odds and ends of a tired-out mind. . . ."

To her nieces and nephews Miss Lyon seemed the most wonderful aunt in the world. She was vitally interested in their education. She helped them with the problems which they met. Out of her slender income of two hundred dollars a year—all she would accept as head of Mount Holyoke—she managed somehow to aid them with loans in order that they might have the benefits of a good education. In the end, all of her nieces were graduated

from Mount Holyoke and the nephews from Yale and Williams.

As time went on at South Hadley such a tender, intimate bond of affection grew up between Mother Lyon and her students, that there was not one who did not look upon Mount Holyoke as a second home. "Sometimes I accuse my sister of having left at least two-thirds of her heart at Mount Holyoke Seminary," wrote the brother of one of her girls to Miss Lyon.

When there were visitors at Mount Holyoke Miss Lyon was always the gracious hostess. It mattered not how burdened she was with the many responsibilities she had assumed, she would be the same calm, smiling, interested woman. Parents found her not only dignified but warm-hearted and sympathetic. Her very presence was an inspiration. Little sisters and brothers were surprised and delighted at the attention she paid them. She was devoted to them and knew just what would please them most. "A wonderful woman!" almost everyone who met the head of Mount Holyoke would exclaim.

When Aaron's daughter Lucy arrived as a

student, Mother Lyon felt as if she indeed had her own with her.

"I shall try hard to be a credit to you, Aunt Mary," the girl said earnestly.

"I am not worrying about that, my dear niece," Miss Lyon replied, "Aaron's children are all going to be credits to the family." And so it was that a few years later when Lucy Lyon Lord and her young husband set sail for China as missionaries, Mary Lyon thrilled with pride in these young people—even though the parting was very hard to endure. Their letters were events in her life.

Miss Lyon described those first months at Mount Holyoke in a letter to the Reverend Theron Baldwin, who was just about to open Monticello Seminary in Illinois. It was dated May, 1838:

"For many weeks I was engaged many hours every day about the domestic department. Sometimes I was contriving about the fitting of furniture and cooking utensils. Again, I was planning for the division of labor and for time and place so that everything could be done in season and in order, without any loss to the

young ladies and with no interference with studies or recreations.

"I had several points to gain, and sometimes my whole energy was devoted to one and sometimes to another. One point was that a high standard should be established for the manner of having the work done; another, that every department of the domestic work should be popular with the young ladies. For three or four months I never left the family for a single half-day. I then said to the young ladies that I considered the family as organized, and that I wished to go to Boston to be absent two or three weeks, that I might, besides finding a little rest, know whether the wheels which I have been occupied so long in arranging could move without my aid. On my return everything was in perfect order, and there has not been a time since when I could not be absent three months without any loss to the domestic department. I need not go into the kitchen once a month unless I prefer, but I do love daily to pass around from room to room in the basement story and see how the wheels move forward. . . .

"We have none under sixteen and nearly

all are from firm, well-bred families in New England. They have been generally well educated so far, and well trained in domestic pursuits. We have no domestics. . . . We have a hired man who boards himself. He takes care of our garden, saws wood, and performs various little offices for our comfort. The family is so large that by a proper division of time all can be done and each occupied but a short time. No young lady feels she is performing a duty from which she could be relieved by the payment of higher bills. . . .

"The daily work brings an hour of regular exercise, coming every day and at the same hour of the day. . . . The oldest and more studious scholars are the ones who have always troubled me by neglecting exercise. But they walk more here of their own accord, without influence, than any young ladies of the same character I have ever seen. . . . Our young ladies study with great intensity, but they seem just as vigorous the last of the term as ever. The vivacity and apparent vigor of our young ladies near the close of our winter term of twenty weeks, and at the examination, was noticed as unusual by gentlemen of discrimina-

tion. Whatever they do they seem to do with all their might, whether it be study or walking or domestic work or gathering plants or singing."

"That domestic hall is a daily object lesson in system and order, a beautiful example of coöperative housekeeping," wrote one of the girls to her parents. It was fun to cook and set the table—yes, even to wash dishes and to scour pots, amid such happy surroundings. Merry groups of girls might be seen at work all over the five stories of the big brick building with brooms, dusters and other "tools." Team work and leadership were developed in this way as well as in games.

"I never knew the real value of time until I came here," a student remarked. "Miss Lyon is a shining example herself of what may be done in a day when one plans her tasks."

But Miss Lyon had not deliberately planned so many tasks for herself. First, she assumed those of the woman she had engaged as domestic superintendent when the latter's health failed soon after she arrived. Miss Lyon, out of the kindness of her heart, insisted upon pay-

ing the poor disappointed person almost the amount she would have received for the year for the work which she then assumed herself. Whenever a teacher left to be married or to go into the mission field, it was the President of Mount Holyoke who took over her work until the vacancy was filled, rather than impose upon anyone else.

In the spring of the first year, Miss Lyon's assistant, Miss Caldwell, broke down. For weeks her duties were also taken over by Miss Lyon.

"I confess that I would forget many things if it were not for the fact that I keep a note book," she said. "I find I must make a memorandum of each thing I plan to do."

For the first time in her life Miss Lyon taught Whately's Logic. She entered into it with as much eagerness and relish as she had plunged into Virgil in the old days. She also gave systematic religious instruction, criticized compositions, instructed the middle class in chemistry and watched recitations.

Miss Lyon had a faculty for finding just the right sort of persons for teachers. Not all were equally gifted nor could it be said that

Mount Holyoke had the best faculty in the country, but its teachers were strong, loyal women who were eager to do good work.

Miss Lyon always believed in the best that was possible for the seminary. Many were ready to criticize because she had better furniture in the parlors than many of her girls had at home and because there were carpets on the floors. "I want our young ladies to see that which is suited to the best homes; I want them ready to grace the finest and to beautify the lowest," she would reply to such critics.

Once a week Miss Lyon had what she called "a family meeting." At this meeting she would talk as a mother of a family to her children. Each girl was encouraged to bring questions and criticisms on slips of paper. In this way no one knew who it was who asked the questions or offered the criticisms. Because one class had a membership of fifty students its members asked if it might not have some special privilege. Miss Lyon read the question aloud. Her eyes twinkled as she replied, "Oh, yes, young ladies, you shall have the privilege of being the best students and finest characters we have ever graduated."

It was at "a family meeting" that Miss Lyon said: "Some of you will be disappointed, perhaps, when you get home. You will find humble work to do—washing dishes, darning stockings for your brothers and sisters, and you will say, 'was it for this that I studied higher mathematics and Butler's "Analogy"?' Did you ever stand by a little lake and drop in a pebble, and watch the circles as they widened and widened and were lost in the distance? So lift your mother's burdens, help with the little brother or sister. You may not know the result, but be sure that your influence will widen and widen into eternity."

The Bible became a wonderful book as Miss Lyon opened it to her girls. She never discussed doctrines, but she preached faith, hope and charity.

It was on a cold winter's night, when the wind was blowing the snow into huge drifts and it was impossible to keep any place but the dining-room warm, that Miss Lyon gathered her pupils there for the Bible lesson. They were going through the wilderness with Moses and the tribes. Telling of that lesson one of her girls said: "How we enjoyed that evening

with Miss Lyon! The tables she had represent the twelve tribes when encamped, and the room seemed all alight with the cloud of fire which they were to follow. The Bible was made a living reality. So many passages I marked bring back to me the blessed lessons. She never talked in a way to criticize others. . . . I never heard her speak of denominations, but she made us feel that we were to work for the Master wherever our lot was cast."

One morning there was great excitement among the students at Mount Holyoke. Posters were out announcing the coming of the circus to South Hadley.

"Do you suppose Mother Lyon will allow us to go?" the girls asked one another. It was decidedly doubtful. They remembered how firm she had been when they wished to attend a vocal concert which was to be given in the meeting house. Many had been indignant at the time. The Hutchinsons who were giving the concert were friends of the family of one of the girls, too. Jane W—— had complimentary tickets. Miss Lyon had given her reason for refusing her permission. Time

could not be spared that evening from studies and it was unfair to permit a few to go, when the favor could not be granted to all. But after all everything had turned out for the best on that occasion. The Hutchinsons had not only failed to take offense—but they had given the entire seminary a private morning concert which no one had enjoyed more than Miss Lyon herself. Yet no one dared ask permission to go to the circus.

The day of the circus arrived. Miss Lyon had an announcement to make. Every young lady would be permitted to attend the afternoon performance. There was to be only one restriction. When any one of the teachers was seen moving toward the exit all were to leave at once. The cost of admission was to be half the regular price. Miss Lyon had written the management and made this request, as all of the girls could not otherwise have afforded to go. There was a chorus of happy voices thanking Mother Lyon and then lessons and tasks were resumed.

At two o'clock that afternoon a decorous group of girls, well chaperoned by teachers, took their seats in the big tent. All went well

until the elephants were marched around the track. One had a howdah on its back. Its attendant halted it close to the group of young ladies from Mount Holyoke.

"Will any young lady volunteer to mount and ride the elephant?" called the manager in a loud voice. Two or three in the audience rose timidly and then blushingly resumed their seats. The manager repeated his invitation. Without hesitation a senior rose and walked straight to the ring, up the ladder and seated herself on the huge beast with as much assurance and ease as if she were indeed an Eastern princess off for her accustomed ride. There was consternation among the students.

"What a bold, bad act for a missionary's daughter!" exclaimed one.

"How dare a senior set us such an example!" cried another.

Some said she would surely be suspended. Others thought Miss Lyon might let her off with a severe reprimand if she expressed her penitence. Around the ring strode the great beast with its fair rider apparently thoroughly enjoying the experience. Once back to the starting point, the senior quietly dismounted

and, unabashed, resumed her seat. Wonder of wonders! The teachers did not at once rise and lead the way out. The performance continued. When it was over all filed out with the rest of the spectators. At supper-time every student was in her seat. The incident of the elephant ride was not mentioned! Miss Lyon, wise as Solomon, made no allusion to it.

"I am sorry you are so homesick," Miss Lyon comforted, some time later upon finding one of her girls in tears. "Don't you remember how very anxious you were to come to Mount Holyoke, and that I took you in when there was not really room for one more?"

"I know it, Miss Lyon," she replied, "and I never shall forgive you for doing it."

But it was only a short time before this same girl exclaimed, "Oh, how could I have been so impertinent! I never shall forget how patient she was with me! To make it all the worse, too, as I was passing out of the room I overheard my section teacher say to her, 'You are spoiling that girl, you indulge her so much. If I or any of the other teachers refuse her anything, she goes to you and she gets it.'

" 'Yes,' returned dear Miss Lyon, 'but she

is young and far from her mother, and I am sorry for her. I do not believe it will hurt her.'

"Sorry that I came to Mount Holyoke? I shall be glad all of my life just to have known her."

Miss Lyon often regretted the fact that she did not have much more time in which to be friendly and intimate with her many "daughters." Home life, as well as the larger interests of community and state, was very dear to her. Her circle of acquaintance was legion and the personal influence she exerted extended far from the little river town of South Hadley.

Knowing of Miss Lyon's influence over girls, it was the dying request of one mother that her six daughters should become students at Mount Holyoke. For twenty-five years one or more of them was to be there either as student or teacher. The father once exclaimed, "We certainly know Mary Lyon and Mount Holyoke well!"

As a roommate one of these six sisters found Miss Lyon ever patient, radiant and cheerful. "Some have thought her severe," she said, "but I have found her quite the opposite."

Always she sought to make the course of study such as should lead to a collegiate course. She was most anxious to include Latin.

"I hardly hope to live to see Mount Holyoke a college," she admitted, "but others will."

XII

RESULTS OF PIONEERING

Mount Holyoke's first anniversary occurred in August. An entire week was given to the great occasion—including the days on which examinations were held. These took place on Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday half of the students made the journey to Amherst to attend commencement there. Those who stayed behind spent an exciting and busy day preparing all the good things for the next. Forty guests had been invited to dine with the faculty and students on Mount Holyoke's first commencement day. Everything was made ready by the girls themselves. They would not permit extra help to be employed.

Thursday dawned bright and clear. With heads uncovered, shaded by parasols, the procession of students marched to the church. It was headed by Miss Lyon and the seniors. It had not been her choice to hold the exercises in the church. She graciously yielded up her wish

to conduct them in the assembly hall at the seminary, however, when it was pointed out to her how few outsiders could be admitted there.

"I do not wish to deprive anyone of the privilege—especially the parents of our young ladies," she said, "but neither do I care to make a display of the event."

All seats at the church not reserved for the student body and their guests were filled, long before the procession made its appearance. There were three "fair graduates"—the very first to receive such honors. No wonder Miss Lyon's face was radiant. It was her hour of victory—an hour which would never be forgotten. She had fought a long, hard battle. Now the results of her pioneering were beginning to show. Those who had shaken their heads in disapproval of such radical ideas as hers concerning the education of females were approving her very persistence.

"Miss Lyon was not an impractical dreamer, after all," said a business man.

"I do not believe they are any less womanly because of their study of higher mathematics and logic," commented another.

"There seems no good reason why young women should not be given the same opportunities as young men," agreed a third.

New England agreed pretty generally, in fact, that Mount Holyoke was a credit to it and that they had reason to be proud of its founder.

The Commencement Day orator was the Rev. Dr. Hawes of Hartford. Throughout his address Miss Lyon sat reviewing the work which had been done. So deeply was she moved that tears and smiles strove for mastery. Her girls felt the thrill of the occasion. It was Miss Lyon's beloved pastor and friend, the Rev. Joseph Condit, who made the presentation of the three diplomas. They read:

MOUNT HOLYOKE FEMALE SEMINARY

This certifies that Miss —— has completed the prescribed course of study at this Seminary and by her proficient and correct deportment merits this testimonial of approbation.

In testimony whereof the trustees affix their seal at South Hadley, Massachusetts, this fourth day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-two.

MARY LYON, *Principal*,
JOSEPH D. CONDIT, *Secretary*.

By order of the Trustees.

All three of Mount Holyokes first graduates later became teachers at their Alma Mater.

At the close of the first year Miss Caldwell, the assistant principal, had married. Miss Lyon then assumed entire charge. Her great love, both for her work and her students, made it possible for her to exert her strength to the utmost without thinking of herself. Her whole life centered around those she loved. Her nature was so full of love and trust that she could not easily believe others capable of other feelings.

It has been said of Napoleon that he took it for granted that everyone was selfish. Miss Lyon took it for granted that all with whom she had to do were unselfish. She included every human soul among her kindred. When urging a pupil to some self-denying act—such as accepting an uncongenial girl as her roommate—she reasoned that the girl with whom she talked must have as tender a regard for the well-being of her fellows as for her own. She believed the less fortunate would greatly benefit by having intimate association with one of the more gifted pupils.

"If we put two of these less fortunate children together," she would say, "they will certainly injure one another. Who for one can do it better than you? Miss ——'s mother died when she was a child and her early training, I know, has been deficient. She needs someone to help her. She loves you, you know, and you cannot tell how much good you can do by rooming with her. Of course you would be glad to do her good, wouldn't you? Some self-denial, no doubt, but then we cannot do much without self-denial. I made up my mind on that point many years ago."

Miss Lyon would talk in this way until the girl would also see her great opportunity for real service. The teacher's beaming approval of her decision would be a reward in itself.

Miss Lyon had lost none of that feeling of respect for Sunday which had been so marked in her as a little child. "The Sabbath," she would say to her girls, "is a key to unlock the treasures of the week."

Each morning and evening at Mount Holyoke a half hour was set apart for private devotions. During these periods there was a deep silence over the entire building. "Before

you kneel to pray," the girls were instructed, "consider what you want to ask God to grant you. Be careful for nothing. . . . Use any words which come to you. . . . Bring everything before Him. . . . Confess your sins. Recount your mercies. Thank God for His goodness. When love flows in upon your soul tell your Saviour that you love Him. Pray for those you love at home; pray for them by name. . . . You will find your half hour to be entirely too short. How often when the bell rings for its close, it seems to me that it has just begun. You will not know how to leave your Father and your God. . . ."

Many girls afterwards referred to those quiet half hours as the real beginning of their great love for divine things. She truly believed that family prayer, public worship, and private devotions were the natural details in observing one's duty towards God. "Though," she would often say, "one can *serve* Him when making a bed or dusting a room." The second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," was being obeyed when one showed consideration for others, faithfulness in all tasks, promptness in keeping every

appointment, and put everything in its place.

Miss Lyon taught by example but she also offered many a precept. Her fund of quotations were fitting to every occasion. On Sunday morning she would recall the injunction of the apostle: "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is." In the time of green fruit —Paul's words to his jailer, "Do thyself no harm," were effective in restraining the "venturesome." "Eat to live, not live to eat;" "Keep the body a servant, give reason and conscience the reins," were oft-repeated injunctions.

No prizes were ever offered at Mount Holyoke, no appointments promised the gifted and ambitious. The great motive presented to her pupils by Miss Lyon was their accountability to God for the right use of minutes and hours. It was more often necessary to curb those who were over-eager in their studies than to stimulate them toward greater effort.

"It takes longer," she would say, "to learn a lesson for a lifetime than for a week, but it is the best economy to give it the extra atten-

tion necessary to make it a sure and lasting investment."

It was a rule at Mount Holyoke that all must go to the dining-room for meals unless feeling really ill. In that case the roommate of the sick girl was to report at once. There was a special table for those not feeling quite well. Girls sitting there might be excused as soon as they had finished eating. All others were expected to remain in their places until the meal was over.

If ever a student decided to have her own way in spite of rules she was bound to regret it later. "I do not feel like going down to dinner to-night, Abigail," Frances H—— announced to her roommate one evening, "and there is no reason why I should. My head aches a little and I am not hungry. You say that I just want some tea and toast, and I am sure it will be quite all right."

"But I can't say you are actually ill—you'd better come," the other girl urged.

"Nonsense! I have a right to stay in my room if I wish, and I told you I didn't want my dinner."

"All right," was the meek response.

Dinner was about to begin when the girl got downstairs. She decided it would be best to report the reason for her friend's absence after it was over. But Miss Lyon was quick to observe the vacant chair.

"Does anyone know where Miss H—— is?" she inquired.

"Yes, Miss Lyon, she is up in her room," replied Miss H——'s roommate.

"I am sorry that she is ill."

"Oh, but she isn't really ill, she just doesn't feel like eating."

"Nothing at all?" The principal seemed anxious.

"Well, just some tea and toast," Abigail replied. "I will carry it up to her, if you wish."

"That is not necessary. But you may go to her and tell her the tea and toast will be brought to her."

"What did I tell you!" Frances exclaimed when this conversation was reported to her. "Mother Lyon is a *dear*. I knew she would not mind."

The two girls were curled up in easy chairs reading when there came a tap at the door.

"Come in!" they called in chorus.

The door was pushed gently open. There stood Miss Lyon with a dainty tray in her hand. She looked very weary after her busy day and the climb up three flights of stairs.

"Oh, Miss Lyon, you should never have done that!" Frances cried out. "One of the girls could have done it."

"No, my dear, they each have their duties. If there is anything extra to be done, why should I call upon them rather than do it myself? I hope you are feeling better and that you will enjoy your tea."

There was no word of reproach, no impatience in the voice.

"Oh, how could I have been so selfish!" Frances wailed after her beloved head had left the room. "I would do anything on earth to save her—and—and I have added to her burdens!"

Needless to say Frances H—— did not miss another meal because of a headache.

It must not be thought that Miss Lyon spent her strength in a reckless manner. She saved herself whenever she did not neglect a duty by so doing. Now and then she liked to get away

on a little visit to relatives and friends. Always she was welcomed as an ideal guest. Usually it was necessary for her to take with her unanswered letters which had piled up and which she could not turn over to her student secretaries. But the change always did her much good.

"I go," she wrote Mrs. Banister, "partly for my own benefit and partly to sustain my credit for taking proper care of my unworthy self."

The home of the Porters at Monson was a favorite retreat. They lived simply. Miss Lyon loved simple pleasures, friendly faces and lovely scenes.

"This is the best place I could have come to for a rest," she wrote her mother while on one such visit. "It is so quiet, so peaceful, the air is so pure and fresh, you are so surrounded with kind faces and kind hearts. It is so good to rest the first thing. I shall want to do just so next year."

After that visit Mrs. Porter, in speaking of her "maid" wrote: "Adeline sends respects and joins with me in invitation to have you come back. She says she would rather have Miss

Lyon come than anyone who visits here. . . . I wish she was as happy in having all my friends come as you. It would be much to my comfort."

Miss Lyon's capacity for finding people worth while caused her to ignore the lines of circumstance and social standing. Servants and children adored her. A German maid in the home of a friend once left Miss Lyon standing on the door-step beside her trunk while she rushed to the stairs and shouted out joyfully to her mistress: "The Lyon—she be come! The Lyon—she be come!"

In 1839 Miss Lyon had formed what was called the Memorandum Society. Its object was to keep records of all the important events and happenings at Mount Holyoke. Afterwards the alumnæ association took its place. When she explained to her girls the need for this society her eyes flashed. She had been talking about Greece and the makers of history.

"This institution is destined to exist thousands of years," she exclaimed. "It is founded on a strong basis, destined to be of a higher order than any seminary in the country. It is

as likely that it will continue, as that Amherst will continue. The design of the Memorandum Society is to preserve a knowledge of facts connected with the school. It is of vast importance. Could we look back upon fifty years of its existence we should see its utility."

Miss Lyon was right when she said that Mount Holyoke's influence would be felt down the years. She was right, too, in stating that the influence of women would ever be greater because Mount Holyoke was established.

It was looked to as "the germ of all women's colleges." Matthew Vassar had noted Miss Lyon's wonderful work when he gave four hundred thousand dollars in the holding of trustees for the establishment of Vassar College in 1861. It was opened in 1865. There were preparatory and college departments. Within the next ten years Smith and Wellesley were also founded. Smith was the first woman's college to start with strict college requirements. Its standards were the same as those of Harvard, Yale, Amherst, and other New England colleges.

Miss Lyon had ever believed in the power of knowledge and that nothing in the world

could equal the personal influence of an educated, Christian woman. Her own personal influence was making itself felt far and wide before Mount Holyoke had been long in existence.

XIII

"THE WONDERFUL WOMAN"

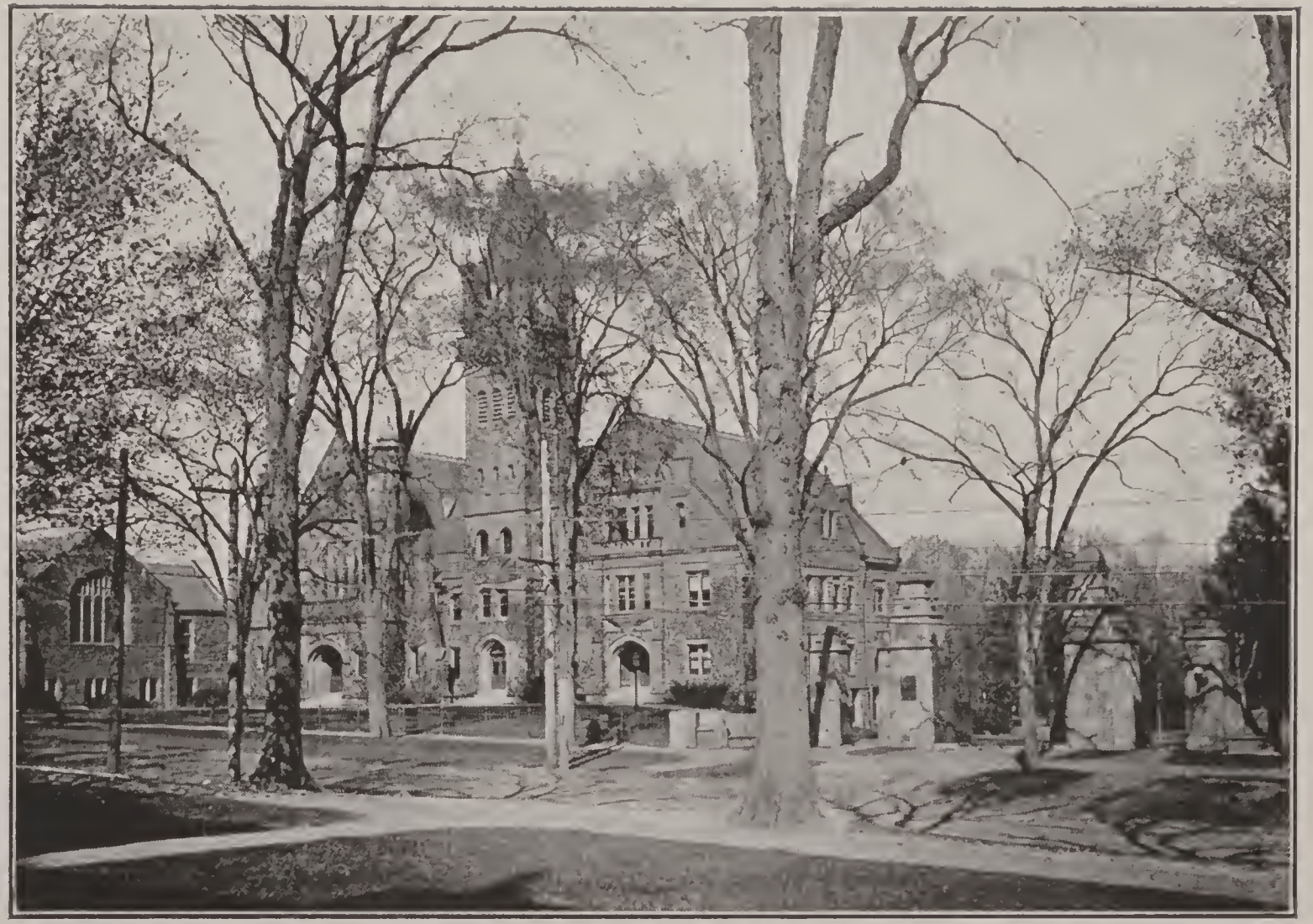
It was on Miss Lyon's fiftieth birthday "the most solemn day of her life," that she smilingly turned her face toward the setting sun and remarked: "It is evening with me now. . . . I need rest and repose is grateful. I have laid aside my armor—it has become more natural for me to think and speak more of the results of duties discharged, of actions performed, than it once was. I have for it more time, and a setting sun, you know, always invites to different thoughts and inspires far other emotions than when shining upon us with his morning beams, or throwing down upon us his meridian splendors."

These words did not mean that Mother Lyon, that "wonderful woman," would from then on put aside her duties as head of Mount Holyoke. Far from that. But she was more content with things as they were. Her "fight-

ing days" were over, perhaps, but not her rich, full, working days.

Looking back from the point of vantage of a half century, on that February day, 1847, Miss Lyon realized, not only the progress that had been made since those sweet days of childhood on the "little rock-ribbed farm," but that she had not been merely a dreamer while the world was moving forward. Her great work was reaching out more and more. Even in Europe Mount Holyoke was known and praised. Girls *could* go to college! They did go!

Many joys and many sorrows those years had brought—but still it was His will that the bitter should ever be mixed with the sweet. In the death of her beloved mother she had been called upon to bear one of life's greatest losses. This had occurred in 1840. Freelove, that dear sister who was the baby of them all, had been taken shortly afterwards. After that Miss Lyon had slipped away to the hills. "I wish," she said simply, "to spend a little while with my dear aunt and enjoy her sweet simple hospitality. She is the nearest resemblance left to my very dear mother, and as the



MARY LYON HALL, MOUNT HOLYOKE

spring opens, when I used to watch the traveling and plan my business to go and see my mother, I have a strong desire to visit my aunt."

The nephew who had so delighted to be with his new aunt when Miss Lyon had made her visit to her brother's home years before was in Yale. He was like her own son now. On every possible occasion she had him with her. "He tells me all about his affairs," she wrote her niece Abigail Moore Burgess in far-off India, "which I encourage him to do. . . . I shall continue to help him along a little. I enjoy watching over him a little very much. I love to do it for his own sake, I love to do it for his mother's sake, and I love to do it for his far-off sister's sake."

It was because of Mother Lyon's influence that so many of her family went "into all the world" as missionaries. She inspired them to live lives of self-sacrifice for the good of others. Her receipt for a woman missionary called for "piety, a sound constitution, and a merry heart." "She speaks like a voice from God in our midst," one girl wrote. "Her face is a benediction."

No matter how far away the members of her Holyoke family went, whether to the shores of the River Nile or into the fastnesses of Persia and India, Miss Lyon contrived to keep in touch with them. She it was who planned the journals which would inform them of the happenings at their Alma Mater. She frequently spoke of them and heard from them. "Your Holyoke home," she invariably called Mount Holyoke in writing.

The first class reunions were also due to Miss Lyon's invitations. "You must keep in intimate contact with one another," she told her family.

For two more years after the fiftieth birthday of its head, life went on along the same lines at Mount Holyoke. The long, happy days, filled to their capacity with study, exercise and devotions; the short evenings, when whale-oil lamps cast flickering light in study hall and bedroom—were never to be forgotten. Open Franklin stoves were replenished from individual wood bins on winter nights. There was an atmosphere of simplicity and refinement which was felt by all. Perhaps it was to be regretted that there was very little

opportunity for relaxation—but there was no lack of gaiety and good spirits. In season there were excursions into the woods in search of blueberries or nuts when the young men of South Hadley would be commissioned to drive. There were occasional longer trips, too. One of these was when Mount Holyoke and Amherst united for the christening of Mount Norwottock. On this date there was a memorable picnic.

Time had not robbed Miss Lyon of her sense of humor nor of her ready laugh. She was still the same person who in her youth found life "so good." She was a very animated and interesting conversationalist and possessed the power to draw others out.

It was on the occasion of a later commencement—in 1846—when there were forty-two graduates at Mount Holyoke—that a reporter on the Boston *Daily Mail* wrote as follows:

"The stranger who looks at this institution, its splendid edifice, unsurpassed by any college building in the land, containing nearly one hundred neatly furnished rooms, with a large chapel, dining-hall, surrounded by extended gardens—could hardly believe that it

had all resulted from the persevering efforts of one Female, enlisting the benevolent energies of others. Yet such is the fact. It affords a striking illustration of the power of the mind, stimulated by motives of philanthropy. The object of its originator was to furnish the means of a thorough education to promising daughters of the poor, as well as of the rich; and this object has been entirely realized."

Another writer on the *Boston Recorder* who was a guest at an earlier commencement was even more flattering in his praise of Mount Holyoke.

"It is a noble affair," he wrote. "I have not long thought so. I imagined it the *Sine Dulce*—a sort of New England Female Oberlin, with rude buildings, and untasteful arrangements, and a studious avoidance of all that makes woman lovely, so far as they can be separated from what makes her respectable and in some respects, useful. It is no slander to say this, for hundreds have thought it and do still; and besides I have recanted; and do fully, with one slight exception, retract all I have spoken against the once-named Pangynaskean school.

"Yesterday was the time of their anniversary. And I am sure that no one of the crowds which filled the beautiful edifice and listened to the performances, has any remaining doubts that it is one of the finest schools in our land. The location is charming. The scenery varied. The building is in good taste; well finished; handsomely furnished; surrounded by neat fences and elegant grounds. . . . So good a dinner and so well served I have never before seen on a common table, or on any similar public occasion. The school room was decorated with plants. The teachers and pupils seemed good-humored and happy. And though some of the lighter accomplishments, as drawing, music and embroidery, were either not exhibited, or evidently not made very prominent in the course of instruction, yet there was no evidence that precision, awkwardness, and coarseness of taste are promoted by the principles and habits of the institution, plain and domestic as they are.

"Of President Hopkins' address and Mr. Condit's farewell address, I can only say that they were worthy of the occasion. I mentioned an exception to my approval. I hardly know

whether to erase that line, or to explain it by objecting to the public conferring of degrees. I think, however, it is an evil, slight in itself, but leading to others. It endangers that beautiful seclusion in which female loveliness should live and move, and have both its being and its rewards. Twelve young ladies, without parents, rising in a crowded church to receive a broad diploma with its collegiate seal, presented to my view the least attractive spectacle of a most interesting day—ought I to point out a spot upon the sun? Perhaps so, if there is any hope of removing it.

"But it is a noble school, and will certainly flourish. So much for my confession and recantation. I have not liked it, and should not have advised any young lady to attend it who could well attend a different school. Now I know of none which I would sooner recommend even to a wealthy parent, who desired that his daughter should be well educated, without show on the one hand, or pedantry on the other."

Miss Lyon, like all real pioneers, went ahead of the people. Seeing no harm in publicly bestowing degrees upon "females" she did not

wait for others to "catch up with her." She did not blame those narrow-minded ones who had not had a real chance to expand. They only needed to be taught themselves. It was a great satisfaction to her to find that New England was slowly approving. Long, long before she had said: "It is the great business to get New England conscience enlightened and accurate."

She cultivated in her students the same spirit of dependence upon self whenever and wherever an obstacle was met, that had always marked her as one of the most independent of women. It was told of a young lady in Heath, Massachusetts, that she was once riding with a friend when they encountered a fallen tree lying across the road.

"I have not been to Mount Holyoke two years to be turned back by such an obstacle," she exclaimed. Together the two girls succeeded in dragging the heavy tree out of their path. This was the spirit of Mother Lyon's "daughters." Her girls went out from her presence bearing the imprint of her great personality. They took what they gained into their homes—whether in New England or the

far-off mission fields. They made nobler mothers because of her noble influence. Among them was the mother of a president of the United States.

"The whole is equal to the sum of all its parts," Miss Lyon said to her girls. "If you permit yourself to do less than you ought to do in study or in matters of right, your character is so far deficient, and in failing, you lose your own self-respect and the power to influence others."

"Can anyone who was present forget the day," a student said, "when, rising to her feet at table, Miss Lyon requested the silver circle to bring teaspoons for dessert, saying, 'To-day our dessert is like some young ladies whom you may have known, very soft and very sweet, but lacking in consistency.' That word consistency was, from that day, one of our jewels."

"In our little parlor," said a young teacher, "we frequently welcomed my brother who was in charge of the village academy, Miss C—— being like another older sister. One evening he was taken suddenly and violently ill in our parlor; too ill it seemed to be removed; yet

he must be. I sent a young lady to report our dilemma to Miss Lyon, who came at once in person. Greeting the sick young man in genuine motherly fashion, she bade him feel perfectly at home and to be content to remain in the care of his sister until the physician should pronounce it safe for him to leave. She directed that a bed should be at once placed in our parlor and that he should be cared for as faithfully as he could be in his father's house. Then a consultation in the hall (not above a whisper) comes back to me so vividly. Taking my hands in hers, she told me not to be troubled, that this was clearly Providential and all right. . . . With a wonderful insight she had taken the diagnosis of the case at a glance and saw that a course of fever was on our hands. She gave thoughtful directions for the patient and nurses. 'Your brother is one of our family now—take good care of him,' she said."

For many days the patient was delirious, but through the faithful and loving care he received at Mount Holyoke he recovered his health.

On another occasion the seminary hall was the scene of a pretty wedding—at which Miss

Lyon acted as gracious hostess. Again she was the mother, rather than the head of Mount Holyoke. Her generosity provided dainty refreshments; she herself must give the bride in marriage in the presence of all the young ladies who were spending the vacation at South Hadley.

"In the seminary hall during one of the long vacations were many busy workers, making over carpets and repairing mattresses under Miss Lyon's direction, that all might be in readiness when her family returned. She had sent to North Hampton and from her own scanty means purchased oranges, more rare and more highly prized than now, that she might have the pleasure of making others happy. One beautiful afternoon when the sun was flooding the room with glory, she came in, her face all aglow with her own beautiful secret, and distributed the precious fruit. . . . Surely there were never such oranges before or since."

It was her great love for her girls that led Miss Lyon to submit finally to their wishes in the arrangement of her hair. For long she had worn those beautiful, naturally wavy locks

drawn back and covered by a queer turban. She had resorted to this head covering after a fever suffered while at Ipswich, and had continued to wear it for years afterwards from force of habit. All women past their youth wore some head covering when indoors in those days. But turbans were not in vogue. Her girls clubbed together and presented her with a more fashionable cap, which Mrs. Safford had been asked to buy for them in Boston.

"We want you to be in fashion," they explained. "The cap will look so pretty and show your chestnut hair."

Miss Lyon smilingly accepted the gift. "I thought I should always arrange my hair this way," she said, "and always wear a turban, but I will do almost anything to please my daughters."

While much more careful of her dress than in the days of her youth, she still paid little attention to clothes. She always wished to look well and to be clothed in good taste, but there were far more important things than style in her estimation Never would she willingly have appeared conspicuously old-fashioned, however. She still liked to think intensely

while dressing and so would have one of her girls "look her over" lest something should not be right about her.

Never could she be induced to take the time to sit for her portrait. Only dim daguerreotypes and an ivory miniature were made during her life. Hers was a beautiful soul which reflected in her expressive face rather than beautiful features.

"She fascinated me from my first acquaintance and I found no fault in her," was one person's comment and it might have applied to all who knew and loved her.

XIV

THE END OF A CONSECRATED LIFE

Little did those who knew and loved Miss Lyon realize that the evening of life which she had faced on her fiftieth birthday would be so very short for her. Her day had been full. She would not have wished to ever sit idly amid the shadows of too long an evening.

It was in September, 1848, that she went to Springfield for a day's shopping. While walking on the street she met an old pupil whom she had not seen for many years. She was then married.

"My dear!" exclaimed Miss Lyon, "how very glad I am to see your face again!"

"But, Miss Lyon, if only you might know what this meeting with my dear teacher means to me. You simply must come home with me for tea. Mr. Winslow and I sail for India to-morrow."

"I will. I am sure our meeting is Providential," Miss Lyon replied.

There were other guests at the Winslows'. At the table Miss Lyon was introduced to a gentleman whose name struck her as strangely familiar.

"Can it be that we have met before?" she inquired.

"Certainly we have, Miss Lyon," the gentleman replied. There was a twinkle in his eye.

"I meet a great many people. I am sorry to have forgotten the occasion of our meeting," she apologized. "Perhaps you can refresh my memory?"

"I am sure that I can—although it has been many years since we parted. We were both pupils at Ashfield Academy, Miss Lyon. I was only a young lad at the time. I would not expect you to remember me, were it not that we both took part in such an important production. Surely you have not forgotten your 'little Moses' in 'Christianity in India'? As my mother you placed me in the bulrushes."

Then the floodgates of memory were unlocked. Miss Lyon's face shone—her voice shook in the excitement of recalling scene after scene at Sanderson Academy. All at the table

were struck with her animation. It was a sunny occasion.

"How thankful I ought to be," she exclaimed, "for the incidents that have revived these pleasant portions of my life! This was unexpected. My duties for years have been so urgent and my cares so pressing, as to shut out the past from my thoughts. I recall as fresh as yesterday the winter scenes in my Ashfield and Buckland schools."

"And I recall the wonderful pupil who mastered a Latin grammar almost overnight," replied her old schoolmate. "I though you were wonderful even then."

"Those who have gone forth from that quiet retreat have brightened, and cheered, and blessed the pathways which they have trod," Miss Lyon continued. "One of the sources of happiness in heaven will be meeting old friends."

"Your pupils are going to participate in this joy from all quarters of the globe, and it must be pleasant for you to think of it," Mrs. Winslow replied.

Miss Lyon took her hand impulsively.

"Yes, I often think of the happiness of be-

ing permitted to welcome one after another, as they finish their toils on earth, to the rest of heaven," she said, smiling.

"How strange," returned her former pupil, "to hear you speak so freely of heaven! It was always an earnest desire of mine that you should in some of your morning exercises at school. You always spoke then of duty, of action; of present duties and present action. You appeared to have no time for it."

Miss Lyon smiled again. "So it was. I had no time. But I am changed now." Then she told of her fiftieth birthday and of the feelings it had brought with it. "A half century to look back upon!" she exclaimed. "My day has gone, its evening has come. I think of heaven, and I do love to think of those who, I trust, are gathered there—of their joys."

She parted from that little group of friends refreshed and glowing with happiness.

For two years after her fiftieth birthday Miss Lyon continued her duties at Mount Holyoke with little or no vacation. But in January, 1849, she yielded to Mrs. Porter's persuasion and went to Monson for a visit.

Soon after her arrival she wrote the following letter to her niece Abigail Moore Burgess:

"January 20, 1849.

"My very dear niece:

"Here I am again with my dear Mrs. Porter. She proposes that we write you a joint letter. . . . I have scarcely had a vacation in two years. But I am now enjoying an old-fashioned vacation of real rest in this sweetest of all resting places. . . . Miss Hazen proposed to stay and take all the care and let me go away. I decided to accept. I began a week before to arrange all things. I had my plans made out in writing and left all behind me. Here I can quietly read, write letters, ride and visit, with nothing to annoy me and scarcely a thought of home. . . . I had many things planned and arranged last year for this, so this proves one of the easiest years. Such years come along now and then.

"My health has been unusually good this year, so far. . . . But at all times, whether I have more or less strength, I feel that I am fast hastening to my eternal home. . . . Still, I trust I may have a little more work to do on earth, and that little may I do faithfully. . . .

"My work is made up, as you know, of an endless number of duties, of nameless littlenesses, interwoven, if not confused together. But still my work is a good work. . . . Every hour I feel not only need of divine aid to lead

me, but of an internal, divine power, carrying me along the right path. When I am at my work, sometimes called unexpectedly and suddenly from one thing to another, I whisper in my heart, 'Lord help me to be patient, help me to remember, help me to be faithful.' "

To a friend she wrote: "During the vacation (in the autumn), I thought I might meet you to journey together somewhere among the mountains and in the quiet valleys of New England. So you see that I am calculating on quite a resting time next autumn myself."

Miss Lyon returned to South Hadley greatly refreshed. Almost at once she was called upon for "a little more work" and the exercise of all her reserve strength. One of the seniors was taken seriously ill. Symptoms developed which had been present during fatal epidemics in many parts of the country a few years before. Influenza at the start developed into erysipelas. Miss Lyon sent at once for the father and sister of the sick girl. The word was carried to New Hampshire by special messenger. She did not spare her own strength night or day.

When Miss Lyon found that, in spite of the use of every precaution to prevent the spread of the disease among the students, there was a feeling of panic, she called them together in the chapel. She tried to comfort their fears with the assurance that she had no feeling of uneasiness. Work would go on as before, she told them, but any who wished were free to go home. Her own wonderful courage calmed the excited girls; her tender words reassured them. Very few went away.

"No pen can describe the wonderful beauty of her chapel talks during that last week she was with us," one of the students wrote afterwards. It was then that she uttered the words, "Shall we fear what God is about to do? There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty or shall fail to do it."

The senior's sister reached Mount Holyoke just before she passed away. Her father was too late to find his daughter alive. This added to Miss Lyon's grief. She was worn out herself and suffering from a cold and headache. She slept but little. Then came the sad news that one of her beloved nephews had taken his

own life. The shock led to a serious illness. At first she showed mild symptoms of the same disease which had claimed the senior. She grew steadily worse. Much of the time she lay unconscious. Once she roused and whispered, "I should love to come back to watch over the seminary, but God will take care of it." These were her last words. On March 5, 1849, she died.

"Like the blotting out of the sun at midday," was the passing of Mary Lyon. The news of it traveled throughout the world. But none who loved her could say that she was not ready to go. She had her plans in order and "God would take care of them."

They laid her to rest beside an oak south of the orchard. Faithfully to the end she had done her part. Upon the monument of white Italian marble, set up to mark her last resting place, were inscribed her own words, "There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty or shall fail to do it."

The farm-house on Putnam Hill has long since fallen into decay—only the cellar re-

maining to mark the spot where it once stood. Set in a boulder nearby is a bronze tablet. It states that on this spot Mary Lyon's life on earth had its beginning. It was fifty-two years between that event and the date when she entered into the life beyond. No third tablet is needed to keep her memory fresh, but yet another was recently inscribed with the name of Mary Lyon. This hangs on the walls of the Hall of Fame—one of the first women's names to be there inscribed—together with the names of America's greatest statesmen, poets, authors, inventors, painters, sculptors, soldiers and physicians. She did not seek fame for herself but she achieved it.

Because Mary Lyon lived, the lives of men and women continue to be the richer. Inasmuch as the cause of higher education for girls, as well as boys, succeeded, the lives of both have broadened. The college-bred girl or woman is the truer companion, wife or mother, because she is able to see far beyond the walls of her kitchen.

The dreams of the little New England farm girl of the long ago have come true.