

three years old, and had died shortly after, and the impressions made by his consecration she had never lost. When Dr. Perkins came to Holyoke to find a missionary teacher for Persia, Fidelia Fiske was ready, and she told Miss Lyon she would go. Those two, the great teacher and her scarcely less great pupil, drove thirty miles through snow-drifts to the mother's home, and at 11 o'clock at night awoke a sleeping household to ask whether Fidelia might obey the Lord's call to Persia. There was little more slumber that Saturday night, and before the Sabbath sun set the devoted mother bade her daughter follow the Lord's voice: "Go, my child, go!" said she, and that precious daughter went. Before she arrived at Oroomiah she received word that 60 young ladies, unconverted when she left, had but six who still remained unbelieving. It was a prophecy and a foretaste of what was before her as the head and teacher of another Holyoke Seminary in Persia!

The people among whom she was to labor presented no hopeful field. The Nestorians had a form of godliness without its power. The Koords were fierce and lawless. The Mohammedans were bigoted and intolerant. The habits of the people were unspeakably repulsive to a delicate and refined nature like Miss Fiske's. One room was the Nestorian house. Cleanliness and decency were alike impossible. The vermin were so thick upon the children that it was well they were nearly nude, since the vermin had fewer hiding places. Woman in Persia was unwelcome at birth, untaught in childhood, uncherished in widowhood and motherhood, unprotected in old age, and unlamented in death—the tool of man's tyranny, the victim of his passions, the slave of his wants. Lying, stealing and profanity, were common vices among them. They were coarse and degraded, passionate and quarrelsome, and, like birds in a cage, content with their slavery. They laughed at the absurdity of a woman's being educated.

When Miss Fiske went to Persia no revival of religion had yet been enjoyed, and only a beginning had been made in the establishment of schools and the printing-press. Mrs. Grant, of blessed memory, had in 1838 opened a school for girls, the nucleus of the now famous female seminary. Thus far it was only a day-school, and the constant daily return of the pupils to their tainted homes seemed to undo all the good done at the school. Miss Fiske instinctively felt that it must be changed to a *boarding-school*.

But it was feared no parents would allow their daughters to enter such a school lest it should forfeit some opportunity for early marriage, nor could they see what good education could bring to a girl, while it would unfit her for bearing burdens like a donkey. But Fidelia Fiske's heart was set on redeeming Persian women, and she pressed her project. The first Syriac words she learned were "daughter" and "give," and she persistently asked parents to "give