

Mrs. Elizabeth Little Lyman.

The earthly life of our good friend, Mrs. Lyman, passed from us last vigor into eternal silence last Saturday morning, April 28th. The usual morning round, a neighborly call, a stroke of apoplexy and life was ended.

1906

It was a benediction to Grinnell in 187 when Elizabeth Little came from her earliest home in Kewanee, Ill., with her father's family to reside here, at the age of seventeen. She graduated from Iowa College in 1871 and in 1873 was married to Jacob P. Lyman, a young lawyer here who was afterwards a member of the state legislature, and a college trustee. Husband and wife were noticeably similar in many respects. She always found herself in an atmosphere of warm personal affection in college and in town. Her face was so attractive, her spirit so intelligently sympathetic, and her words so wisely chosen to express her best thought that all admired her, and would have felt honored by an intimate friendship which comparatively ventured to seek. But she never seemed to make any demands upon her friends, never seemed to feel entitled to any favor. Her's was a charity that "thinketh no evil," and that uttereth none. She could be aware of evil in the world, and aid in removing it, but her themes of conversation were derived from the

useful and the beautiful. She loved to live in gardens of moral beauty. Her thoughts were filled with their fragrance, and her words exhaled it. Her calls created stimulating and helpful memories.

There was an artistic element in whatever she did, and without effort. She was graceful and gracious, in all her social relations, and was sought for as a directing spirit. She often declined office, but when she accepted it her work was so well done that she was compelled to be very imperative to escape longer service. Her kindly attentions to friends in need or in sickness brought a balm better than medicine. She seemed to do the right thing, in the right place, at the right time.

as wholly unexpected away before he could reach his bed-side. notified Monday morning illness did not see at time. That evening condition became grave promptly notified. I night train but did not Chicago until several the end came. Dec

Jacob P.

Her rare gift of achievement was very noteworthy. Whatever she attempted, whether a manual art or a mental effort, seemed assured of success. An incident when Henry Ward Beecher was about to lecture here illustrated this fact in a way that few suspected to be possible. A surging crowd was eager to secure tickets. The avenues were blocked; confusion reigned. No sales could be made safely. She was president of the church society in charge of the lecture course. She sprang upon a table, and called out: "Gentlemen; fall into line; fall into line." The crowd melted away from the ticket office. They fell into line; all confusion ended. Her word was sufficient. That crowd would not have yielded to a man so easily.

All the best elements of her life and character found their natural sphere and their most pleasing exercise in her home. Few are willing to be so watchful over self and yet so self-forgotten as to pay the cost of a most charming home. Few indeed, can create such a home. Solomon has well said that the value of a woman who can and will do so is "above rubies." "The heart of the husband safely trusteth in her." "Her children arise up and call her blessed." If a modern paradise is found anywhere on earth it is in that home.

Even there, however, Mrs. Lyman was not beyond touch with the outer world and its aspirations. The young people of the college never ceased to know her winsome courtesy or to appreciate the wisdom of the counsel they so often sought and found there.

It was an act of delicate kindness when Mr. and Mrs. Lyman opened their home, again and again, for a longer or shorter period, to those born beyond its limits. Now, when one of those benefactors drops out of that sacred sphere, it is a beautiful wish expressed by one of those beneficiaries that some appropriate word may characterize the benedic-

made after reaching Iowa After the marriage the the home on Main St. their home so many year removal to Chicago in 18 well the two boys were be tended school. Until 1891 was engaged in business in different capacities. time the firm of Phelps cupied the corner room w offices now are. Here the original Phelps Hotel was built the Phelps brick 1870.

Mr. Phelps was a quiet, man, generous in his dis approachable and kind. Al him, recognized him as : held him in highest esteec In character, he was his business relations w people he won and m Since the removal of M Phelps to Chicago they li

tion of those years. No words can reveal its value so clearly as this token of appreciation. Mrs. Lyman had hoped to be at the graduation of her only son from the Harvard Law School in a few weeks, but he returned to see all of her that was mortal before away to Hazelwood. Friends made the home a garden of flowers at the funeral, including a wreath from the members of the bar and across from the church of which she was a member. A single piece of music, "My Ain Country," was sung very sweetly by Mrs. G. M. Christian and the last words were uttered by Dr. Villiam, her pastor, and Prof. Parker, her teacher in college.

L. R. P.

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community of another of its kindly life has has left a rich inspiration.