

to sell cotton the next day. We found that Dr. Bowen was to speak at the Methodist church. I got with Sister and went over to hear him. As I heard him tell about African people and the need of missionaries, there grew in ~~my~~ soul the determination to go some day and it has never ceased, and I sent up a prayer to God to give me the light-- X V
to show me the way that I, in turn, might show others. And for years I just had a yearning to go to Africa and thought that when I was through with my education I could be sent-- but instead, I found ~~my~~ way into the deep South.

(What incident diverted your attention from Africa to your own country?)

When I completed my work at Scotia, I was sent to the Moody School in Chicago, Illinois. I studied there two years, applying myself. I X
applied to the Mission Board in New York for a chance to go to Africa. They informed me that no openings were available where they could place Negro missionaries, so they sent me to Augusta, Georgia to work with Lucy Laney.

(May we go back to Scotia and have an accounting of your stay there?)

At about fifteen or sixteen years of age, after completing my work in Maysville, I returned to the cotton fields. I had X V
gotten what I could at the Mission school and did all I could in the community to keep alive the interest in education, keeping up intercession for opportunity to train myself that I might be of X V
service to others. On one October day, our same teacher who had been joined by Mr. Simmons, a Negro man who had done so much for the Negro people, came to the farm field and said to mother and father that they had been sending out literature about the work done at Maysville mission and a piece of the literature had gotten into the hands of a white woman in Denver, Colorado, Miss Mary Chrisman--

Bowen

Chicago

Holy

Emma

Miss Mary
Chrisman