

a rural school teacher who would often do dress-making after school hours-- who became interested in what had been done for the Negro children in South Carolina and wrote to the teachers asking if they could find a little girl who would make good if given a chance, and that out of the money she was earning, she would give for that little girl's education. They had come to the farm field to tell mother and father I was the little girl they had selected to go to Scotia. It was a thrilling day for me, when I was called from the field by my father and teacher said, "Mary Jane, would you like to go to Scotia?" I asked, "What is Scotia?" and they told me it was a school in Concord, North Carolina, and that a good woman was going to send me. I pulled my cotton sack off, got down on my knees, clasped my hands, and turned my eyes upward and thanked God for the chance that had come. So mother and father started getting me ready to go. I did not have a trunk. We used to have little cracker boxes. We kept our clothing in them, so my father went down and got me a little trunk. Some neighbors nitted a pair of stockings, some gave me a little linsey dress, little aprons, this that and the other, and when that October day came I can see myself now, going down to Mayville to take the train for the first time in my life.

All of the neighbors stopped work that afternoon, got out the wagons, mules, ox-carts; some riding, some walking. They are going to Maysville to put me on the train to go to school. I had never before been on a train. I was all so strange. My teacher wired on to Columbia to Dr. Johnson to meet me and put me on the right train since I had to change. My little heart was going pit-a-pat. I can see my mother as she clasped me in her arms and she said, "God bless my child." Tears and hand-shakes; all bidding little Mary good-bye. As the train move on, I had so strange a feeling and won-

To Scotia

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