

ONE DAY'S WEAVING—MONTGOMERY, ALA.

By Miss Rebecca G. Jillson.

Thursday, Jan. 18.—The Swayne School for the colored children of Montgomery, with its four hundred scholars, is just opposite the "Teachers' Home." The day began with a call at the school; a bundle of Sunday-school papers was soon distributed among the boys. Near the school-house lives a good woman, from whose home two girls have just gone to Talladega to school. I stop and talk with her about their going and read a letter for her. A neighbor needs help, the mother and seven children are all sick. Although dependent on friends for care, these are the sick woman's words: "We're all down, but old Marsa knows what He's doing."

On the porch of the next house stands an old grandmother, children of all ages around her. A girl of eighteen promises to come to the Home twice a week for lessons. Across the way lives a kind-hearted woman; her neighbor, a sick woman, has only her little son and this friend to care for her. She needs much the comfort of God's word and his assuring promises of help. Another is waiting for sympathy; she is alone though not widowed, and tells how, when the human help on which she leaned failed, she found support in God alone. A young woman whose husband's health has failed is trying to help him by keeping a little store; she is brave though sometimes discouraged. The next call is on a woman just recovering from illness. Her friends have been kind to her in her sickness; this interest in one another is especially noticeable among the colored people. Stopping to speak to a group of children, "this one, they say, has no father or mother, so we have taken her in." Two other calls in this neighborhood are made; an invitation given to a young man to attend the Singing School and to a young girl to renew her interest in music; and now the house of a faithful church member is reached. The Ladies' Missionary Society and what work it may do is discussed, and questions from the article on Missions in LIFE AND LIGHT are left to be prepared for the next meeting. Two calls near by are made. One lady is interested in music and is glad to hear of the cantata we are to learn. The next is a scene of labor. This good woman washes for a large restaurant and has in this way earned enough money to build a substantial house. Every day piles of table-linen must be washed and ironed, and when it rains, every corner in-doors is made use of to dry the hundreds of napkins and towels.

The first call in the afternoon was on an old lady, a faithful Christian, who finds

that her pilgrim journey has had in it many passages and experiences like that of the pilgrim of old, in whose story she is much interested. The Celestial City is for her almost in view, and her entrance there will be triumphant. "I'm only waiting," she says, "for the Lord to say: 'Elsie, come up to glory.'"

Several girls come to the Home in the afternoon, two to learn to make worsted hoods, two others to take lessons in music. There is also time to fold the Sunday-school papers for distribution next Sunday. Late in the afternoon I called on a mother whose little child God had taken home to himself. Our next neighbor is a man of intemperate habits. I had a talk with him. At nightfall a young woman came in and sang some of the old plantation melodies. In the evening a young girl came for lessons, and with her, two boys, who spent the hour with pencil and drawing cards. With God's blessing may the day's work not be in vain.