

Roanoke, N.C., March 21 [1865]

The Lord is doing wonders here, I never saw anything like it in my life. For the last month I have had a very pleasant school of 200, or more. I never had so large a school; but the more I had in this case, the more easy it grew, for every one added weight to the school, and *power* too. The island is alive with the music of the farmers—*Colored farmers* who were once slaves:—They make the air vocal with their songs of joy. *God bless them all.* Their day is coming, and I hope I shall journey with them in the wilderness.

[Mary Burnap]

[“From Miss Mary Burnap,” *American Missionary* 9 (May 1865): 105.]