

EDMONIA LEWIS.

(The young colored woman who has successfully modelled the
bust of Colonel Shaw.)



*She hath wrought well with her unpractised hand,
The mirror of her thought reflected clear,
This youthful hero-martyr of our land.
With touch harmonious she has moulded here
A memory and a prophecy,—both dear :
The memory of one who was so pure
That God gave him (what only can belong
To an unsullied soul) the right to be
A leader for all time in Freedom's chivalry ;
The prophecy of that wide, wholesome cure
For foul distrust and bitter, cruel wrong,
Which he did give his life up to secure.
'Tis fitting that a daughter of the race
Whose chains are breaking should receive a gift
So rare as genius. Neither power nor place,
Fashion or wealth, pride, custom, caste, nor hue
Can arrogantly claim what God doth lift
Above these chances and bestows on few.*

A. Q. W.