

## To Miss Mary Britton

When the legislature of Kentucky was discussing the passage of a separate-coach bill, Miss Mary Britton, a teacher in the schools of Lexington, Kentucky, went before them, and in a ringing speech protested against the passage of the bill. Her action was heroic, though it proved to be without avail.

God of the right, arise

And let thy pow'r prevail;

Too long thy children mourn

In labor and travail.

Oh, speed the happy day

When waiting ones may see

The glory-bringing birth

Of our real liberty!

Grant thou, O gracious God,

That not in word alone

Shall freedom's boon be ours,

While bondage-galled we moan!

But condescend to us  
In our o'erwhelming need;  
Break down the hind'ring bars,  
And make us free indeed.

Give us to lead our cause  
More noble souls like hers,  
The memory of whose deed  
Each feeling bosom stirs;  
Whose fearless voice and strong  
Rose to defend her race,  
Roused Justice from her sleep,  
Drove Prejudice from place.

Let not the mellow light  
Of Learning's brilliant ray  
Be quenched, to turn to night  
Our newly dawning day.  
To that bright, shining star

Which thou didst set in place,

With universal voice

Thus speaks a grateful race:

"Not empty words shall be

Our offering to your fame;

The race you strove to serve

Shall consecrate your name

Speak on as fearless still;

Work on as tireless ever;

And your reward shall be

Due meed for your endeavor."