

THE ORPHAN'S HOPE.

BY EMMA C. D. COWEE.

My invalid mother and I were alone,
 Out on the low porch where the bright sun shone—
 In the month of June—'twas a lovely day;
 With the vines o'erhead the wind was at play—
 The sweet breath of flowers was borne on the breeze—
 The katydid's song came forth from the trees—
 We heard the noise of the busy old mill
 That 's over the brook, down under the hill;
 And from hill, and dale, and woodland would float
 Sweet notes from many a musical throat.
 My mother sat there in her old arm-chair,
 And I was near,
 Plying my needle and chanting an air
 She loved to hear.
 I suddenly paused in my joyous lay,
 And gazed on her face;
 I thought that her cheek was paler that day,
 And I could trace
 Deep shadows of pain on her fair high brow—
 I know they are gone, yet they haunt me now.
 "Oh, mother," I cried,
 As I flew to her side,
 "Dear mother, I fear you are worse to-day!"
 "Aye! 'tis true, my child, *I am passing away!*
 A little time here, then the sexton's spade
 Will hollow my grave, and I shall be laid
 Away in the mould
 Of the churchyard old.
 Nay, child, do not weep, it is all for the best
 That this aching form should be laid to rest;
 Since the gloomy day that your father died,
 I have thought 'twere sweet to sleep by his side;
 Though my form will lie 'neath the churchyard sod,
 My spirit will wing its way to its God.
 Dear child, prepare
 To meet me there."

"But, mother, the way—do you not fear
 The valley of Death, with its shadows drear?
 The coffin, the shroud, the pall, and the bier?
 And the awful gloom
 Of the cold, dark tomb?"

"Nay, daughter, the Saviour will guide me through
 The shadowy valley—the Saviour true,
 Who alone can save.
 His upholding arm can never fail,
 For He has passed through the gloomy vale,
 And conquered the Death king, grim and pale,
 Who ruled the grave.
 It is but for you, poor darling, I grieve;
 Aye, it pains me sore, all lonely to leave
 My orphaned one:
 But He who numbers the sparrows that fall—
 Whose mercies extend to His creatures all—
 His will be done!
 Pray to Him always, daughter, dear, pray!
 He'll comfort and guide you when I've passed away."

That beautiful night, ere the moon was set,
 The soul of my dearest friend had fled;
 My agony wild I can never forget,
 When they tore me away from the form of the dead!
 My bosom was filled with the deepest woe;
 Of light I could see not a flickering ray,
 Till those sweet words came, spoke a short time ago,
 "Pray to Him, always, daughter, dear, pray!"

Then a strange, sweet peace swept over my soul
 As I knelt in prayer ere the rise of the sun,
 And a voice within, when I heard the bell toll,
 Said, "It's all for the best—His will be done."
 My mother's voice I can hear no more;
 Nor her footfalls light on her chamber floor;
 All within her room looks gloomy and bare,
 And empty and lone is her old arm-chair;
 But her home is a happier home than this—
 A home where the angels dwell in bliss;
 And I humbly hope that bliss to share,
 As I trust ere long I shall meet her there.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—There is a vast deal which women have taught men, and men have then taught the world, and which the men alone have had the credit for, because the woman's share is untraceable. But, cry some of our modern ladies, this is exactly what we wish to avoid; we can teach the world directly, and we *insist* on being allowed to do so. If our sphere has been hitherto more personal, it is because you have forced seclusion and restriction upon us. Educate us like yourselves, and we shall be competent to fill the same place as you do, and discharge the same duties. With extreme deference we do not think this is quite so; we cannot believe what is now-a-days so broadly asserted, that the difference between the male and female intellect is due entirely to difference of education and circumstances, and that women, placed under the same conditions as men, would become men, except in the bare physical distinctions of sex. If the education and lives of women have been so utterly obliterative of such important qualities, it seems strange that they should have retained what they have got. No influences have succeeded in making them stupid, in destroying the spring and vivacity of their minds, their readiness, their facility, their abundant resources. Yet their education has been little, if at all, directed to foster these qualities more than those of reflection and comprehensive thought. Reverse the question. Do not men in innumerable instances develop the characteristic masculine intellect in all its force, totally irrespective of any training whatever? And is it supposed that any care, however sedulous, would make the mass of men rivals of the mass of women in those qualities which we have indicated as specially belonging to the latter? But it is fighting with shadows to combat such an assertion. The evidence of facts against it is scattered, minute, appealing in varied form to individual minds and experiences; but it is overwhelming to all but the most prejudiced minds.