

watch his looks and read every intimation of his thoughts, and in the course of a short time you may easily understand him ; and you will have nothing to do but to reflect his looks, to adopt his opinions, and make him pleased with himself, and you are provided for.

ORIGINAL.

On a little Orphan whose mother died of Cholera at New York in 1832. She had just arrived from England, and was on her passage to join her husband a private in the 24th Regiment; then quartered at Quebec, the child was taken care of by the humane Dr. Bartlett of New York, and by his exertions restored to her father. BY MRS. H. BAYLEY.

Poor Infant ! in sorrow, why dost thou weep !
 Can anguish so early deprive thee of sleep,
 Rest thee, my child, on my bosom awhile
 I'll soothe thy soft slumbers, thy sorrows beguile.—
 Poor little Orphan ! thy years are but three
 Yet thou hast travers'd the Atlantic Sea,
 Remote from thy home, in a far distant land
 Thou art bereft of thy mother, by death's cruel hand ;
 But weep not, my child, thy sorrows will end,
 God has seen thee with pity, and sent thee a friend,
 The hand of Omnipotence will ever protect
 The Orphan from mis'ry—the child from neglect :
 Little Emma then smilingly looked up to him
 Whom God had appointed her protector and friend
 And clasping her hands with innocence said :
 " Oh yes, mother told me, if when she was dead
 I pray'd God to bless me, and was very good
 He would never forsake me, but send me to dad."
 " Your father, my child," the stranger replied,
 " You then have a parent remaining alive !"
 " Oh yes, he's a soldier to Canada gone
 And I would go to him as soon as I can."
 That heart which had felt for the Orphan's distress
 Now had its reward by seeing her blest.
 The day cannot close, nor the morning begin
 But both father, and daughter must pray for their friend.

Isle aux Noix, Nov. 1833.