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DON'T BECOME RICH AGAIN.

"I've lost all my fortune," said a merchant as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man. To-day, there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in those active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear father," said the children, "do not look so sad. We will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said he.

"You shall see, you shall see," answered several cheerful voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest girl, hardly four years old. "I will not have

any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left his stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold; and she who had been so long mistress of the mansion, shed no tear. "Pay every debt," said she; "let no one suffer through us, and we may yet be happy."

He rented a neat cottage and a small piece of ground a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured, as she had been, in wealth; and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one assisted her in the work of the household, and also assisted the younger children. Besides, they executed various works, which they had