

### The Little Home.

"I wish, mamma," said Ella Harrison, "that we were rich, like the Goldacres. It is so disagreeable living in a small house with only four rooms in it. If we were only rich I should be satisfied."

Mrs. Harrison, a sweet looking, middle-aged lady, who sat in one corner of the room with her youngest child, a rosy-checked, curly-headed little fellow of four years, asleep upon her lap, looked up with a mournful smile into the beautiful face of her daughter.

"Thousands, my dear child," she said, "are at this very moment breathing a similar wish. Is it not a great pity their desires cannot be gratified? What a happy world we should have! Don't you think we should?"

There was a slight accent of irony in Mrs. Harrison's tone, and Ella instantly perceived it.

"It seems to me, mamma, that every rich person might be happy if they only would; but I presume that you are about to point me out to the Smiths, who are the wealthiest, and still the most miserable of all our acquaintances. But really, my dear mother, if we were rich, don't you think that we should be very happy?"

"I am very rich and very happy, too," said Mrs. H. with a self-satisfied air. "I know of none in this world with whom I would exchange places."

Ella dropped her crotchet-work into her lap, and looked with surprise into her mother's face.

"*We rich!*" she exclaimed. "Why now do you make that out? Wouldn't you exchange places with the Goldacres, who live in a perfect palace, and who have hosts of servants, and who dress in silks and satins every day?"

"No, I would not exchange places with Mrs. Goldacre," said Mrs. H., "for if I did I should have to resign you and Nelly, and your dear father, and my brave little Tommy, who is sleeping so sweetly here in my lap."

"O, I did not mean that at all," said Ella; "I did not mean that you in-

dividually should make the exchange. I meant that the whole family should share in it. Would you not be willing to have papa take Mr. Goldacre's property, and have him take ours?"

Mrs. Harrison shook her head.

"Why not, mamma? It seems to me that you are very unreasonable."

"If we had their riches, my dear child," said Mrs. H., "we might fall into sin, and sin brings misery. As I before told you, I already consider myself very rich. I am rich in my health—rich in my husband—rich in my children—rich in my cottage home, which our industry has made tasteful and comfortable; I am rich in mental wealth, for we have a great many valuable books, and they have been well read by us all. I am rich in the white roses that clamber over the walls yonder, and peep with breaths of incense through the windows—rich in the golden sunshine—rich in nature—rich in the calm thoughts which visit all, who with thankful, contented hearts look upwards and say with the poet,

Praise to our Father God,  
High praise in solemn lay,  
Alike for what his hand doth give,  
And what it takes away."

"But if we had more, you would have more to be thankful for," said Ella.

"I have all that my Heavenly Father has seen fit to give me, and that is enough. Think how many 'we less than we have. Think of the poor in the backwoods of Canada, about whom we have just been reading in Mrs. Moodie's valuable work—those who have little or nothing with which to supply the demands of hunger through these interminable winters; think of the thousands in cities, who are stowed in cellars and back rooms and garrets, and bat-haunted places, who seldom breathe the fresh air, or see glad sunshine—think of the poor Irish who a short while ago were starving to death—gasping with their dying breaths, '*Give me three grains of corn!* Only three grains!' Think of the millions in