

THE YOUNG PEDLAR.

One rainy afternoon, in the earliest part of autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon opening it found a pedlar. Now pedlars are a great vexation to me; they leave the gate open, they never have anything I want, and I don't like the faces that belong to most of them, especially those of the strong men, who go about with little packages of coarse goods, and I always close the door upon them, saying to myself—lazy.

This was a little boy, and he was pale and wet, and looked so cold, I forgot he was a pedlar, and asked him to come in by the fire. I thought that he appeared as though he expected I was going to buy something, for he commenced opening his tin box, but I had no such intention. He looked up in my face very earnestly and sadly, when I told him to warm himself by the fire, and that I did not want to buy anything. He rose slowly from his seat, and there was something in his air which reproached me, and I detained him to inquire why he was out in the rain. He replied:

"I am out every day, and can't stay in for a little rain; besides most pedlars stay at home then, and I can sell more on rainy days."

"How much do you earn in a day?"

"Sometimes two shillings, sometimes one and once in a while I get nothing all day, and and then, ma'am, I'm very tired."

Here he gave a very quick, dry cough, which startled me.

"How long have you had that cough?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Does it hurt you?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Where does your mother live?"

"In heaven, ma'am," said he, unmoved.

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, ma'am, he is with mother," he replied in the same tone.

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I had a little sister, but she went to mother about a month ago."

"What ailed her?"

"She wanted to see mother, and so do I; I guess that's why I cough so."

"Where do you live?"

"With Mrs. Brown, on N—— street."

"Does she give you any medicine for that cough you have?"

"Not doctor's medicine—she is too poor; she makes something for me to take."

"Will you take something if I give it to you?"

"No, ma'am, I thank you; mother took medicine, and it didn't help her, though she wanted to stay, and you see I want to go; would not stop my cough?" Good day, ma'am."

"Wait a minute," I said, "I want to see what you carry."

He opened his box, and, for once, I found what I wanted. Indeed, I don't think it would have mattered what he had. I should have wanted it, for the little pedlar had changed—he had a father and mother in heaven, and so had

I. How strange that pedlars had never seemed like people—human, soul-filled beings, before. How thankful he was, and how his great, sunken blue eyes looked into mine when I paid him.

"You don't ask me to take a cent less," said he, after hesitating a minute. "I think you must be very rich."

"Oh, no," I replied, "I am far from that; and these things are worth more to me now than I gave for them. Will you come again?"

"Yes, ma'am, if I don't go to mother soon."

"Are you hungry?"

"No, ma'am, I never get hungry now, I sometimes think mother feeds me when I sleep, though I don't remember when I am awake. I only know I don't want to eat now, since my sister died."

"Did you feel very sad?"

"I felt very big in my throat, and I thought I was choked, but I didn't cry a bit, though I felt very lonely at night for awhile; but I am glad she is up there now."

"Who told you you were going to die?"

"Nobody; but I know I am. Perhaps I'll go before Christmas."

I could not bear that, and tried to make him stay, but he would run and tell Mrs. Brown what good fortune he had met with. He bade me good day again cheerfully, and went out into the cold rain, while I could only say:

"God be with you, my child!"

He never came again, though I looked for him every day. At length about New-Year's, I went to the place called home. Mrs. Brown was there, but the little pilgrim! his weary feet were at rest, and never more would his gentle knock be heard at the door of those, who, like myself, forgot the stern want and necessity that often sent about these wanderers from house to house, that their employment might be far more unseemly to them than annoying to us.

YOUNG MAN YOU'RE WANTED.

A woman wants you. Don't forget her. No matter if you are poor. Don't wait to be rich; if you do, ten to one if you are fit to be married. Marry while you are young, and struggle up together.

But mark, young man, the woman don't want you if she is to divide her affections with a cigar, spittoon, or a whiskey jug. Neither does she want you if you can't take care of her, and any little forethoughts which are pretty sure to follow. Neither does she want you simply because you are a man, the definition of which is apt to be—an animal that wears bifurcated garments on his lower limbs, a quarter section of stove-pipe on his head, swears like a pirate, and is given to filthy practices generally. She wants you for a companion, a helpmate—she wants you if you have a noble spirit—she wants you if you have learned to regulate your appetites and passions; in short, she wants you if you are in the image of God, not in the likeness of a beast; if you are strong in good purposes, firm in the resistance of evil, pure in thought and