

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## PETER BAREND: THE MAN WHO GAINED BY LOSING.

BY THE REV. JOHN DE LIEDE.

Though Eliphaz the Temanite was a miserable comforter, yet he was not an altogether incapable preacher. It was a true saying of his, that *God disapproveth the device of the crafty, so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise*. At least, this was the experience of Peter Barend, the forerunner of Mr. Kolman's large bedding and mattress manufactory.

Mr. Kolman's extensive premises were situated in one of the densely populated suburbs of the metropolis. There also was situated Peter's snug little house, which looked as clean outside and inside as a Swiss toy under a glass shade. And no wonder, for his excellent, active, and indefatigable wife brushed and scrubbed the two parlors and the attic and the little cellar every day, and squirted a deluge of water upon the outside walls twice every week.

"When I am dead," she used to say, "I cannot help going to the dust; but as long as I live the dust shall not come to me." And Peter quite agreed with her there, and thought there was not a cleverer wife within ten miles round.

Nor was Mr. Kolman less pleased with Peter. He had enjoyed his honest and valuable service for upwards of twenty-one years. During that period the small six-windowed factory had grown into the gigantic edifice which lifts its five-storied frame as high above the surrounding houses as the elephant, with its upturned trunk, would have figured above the beasts that crowded the ark of Noah. Everybody, from the first feather-bed down to the assistant-ticking seamstress, agreed, that but for Peter's able and faithful management, the building would never have got beyond its old six windows. Nor did Mr. Kolman deny it altogether, though he always tried to make the people understand that Peter had acquired all his knowledge and ability under his master's eye; which, of course, Peter, in his turn, never denied.

"It is indeed, true," said he. "And the girls at the factory all keep at their work, except Jane Moling, of course, the foolish creature."

"By the by, Mrs. Steen, where does that girl live? Is she tall, slender person with the red cheeked apron?"

"Not at all, ma'am. Why, don't you know her? She wears a white apron and a muslin bonnet. She lives next to the grocer's, over the bridge."

"Well, I think I must go and see her some day. I must know what there is under that going to the meeting, wet or dry. I'm sure there's a lovely story lying at the bottom."

Mrs. Barends was quite right there. It was a love story, but one of an infinitely higher nature than she conceived of.

But Mrs. Barends was too much engaged to think about such abstract things as love and faith and eternity and the like. True, she had no family to look after, nor had she to attend to her husband, for he was at his business all the day, and only peeped in at noon for his dinner, which was too plain to require much cooking or baking. Yet Mrs. Barends' time was so dreadfully taken up that she could not possibly think of looking even for one moment into her Bible, which, with gilded edges and silver clasps, lay bound in brown morocco, was lying in the corner of the uppermost drawer of her chest-of-drawers, bounded on one side by a pair of gloves carefully spread out, so that thumbs and fingers perfectly covered one another. For there was so much to clean and to wipe and to wash and to rub and to scour and to brush every day, that even Sunday morning was often called into service to make up for what its preceding six sisters had left undone. "Doing one's duty and caring for one's household is religion, quite as much as church-going," she would often say. "It is better not to go to church and to mend one's stockings or to wash one's apron, than to go to church with heels plying through, or with an apron upon which the tea and the coffee pot have done their best to draw the map of the world." Besides, economy also was to be attended to. "Spending a fortune that might have been saved," she would observe, "was quite as much a sin as being drunk or beating one's neighbors. Many wives tell their husbands a great deal about their love and affection, and smooth their hair and kiss their cheeks, but at the same time indulge in such extravagant expenditure as compels these husbands every day to perspire a pint more than was meant when it was said to them that they should earn their bread in the sweat of their brow."

She, on the contrary, was of opinion that wives should show more true love if they kissed a little less and saved a little more, and instead of driving perspiration out of their husbands' skin, got a portion of the inevitable sweat to moisten their own brow. She at least did not neglect carefully to inquire where the best coffee and the best butter could be got at the lowest price; and if she learnt that she could buy a pound of candles or a pound of soap at two miles' distance, a farthing cheaper than next door, she at once put on her boots and walked all the way there and back, carrying home ten pounds of one article and twenty of another. Of course she did not like her neighbors to see her carrying parcels, as if she were a porter's wife, and consequently she generally set out on dark nights, when all cats are grey, and a pishdool cat is just like a black one.

Mrs. Barends was one dark Saturday evening returning home from a distant grocer's, carrying a pot of treacle in one hand, and a bag of tea and coffee and sugar and several other articles in the other. Those articles you must know, she had, with frumpling and snuffling, prevailed upon the grocer to give her so cheap, that she was sure she could bake two cakes with bacon for her husband out of the saving, and buy a nice piece of lace for her bonnet besides. But under the influence of this blissful prospect, while prevailing upon the stubborn grocer to give her twenty pounds of coffee for eight shillings, since he refused to give her ten for four, she had increased the weight of the bag so much, that she was perfectly at a loss how to get home with it, and might as well have eaten the pancakes and bacon first to obtain strength for the labor. By dint of passing the pot into her right hand, and the bag into her left, and vice versa every now and then, and standing still every five minutes or so to draw breath, she had succeeded in gaining a lovely avenue, which formed the entrance to the suburb in which she resided. Here she seated herself on the grass.

(To be continued.)

Where is YOUR Boy?—We saw him last, late in the evening, in the company of very bad boys, and they had a cigar; and now, and then, some of them used very profane language. As we looked at your son, we wondered if you knew where he was, and with whom he associates. Dear friend, do not be so closely confined to your shop, office, or ledger, as to neglect that boy. He will bring sorrow into your household if you do not bring proper parental restraint to bear upon him—and that very soon. Sabbath and public school teachers can help you, but you must do most.

WALKING STICKS.—A nice lot of Hickory Walking Sticks just received by—  
J. W. HAMMOND, 22 King Street, Boston.

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"I hear," replied Peter, "that the owner only lets it for two evenings in the week. It occurred to me we might as well adapt it as a sewing-school for the little girls. Mrs. Steen may easily spare a couple of evenings to give them a lesson. We'll get excellent seamstresses after some time by that means."

"Capital!" exclaimed Mr. Kolman. "That will shut the humming out. But, I'll tell you what, Peter, hire the shed in your own name. Of course I will give you the money. You understand me. It must appear as a private affair of your own. You see it would not do for one of my standing in society to enter into an open war with that sort of cannon-class people."

The same day it was known throughout the whole neighborhood that Peter Barend, the forerunner, had overhauled Mr. Stalman, and taken the joiner's shed, Mr. Stalman did not trouble himself to look after another place, for he knew that though Peter was the forerunner yet rich Mr. Kolman was the forerunner. Besides, the district only contained small farmer's cottages; the joiner's shed was the only suitable room in the neighborhood.

Matters now kept quiet for some time, and Peter enjoyed his success amazingly. He every now and then paid a visit to the little school, and so did his wife. Having no family of her own, she soon became a regular visitor, to talk with the little things, to tell them the stories of "Tom Thumb" and "Puss in Boots," and to treat them to apples or walnuts. She also taught them to sing songs, as—  
"There was a little bird,  
His tail was two yards long," etc.;

"John gave his wife a beating,  
She beat him in her turn," etc.

"How nice, Mrs. Barends!" Mrs. Steen would often remark. "You are a perfect schoolmistress, ma'am. Pray you have no children of your own. How nicely they would be trained!"

"Ay, Mrs. Steen," would she reply, "you see I have not forgotten the lessons I learnt at school. Poor little things! Let them have a little bit of fun. It's a great deal better than that Methodist cat and bawling psalms, with faces drawn down to the third button hole of the jacket."

"It is indeed, true," said he. "And the girls at the factory all keep at their work, except Jane Moling, of course, the foolish creature."

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