

# THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:

DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

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THE TAILOR OF BUINEN.

## CHAPTER I.

FROM WHICH THE READER MAY LEARN THAT  
A GOOD MAN CANNOT DWELL IN SODOM  
WITHOUT VEXING HIS RIGHTEOUS SOUL  
FROM DAY TO DAY.

In one of the most remote provinces of Holland there may be found a small village called Ter Apel, which, a hundred years ago, was a little hamlet, consisting of scarcely twenty houses, and surrounded by numerous farmhouses, at a distance of one or two miles. Had you been travelling then in that quarter of the globe, you would have looked in vain, out of the window of your carriage, to ascertain the exact time on the dial of the church steeple, for there was no church at all, nor was there a schoolhouse, though there were children in abundance. Such of the grown-up people as deemed it worth a walk to hear a sermon, would, weather permitting, spend their Sunday morning in the church of the nearest village, two miles off. It seemed, however, that the good word which they might hear there, no sooner entered one ear than it escaped at the other, for you might regularly find them on the evening of every Sunday in the public-house, whose appearance of prosperity proved its congeniality to the taste of the inhabitants. The Ter Apel people were of opinion that whatever their village might lack, such a building was indispensable, and that it would be cruel to require of old or young

to fetch its privileges from neighbouring places. But whatever those privileges may or may not have been, this much is certain, that no reasonable creature there learnt to worship his Maker, and that no boy was taught to read his Bible. Indeed, a child able to spell might be exhibited at the fair as a wonder of the world. Still there were a few such marvellous children at Ter Apel, as the reader will presently learn.

For at the corner of the main road, and overshadowed by a sturdy oak, was the shop of Van Brenkelen, the grocer, who could by no means agree with the spirit of his fellow-citizens. When Dora, the shoemaker's wife, or Griet, the baker's, stood before his counter, and, holding the articles they had bought in their hands or in their apron, began to chat about the weather and the crops, and finally about their husbands, children, and neighbours, Van Brenkelen would take his pipe, and fill it afresh, and seat himself very comfortably on his wooden stool, for he was assured that now he was to hear the whole chronicle of the village for yesterday and the day before, and that there was no danger that the narrative would be finished sooner than his great meerschaum. He would then be informed that the joiner lived in open war with his partner in life, because she had applied her hand to his eye, to make him see on the dial of the house clock that he had stopped two hours longer at the public-house than he could answer