

# **THE CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649490288

The Carpenter's Daughter by Susan Warner & Anna Bartlett Warner

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**SUSAN WARNER & ANNA BARTLETT WARNER**

# **THE CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER**





NETTIE COMFORTS HER MOTHER.

THE  
CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called  
the children of God."

BY THE AUTHORS OF "THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD," ETC. ETC.

*WITH COLOURED FRONTISPIECE.*

LONDON:  
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, AND ROUTLEDGE,  
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

1864.

## CONTENTS.

---

CHAP.	PAGE
I. SATURDAY EVENING'S WORK . . . . .	1
II. SUNDAY'S REST . . . . .	20
III. NETTIE'S GARRET . . . . .	55
IV. THE BROWN CLOAK IN NOVEMBER . . . . .	69
V. THE NEW BLANKET . . . . .	82
VI. THE HOUSE-RAISING . . . . .	97
VII. THE WAFFLES . . . . .	112
VIII. THE GOLDEN CITY . . . . .	135





# THE CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### SATURDAY EVENING'S WORK.

DOWN in a little hollow, with the sides grown full of wild thorn, alder bushes, and stunted cedars, ran the stream of a clear spring. It ran over a bed of pebbly stones, showing every one as if there had been no water there, so clear it was; and it ran with a sweet soft murmur or gurgle over the stones, as if singing to itself and the bushes as it ran.

On one side of the little stream a worn foot-path took its course among the bushes; and down this path one summer's afternoon came a woman and a girl. They had pails to fill at the spring; the woman had a large wooden one, and the girl a light tin pail;

2 THE CARPENTER'S DAUGHTER.

and they drew the water with a little tin dipper, for it was not deep enough to let a pail be used for that. The pails were filled in silence, only the spring always was singing; and the woman and the girl turned and went up the path again. After getting up the bank, which was only a few feet, the path still went gently rising through a wild bit of ground, full of trees and low bushes; and not far off, through the trees, there came a gleam of bright light from the window of a house, on which the setting sun was shining. Half way to the house the girl and the woman stopped to rest; for water is heavy, and the tin pail which was so light before it was filled, had made the little girl's figure bend over to one side like a willow branch all the way from the spring. They stopped to rest, and even the woman had a very weary, jaded look.

"I feel as if I shall give up, some of these days," she exclaimed.

"O no, mother!" the little girl answered, cheerfully. She was panting, with her hand on her side, and her face had a quiet, very

sober look ; only at those words a little pleasant smile broke over it.

"I shall," said the woman. "One can't stand everything,—for ever."

The little girl had not got over panting yet, but standing there she struck up the sweet air and words,—

" 'There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for you.' "

"Yes, in the grave!" said the woman, bitterly. "There's no rest short of that,—for mind or body."

"O yes, mother dear. 'For we which have believed do enter into rest.' Jesus don't make us wait."

"I believe you eat the Bible and sleep on the Bible," said the woman, with a faint smile, taking at the same time a corner of her apron to wipe away a stray tear which had gathered in her eye. "I am glad it rests you, Nettie."

"And you, mother."

"Sometimes," Mrs. Mathieson answered,