

**JOE'S PARTNER**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649327942

Joe's partner by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

# **JOE'S PARTNER**





A WELCOME TO THE STRANGER.

# JOE'S PARTNER.

*By the Author of*

"THE BABES IN THE BASKET,"

*&c. &c.*

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"My grace is sufficient for thee."

2 COR. xii. 9.

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London:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW.

EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

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1885.

1489. f. 388.

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# JOE'S PARTNER.

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## CHAPTER I.

### JOE'S HOME.

 **WHOLE** family working in the field together!—small, slight father; tall, gaunt mother; slender little boy, and merry little girl. There they all were, as busy as bees, and hoping, like so many others in the Great Republic, to make money if not honey by their labour.

The sun was hot, and the soil was tough, and it was plain it was a new business to them all; yet hour after hour they went steadily on.

First came the father making the holes for the corn; the boy dropped in the seed; then followed the mother, covering it all up nicely; and finally little Mollie danced and jumped by every hill, as if hers were the most important duty of all.

As the day wore away, the father stopped whistling at his work, and looked doubtfully at his small, blistering hands. The large eyes of the wife grew darker and more sunken, and her mouth was firmly shut, as if there were words within that needed more than prison bars to keep them from doing mischief.

Kate Barber was very tired, and tired women will take gloomy views of life.

"It is rather hard," she thought, "that I should have to work in the field in the hot sun until I am ready to drop, when we might have had a comfortable home if—"

Mollie peeped under her mother's sun-bonnet, and saw something there that made her cease to trip merrily at her side, and she drooped and lagged in the little procession like a wounded soldier. This could not last long with healthy, happy little Mollie. She found a dead bird, hushed it gently on her bosom, wrapped it in her apron, and sang to it until she was the perfect picture of content. The words of the childish singer came to her mother's ears,—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so."

Right to her heart they went like a message from heaven. Yes, Jesus loved her, tired Kate Barber. She believed she was his child. Had he not comforted her in many a sorrow? Was not the work in which she was now engaged an answer to her prayers? Had she not asked for some quiet home where her husband could be out of temptation? Had she not been willing to endure any hardship, if she might have a hope of keeping him from a drunkard's path?

God had put it into the heart of her old aunt to pledge herself that the first year's rent of this little place should be paid, that Harry Barber might have a chance to keep the good resolutions he professed to have made.

Kate Barber was ashamed of herself that she so soon had begun to murmur at her share in the labours of the new home. She was not the only one that



IN THE FIELD.