

DEAN'S
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—
TRUST IN GOD.



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“IN GOD DO I PUT MY TRUST.”



“MOTHER, what did the psalmist mean

when he said, 'Preserve me, O God! for in Thee do I put my trust?'

"Do you remember the little girl we saw walking with her father in the woods last week?"

"Oh, yes, mother; was she not beautiful?"

"She was a gentle, loving little thing, and her father was very kind to her. Do you remember what she said, when they came to the narrow bridge over the brook?"

"I do not like to talk about the bridge, mother, it makes me giddy. Do you believe it is safe—just those two planks laid across, and no railing? If she had stepped a little to one side, she would have fallen into the water."

"Do you remember what she said?"

"Yes. She stopped a minute, as if she did not like to go over, and then looked up in her father's face, and asked him to take hold of her hand, and said, 'You will take care of me, father dear; I don't feel afraid when you take hold of my hand.' And her father looked so



lovingly upon her, and took tight hold of her hand, as if she were very precious to him."

“ I think David felt like that little girl when he wrote the words which you have just read.”

“ Was David going over a bridge, mother ?”

“ Not such a bridge as the one in the woods ; but he had come to some place of difficulty in his life, and whenever he was in any way troubled, he looked up to God, just as the little girl did to her father, and said, ‘ Preserve me, O God !’ It is the same as if he had said, ‘ Please take care of me, my kind Heavenly Father ; I do not feel afraid, if you take hold of my hand.’”

“ Oh, mother, how beautiful ! But God did not really take hold of David’s hand, and lead him through the trouble ?”

“ No ; but God loves His children who trust in Him—who feel safe in his care—just as the father did his little daughter ; and though He does not take hold of their hands, He knows how to make them feel as peaceful and easy as if He did.”

“ Mother, can I be one of God’s children.”

“Yes, my dear; if you love Him, and trust Him, and try to please Him, He will call you His own, and lead you all your life, and make you very happy.”



“Will there be any bridges in my life? I mean, shall I have troubles? Now, I have not any, have I? I have not to look up to God, and ask Him to take care of me?”

“ You must not think great troubles are the only ones we have to meet with. You will have many small troubles, and will need to look to your Heavenly Father to take care of you through them.”

“ What troubles do you think I shall have, mother?”

“ You had one this morning. Sarah was unkind to you, and you were sadly grieved.”

“ Could I go to God with such troubles?”

“ Yes, my dear; you can tell Him, just as you would me, all your unhappiness, and ask Him to comfort you.”

“ Mother, I am very glad we read that Psalm this morning. I think I love God better already, and I hope I shall always trust Him.”

“ I hope you will; and if you begin when you are a little girl, you will learn better and better about Him, and be far happier than those who have no such friend to go to in trouble.”

“Why, cannot everybody go to God with their wants?”

“Certainly, if they will; but a great many people never tell Him their troubles—never ask Him to forgive them, nor to take care of them. They did not begin in their childhood, and it is difficult to learn these trusts when we are old.”

“Oh! I hope I shall learn it now, while you can help me, mother.”

“God alone can help you, my child; ask Him to teach you to trust Him.”

