

**TRUST IN GOD; OR,  
JENNY'S TRIALS**

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Trust in God; or, Jenny's trials by C. D. Bell

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**C. D. BELL**

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BY

COUSIN KATE

(THE LATE MISS C. D. BELL)



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## TRUST IN GOD:

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 "OW, mother, what must be done at last is best done at first. So kiss her and let her go, or we'll be late for the coach," said John Carter, looking into the kitchen where his mother stood, with her sobbing grandchild in her arms.

The old woman stooped and gave the girl a long, earnest kiss.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious to thee. The Lord lift up his countenance

upon thee, and give thee peace," she said. "And, Jenny, my dear lamb, mind my words. I think that the Lord has made ye one of his own children. Oh, mind that ye trust in him with all your heart! He may see best to bring you into sorrow and suffering, but mind ye that he'll never bring ye into sin. And however sore ye may be tempted, mind that the strength of the Almighty is on your side, if ye keep in the right road. Mind that, mind that;" and kissing her again repeatedly, she pushed her gently towards the door, and turned away.

Jenny went out of the kitchen, and out of the house, sobbing aloud as she went. Her uncle waited for her at the outer door, and when she came out, he raised her little box on his shoulder, and set off at a quick pace down the hill without speaking.

Jenny followed him as best she might, blinded with tears, and stumbling over the stones and ruts of the rough road. When John saw that she was fairly on her way, he stopped till she came up to him, and gave her his disengaged hand, and tried to comfort her. Men like him, however, seldom know how to comfort a child; and when he spoke of all the fine sights she should see on her journey, Jenny's tears only flowed the faster, as she recollected that each mile was to take her further from her dear grandmother. John's cottage was at the bottom of the hill, before entering the wood, and his wife, a kind, motherly woman, was waiting to bid them good-bye, and to put into Jenny's hand some biscuits and sweet cakes, which she had made for her to eat on the long journey before her. She knew better than her husband wher



was most likely to soothe Jenny's grief; and the child's face did, indeed, brighten as her aunt said,—

“And oh, Jenny, woman, won't ye be glad to see yer father again! Ye love him dearly, I know.”

Yes, Jenny did love her father dearly, and that she was going to him was the only thing that at all reconciled her to leaving her grandmother. Jenny's mother died when her little girl was only three years old; and as William Carter had no female relative to live with him, and take care of his child, he had brought her to his mother, with whom Jenny had lived ever since. Old Mrs. Carter was an uncommon woman, greatly superior to the generality of women of her rank and age. Her feelings were singularly warm and true, her judgment clear and sound; and in real, living godliness, perhaps, few people were equal to

her. Her God and Saviour was constantly before her mind. She lived in his presence, delighting herself in communion with him, and ordering her whole life and conversation by his Word. By such a grandmother Jenny had been brought up with the utmost tenderness and unselfish love, and had been carefully trained in the knowledge and fear of God. The Lord had blessed the old woman's earnest, faithful efforts. He had taught Jenny by his own Spirit, and had given her a new heart to love himself, and to seek his ways with all her soul. A very happy childhood had Jenny's been in her grandmother's pretty, pleasant home, and under her grandmother's loving care and guidance. Twice every year her father had paid them a visit, and the partings from him had hitherto been the only real grief the child had known.

good, kind face looking out for her, to hear his pleasant voice welcoming her, and to feel the affectionate pressure of his arms, as he lifted her down. They had some little distance to walk, for William Carter lived out of the village; but with her father's kind arm to lean upon, the walk in the cool night air was only a refreshment to Jenny. It was so pleasant to her to listen to her father's fond expressions of happiness at having his lassie once more with him, to answer his questions about her journey, and about all the friends she had left, and to feel at every word that he was the very father whom she had always so dearly loved—to lose the kind of shyness with which she had been thinking of him, as if his marriage must have changed him, as if he no longer belonged so much to herself as before. The night was