

DEAN'S  
Illustrated Farthing Books.

**TEMPTATION RESISTED.**



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## TEMPTATION RESISTED.



IT was a bright, pleasant afternoon in the first week of June, when two little boys of eight and ten years of age, sprang joyously down the steps of the street door, and waved their hats to their mother, who



smiled back a "good-bye" to them from the parlour window. "Don't stay later than eight, boys," were her parting words to them; and promising to obey her, Henry and Clarence bounded along and were soon out of sight. Their mother had given them permission to spend the afternoon with one of their playmates, who had come that morning to ask them. Clarence and Henry's parents loved their children very dearly, *too* dearly to indulge them in what was hurtful and improper for them, though they were always glad to see them happy, and to gratify them whenever what they wished was reasonable and right. So these little boys were trained up in strict obedience to their parents, which God has not only commanded, but kindly promised to reward.

Well, Henry and Clarence walked joyously along till they came to one of those beautiful squares which adorn our city, and then they knew they were near their little friend's home, for his parents lived in a handsome house fronting the square. It was delightful to look on the



thousand tints of green, and the varied shapes of the leaves as they shone in the sunshine and danced in the breeze, as if rejoicing in the goodness of God, who had brought all this life and beauty into existence, where, a few weeks since, there were only bare branches, and heaps of withered leaves half covered with snow.

When the brothers turned round the corner of the square and rang the bell, their little playmate Frank Hamilton came running out to meet them—and you may imagine what a fine game of romps they had together in the large paved yard that pleasant afternoon.

Frank's parents were rich, and had given him a great many curious and expensive toys, which were a source of great entertainment to Clarence and Henry. He had many beautiful books, too, and these they admired perhaps more; but Frank was not fond of reading, and after he had looked at the pictures a few times, his books were tossed aside among the despised class of "old things."



By the time the three boys were pretty well tired of play, they were called into tea. The spring had been rather back-



ward that year, and the early fruits were



just beginning to make their appearance in the market. In the centre of the tea-table stood a large glass dish filled with rich, red strawberries, half-hidden in powdered sugar, and by its side a pitcher of cream. Most people would think this a tempting sight, and certainly the little hungry boys, who had been playing so heartily all the afternoon, did not think otherwise. So they sat quietly taking their cup of milk, and waiting till they should be helped to some of the fine strawberries and cream, when suddenly the door bell rang, and the servant came to say that their mother had sent for them. It was just striking eight. They remembered their promise, but the fruit looked so very inviting—and they had not tasted any that year—and Mrs. Hamilton urged them so very kindly to stop just a few moments to eat some—what could they do? What do you think they did? Why, like little noble fellows, they resisted the very strong temptation, and in spite of the well-meant but mistaken kindness of the lady, and the pressing entreaties of



Frank that they would stay a *little* longer, they took their hats, bid the family “good evening,” and went directly home.

Now we all hear much about the great conquerors, who gained many victories and took many cities—but God tells us in the Bible—“Better is he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.” And when these little boys, for the sake of pleasing their parents, conquered their own inclinations, it was doubtless a nobler act than a victory gained on the field of battle by the slaughter of thousands of their fellow-beings.

I must not forget to tell those who are interested in them, that Henry and Clarence had the next day as many strawberries as they wished for dessert, besides the lasting enjoyment of their parents’ love and approbation, and that of all their friends at home.

These boys—no longer little now—are very dear to me, and I pray that God will lead them by His Holy Spirit to know and do His will always, so they will be the free and happy servants of the Lord Jesus



Christ, instead of being "led captive by Satan at his will," and the slaves of their own evil inclinations. Let us not forget that of ourselves we can do no good thing, and that whenever we are enabled to do what is right, we may be sure God is helping us, and we should be encouraged to try still more to do His will.

