

And yet the wife of the reformed man often felt a sense of insecurity. She understood too well that, for her husband, temptation lurked at every point. How often did she wait his return home, as evening approached, with trembling anxiety; and mark, while yet afar off, his steps, to see if they were firmly taken.

It was early in the fall of the year when Henry Green took the pledge. Through the winter he had worked industriously, and, as he could earn good wages, his income had given them, as just mentioned, very many comforts. He had not been much tempted of his old appetite during the cold weather, nor did he feel its active return at the opening spring. But with the fervent heat of summer, the slumbering desire awoke.

Active bodily labor produced free perspiration. Frequent thirst was the consequence; and, whenever this was felt, the thoughts of the reformed man dwelt upon the pleasure a cool glass of *some* mixed liquor would give. With an effort, and often with fear at his heart, would he thrust aside the alluring images drawn by his truant imagination. And yet, they would ever and anon return; and there were times when he was tempted almost beyond his strength.

Green was a carpenter. Early in the spring, a gentleman offered him a good contract for putting up two or three frame buildings, which he gladly accepted; and as the lot upon which his house stood was large, he erected a shop thereon.

More cheerfully and hopefully than ever did the reformed man now work. He saw a clearer light ahead. He would, ere long, recover all he had lost, and even get beyond the point of prosperity from which he had fallen.

Time wore on. Spring passed and the summer opened. July came in with intensely hot weather. Already had Henry Green felt the cravings of his awakening appetite, and it required strong efforts at self-denial to refrain from indulgence.

About eleven o'clock one day—it was a hotter day than usual—Green's thoughts were dwelling, as was now too often the case, upon the "refreshing glass," once so keenly enjoyed. A little way from his shop, though not in view, was a tavern, the bar-room of which memory was picturing to the eyes of his mind with tempting distinctness. He had often been there in times past—often drank there until thought and feeling were lost. He saw, in imagination, the rows of alluring decanters, with their many-colored liquors; he heard the cold ice as it rattled in the glasses; he almost felt the cooling beverage upon his lips. So absorbed did he at length become, that he paused in his work, and leaned over his bench, his eyes half closed, like one in a dreamy reverie.

It was a moment upon which his future, for good or evil, hung trembling in an even balance that a hair might turn.

For as long a time as five minutes did Henry Green stand leaning over his work-bench, a picture of the neighboring bar-room distinctly before his mind, while he was conscious of an intense thirst—that it seemed as if nothing but a glass of mixed and iced liquor could possibly assuage.

With a deeply drawn breath he at length raised himself, the struggle that was going on in his mind more than half decided in favor of self-indulgence.

"Papa!" spoke a low, familiar voice by his side.

Green started and turned suddenly. A child not over four years old, stood by him—a fair child, with a countenance full of innocence and affection. She held a tin cup in both her little hands.

"Have a drink of cool water, papa?"

"Yes, dear," replied the father, in a low voice that was unsteady from the rush of a sudden emotion, and he caught the cup from the child's hands, and, raising it to his lips, drank it eagerly.

Instantly the picture of the bar-room, with all its allurements, faded from the mind of Green. He was a man again, in the integrity of a firm purpose. His child, led to him by the hand of a good Providence, had saved him. The cup of cold water had fully assuaged the violence of his burning thirst:—and he was no longer under temptation.

"Thank you, dear," he murmured, as he lifted his child in his arms, and kissed her tenderly.

"Shall I bring you another cool drink after awhile?" asked the little one, as she pressed her father's cheeks with both her hands.