

CORNELIUS GRACE.

I was born in England, of Christian parents, and came to this country about thirty years ago. I had become before this a lover of company and a confirmed *moderate drinker*. This often drew me into society not of the best. I see how surely but almost imperceptibly the enemy was coiling his chains of habit around me. I, like many to-day who are going headlong to ruin through the accursed cup, thought I had manhood enough to resist an excess of its use, and used to pride myself (when any word of warning was given to me), that I could use it or leave it alone; but this did not last long. I began to love drink for drink's sake, and I found my appetite increased yearly. I have sometimes been aroused out of my security by conscience and conviction from above, and would resolve (in my own strength), never to taste it again, but of course failed, after an abstinence of some months, and always "the last state was worse than the first."

When in Boston many years ago, I tried (after looking through delirium and hell), temperance societies—joined one, paid my initiation fee, but found it come so far short of what I expected that I did not go near them any more. This was not the way I was to be saved, and although many may be temporarily saved by them, my experience tells me there is nothing short of salvation that will effect a complete and radical cure, to this most terrible of all scourges—intemperance. I went on until restraint ceased and I was a confirmed tippler, never eating a meal, early or late, without first taking a dram, and for years never going to bed entirely sober. I was a nuisance to every