

States Senate he gave his friends a dinner at a noted Boston hotel. The table was set without one wine-glass upon it. "Where are the glasses?" asked several of the guests, loud enough to remind their host that they did not like sitting down to a wineless dinner.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Wilson, rising and speaking with a great deal of feeling, "you know my friendship for you and my obligations to you. Great as they are, they are not great enough to make me forget the rock from whence I was hewn and the pit from whence I was dug. Some of you know the curse of intemperance overshadowed my youth. That I might escape I fled from my early surroundings. For what I am I am indebted under God to my temperance vow and adherence to it. Call for what you want to eat, and if this hotel can provide it, it shall be forthcoming; but wines and liquors cannot come to this table with my consent, because I will not spread in the path of another the snare from which I escaped."

Three rousing cheers showed the brave senator that men admire the man who has the courage of his convictions.

### How E. P. Roe Began.

YOUNG people with literary aspirations may gather plenty of comfort from the experience of popular authors at the beginning of their career. Nearly every writer of eminence has found it difficult to get a start.

The most popular of E. P. Roe's stories, "Barriers Burned Away," received just such a cold reception at the hands of the publishers to whom it was offered as should encourage all young authors. One house after another refused the book, and the firm who at last warily took it made a stipulation that if by chance and contrary to expectation the book should prove a success he would give them a refusal of all his future works.

The publishers felt that they had taken such a risk that they did not intend to use ordinary methods of advertising, but resorted to a practice which music dealers have long been familiar with. They printed dummies of the book in paper binding and distributed them broadcast. These dummies contained the beginning of the story, and then blank pages, stopping just where the interest culminated.

The success of the story was immense and instantaneous, and from that time nothing written by E. P. Roe had to go begging for a publisher.

### A War Incident.

THE recent war in Cuba has furnished many touching and inspiring instances of love and loyalty to country and of personal daring and fortitude. One of the best we have read is the following from September *Scribner's*, related by Edward Marshall, the New York war correspondent who was so cruelly wounded at

Guasimas, and who so bravely kept on dictating his report to his paper while suffering the most terrible agonies:

There is one incident of the day which shines out in my memory above all others now as I lie in a New York hospital writing. It occurred at the field hospital. About a dozen of us were lying there. A continual chorus of moans rose through the tree branches overhead. The surgeons, with hands and bared arms dripping, and clothes literally saturated, with blood, were straining every nerve to prepare the wounded for the journey down to Siboney. Behind me lay Captain McClintock, with his lower leg-bones literally ground to powder. He bore his pain as gallantly as he had led his men, and that is saying much. I think Major Brodie was also there. It was a doleful group. Amputation and death stared its members in their gloomy faces.

Suddenly a voice started softly,

"My country, 'tis of Thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing."

Other voices took it up:

"Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,"—

The quivering, quivering chorus, punctuated by groans and made spasmodic by pain, trembled up from that little group of wounded Americans in the midst of the Cuban solitude—one of the pluckiest, most heartfelt songs that human beings ever sung.

There was one voice that did not quite keep up with the others. It was so weak that I did not hear it until all the rest had finished with the line,

"Let freedom ring."

Then, halting, struggling, faint, it repeated, slowly,

"Land—of—the—Pilgrims'—pride,  
Let freedom—"

The last word was a woful cry. One more son had died as died the fathers.

REV. L. F. BENSON, D.D., of England, has been investigating hymn-books to find out which is the "favorite hymn." He looked at ninety-eight books, and found that no one hymn appeared in all of them. "Rock of Ages" was found in all but one, and he therefore concluded that that was the most popular hymn. "All praise to Thee, my God, this night" was found in ninety-six; and "When I survey the wondrous cross" and "Jesus, lover of my soul" were each in ninety-five.

GEORGE MULLER, whose glorious faith fed so many thousands of orphans, said that when a piece of work came to him, he dared not touch it till he had settled three things: (1) Does God want this done? (2) Does He want it done by me? (3) Does He want it done now? Those three points settled, no more worry for him!