

that day; it was that night when we had Felix," you will say all your days on earth. "My Lord met me," you will say, "in that house of his, and on that night of his." Come away then, and make a new start on the spot. Come away, and there will be a joy in heaven to-night that there will not be but for you. Oh! do come, and let this house have this honor in heaven henceforth, because this man and that man were born here. And, in saying that, it is not I that say it. Jesus Christ himself singles you out of all the congregation, and says to you, as if you were alone in this house, Come! Come, he says, and let us reason together. And if you are a very Felix and Drusilla; if your unrighteousness, and your intemperance, and your fearful looking for of judgment are all as dreadful as were theirs; even were your sins as scarlet as were theirs; they shall be as white as snow. And, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. Who, then, this communion evening, will come forward like the brave man in Bunyan, and will say to him who has the book, and the pen, and the ink-horn in his hand—Set down my name, Sir! At which there was a most pleasant voice heard from those within, even of those who walked upon the top of the king's palace, saying:

Come in, come in,
Eternal glory thou shalt win.

So he went in, and was clothed with the same garments as they were clothed with. Then Christian smiled, and said, I think verily that I know the true meaning of this great sight.

The Old Makemie Desk.

BY DR. L. P. BOWEN.

This venerable piece of furniture, of solid mahogany, remarkable in itself, and the only surviving Makemie relic, was discovered and identified by me in 1878, and it came into my possession in 1883.

Taken from the records of Accomac county, Virginia, where they may be seen, I have copies of the will and the inventory of Madam Anne Holden, our pioneer's daughter—the former dated November 15, 1787, and the latter September 29, 1789. In both of these documents the mahogany desk is mentioned. All these facts are put upon permanent record in the Appendix to *The Days of Makemie*, published by the Presbyterian Board.

The will contains this bequest: "I give to the Rev. Samuel McMaster the sum of forty-six pounds, a mahogany desk, a bed and furniture, and a negro woman called Keziah and her children." At the death of her pastor, it became the property of Samuel McMaster, Esq., and at his vendue it disappeared, his heirs too young at the time to know its value. His son, J. T. B. McMaster, M. D., grandson of Madam Holden's pastor, remembered it well and always said he could prove the fact by his familiarity with its very peculiar secret drawers and springs. Dr. McMaster, a man of fine intelligence and prominence, had greatly assisted me in my investigations of the traditions and court records of the adjoining counties.

The whole community had known of the desk and its fame, and yet very strangely it had utterly vanished from public power to locate it. Some of us had been trying to trace it for years.

Finally, like many of my successes, I struck accidentally, as we say, upon the old desk. During a pastoral visit to one of the historic families in the country near Pocomoke City, I was telling enthusiastically of some of my late discoveries, when an old gentleman sitting in the room quietly, but intently listening, said: "All this sounds very familiar. My father knew a great deal about those old Presbyterians. Besides, I have at my house a wonderful mahogany desk which belonged to the very people you are talking about."

Of course I was aroused. He told me that he had bought the desk for two dollars and a half at Mr. Samuel McMaster's auction, and that it was no modern or ordinary piece of furniture; that all his money was in it, and that I could have the money if I could find it!

I went home with the aged gentleman and he showed me through the secrets of the concealed springs and drawers. It was such as we read about. Here the old Presbyterians of the past had hidden their gold and treasures. The owner now was this Mr. John B. White, a citizen of character and much respected.

I drove to town immediately, and took Mr. McMaster out to see the desk. On entering its presence his face brightened, recognizing it at once as known in his boyhood, and he said, "Now don't hint a word, and I will prove my acquaintance, for no one not familiar with it could ever find its secrets."

And the doctor readily opened all the hidden drawers to our delight. He was much affected by this eloquent reminder of his childhood and his ancestry. He and my court documents made the identification complete.

I said to Mr. White, "Bring it to the parsonage tomorrow, and I will give you twenty-five dollars for it—ten times what it cost you." But we had enthused too much, and the old gentleman was concluding that he owned a bonanza. His good wife said, "By all means let Mr. Bowen have it. We are Baptists, and cannot appreciate it as the Presbyterians would. Mr. Bowen's heart is in the history, and he ought to own the desk."

But it wouldn't work. Afterward I offered \$30, but he was coy. The Presbyterian Historical Society authorized me to offer \$50 for them. This I never did, for I had written a description of the ancient relic for the *Philadelphia Presbyterian* which brought some enthusiasts down from the city to see it, and they told Mr. White that it was worth \$500! Thus I had defeated my plans and hopes.

All this while Mrs. White was urging that the Presbyterian Church or myself should own it. So I kept my eye on it and waited.

In 1880 I returned to Missouri, and three years after a letter came from Mrs. White telling of the death of her husband, and saying that she wanted me to have the desk at my former offer of \$30. I was absent, and my wife hurried off the money and made me a present of the noble old landmark. It came during the winter when I was writing my memorial to Makemie, and no one but myself can estimate the joy and inspiration which it brought.

Thus through the goodness of two good women, both sainted now, Mrs. White and Mrs. Bowen, the only relic of the Father of American Presbyterianism has come into the filial care of the church which is his child and heir.

And now in denoting the desk to the seminary in the bounds of the State where Francis Makemie lived and died and lies buried, I would like for the memory of Ellen Powell Bowen to be connected with it. I give it in her name.

At Nagoya, Japan.

BY THE REV. C. K. CUMMING.

Mr. Editor—I see in a late issue of your paper an article by our Secretary of Foreign Missions, Dr. Chester, relative to our mission school here in Nagoya. A few words from one on the field on the same subject may not be amiss.

The lot on which part of the school buildings are located was leased in 1887 for a period of fifteen years, at an annual cost of \$40. In 1891, when the additional school building was erected, the original lot being too small, an adjoining lot was leased (about 30x100 feet in size) for a period of five years at the rate of \$10 per annum. The effort was made to obtain a long lease on this lot also, but without success. And when the lease expired, a renewal of the lease could be obtained for only a still shorter period—two or three years—and at a higher figure. Upon the expiration of this second lease a renewal was obtainable only on still more disadvantageous terms, so that the present lease, which was renewed at the beginning of this year, could be gotten only for only three years, and at a yearly expense of \$30 instead of \$10. And the owners strongly insisted on receiving \$45 per annum, but finally came down to \$30.

Within a little over two years the lease for the original lot will have expired, and the man has already intimated that he will want three times the amount now received; and it is not at all probable that he would again give a long lease. So that the element of uncertainty would enter very strongly into any future arrangements with him.

In view of these facts, and also in view of the fact that the prices of real estate in Nagoya are rapidly on the rise, it has seemed best to those interested in the matter here to make the effort to purchase land for our school, if we intend to continue it. And inasmuch as this Nagoya Girls' School is the only educational work that we, as a mission, are interested in now, it would be a great pity to close it.

Impressed with this idea, that we should look to the future of our work, and not be guided by a short-sighted policy in our missionary efforts here, we have communicated our views to the Foreign Mission Committee in Nashville, and we have their approval to go ahead in the matter of securing a permanent home for the school. But this will require money. Our former school buildings were erected under the exigencies of the occasion, and the strictest regard was had to economy. Our mission has never been lavish in the use of money. The mistake it has made, if there has been a mistake, is altogether in the other direction. And most assuredly this is so with regard to the moneys that have been expended for the Nagoya Girls' School. Our idea is to tear the present buildings down and erect them on a lot secured for the purpose. The sum of \$2,800 will purchase the lot that we have selected and pay for the removal of the buildings, with some improvements that should be made. The opportunity is offered any member or members of our home church to have their names forever associated with the advancement in Christian education of the girls of this island empire, by donating the above sum or a part of it for this noble purpose. We have in Japan a Ferris Seminary for girls, a Steele College for boys, and other Christian institutions that are named after persons whose liberality has prompted them to give to these institutions. Why may we not have from our Southern Church some who will follow such a noble example and thus bless others while making themselves happy?

It may not be amiss to say that, just at this time, there are being erected here in Nagoya, by a Protestant mission, school buildings for girls that are to cost \$6,000; and these figures do not include the price for the land or the home for the missionaries connected with the school. But we do not desire to spend so much on school property. We are satisfied with less costly structures, our desire being simply to have buildings that will be strong and substantial.

We trust that these words may meet the eye of some one who will become so far interested in this, our only educational work in Japan, as to cause him or her to respond to this appeal.

I may add that the Girls' School in Nagoya has been one of the most efficient evangelistic agencies that we have had here, if we judge from the results that have followed our efforts there.

Nagoya, June 9, 1900.

A Bit of Good Nature.

ANNIE WILSON.

There is nothing more refreshing, encouraging, invigorating, in this work-a-day world of worries than a bit of good nature. I saw one such picture one morning in a walk of several squares, and it helped me all day long—gave me a higher opinion of the world in general, and in some way threw a sunny glamour over everything I touched or thought of the day through.

A party of boys ahead of me were trudging to school with one hand pocketed, the other swinging on to the book-strap. "Mister, give me a ride!" they called out to a passing vehicle.

"You impertinent scamps!" I thought, glancing up to see, not a big, empty wagon, into which they might climb almost without the consciousness of driver or horses, but a gentleman's trap with slight accommodations for hangers-on at the back.

Nevertheless the gentleman turned with a pleasant smile and a cordial "All right!" and actually stopped and helped to pull the delighted little fellows up and sat on a narrow edge of his seat that the lads might crowd in behind and around him. Thus they drove off, the boys' happy faces shining out complacently on all the less lucky pedestrians, and the man himself looking as pleased as if honestly glad of their company.

There is no need to enter into the questions whether it is the proper thing for boys to beg for rides on the street or best for them to be encouraged by compliance. Most likely, as long as there are boys they will do it. The only point I make is in regard to the good-nature. That is certainly one worth making under any circumstances. Take life where you will—in the home, school, church, business—and it will be found that good-nature develops and fosters the pleasantness of life and the congenial traits of those around us as surely as sun-