

ARKANSAS METHODIST.

{ Devoted to the Interests of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Arkansas. }

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REV. JNO. H. DYE,

"Speak thou the things which become sound doctrine."

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CHRISTMAS.

Our busy, bustling world calls another halt to enter upon the festivities of another Christian holiday. This day stands alone in the calendar of the ages, and marks the greatest epoch in all history. In prophecy, as well as in fulfillment, it is the day of all days. The birthday of the greatest being who ever entered this world. The creation of the first Adam was a marvel and an astonishment to all the host of heaven. He was the first being ever made in the image of God. Neither angel or arch angel had ever possessed this high honor. All the host of heaven, as well as all the clustering glories and wonders of earth, had been made, but after none of these would God make man. There was no pattern found in heaven or earth after which to make him, and God said, "Let us make him after our own image." What higher honor could have been bestowed upon him? He was made master and ruler of the new born earth, and all things were presented to him as a bridal gift with the help meet God had provided. A bright and beautiful home was made for him, and only one law given him, and that only as a test of obedience; and nothing denied him that was in any way essential to his good. How beautiful the new born world must have been, and how very sweet must have been the hymnal of the moving spheres when all the great systems chimed in the choral strains of the orchestra of creation as the song of praise arose from Nature's tongue to Nature's God. But scarcely had the echoes died away amid the bowers of Eden, till the wail of sorrow and death was heard. The sorrowful tale of man's fall is briefly told, as the angel of the covenant would fain throw the mantle of forgiveness over a scene so sad and fraught with ruin to man. It was a dark moment, but one provided for ere man was made, and the word of promise follows right after the sentence of punishment. The serpent had done his fearful work, but his doom is pronounced. "The seed of the woman is to bruise his head." The centuries take up their line of march; but all these moving centuries are marked with the prospective light of the Star of Bethlehem, whether under patriarchal, judicial or regal form of government—all governments, as well as all the histories of our world, have only significance when we see the hands on the great clock of the world pointing to Bethlehem. The truth of a promised and coming Christ shines in all the facts of the pentateuch; the campaign of Joshua, the lives of the Judges, the gleanings of Ruth, the wars of the Kings, the tabernacle worship and temple glory, in poetic lines of pastoral song, in the bold and stirring words of Isaiah, the lamentations of Jeremiah, the visions of Ezediel, in fact the light fairly streams through the words of major and minor prophets, till the lens can contain no more, and then Malachi closes with the final word and immediately the world is startled by the cry of a strange child in the land of Palestine. It was the son of the dumb, unbelieving Zacharias and the pious Elizabeth. The little Emmaus is still pointed out to tourists in this wonderful old land where he was born. A few months and even the Roman government is moved by a still more wonderful birth. All the ages had hung their lanterns up at Bethlehem and were waiting that very night for the appearance of the long expected Messiah. He came at the very moment that Jewish type and prophecy said he would come. Judaism had hung her lights all along the stream of time for over 1500 years, and there could be no mistake. Had he come a day sooner or a day later, all would have been lost; but our God makes no mistakes. Christianity can never be harmed or

hurt by any opposition, she is too well fortified by facts and prophecy. Long expected night! How bright the stars were shining on the Judean hills, while the watching angels were looking out from the towers and turrets of glory and asking: "Watchman what of the night?" The answer is "The morning dawneth," and immediately all earth and heaven is filled with angelic bands come down to greet earth with the heavenly song, "Glory to God in the highest." "Behold we bring you good news and glad tidings of great joy." "Unto you this day is born a Saviour." Blessed tidings! The Star of Bethlehem blazes on the doom of night. Over four thousand years the world was preparing for it; over 1800 have gone by since, and to today millions multiplied will sing, "Joy to the world, the Lord has come." Christmas ought never to pass by unobserved, and it never will. Suppose the children are a little noisy and full of youthful glee, and imagine that Santa Claus has come to enrich them; let them shout, laugh and still they will learn that it is Jesus's birth-day, and many of them will make him a birth-day present if they are asked, and Jesus won't forget it either, for he loved little chille children. Don't let the older people devote the day to earthly joy and pleasure; oh no! let it be a day of great religious rejoicing. Praise God for the gift of his Son. Rejoice in the light that he brought. Do you doubt that he came? Then doubt all history and close the book, for there is no truth, either in creation or life, without this fact. The birth of Christ is the pivotal fast in all history, and the very beginning of the Christian era. We must go to Bethlehem to take all our reckonings and make all our calculations. There is no room to doubt. To-day in old Jerusalem, as well as at Bethlehem, they are celebrating this day with great pomp and parade. Christians, let your faith grow to-day. Mingle your song with the angel choir, and praise God with heart and tongue. Oh blessed Son of God! born in a Manger without any of the pageantry of earth or the distinctions of royalty; thy name is the wonder of angels and the glory of men. The name of the child of Mary has become the most potent factor in all civilization and all governments. It pioneers all thought and is the pass word to all that is good upon the earth and all that is glorious in heaven. It will soon be world wide in its influence, and ere another century passes its radiance will illuminate the world, then cometh the end, when the Son of Joseph will be the universal king, and all the nations will crown him Lord of all. May all the readers of this article have a part in that universal song of triumph that will greet him on his second coming to claim the kingdoms promised him by his father when he undertook the worlds redemption, and then indeed peace will be to all people and joy will possess every soul. Eighteen hundred and eighty-four years ago, the wail of the new born Redeemer was heard among the bleating sheep and lowing cattle in Bethlehem; stable today, thousands of bells from St. Peter's, in the old Seven Hilled City of Rome, to the newly made chapel on the pickett line of our advancing host in heathen lands, proclaim from their iron tongues, in eloquent tones, that the Messiah reigns. A happy Christmas to all the readers of the ARKANSAS METHODIST.

"Bedilgent! never be unemployed!" How very wise are these directions! How terrible is a loafing preacher! Going from one house to another to indulge in small talk, or sit around, chew and smoke, and lounge away precious hours of God-given time. Preachers, put in all your time in either doing or preparing to do good.

Christmas Greetings.

It is customary for all first-class papers to take a week of Christmas holiday, but as we desire to be an example to the brethren we will not omit altogether, but as a half loaf is better than none, we will send out a half sheet, and with the beginning of the New Year we will appear in our usual form loaded to the guards with the latest and the best. Now is your time to subscribe for a first-class weekly—\$1.50 per year. How many will send us their names for the next year with \$1.50 in advance? Remember this is the organ for all of the Arkansas Conferences, and Memphis, our Alma Mater, gave us a ringing endorsement. We want several hundred to begin the new year with us. Will not every one of our preachers try to send us at least one subscriber by January 1st. Send this New Year's gift to your hard working brethren. Let every preacher get one of our premiums. Let no body fail. We must have 5,000 subscribers by January 1, 1886, then we can give you a paper as large as the South-Western, and not in crease our price. Help brethren. D. & W.

Our Minutes.

Our brethren of the Little Rock, as well as our dear brethren of the White River Conference, must bear with us in our delay in bringing out the Conference Minutes. We desire to do a good job, and we do not wish to entangle ourselves in debt. Of the White River we can say they are all ready for the press, and the Little Rock soon will be; but we must have a good many more subscribed for in the Little Rock Conference, and our brethren must determine another question: We can bring them out and furnish them to the preachers at 50cts per copy, the same size they were last year; but if I am to put in the short sketches of the lives of our preachers, and a sketch of our Conference, then they will cost, I suppose, from 7 to 8 cents per copy, and can easily be sold at 10cts. What shall I do? Stick to the size of the last year at 5cts, or enlarge at 8 or 7? Will every preacher write me a postal and give his decision on this question, and increase your number. Do so, if you please, and at once.

A. R. WINFIELD.

Complimentary.

We have noticed in the Press-Eagle, of Pine Bluff, a very fine serial written by one of the gifted daughters of that city. It is a real gem. We congratulate our friend, Murray, that he is able to secure such a pen, and has the ability to furnish the readers of his most excellent paper with the product of such a gifted pen. The authoress has a brilliant future before here. We congratulate her on the success already achieved, and predict greater things for her in the near future. SENIOR.

"Bear the infirmities of the weak." Oh, me! how many weak there are. Weak in body, weak in mind, weak in spirit, weak in faith, weak in all ability to good, but many of these weak ones are powerful to talk about others, and prevent them from doing good.

Notice.

Will our brethren of all the Conferences please be careful in writing to us, either on business or for our columns, to put on postage enough to carry their letters and not have them held for more. We cannot afford this extra postage, and besides it causes much delay. Please pay attention to this and don't delay us in our business and burden us with unnecessary expense.

DYE & WINFIELD.

Field Notes.

OLD SANTA CLAUS BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

The pilot of this pen has often read and heard of "poundings," but never knew, until recently, how loud it would make one smile to witness such a pleasing sight.

We had just moved home, and, after a toilsome day's work of fixing up, had retired early. We had not been in bed long before we heard the sound of something in our kitchen, and it appeared to us like the sound of old Santa putting good things on our destitute table. And as we were taught from childhood to be quite when old Santa was about, we remembered the lesson and were governed accordingly. But we were so thankful that we forgot ourselves, just as Santa was leaving, and shouted: "We appreciate this in the fullest extent."

Like children on Christmas morning, we were soon prying into the bundles which old Santa brought. After summing all up, we found that old Santa had given us forty-seven articles of food, etc., and enough of some things to do us a year (one of these being coffee.) On the following morning we learned that old Santa proved to be a company of the leading men of Paris. Such treatment encourages us very much, hence we start out with new vim. May God bless the good people of Paris and put it into the hearts of others to go and do likewise. BENJ. C. MATTHEWS.

Dr. Withers writes: "I have tried for years to reach my new work the first Sunday after Conference. I was at Hot Springs on time. Leaving Little Rock Tuesday after Conference adjourned, ran down to Monticello, paying a brief visit to relations and to solemnize the rites of matrimony between Rev. Moses B. Hill, of the Little Rock Conference, and Miss Emma Lambert. Now the young missionary is ready for China work. May God's blessings rest on the young and devoted couple.

While in that commnity the sad intelligence of the death of Col. Trippe, of Trippe's Station, reached me. He was an old and honored member of the Church, long a leading Steward—a member of the somewhat celebrated McGee family.

Arriving at Hot Springs Saturday after Conference, found a good welcome, and a fine audience. Monday left for Hope to gather up the fragments preparatory to removal. It rains. The clouds, low and black, hang over three long days sobbing and weeping without rest or interlude. But appointments are made and work must go on. Every thing is pell mell. Saws, hammers, boxes, ropes, twine, find lively exercise, and all hands are busy. But the end comes. Goods are in the depot, marked, tagged and ready. Now all set in the coach ready for the first real rest in three days. And still it rains. Five hours run, and we touch the platform in the great city of health, when behold! there is Hetchkiss Shippy, Sammons, Parker, Stewards, waiting to receive us. A walk of one block under the umbrellas of friends, and the nice, new parsonage; wherein never mortal lived, is reached; brilliantly lighted and filled with ladies and gentlemen, who have already laid the carpets, heated the stoves, arranged furniture, cooked the supper, spread the table, filled the cupboard and store room with flour, hams, vegetables, coffee, sugar, and canned goods. A royal welcome, a hearty supper, good cheer, and the company leave us to the rest of comfortable rooms and warm beds. To the ladies we are specially indebted for this genuine and agreeable surprise."

Rev. J. C. Carter writes: "I have reached my new field of labor, and

find already that I have plenty of work to do. So much that I feel without the grace of God I cannot accomplish it; yet I trust in him, and pray that with his assistance I may succeed. I will write you occasionally and try also to send you some subscribers."

Rev. W. D. Matthews, P. E., of Dardanelle District, sends a note of greeting. Our brother has left his former home in Atkins and removed to Dardanelle into the district parsonage. That sounds well, and our brother is well off. Atkins loses by this, but Dardanelle gains. Several other brethren write of grand receptions, poundings &c., but they will have to go over for the New Year. These editors get poundings, too, but they are sharp postals and heavy letters. But how hard they hit and how sharply they stick! But we had one good one; yes, two—one said he had as soon do without his tobacco as the ARKANSAS METHODIST, and the sweetest little girl in Arkansas, a V to buy this editor a hat. The former settles the question that no paper can compete with the ARKANSAS METHODIST, and the other furnished a new hat for the triumphant editor. All right. All we need now is a few turkeys and such like for Christmas. Send on, my friends, send on.

OBITUARIES.

John Stansbury was born in East Jersey, Dec. 25, 1795—died in Batavia, Iowa, Nov. 14, 1884, at the ripe age of 89.

He was converted and joined the M. E. Church in his early life, and remained a faithful member till he was called to the Church above. He was twice married—first to Miss Nancy Stucker, who was soon taken from him. His second wife was Miss Esther Price, and the marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Calvin Ruter, October 14, 1830. Soon after his conversion he established a family altar, and it was always kept up with the fires burning. For 64 years he was an active and faithful member of the Church, and held the offices of exhorter, steward and class-leader. He was faithful in exhortation for 50 years. He was the father of twenty children, seventeen of whom were raised. His home was truly a Christian one, and the weary itinerant was every welcome under his shelter and at his board. A noble true and faithful man while on earth, and now he is with the sanctified in heaven. May we all meet him in the home of God. W. W. S.

Mrs. Gertrude McMillin, nee Buchanan, daughter of Wm. A. and Sarah C. Buchanan, and neice of S. C. and M. A. Buchanan, was born at Camden, May 10, 1849. Both of her parents passed away in her early life, leaving her an orphan. She was taken into the family of her Uncle, S. C., and raised with his children, and never knew the real stings of orphanage. She professed religion when quite young and joined the M. E. Church, south, of which she remained a member till called to the Church above. She was a sweet, bright child, and grew up to be a lovely woman. She was married to Mr. T. P. McMillin, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, September 25, 1872—moved to Nashville in 1882. They were blessed with six children. One had gone on before her to await her arrival and announce her coming. She was a true Christian wife and mother and filled both stations with Christian propriety and a fixed determination to have an entire family in heaven. She fell asleep in Jesus Dec. 6, 1884, and will wake when the last trumpet sounds to be a saint in heaven. A. R. W.

To the Members of the Little Rock Conference.

BRETHREN:—The Centenary Committee were continued by order of Conference. The time is short for work. We entreat you to present this claim to your people. If they do not give it is not your fault; if you do not present the claim the fault is yours. Don't fear nor lag. Present the claim. Lay hold of the Christmas facilities, press them into the service of Centennial Methodism. H. R. WITHERS, Ch'm.