

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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General News.

Soudan.

The whole civilized world has been greatly excited by the reported fall of Khartoum and the capture and killing of Gen. Gordon, and still the news is uncertain and the excitement runs high. Gen. Wolseley sends a dispatch to Korti, which was transmitted to Cairo and then dispatched to London, giving his belief of the facts as reported, and leaves but little doubt of the fact that Khartoum has at last fallen into the hands of the Arab mob and the brave, noble and chivalrous Gen. Gordon butchered by the rebel horde. Sad fate of one of earth's noblest sons.

England.

The excitement is intense in the old world, and the whole of Her Majesty's government is filled with the spirit of war. A few millions of dollars taken from British merchants is likely to cost many millions to both governments and thousands of valuable lives. A countryman of ours offers to solve the problem of the ascent of the Nile with Tin-Clads, and with our easily-made stern-wheel steamers, carrying a thousand men and 150 horses, lined with tin, to go over the rapids and mount cascades till the very heart of the enemy's land is reached. His name is Capt. Silas O. Hemenway, of Mississippi, and he is strongly endorsed by Generals Grant and Sheridan. We guess he can go, for one thing we do know, that they went, in 1863-4, wherever they wanted to, and kept going. Gen. Wolseley sends another dispatch to London, confirming the fall of Khartoum and the killing of Gen. Gordon. Warlike preparations are the order of the day, and everything indicates great activity; but, alas! too late for the relief of the great commander, General Gordon.

Franco-Chinese War.

The French seem to be indulging in a campaign of masterly inactivity. Only a few unimportant places have been taken and the mis-named war drags its weary length along. It will require thousands of men and millions of money to ever conquer the 400,000,000 of Celestials. And then comes the question, "Cui bono?"

Our Own Country.

The New Orleans Exposition grows upon the people every day, and is becoming one of the most wonderful and attractive exhibitions ever had in this country, and one that is likely to do more to bring forward the great resources of the South and of the great Cotton Belt than anything ever done or any meeting ever held on this continent. The only question concerning it, or the only trouble in connection with it, is the vast amount of money already expended, and the cry is for more. Ours is an extravagant people, and they rush into it in everything they touch. An extra session of congress is among the possibilities, if not the probabilities, of the near future. Tricky politicians (and the country is full of them) are maneuvering for it, and it is more than likely they will succeed. The Appropriation bills are delayed on purpose, and other public business, so as to render it almost an absolute necessity to have a called session. The air is still full of rumors as to who will compose the next cabinet, and Washington society is on the "qui vive" as to what will be done and what they will wear at the inauguration and reception. The latest agony in fashionable circles there is a formed dude of the Western type, affecting English manners and brogue to the disgust of all sensible people, but almost crazing the society girls. Every little second-class city in the whole country (Little Rock included) is trying to imitate the Capital, and the Capital is in full chase after voluptuous and volatile Paris. The reports of our city dailies of society news and society, as well as society dress, is simply disgusting. But Lent is here and we will have a little rest. "So mote it be."

State News.

Our legislature is moving on slowly but surely. The Industrial University is exciting much investigation and likely to create much attention. Gen. Hill, the former president, gave an awful exposure of the inwardness of the school and the management of the Board of Trustees. It is fearful, and, if true, the Trustees certainly deserve much censure, and some of the faculty should not go free. A committee has been ordered upon the work of investigation, and we hope they will probe things to the bottom. Our people have a right to know all about a University where so much of the State's money is being expended. The senate has had a lively fight over the Article of the Constitution requiring the legislature to pass a law forbidding any railroad to issue free passes to any officer of the State government and forbidding their acceptance of any such passes. The only question involved is this: Will this legislature do what other legislatures have refused to do, but what the Constitution says they shall do; or, in other words, will the legislature obey the Constitution as they have sworn to do? This may seem to be a very childish and foolish affair to our wise cotemporary, the Gazette, and about equal in their view with taking a free drink or a free ride, but to a sober, reflecting man like Hon J. M. Smith it is a matter of conscience, and should be to every other senator. The Constitution is plain, will the legislature carry it out? The convention of 1874 was composed of the picked men of Arkansas, and they would be guilty of no foolishness or child's play. These men are paid enough and have no right to ride on free passes and charge the State mileage.

Our House of Representatives has added fresh laurels to its brow. The bill to repeal the Local Option law failed of a single vote, and they would not allow the bill to repeal the Three-Mile law to be read the second time. We say, Three cheers for Arkansas! We are ahead of all of the States in the Union, and these apostles of Woman's Suffrage and other foolish things had better go back and civilize Cincinnati, Boston, Chicago and New York. Some little dread that there will be some trifling with railroads before the close, but we hope not. Let the railroads alone and they will regulate each other, and they are certainly taxed enough in all conscience. We know of no other general legislations to report and our paper is too small to report all the special legislation.

Our Solons have before them various bills to fund the State debt, to protect our lumber interest, to regulate railroads and tax them beyond endurance, and it would be exceedingly difficult to report all the bills that are now in the Senate and House to amend Mansfield's Digest. Poor Gantt's has at last faded from view and is finally numbered with the things that were. No one denies the right of the State to regulate and tax railroads, but the exercise of that right is another question. They are already taxed to the utmost cent they can bear, and to undertake to regulate before they are built is a suicidal policy; besides, men with free passes in their pockets are not the men to regulate. They had better obey the Constitution themselves before undertaking to enforce railroads to constitutional limits and guarantees.

Hon. Carl Schurz has favored our capital with a visit, and lectured to a large audience on a national problem. We judge from the report of the daily press (for we were too tired and too poor to hear him) that the problem was the same old plebian humbug of an educated constituency and intelligent franchise. We think we could have given him a better problem to solve, to-wit: How long will this government stand, when it is spending more money for lager beer than for either schools or churches? We are rather tired of these foreign apostles of freedom and morality. They bode no good.

Field Notes.

We begin this week by giving the place of honor to one of our old-time field hands, whom many well remember in South Arkansas. Rev. Burtain Williams has made tracks from Little Rock to the Mississippi river, and away down to the Louisiana line, and now he is working up on the old Arkansas river on the Charleston circuit. He shall speak for himself:

"We are making our third round on this circuit. The weather has been unusually cold for this country, but so far we have tried to keep up appearances and our people seem hopeful. We long for more sunshine, less mud, and spring weather. I got a fall over two weeks ago on the ice or frozen ground. I thought at the time it would be serious, but with kind treatment by Dr. Burt and good nursing, I came off much better than I expected. So I am up again filling my work. My knee, however, is not well yet. We have made more improvements on the parsonage since conference. We have added another room which is a great convenience, used as a kitchen or cook room. Last year we had a new roof, two coats of paint, inside and out, with a new front to the main building. So the preacher's home presents something like a respectable appearance now. The best of all, however, so far as we know, we have been well received and cared for. Our people though not wealthy, are as kind as can be found anywhere. We feel very much at home among them, if we should happen to be in want of anything, they expect us to say so, and the want is met at once. Well, I suppose I might say We are doing well; we have plenty to eat, milk and butter in rich effusion, plenty of hay, shucks and cotton seed, that is what makes so much milk and butter, and as Patrick remarked, "Faith, and I am sure our estate is worth the price of a cow." I would be glad to have the ARKANSAS METHODIST in every family of my charge. I know it would be more to my advantage than the cost of the paper, to say nothing of the benefit realized by its readers. Well, you say, why not carry out your program. Wish we could and will try. I am glad that the centenary of Methodism is over. I think we have had glorification enough and ecumenical and centenary conferences sufficient for the glorification of all the distinguished and great men of our church; true, it is a privilege to enjoy membership in the M. E. C. South, but still greater to be reckoned among its honored and highly-favored ministry. I am glad we have such deserving ones in our ranks."

Sorry our old-time friend got tired of the great centennial. This editor only regrets that Arkansas did so very little.

Next comes our earnest brother on Hampton circuit. Our brother Sturges is a field-hand worthy to be trusted, and he never fails to do good work:

"I saw some extracts from your sermon preached in your new chapel, and was led to think indeed, "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform"

and to pray that he may wholly subdue the desires of those men's long unrestrained passions and through you as his instrument drive from their hearts his enemy and there, and that Jesus may be enthroned therein to reign over them. O, that He may cause you to triumph gloriously." The door has been opened to you, and I know you will enter it, and with the armor of God, the bright, glowing shield of faith and the word of the spirit, he will lead you to "conquest, and to victory." Go on, brave soldier of the Lord, the prayers of your brothers and sons in the gospel are lifted to God; daily for the suc-

cess of your mission, but 'best of all, God is with you.' and hence your success is sure. I am working for the METHODIST, and shall feel richly rewarded if I can introduce it into every house on my circuit. All who like it, as far as I know, are well-pleased. And during the week have found it highly complimented by two sisters of sure piety and ability. Hope you will pardon me for trespassing on your time.

Here is one from a subscriber and a brother away up in New Jersey. He is a true man:

"Although your paper is an advocate of the church south your subscriber is identified with the church north, still I see no difference in sentiment from a spiritual standpoint, and I see that we are one on the temperance question, that is on the complete extermination of the rum traffic, the secular press may oppose you in this direction but Providence will bring you out conqueror in the end."

Next comes one of our new hands. He has just commenced, and is in one of our best places. See how happy a good worker can be in one of the very hard fields:

"There has been something about the grand old hills of Garland county, ever since I arrived here in December, that make me admire them. But on the 17th inst, after enjoying a delightful visit of two days duration in the "bonnie glen" I drew on my "great coat" ear-muffs and gloves, mounted my horse and started for my appointments six miles distant. The road led down a charming brook which wound its way merrily along the base of one of these monuments of God's creative power. The mountains rising to an imposing height, dressed in the emblem of purity. The great rocks standing out in wonderful tiers, the pines decked in changeless green, the oaks trimmed with silvery wreaths, glistening in the sunlight. The murmuring streams below ornamented with millions of icicles, hanging on the twigs along its bank, all conspired to form a picture as it were, as indescribably beautifully as Our Father's "Great White Throne." Though the wind was very cold and piercing indeed I was constrained to stop and gaze with wonder, reverence and gratitude upon the scene, and left it more determined to reach that land of CHANGELESS grandeur beyond. I am on my second round, have preached only seven times owing partly to severe rain and partly to not having houses of worship suitable for the extreme cold. I have gone to every appointment, however, and have visited forty families and found a goodly numbers warm-hearted Methodists have not canvassed very much for your "indispensable" but have taken orders tolerably easy where I have shown them, and explained how absolutely absurd it is to think of doing without it. Hope to send you a long list soon with cash.

J. W. F. SCOTT."

And here is another from one of the best-hearted preachers that ever lived. This note came just in time to cheer us in a dark hour:

"I have not been well this year or you should have heard from me sooner. Please find enclosed two years' subscription to the ARKANSAS METHODIST for myself. You may know that I am well-pleased with your paper to pay two years at a time for, it but it is worth advancing for. You have gone beyond my best expectations and please allow me to congratulate you upon your assured success. Sincerely yours,
BENJAMIN MCGEEHE."

Now that has the right ring. How such a note does help a poor and needy editor and a troubled manager. Ah, life always has its bright spots.

And now we will close the week's work with one from Rev. E. N. Evans pastor of Spring street in this city. He is moving off grandly, and his people appreciate him:

"I have held my peace till forbearance is no longer tolerable. When I had by the kindness of the stewarts, rented a house and made arrangements for Mrs. Evans I left all and went to move her in the new home. On our arrival I found that some person had been in my house and frustrated all my plans by spreading carpets all over the floors, shutting out the light by hanging curtains over the windows, and setting the kitchen in order. They disappeared before our arrival, leaving Bros. Counts and Troy to inform us that no harm was meant. All this I passed over without a word, but last night they came, —the people came—men, women, boys and girls—all came. I saw at once that they meant no harm so we set ourselves in shape to receive company, but soon all the chairs were occupied, and still they came, on foot, in buggies, and street cars, from north, east, south and west and each one had basket, box or paper-bag. They sang, laughed and talked, making the parsonage quite merry, in spite of our embarrassing manner of entertaining them. Some sat down, some stood up, while others walked around. After which they all went away, and we took a light and went about to find what they had left. You would be surprised—almost everything from an apple to a sack of flour—coffee, tea, sugar, eggs, can fruits, nuts, jellies, etc., dry goods, towels table and bed linen. Time and space forbid further particulars. Take it as a whole and they call it a 'pounding' Well, I have seen a few men get a pounding, but this is my first, at least of this kind. The parsonage is quiet this evening and contains two grateful souls who have reconsecrated their lives to God and mean to pay in diligent work the kindness of these good people."

Here our readers will take a rest, and all the field hands will make a grand rally for the paper next week.

Personal.

Bishop Wilson is reported as rapidly recuperating in our famous Valley of Hot Water. He was announced to preach on last Sabbath. We hope he may be speedily and permanently restored.

Rev. G. W. Matthews writes us a cheering and hopeful letter from Tuplip. He is at work among old friends on the New Edinburgh circuit, and meets everywhere a warm reception. Difficulties are vanishing before this earnest itinerant, and with the blessing of God he will come up with a fine report.

Rev. J. L. Massey is moving off in a grand style at the good old town of Clarksville, and he is just pouring in the subscribers on us. Many, many, many thanks, dear brother, and may your example stir up many more to good work.

Rev. H. B. McNeil, another Arkansas boy is heard from this week and from this work. He reports well from his new field in Missouri. We wish him abundant success, but sorry that good Tennessee wife did not take to Arkansas. "Non disputandum de gustibus." Write again.

Rev. J. M. Clark, P. E. of Helena district, is doing a fine work. Six subscribers at one time from Wheatley, and another good letter brightened by a new ten-dollar bill. Come, again, brother.

Rev. A. Hunter, D. D., called this week and brought us a renewal, and promptly paid for his minutes.

Our Junior, after a severe spell, is again at the post of duty, and every iron in this shop will be kept red-hot from this on.