

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.

The Closing Flood of 1884—Our Country—Our Paper.

It would be an exceedingly difficult task to write up general news this, the 29th day of December, 1884. The trains are all stopped, the wires are down, and we are shut out from this great world for a short time. Even the "Great Religious Daily" of St. Louis has failed to make its appearance. But we can assure our readers that there is nothing abroad to excite or alarm us in this great country of ours. It is true that the great diplomat, Bismarck, is making some very strange and remarkable moves on the chess board of the nations, and seems disposed, if possible, to inveigle the Premier of England, Mr. Gladstone, into a difficulty of some sort, and to humble old Albion in the sight of the nations. It is barely possible that the great German will do either. The Franco-Chinese war moves with a masterly inactivity, and Egyptian affairs are no better. The flood of the dying days of 1884 will astonish that remarkable being called the "oldest inhabitant." It has rained for over 48 hours incessantly, and the heavens are still draped in mourning clouds, and seems disposed still to weep many more tears. Our country is remarkably quiet. The old party is preparing to move out, and the new one or rather another old one remodelled, is preparing to move in. No great excitement, but the work of preparation goes bravely on. The army of office-seekers is increasing rapidly and the prospect is anything but inviting for the President elect; but he is a man of remarkable physical powers of endurance, and may go through all right. But, my readers, we can safely trust all these interests to the "powers that be," and we will have a New Years talk concerning "Our paper." Now we know there is some danger of surfeiting you by so many references to the ARKANSAS METHODIST, but you must bear with us 'till we are out on a smooth sea, and then we will promise you that you shall not be wearied with either duns or calls for subs. We write now to silence objections. First—It is said that we do not furnish enough reading matter, and that we carry too many advertisements. Let us state a few facts. Our paper has forty columns, with an average of twenty-four full columns of good reading matter—and our subscription price is \$1.50 per year. We have now probably 3,000 subscribers—one half of whom will pay full price, making \$2,250. One-third of the rest \$1, making \$500, the other thousand will probably, after deducting exchanges, dead heads, &c., pay \$500 more. That is to say we cannot rely on our subscription for over \$3,250. Our expenses are \$200 per month. Our paper was purchased in debt, and over two-thirds of the subscribers to it had already paid. Brother Dye and myself are both on missions, neither of which, after counting appropriations, will reach \$500. Do you see anything like a gold mine in sight. Besides this we are furnishing our readers from twenty-two to twenty-five columns of reading matter every week. Many of our advertisements which we took with the paper were like the subscribers, either paid up or dead heads, and we had to make the paper live, and up to this good day neither of us have drawn one cent; but we have put in many one, and no mistake. Brethren, we are doing our best to make you a lively, useful christian paper, and if you will help us, success is certain. Please don't help the people to complain at us. When out of debt we will do better. Some complain of our mention of the paper in our "Field Notes." Well, Well! We really thought that was funny, but the stones hit the frogs and the fun was all on our side. All right, we will be more particular in future. Write us plainly and kindly of what you think wrong and we will receive it in the same spirit, and be assured that our great aim is to make a family paper second to none, and that will be welcome in every home in Arkansas.

State News.

Christmas has again dawned upon the world, and every man, woman and child has spent it according to their various tastes as far as their means and circumstances would allow. Much shooting of small arms—city full of small boys with fire-crackers, and larger ones with torpedoes; Christmas trees and Christmas dinners, and such like, have had their usual run! Some of the churches celebrated the Master's birth-day with song, prayer, praise, and real religious devotion; but alas, too many neglected it. Too cold for church in the morning, but everybody out at night that is to Christmas frolics. When will the world learn that the most appropriate way to celebrate Christ's birth-day is with religious worship? The very idea of a man getting drunk on Christmas is revolting to our sensibilities. How much better is it for christians to drink egg-nogg or to give the day to revelry. But we are glad there were no great crimes committed in Little Rock—our train robbery will do for a season, at least.

Fires have been fearfully common in the last few weeks, and the following towns have suffered: Morrilton, Newport, Hope and Alma.

Our Legislature will convene on the second Monday in January, at 12, M. Lieut. Governor B. T. Embry will call the Senate to order, and Hon. Thos. Newton, the old clerk, will open the House. Several gentlemen are mentioned as probable candidates for President of the Senate, and several for Speaker of the House. Among the former, we may mention Hon. B. T. Embry, Hon. J. W. Slayton, Hon. Mr. Weaver and Hon. J. R. Thornton. For the latter, Hon. Geo. Thornburg, Hon. J. M. Hewitt and Hon. J. P. Eagle. Arkansas will be represented by any of them, and either one will make a first-class presiding officer.

We hear many names mentioned for the different offices to be filled. Of course Hon. Jno Holland will be a candidate for Secretary of the Senate; Mr. Dunbar Pope of this city, is a candidate for Journal Clerk, and Revs. Early and Matthews are mentioned for Chaplain of the Senate, with others; and in the House, Watson, Jeffett and J. L. Hays are mentioned. Our old friend, S. C. Buchanan, wants to be door keeper, and we feel certain no more worthy man will offer. We hear of no name being mentioned for Clerk of the House. Our lady friends will have a jolly race in both houses, and the chances are that Miss Fannie Ashley and Mrs Gannt will be elected in the Senate, and that Miss Brown, of Eldorado, and Mrs. Reid of Morrilton, will be in the House.

We have no special axe to grind before either body—but would simply ask that our temperance laws be let alone, and that our Legislature rise above all other considerations of economy, and make liberal appropriations to improve the Blind and Deaf Institute, and make a liberal appropriation to help the Hospital of this city. Little Rock is absolutely supporting the poor of the State. We call the attention of our General Assembly to this.

Once more. Do not fail to make a liberal appropriation for a chaplain to the Penitentiary. It must be done. We cannot afford to keep these criminals in durance vile, and then return them worse in morals than they come. We call attention to this, also.

Hon. S. P. Hughes will soon be installed Governor, and no State ever had a better one.

Hon. J. K. Jones is on a visit to his home to take Christmas. His name, we understand, will be before the General Assembly for U. S. Senator. He is a man of ability.

Personal.

Dr. J. G. Johns has resigned the editorship of the Texas Christian Advocate, and Rev. G. W. Briggs has been elected to fill the vacancy.

Rev. Morgan Calloway, D. D., has resigned the presidency of Paine Institute, (col.) and returned to Emory College. We know there was rejoicing at Oxford.

Rev. C. Pope, formerly of our Conference, but now the popular pastor of St. James, in Augusta, Ga., furnishes our readers a rare treat in the way of a racy letter. No danger of your entering our waste basket, my friend, you are entirely too long for that institution. It is only three, and you are six feet high. Please write again. You have a host of friends in Arkansas.

Rev. L. G. Johnson furnishes a fine letter, and he is coming home, the old red hills of Georgia could not tempt him. That is right, Luke, my beloved.

Rev. G. T. Weaver pastor of the M. E. Church of this city, gave us a very pleasant call the past week. Sorry we could not accept his kind invitation to the Caatata of Santa Claus. We learned that it was very fine.

Mr. Jno. P. Lowry, formerly connected with this paper, gave us a friendly visit this week. We were out to see the Christmas Tree of his Sunday-school. It was quite handsome, and the children had a gay time.

Mr. John W. Paulett, the great school book man, of Knoxville, Tenn., has been in our city, and honored us with a call. He was accompanied by Prof. Smith, Supt. of Public Schools in Jackson, Tenn.

Rev. S. Cornelius, D. D., honored our sanctum with his presence. Glad to see you. Call again, doctor.

Rev. A. Hunter, D. D., has returned from the Centennial, and speaks for himself in this weeks issue. Thank you doctor. Our readers will hear from him again next week.

Rev. E. N. Evans has entered on his work at our old charge, Spring Street, with great earnestness, and we think his people are much pleased.

Rev. J. F. Jernigan is simply out-doing himself on his old circuit; and that is saying a great deal. Very few can keep up with him.

Rev. A. R. Kennedy, the popular pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, called, and then left us to minister to his people. Nice church and clever people.

Rev. Dr. D. R. McAnally, one of the editors of the St. Louis Advocate, was a delegate to the Centenary Conference. He was one of the old guard. By-the-way, Doctor, how did you happen to let that body so far forget itself as to pass a resolution asking the New Orleans Exposition to close up on Sunday. Why Doctor! we are astonished at you. Were you nodding.

Rev. E. A. Garrison gives us a cheery letter and seems in the highest glee, but he speaks of the Searcy, P. E. as "Multum im parvo." Then we suppose the Searcy P. C. is "Parvo in Multum." How did you find out that David was a small man? His tomb in the Coenaculum in Jerusalem, don't indicate it. We thought Zachous was the small brother. Try again, Garrison.

Our Junior is either water-bound or home-bound in Searcy—and we guess he is in no hurry for the waters to fall.

Rev. Dr. Lafferty gives notice that the old Richmond Advocate is reduced to \$2.20 per ye; and ours only \$1.50—still ahead.

Field Notes.

The sad intelligence reaches us through Dr. Hunter, of the death of another pioneer of Arkansas—Thomas Hudson, of Dallas county. Uncle Tommy, as he was familiarly known, was one of our noted and remarkable men. Many of our preachers will shed tears over this notice. Dr. Hunter will comply with the request of the family and prepare an obituary very soon.

Rev. R. P. Wilson writes: "Don't get 'mad' at me, and say I am a slothful servant; I love you both, and know the ARKANSAS METHODIST is absolutely indispensable to the Methodist church of Arkansas, and is calculated to do our people more good than any other paper in the Church—Christian Advocate not excepted. The editorials of the METHODIST are bold and fearless, and are just what our people need—the unvarnished truth, plain and pointed. Any paper deserves success that comes right to the front, fights the devil face to face. I felt like I wanted to say amen to your notice of Dr. Talmage's ministerial menagerie. I guess Bishop Hargrove thinks you have seen bishops in Arkansas before this, A. D. 1884. Dear Editors, I am not a news-paper correspondent—have no such aspirations—hence I am not afraid of all the wastebaskets in the universe; so you may feel sure there is one preacher who will never fall out with you, because his 'learned' communications are not published, for his lordship never writes that kind. I wish you great success and much happiness." We thank our brother most heartily for these kind and encouraging words. No, my dear brother, we never write you down as either slothful or indifferent. We know you too well. We will take any subscribers you may recommend, and we know you will do good work and much of it.

Rev. J. F. Jernigan is back again at Wittsburg, and commences his year's work with many subscribers to our paper, and has many good things to say. We know he will get some of our valuable books, and we hope he will excite many to imitate him.

Rev. E. A. Garrison writes thus cheerily: "I have just returned from Searcy (my new pastorate) was received most cordially. I find it best to follow a pastor that all love than one the reverse. My predecessor, Bro. Jeffett, had been with us but one year, every one desired his return to Searcy; but that charge, being composed of Methodists, bowed to the 'powers that be,' and though surprised to lose Bro. J., they follow him with their prayers and have opened their hearts and homes to their new pastor in charge. At Augusta Bro. Blackwood has entered upon his work with his usual zeal, and that good people have rallied to him, and I predict a most pleasant and prosperous year. The pastors and charges rejoice in having Bro. Jeffett as our P. E., 'tis true he is small, (so was David) but we already see in our P. E. 'multum in parvo.' Our retiring P. E., Bro. Dye, we say, God bless him. May he, with his Senior, and fifty thousand Methodists, make our paper the peer of any Christian sheet in our Sunny South."

We now present a splendid letter from Rev. L. G. Johnson: "After a pleasant journey of short duration, I arrived in the city of Atlanta in time to meet the brethren of my old Conference, it being in session at that time. Bro. V. V. Harlan, of the Arkansas Conference, was my agreeable traveling companion. He, too, is a 'Georgia boy,' like myself. We found Bishop Granbery in the chair. Here marked that the whole of the Conference of the Pacific slope put together was not as large a body as this. It is indeed a grand body of men, and 'tis but natural I should think so. But I am free to say, that notwithstanding the old landmarks of Georgia Methodism are here—the Evans', Borings,

Branhams, Pierces, and others, our Conference compares favorably with it or any other in talent, as well as personal appearance. I did not have a favorable opportunity of taking in the session, on account of nearness to my old home, and meeting with two of my brothers. The night before we left was a grand time in that young giant of a city, for Georgia's sons were out by the thousands to a grand torch-light procession in honor of Grover Cleveland. Messrs. Hensel and Randall, two of Pennsylvania's illustrious sons, delivered orations to the multitudes that did justice to their reputations. I forbear to say more of Atlanta than has been said, for to realize what Atlanta is, commercially, religiously, or in beauty, one would have to see it. I will close by remarking that some of our churches there cost \$75,000. If McKendree surpasses either First Methodist or Trinity, 'tis very little. The prominent business men of the city are among our members. Boarding the fast mail at 8 o'clock Saturday evening, in company with my two brothers, we were at home by 8, the same evening, a distance of 180 miles. I cannot describe my feelings as I neared the spot that gave me birth. What changes had taken place in 3 years! The road along which I played to school and church cultivated in cotton, and the face of the country generally changed. It was not long before I went into the room in which I was born, and as the home folks were not expecting us until after the close of Conference in Atlanta, you may well imagine how agreeably surprised they all were to see us. I went to church on Sunday and was hardly recognized by several men who had known me from my infancy. The young people had grown almost out of my knowledge. I shall never forget how I felt when viewing the congregation from the pulpit. Before me were—the aged, who were here when I was converted, and children I had carried in my arms, tho' now grown very much. 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, oh Lord God of Hosts.' A meeting with the fathers, mothers and boyhood companions around the altar where I was converted, was one of the rarest of life. But no rose without its thorn, no sweet without its bitter, nor even the sun without the cloud! Where are those dear ones whose seats are now empty before me, and seem to speak to me as I think of those who once occupied them? The tribute of tears dropped over new-made mounds, answers in solemn tones—death—and thank God, Heaven! Indeed, "As for man his days are as grass," springing up so quickly, and gone so soon. I enjoyed a baptismal service this morning very much—baptized my brothers three little boys. Father, mother, brothers and sisters all present. We all felt blessed. The country looks very poor. I can be better satisfied now in Arkansas than ever. Like our forests, and new country better than these old red hills. Nothing but consideration for my aged parents would ever induce my return to this country. Arkansas will do for me, Doctor. I love her people; and her preachers, especially. I have not heard a word yet from our Conference in Little Rock, since leaving, except that I am changed to Amity circuit. That is all right. They are a people of good report. I hope and pray my people of Gurdon will do better by the change. I love them, and never expect to find a people who will love me better. I will be back by January 1st to do my best for 1885. Pardon my lengthy letter. L. G. JOHNSON.

Of course you would not think of staying away from Arkansas, and of course Little Rock Conference is up with any of them, and then the Arkansas and White River are not a whit behind the Little Rock, and the ARKANSAS METHODIST ahead of all. Come on home, my son.