

CHILD'S INDEX.

VOL. I.

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NO. 1.

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WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

THE MARTYR'S TREE.



We present to the young readers of the CHILD'S INDEX a picture of a venerable elm tree that stands near the little town of Brentwood, England.

It is called "The Martyr's Tree," because, about three hundred years ago, a little boy was burnt at the stake, just because he loved to read the Bible, and would not give up doing so, but continued to love it, and to cling to its truths. His name was William Hunter. This occurred during the reign of Queen Mary, called *Bloody Mary*. She it was who let so many Protestants be burnt at the stake, because they did not choose to be Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics, or *Papists*, as they were then called, caught William reading the Bible, and the Priest threatened him, and tried to make him quit reading the Bible. But he would not; and for this great crime, poor William was arrested and placed in the stocks till morning, and then taken to the Pophish Bishop, Bonner.

At first the Bishop spoke kindly to him, and tried to induce him to give up the Bible, offering to make him steward in his palace, and to give him money, which, to a poor boy, was a great temptation; but nothing could move the pious lad from his steadfastness in the Gospel. He was then sent to a prison in London, loaded with chains, and harshly used, which he endured for nine months. But his faith did not fail; nor did the Lord forsake him.—At the end of this time, he was sent back to his native village to suffer death. His mother sought him with tears, and blessed him in the name of that Saviour whom they both loved. So did his pious father.

"For my little pain, which I shall suffer," he said to his mother, "Christ hath procured for me a crown of joy."

They bound him to the stake, and kindled the flame about him. His brother said to him:

"William, think on the sufferings of Christ, and be not afraid."

"I am not afraid," said the young martyr. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And the soul of William Hunter ascended on wings of faith and of fire to the paradise of God.

The young readers of the CHILD'S INDEX are not called upon to suffer as William Hunter did for reading the Bible. But they are often, by their devotion to God's word, and by their zeal in religion, subjected to what is unpleasant. In such times of trial, when mocked or laughed at, or even persecuted, they must continue steadfast in their devotion to God. Then, like William Hunter, they will gain an everlasting crown of glory in heaven.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

THE TRUE TEST.

BY MRS. M. A. MORRISON.

"Oh, mother," said Willie Moreton, "I love you so much—better than anything in the world."

"Do you, darling?" his mother asked, kissing his forehead.

"Yes, mother, he replied, returning the kiss; "and I think I love you much better than Emma, for I am sure I kiss you often-er than she does."

"Well, dear," returned Mrs. Moreton, "if you love me so very much, be so kind as to keep still now, for I have some letters to write, and, besides, my head aches a little."

"That I will," said Willie, dancing away to where his sister was busy with her lesson. Very soon he and Emma got into a discussion about a picture of some birds, which was in Emma's book. Their talk about the picture soon became animated, when Willie, forgetful of his mother's request, made a good deal of noise, and could hardly restrain himself, even after his mother reminded him of his professions of love, and of his promise to be silent. At length, careless about interrupting his mother, who was absorbed in writing, he exclaimed:

"I'll go and ask mother," said Willie; "she knows a great deal better than you do."

"Stop, Willie, said Emma, "don't go now; mother requested you not to disturb her while she was writing."

"But it won't trouble her much, to ask her just one question," Willie persisted.

"You told her a while ago that you loved her better than I did," said Emma, rather sally, "but I am sure I love her well enough not to want to trouble her at all."

"That is the true test," said Mrs. Moreton, coming in at the moment. "Christ says, 'if ye love me, keep my commandments;' and the child that loves his mother best will always render her the most prompt obedience, and try the hardest to please her. Actions are better tests of love than kisses."

Willie said nothing; but after several days of prompt obedience and continued effort to please his mother, he one evening whispered in her ear:

"Mother, don't I show my love by actions now?" His mother kissed him, and said he did, which made Willie very happy.

And if my young readers would be happy all the while, let them do all they can to please their parents, and obey them in whatever they desire.

THE ALMOND BLOSSOM.

"Dear mamma," said a lovely little girl to her mother, as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of those beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have usually a bed where there is not a tuff of violets, and they are so much plainer! what can be the reason?"

"My dear child," said the mother, "gath-er me a bunch of each. Then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violet."

The little girl ran off, and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almond and a few violets.

"Small them, my love," said she, "which is the sweeter?"

The child smelled again and again, and could hardly believe herself, that the lovely

almond had no scent while the plain violet had a delightful odor.

"Well, my child, which is the sweeter?"

"O, dear mother, it is the little violet!"

"Well, you know now, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance, in flowers is as worthless, in my opinion, as beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those people who speak without reflection may say to you—'What charming blue eyes! What beautiful curls! What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities, and without thinking of your defects and failings which everybody is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be there to tell you, that beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless."

THE TALK IN THE WOOD.

Little Amy Harris and her aunt Sarah were sitting on a green, mossy bank beneath the shade of the noble forest trees. They had been taking a long walk and were resting for a little while in the quiet nook they had discovered on their way home. Amy held in her hand a huge bouquet of wild flowers that she had gathered, and the ground at her feet was covered with beautiful blue violets. She stooped down picked one of them, and sat looking thoughtfully at it for a moment.

"Annie," said she, at length, "I think I love the blue violet better than any of the otherspring flowers. It always seems to be looking up to heaven and thanking God for having made it."

"Yes, dear, it is a sweet little flower, and so are all these beautiful blossoms that He has strewn around our path way. Did you ever think of the lesson that flowers teach?"

"I don't know that I have. Some teach humility, I believe, and trust, do they not?"

"Yes, and then there is another great lesson that is taught us: It is this: 'God is love.'"

When we look on the mighty ocean, when we see the lightning, and hear the thunder, we are reminded of the power of God, but when we look on the little flowers all around us, we think of His goodness to us. You remember those familiar lines of Mrs How-itt's:

"God might have made the earth bring forth Enough for great and small, The oak tree and the cedar tree, Without a flower at all."

It was because He loved us, and because He wanted this world where He had placed us to seem beautiful and pleasant to us that He gave us so many lovely flowers. They all speak of God's love and kindness, and every little child ought to study their teachings, and thank the Almighty for His bounties.

Another thing is brought to our minds when we see the flowers Jesus loved them: He used them as texts for his sermons and pointed them out to His disciples, as examples for them to follow. When you walk in the woods and in the green fields, you must think about these things, for there is nothing that God has made, be it ever so lowly, that you cannot learn some good lesson from, if you will but try.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

There is, beyond the sky,
A heaven of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must for ever dwell,
In darkness, fire and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this dreadful end?
And may I hope, when'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?

Then will I read and pray
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent to endless death.

CHRIST'S EXAMPLE.

WILLIE AND HIS UNCLE.

"I wish I knew just what sort of a boy Jesus Christ was," said Willie.

"We know something about him," answered Uncle John.

"Yes, I know about his minding his mother," said Willie. "What else?"

"That he was anxious to gain improvement, and took pains of his own accord to gain it," answered Uncle John. Willie looked down. That I am afraid, he heard a tender chord in Willie's character. He did not like to study, and perhaps he did not like to hear that the Lord Jesus did.

"You recollect," said Uncle John, "that he was found, when about your age, in the temple, 'sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions.'"

"That was about religious subjects," said Willie, "very different from common lessons."

"It is true, it was about religious subjects; but it seems that it was with a view to the work he had before him in life," answered his uncle; "it was with a view to that knowledge which afterwards shone forth so admirably in his discourses. The point in the example is, that you should in youth gain the knowledge which may make you a wiser and better man hereafter; which will enable you to glorify God in your generation by a wise and understanding heart, and an able and eloquent tongue."

NEVER SAY "NO," WHEN YOU MEAN

"YES."—Two little girls, whom we will name Annie and Lucy, once called upon that excellent lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry. After they had sat a little while with her, she reached from the sideboard a plate of cake, kindly saying to Lucy, "Wouldst thou like a piece of cake?"

Lucy, like some little boys and girls we know, gave way to a foolish feeling, sometimes called shyness—and although she would have liked a piece, said, "No, thank you, Ma'am." The lady then asked Annie who immediately said, "Yes, ma'am, if you please." Whereupon she gave her a piece, and turning to Lucy said, "Wouldst thou like a piece now?" Lucy emboldened by Annie's example, said she would—"Ah, but," replied Mrs. Fry, "thou hast told an untruth, thou must not have a piece."

Reflection is a flower, giving out wholesome fragrance.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

"ANGEL ROSE."

BY THE EDITOR.

Mr. Hall was not a christian. He cared little for the laws of God. He had no reverence for the Sabbath, no love for the Bible, nor any respect for the sanctuary. All he desired was to support his family and enjoy the pleasures of this life. If in that state of mind and heart he had died, he would now be in torment, and like the rich man of the parable, crying for just one drop of water to cool his parched tongue. But he did not die in that state, for God was pleased to save him, though at a fearful cost.

He had a sweet—a noble wife. Her name was Alice, and she loved her husband, oh, how tenderly! But though a christian herself, she could not induce her husband to embrace religion. He loved the pleasures of the world and the gratifications of sense too much. Yet Mr. and Mrs. Hall lived happily together. They had two beautiful little daughters, named Rose and Mary, and Mrs. Hall exerted her utmost powers to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Rose, who was twelve years old, did indeed become a christian and join the church. She loved the Sabbath School, and, as is the case with all good children, she loved to read the Bible. But her wicked father would not let her read the Bible to him as she often wished to do. Still she could pray for him, and this she did every day.

"Papa," she said one morning, "I am always begging Jesus to make you a christian."

Just at that time our present war broke out. The South took up arms to repel the cruel invasion of the Yankees, who determined to conquer us and make us stay in the old Union, although we did not want to do so. We knew if we did that the North would rule over us and impose on us, and violate its very much, because the vile abolitionists—the enemies of the South—had elected their President, and could, therefore, govern us as they pleased. Rather than submit, the South separated from the North. But the North thought she could whip us back into the Union. And to prevent that the South raised an army.—Mr. Hall joined the army, and was wounded in the right knee at the glorious battle of Manassas, on the 21st of July, 1861, and the Surgeons, in order to save his life, had to cut his leg off. As soon as he could travel, he returned to his home in the State of—

My young readers may be sure that sweet Alice and her daughters were most sorrowful when he arrived home. His wife fell on his neck and sobbed piteously; and Rose and Mary shed many bitter tears.

"Cheer up, wife," said he, "It was done in defence of my country; and I am willing to die rather than see her conquered." And, like many others of the noble women of our land, Alice took comfort. But her heart was, nevertheless, very sad.

For many days Mr. Hall had to spend most of his time in bed, being able to hobble about only occasionally, on crutches.

Little Rose now found to her delight that her father was willing to listen when she read the Bible to him. And

every day she would come and sit by his bedside and read about the blessed Saviour and the way of salvation.

One day she was reading in the 9th chapter of the Gospel by John, when she came to this passage,—"*Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.*"

"Read that again," he said, rising up in bed.



Rose read it again, when he said aloud,

"Can I believe that? Can I trust him? But, then, I am such a sinner—such a sinner! There can be no mercy—no forgiveness for me!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Hall, who entered the room just then, "the Bible says, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy on him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"But I have been such a great sinner," he repeated.

"But listen to this blessed promise," said his earnest, tender-hearted wife, as she took a seat on the bed, "it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief of sinners. There can be but one chief sinner, and if Christ can save him he can save you."

"But how?"

"By the merits of his own death and obedience; only trust in them. *He that believeth shall be saved.*"

"I see it—I see it all now. Thank God for such an able Saviour! I submit to be saved by Jesus. Rejoice with me, my dear wife, for I feel that my sins are forgiven for Christ's sake."

With a swelling heart Alice leaned upon his breast and wept, but her tears were tears of joy. And when she had released herself from his warm embraces, she strained the little Rose to her bosom, saying, "Through the kindness of God, I owe this blessing to you, my child."

Rose, too, was weeping for joy.—Her father took her upon the bed and lavished upon her the most tender caresses, and ever since he has called her his "*Angel Rose.*"

Thus, my little readers, may you learn to do good.

By doing no more than reading the Bible to a sick friend, you may be the means of saving a soul.

A boy was asked what meekness was. He thought for a moment, and said— "Meekness gives smooth answers to rough questions."

What is life? A short journey through time to eternity; then keep your eyes and hearts to the end of your race.

A LESSON OF LOVE.

Little children, love each other;
Kind and good, and gentle be;
Brother should be kind to brother;
Sisters should in love agree.
Love your playmates, try to please them;
Let no thing he said or done
Which would hurt, or vex, or tease them,
Or would injure any one.

Quarrel not, but love each other,
And be ready to forgive;
Let each sister and each brother
Seek in love and peace to live.
Not in word or tongue love merely,
But in deed, with heart and mind;
Show you love them truly, dearly;
Both in word and deed be kind.

Little children, love each other;
Show true love to great and small;
Love your father and your mother,
And love God the most of all.
God is love; and he has told you
If you try to live in love,
Then will he with love behold you,
And will bless you from above.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

WAR.

While the little readers of the Child's Index are sitting quietly at home, or sleeping soundly in their cots, many and many of our poor soldiers are standing guard all alone in the far off woods, perhaps in the rain and cold. Though their tents are nearby, they dare not enter them; nor must they by any means sleep on their post.

They are put on the watch to guard against surprises; and if they go to sleep when standing guard, it may prove the ruin of a whole army. Those soldiers who are placed on guard are called sentries; many sentries have been put to death for sleeping at their posts.

Not only do our soldiers suffer by standing guard in all kinds of weather, both by day and by night, but they suffer much from long and rapid marches, and from poor food, and sometimes because they have no food. They suffer from the hot sun and from the cold wind; and many get sick and die.—But many are killed in battle by muskets and cannon. Cannon are large dreadful guns, on wheels, dragged by horses. They shoot terrible balls and shells, belching forth volumes of smoke and making the earth quake with noise louder than thunder.



Our soldiers frequently rush up to the very mouths of these dreadful cannon, and though many of them are killed, yet they dash forward, drive the enemy away, and take the guns.—It requires great bravery to do this; but our gallant Southern soldiers often make such charges with success.

War is horrible, children, most horrible, because it causes so much suffering and sorrow and distress. So you ought all to pray for peace. But it is a great consolation to know that we are fighting in a just cause; that is, to save our country from ruin. We are but trying to drive wicked invaders from our land.

A NEW HEART.

The Lord has said he will impart,
To those who pray, a new, clean heart,
And write his holy laws within,
That they may hate and turn from sin.

O Lord, give such a heart to me;
From Satan's power now set me free;
This wicked heart by grace renew,
A make it tender, pure, and true.

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

"A mother was hugging and kissing a bright four year old, when she exclaimed 'What does make you so sweet?'—Charley thought a moment and having been taught that he was made out of the dust of the ground, replied with a rosy smile, 'I think, mother, God must have put a little thugar in the dust, don't you?'"

AN ORIGINAL IDEA.—Children have cried for the moon from time immemorial, but a little boy, four years old, gave me a reason for wanting it, the other day, that struck me forcibly.

"Oh!" he exclaimed looking up with a beaming countenance, "there is a full moon, I wish I had it."

"What would you do with it?" I asked.

"Oh, I would kiss it all over!" he answered most passionately.

This novel idea showed a heart running over with love, and I kissed his bright face as fondly as he would have kissed the moon, and thanked God for such a boy.

Charlie, a four year old chap, rambling in the woods with 'Pa,' saw a tree torn up by the roots, and asked, "Who cut it down?"

He was told, "God did it."

Presently they came to one recently felled by the woodman's axe, when the little fellow exclaimed:

"God did not cut that tree down?"

"How do you know?"

"He don't make chips," was the reply.

A lady once had two children and but one kitten. In order to save trouble as to who owned the kitten, she gave the tail to the boy, the body to the girl, and kept the head for herself. One day she heard the kitten scream, and calling to her little boy, she said:

"There now, sir, hav'nt you hurt my part of the kitten?"

"No, ma," the boy replied, "I only stepped on my part and your part squalled."

A CHILD'S IDEA.—Two little boys sat listening eagerly while their grandmother was telling them the Bible story of Elijah going to heaven in a whirlwind with a chariot of fire, when little Willie interrupted her with, "O, Sammy, wouldn't you have been afraid?" Sammy hesitated a moment and then replied: "No, not if I had the Lord to drive."

"Don't worry, child; God knows about the poor better than we do, and will take care of them."

"Yes, father," said his little daughter; "but don't he send them food and clothing by us?"

Mourn not for the child from thy tenderness risen,

Ere stain on its purity fell!
To thy questioning heart, lo! an answer from heaven:

"Is it well with the child?" It is well.

EDITORIAL.

This is issued as a specimen number of the child's paper I propose to publish monthly, as soon as subscriptions, sufficient to cover expenses, are made. Associations, churches, and individuals, are requested to give information as to how many copies they want, immediately. In all cases the money must accompany the order, as no paper will be sent unless paid for. A strict account will be kept, and if the paper is not published, all the money received will be returned. Friends are requested to interest themselves in behalf of the paper.

S. BOYKIN.

SALUTATORY.

Dear Children: We extend to you all a kind and friendly greeting. With pleasure and pride we begin an acquaintance which we hope will be long and delightful. Since we have been engaged in repelling our wicked invaders, you have been deprived of the neat and interesting papers you used to get from the North. And knowing that you miss these little Sabbath-school messengers, we thought we'd try to supply their places, and furnish you with a paper printed and edited at the South, and designed for Southern children.—We cannot get up as handsome a little sheet as the *Child's Paper*, or the *Young Reaper*, for we cannot get such fine paper, and such pretty pictures; but you will not mind that. We know the patriotic little folks of the South had rather have yellow looking paper, and less handsome pictures than to have us trade with our enemies. So we promise to do the best we can, and hope *The Child's Index* will be a welcome visitor to every little Sunday school scholar. Our aim shall be to please and benefit you, to show you the pleasures of religion, and induce you to seek the joys of salvation. (We intend to have the *Child's Index* filled with interesting stories for you, in which we hope you will find a tiny jewel, called a *moral*, which you must lay up in your little hearts.

We will have pretty poetry, too, which you can commit to memory, and recite to your Sunday school teacher. And we will have pictures too—small pictures, but very nice ones, that we got from New York before the war began—enough to last a whole year.

And how do you like the name of your paper *The Child's Index*? You all are well acquainted with the "Christian Index," which your fathers and mothers have been taking ever since you were old enough to know what a paper was. Well, *The Child's Index* is the infant of that venerable paper, and they will both have the same editor. We hope that you will be pleased with the name and the contents, and that every little Baptist girl and boy in the South, will patronize us. We love all the little folks and wish to amuse and instruct them; therefore do we go to the trouble and expense of publishing a paper for them.

Hoping we may be fast friends and that we may hold sweet converse together each month, I remain

Your friend and well-wisher,
THE EDITOR.

THE BAPTISTS: SOME OF THEIR CHARACTERISTICS.

Our denomination assumed its present name about 340 years ago, in order to distinguish themselves from a class of religious fanatics called Ana-baptists, or re-baptizers. These were a disorderly set of people, who re-baptized all who joined them, and were guilty of great excesses. Their principles have been always disclaimed by Baptists.

Although their name is not an old one, the Baptists claim that their sentiments are the same as those of the christians who lived in the time of Christ. And they believe, and think they can prove, that from the time when Christ lived on earth till now, they can trace among various christians those religious sentiments and practices which now distinguish us, and which we think are the principles and practices taught in the New Testament. From the New Testament we learn that baptism is *immersion* or *dipping*; and therefore, think no one baptized who is not immersed. We know that the Greek word *baptizo* means *dip* or *immerse*, and nothing else. In the first ages of christianity baptism was performed in rivers, (Matt. 3: 13-17) and in places where there was "much water," (John 3: 23.) And when the minister baptized any one, he was said to go down into the water and come up out of it, (Acts 8: 38, 39.) And, besides, baptism is called a *burial*, "we are buried with Christ by baptism," (Romans 6: 4.) So we think all this must point out immersion as the true mode of baptism.

And we do not think any but those who have *repented and believed* ought to be baptized. The Bible says, "Repent and be baptized," &c.; (Acts 2: 38) "and believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women." (Acts 5: 14.) Philip required faith of the Eunuch before he would baptize him. (Acts 8: 37.) And in the ancient churches there were catechumens, persons who were taught the truths of religion before they were baptized. We, therefore, think those only should be baptized who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. And as no one can be in the church till he is truly baptized, we do not think any body, no matter how good they may be, have a right to the privileges of church members before they are baptized. We consider Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists unbaptized—that is, not members of true gospel churches. Therefore, we do not let them partake of the Lord's Supper with us. We think, as the Lord has laid down the terms of admission into the church, and also for eating at his table, that we have no right to alter those terms. Christians of other name say they have been *sprinkled*, and had water *poured* on them, and they say that is baptism; but we do not think so; and therefore do not think they are baptized members of churches, though they may be very good christians. Hence we cannot commune with them.

Every Baptist church is separate and independent of every other Baptist church. We think this is most plainly taught in the New Testament; hence Baptists have no Bishops like the Methodists and Episcopalians, no Synods like the Presbyterians, to govern the churches. Each Baptist church governs it-

self. This is according to the examples and directions of the New Testament. Baptists have *Associations*, for giving mutual advice and for engaging together in benevolent operations. But these Associations have no power at all over the churches, nor any right to govern them. And as we find in the new Testament only two kinds of officers—Pastors and Deacons—so Baptists have those two kinds of officers only in their churches. In the New Testament a Pastor and a Bishop is the same officer; so the Pastor of a Baptist church is the Bishop of that church.

Our young readers know now some of the differences between the Baptists and other christians, and why it is that we differ from them. Hereafter we shall talk more on these subjects. In the mean time, we advise our young friends to read the New Testament for themselves, so that they may be better satisfied on all these points.

REVIVALS.

A church is said to be *revived* when God, by His Holy Spirit, mercifully visits that church and stirs up the graces of its members, brightening their hopes, strengthening their faith, and increasing their zeal. At such times the Spirit works powerfully upon the hearts of sinners. They are made to see their lost state as sinners, and they are led to cry to God for mercy.—When such is the case, God always hears and answers kindly. He shows them his Son Jesus, as their *only* and *all-sufficient Saviour*, and inclines their hearts to trust in his merits *alone* for Salvation. At length, finding all other plans and pleas in vain, sinners become *convinced* that they can be saved through the merits of Jesus only; and they become *willing* to be so saved: they give up hope in all else, and trust in Jesus Christ alone. They then find peace and joy in believing; for God forgives their sins, takes away the burden of guilt, and enables them to rejoice in the hope of glory. He receives them into his favor, and, when they die, will take them up into heaven.

Revivals are precious seasons of grace. And at such times unconverted persons ought to put themselves in the way of the Spirit, that they may receive his influences.

There are many revivals at this time among the churches: God seems to be walking among the people, stirring them up to good works, and, by means of them, leading sinners to the waters of salvation. The young are, of all classes, most apt to be benefited by Revivals, because their hearts are easily affected: and they ought by all means to attend such meetings. As soon as children are old enough to understand that they are sinners, and that Christ died for such, and that whosoever trusts in Him shall be saved, they are old enough to repent and believe, and be baptized. We urge upon all our young readers to attend the Revival meetings.

God says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Those that seek me early shall find me."—Then seek the Lord while he may be found: call upon him while he is near.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

How to bring to Christ the masses hardened in sin, is a problem that baffles the united wisdom of Christians. Save the children, before the tempter has lured them into his snare. The *Child's Index*, all will agree, is one of the happiest means of fastening right impressions upon their opening minds. Where once taken, with due care in renewing the subscription, it is likely to be continued. Will the friends of Zion, especially Christian females, each in the place where their lot is cast, adopt means to reach all the children who have not such a paper? It ought to be known that, the terms of this paper are the lowest possible, without pecuniary loss.

TERMS.

One copy, fifty cents. Three copies for one dollar. And the same rate for any number over three—that is, three copies for every dollar.

TWELVE RULES.

FOR LITTLE SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

1. I must always mind the Superintendent and all the Teachers;
2. I must come every Sabbath, and be here when School begins;
3. I must go to my seat as soon as I come in;
4. I must have my lessons learned when I come to school;
5. I must try to understand what I learn.
6. I must be still;
7. I must not leave my seat till school is closed;
8. When I go home, I must tell my parents what I have learned at school;
9. I must not play on the Sabbath;
10. I must go to church every Sabbath;
11. I must read the Bible and pray every day;
12. I must get as many children as I can to attend school, and set them a good example.

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURES.

I.
Within the enclosure of a vineyard, stands a King, surrounded by a courtly train. Delight and triumph animate his countenance as he gazes around; but in a moment his exulting expression disappears, and his pale features become agitated by mingled terror, rage and hatred, as a man of stern and fearless aspect, whose dress contrasts strangely with the rich apparel of the courtiers, stands suddenly before him, and addresses him in words which seem to pierce his very soul. Close by may be seen the gardens and towers of a stately palace.

(Answer next paper.)

(The little readers must find the place in the Bible where the above scene is narrated.)

BIBLE QUESTIONS

FOR THE LITTLE ONES TO ANSWER.

- 1st. What birds were employed by God to sustain one of his ancient prophets, in a famine?
- 2d. God's *protecting* care over his people, is illustrated in scripture, by a reference to the care of two birds over their young. What birds are these? Find the passage where the simile is used.
- 3d. God's providential care is illustrated by referring to his care for the wants of two birds: Which are they? (Answers next paper.)

HOW TO BE SAVED.

I am a sinful child,
My nature is depraved,
My heart is guilty and defiled;
Oh how can I be saved?

The Bible shows the way—
I must repent of sin;
And ask the Lord to take away
This evil heart within.

To Jesus, God's dear son;
For pardon I must cry;
He died for sins that I have done,
And now he reigns on high.

He will my sins forgive,
And a new heart bestow,
That I may to his glory live,
And serve him here below.

And when this body dies,
My soul to heaven shall soar,
To dwell with Christ above the skies,
Where I shall sin no more.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

"LITTLE PREACHERS."

BY MISS L. N. DOVING.

Did my young readers ever hear of "little preachers?"

You answer "No, we don't know what you mean. Our preacher is a great tall man, and the Presbyterian and Methodist preachers are old gray-headed men. What is a little preacher?"

"Well, I will tell you: Every good little boy or girl, who tries to do good to others, or to lead others to be good, is a little preacher. I do not mean that he is smart enough, or good enough, to get up in a pulpit and expound the Scriptures to grown up people, but he or she can in various ways point out the way of life to those around them. Let me tell you about some little preachers I know. I must first tell you about a very wicked boy, who was a notorious character in the town of M—, in this State, and whose name was Joe Blake. He was once a right respectable boy, and went to school and learned to read and write. But his father dying when he was young, he was left to the care of a feeble widowed mother, who took no control of him. He soon sought out associates among the most wicked class, and in time, became as bad as they.— His mother was very poor, and when a pious lady once got him a situation where he could earn a living for himself and her, she urged him with tears in her eyes, to leave off his habits of idleness and sin, and go to work like an honest boy. But no—he had gone so far astray that he loved sin, and had no desire to be other than he was. So he mocked at the advice of his old mother and left the house. Everybody knew him to be a bad boy, and a great many old people, as they passed him, would shake their heads, and say: "Let him alone, he is going to ruin as fast as he can."

All the wickedness and mischief that was done about the town was ascribed to Joe Blake. He delighted to rob a poultry yard, or an orchard, and to be cruel to brutes; and as to the church and Sunday School, he never thought of entering either. He very rarely went near the little cottage where his poor old mother was living, all alone, and when he did, he was so disrespectful to her that she did not wish him to return. Of course he was always dirty and ragged, and his once fine face displayed all the evil passions in which he indulged.

One bright Sabbath morning two little boys and their little sister were

on their way to the Sunday School. They were nice, pleasant, well-behaved children, who had a pious mother and father, and a sweet home. They were dressed very neatly, and were walking quietly along with their books in their hands. As they passed near a grove they saw a dirty and poor little boy sauntering before them, and lazily throwing stones at a pig not far off.— The younger boy said—

"Yonder is that bad Joe Blake. I wonder why he don't put on some clean clothes and go to Sunday School!" His brother said,

"Well, let us go and ask him to go with us, and then if he will, Mr. Jones, my teacher, will give him a new suit of clothes, I know; for that's what he did for another boy."

The brother and sister consenting, they approached Joe, and the oldest boy thus addressed him:

"Joe," said he, "have you ever been to Sunday School?"

Joe, picking up another stone, and throwing it at the opposite fence, indifferently said:

"No, and what's more, I don't want to."

"But Joe," said the boy, "wouldn't you like to study the Bible, and learn to be a better boy, and be respected by everybody? Come with me, and I will let you be in my class, and I will help you learn your lessons, and I will ask my mother to give you some of my clothes and a new hat to wear." As he said this, he took Joe by the arm and pointed to the church just in sight in the distance.



Joe jerked away from his grasp, and laughing, said:

"Ah, you young preacher, go along to the Sunday School if you want to. I have got something else to do. Jim Foster and me are going to a fishing this morning, and I guess you would like to go too if you weren't afraid of your daddy and mammy. I always do as I please."

The boy again took hold of his arm, and entreated him to go to the Sunday School. He told him that it was wicked to go fishing on Sunday, and that God would surely punish him for it.— Then his little sister, who had been quietly listening to the conversation, came and took the coarse soiled hand of Joe in her own little snowy hand, and putting the other on his shoulder, sweetly said:

"Yes, Joe, mother says God will punish bad boys, and that they ought to go to church and Sunday School every Sunday, and be taught by good people. Come along now with us, and Mr. Warren will give you a question book, and a pretty reading book too."

Joe looked at the little girl, and said nothing. It was plain though, that he longed to be off, violating the Lord's day. He insisted, upon further entreaty, "that he did not want to go," but after awhile, would you believe it? he went along with the children, and

took his seat for the first time in a Sunday School. After school was over, one of the boys asked him if he would go every Sunday. Joe very modestly said:

"If I looked more decent I would not be so ashamed to come."

The boy said, "Well, never mind that. I will get my teacher to see about that."

So the good teacher hunted him up the following week, and gave him some good clothes, and took him back to his mother's house, where Joe promised to stay; and now, he is one of the most punctual scholars in the school. He has quit almost all his bad ways, and has gone to work in the factory, where he makes enough money to support himself and his mother too. I expect Joe will make a good and a pious man, and if he does, and then goes to heaven when he dies, will it not be because these two little boys, and dear little girl, first induced him to go to the Sunday School? Yes, they were the "little preachers"—

preaching to this wicked boy, and urging him to abandon his sinful ways. Yes, good children can be powerful "little preachers." They can set a good example to their little school-mates, and thus, preach. They can speak to wicked little poor children in the streets and lanes, and carry them to the Sunday School, and so preach. They can read the Bible to a poor woman or man, or minister to their wants, and thus preach. So, now you know what I mean by a "little preacher." Don't forget it.

CHRISTIAN BAPTISM.

Q. Who instituted the ordinance of Christian baptism? A. Christ himself. As the sole head of the church he only had the right to legislate and to lay down laws for its observance.

Q. What is Christian baptism? A. The immersion of a christian in water, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. See Matt. xxviii. 19.

Q. How do you know that baptism signifies immersion? A. From the testimony of competent judges.

Q. Who are those competent judges that say that baptism signifies immersion? A. The best Greek scholars, the Greek Church, the Episcopal Church of England, and the translators of the New Testament.

Q. How do you know that the best Greek scholars say that baptism signifies immersion? A. From their own lexicons, which give immerse as the meaning of the Greek verbs *Bapto* and *Baptizo*.

Q. How do you know that the Greek Church holds that baptism signifies immersion? A. From the practice of that Church, which always baptizes by immersion.

Q. How do you know that the Episcopal Church has determined that baptism signifies immersion? A. From the Book of Common Prayer, in which the priest is commanded, in the Baptismal Service, to "dip the child discreetly and verily in water."

Q. How do you know that the translators of the New Testament regarded baptism as signifying immersion? A. From the fact that when they have translated the Greek verb *Bapto*, they have given as its true meaning the word *dip*.

Q. In what passages of the New Testament have they done this? A. In Luke xvi. 24—"Send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water." Also in Matt. xxvi. 23—"He that dipeth his hand with me in the dish." And again in John xiii. 26—"And when he had dipped the sop," &c.

Q. Is there any other evidence to show that baptism signifies immersion? A. Yes. The metaphorical use of the word.

Q. How, then, is the word metaphoricaly used? A. It is used by our Lord to set forth his overwhelming sufferings. See Luke xii. 50. Paul also says—"We are buried with Christ by baptism." See Rom. vi. 4.

Q. Is there anything in the history of John the Baptist which shows that baptism signifies immersion? A. Yes. The place selected by him for baptizing.

Q. Where then did John baptize? A. "Aron, near to Salim."

Q. Why? A. "Because there was much water there."

Q. Is much water needed for sprinkling or pouring? A. No.

Q. What then is the inference? A. The only inference is, that John must have immersed his disciples, as no other possible mode of baptism could require that there should be much water for its administration.

Q. But may not the word baptizo signify to sprinkle as well as to immerse? A. No, it cannot admit of this double meaning; it is never so used by Greek writers; nor is there any need that it should be so used, since there is a Greek word which literally signifies to sprinkle.

Q. What is the Greek word which signifies to sprinkle? A. *Rhantizo*, and not *Baptizo*.

Q. Are, then, persons who are sprinkled not baptized? A. Certainly not. They are *rhantized*, but not *baptized*. When a minister dips his fingers into a basin to sprinkle a child, he baptizes the tips of his fingers and rhantizes the face of the child.

Q. But what matters it whether persons are sprinkled or immersed? A. Just this—When persons are sprinkled they follow the tradition of men; when immersed, they obey the command of Christ. The command of Christ is not to *rhantize* but to *baptize*.

Q. Admitting, then, that baptism can only be administered by immersion, who are the persons that ought to be baptized? A. Believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. See Mark xvi. 16; Acts viii. 36, 37, xviii. 8.

BELLA AND GEORGIA.

"Georgia, when I die, please tell papa to bury me by my little brother."

"Hush, Bella, don't talk so much about dying, and the graveyard. I am always afraid to go there and see him."

"I am not, Georgia dear; for every time I go there, the angels come around me, and I talk with them, and they always tell me I must come up there with them."

"Who are they Bella, that talk to you? I do not see them."

"Oh, Sammy, and baby brother, and cousin Lina Bell, and so many more; and when they fly away they beckon to me, and whisper that I shall be with them all soon. Georgia their little wings fan me so softly, and all around me smells so sweet."

"Bella, darling, is that the reason you go away by yourself when we go to carry flowers to Willie's grave?"

"Yes, Georgia, I am always glad when mamma says we will go there, for I am sure to see all of them, and I feel so happy, for I know I shall go to heaven soon. Dear Georgia, do not forget to tell papa to bury me right close to little brother."

"Thus I heard two of my precious ones prattle to each other, and I felt how blessed, to be near the company of these angelic ones. For do we not always receive good from their pure tongues?"

TERMS OF THE CHILD'S INDEX.

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