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WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

NELLIE LESTER.

BY MRS. L. N. BOYKIN.

THE above picture represents our heroine, Nellie Lester, feeding her pet chickens on a cold, snowy morning. The fate of this interesting girl was a sad one, for her early death was one of those melancholy incidents of Yankee brutality that will blacken the pages of future histories of this war. She was the petted child of wealthy parents, who lived in the environs of Newbern, a town which, by referring to your map, you will see is on the coast of North Carolina.

Nellie had a wise, good mother, who, besides giving her daughter a polite education, taught her the more substantial accomplishments.

So it was no unusual thing to see Nellie with a troop of little negroes admiringly following her, bustling about the yard and kitchen, feeding the chickens or looking after the meals, as busy a body as if she had been the matron of the establishment. Being an only child, her parents kept her near them; and Nellie was but an unsophisticated child of nature. Her home was her world, and she loved it above all other places. Her dear parents, her books, her piano, her canary, her pet chickens and devoted servants, who delighted to attend to her every call, were all she held most dear on earth. As I have said, Nellie lived near the city of Newbern, North Carolina, which town, if you remember, the Yankees surprised and occupied last summer, before any body could leave the place. Suddenly the streets were filled with insolent Yankee soldiers, and terror and amusement were depicted in every face. Mrs. Lester was particularly alarmed, as her husband was an influential citizen, and had spoken boldly in defence of the Southern cause. So, with ill-concealed coolness she sat, with her terrified daughter, Nellie, clinging to her, and awaited unknown consequences. Very soon a squad of soldiers rushed into the house, and, seizing the father, hurried him off to the town jail, and there imprisoned him.

Nellie, in child-like simplicity, begged them, with tears in her eyes, not to take away her father, but they heeded her not.

After awhile, other soldiers came, and, after talking impudently to the weeping mother and child, and mocking their grief, they went through the elegantly furnished rooms and plundered them of every thing valuable. They offered Mrs. Lester and Nellie one room and the rest of the house to their own use. Nellie never left her mother's side, so frightened was she at the wicked Yankees. She wondered who would feed her little chickens, and she wondered if her canary was not dead, she could not hear him sing; and most of all did she wonder if her dear father was not cold or sick, shut up in the dark jail. She begged her mother to leave such a wicked place; but they could not obtain a passport to leave, and so remained, miserably subjected to the in-

sults of the brutal soldiers, until the summer wore away.

Finally, after many applications, Mrs. Lester obtained permission to go to her friends, in the interior of the State. She was prohibited from carrying any clothing or other valuables, and was furnished a common cart to ride in. To persons reared in luxury and affluence, this was a hardship; but anything was preferable to the odious sight of the Yankee soldiers. So, one

cold, snowy morning in November, they started on their melancholy journey. Nellie's heart was almost broken at leaving her dear and now deserted home, and at seeing her mother's tears. And her sobs became louder as she saw the grim walls of the prison reared in luxury and affluence, this was a hardship; but anything was preferable to the odious sight of the Yankee soldiers. So, one

A wearisome journey they had, and the cold was so excessive that Mrs. Lester feared her delicate flower would wither before her eyes. Her tiny hands were benumbed and stiff with cold, and all Mrs. Lester's attempts to chafe and warm them were in vain.

Late that night they reached the door of their relations, and all that sympathy and tender care could devise for their comfort, was done. But, alas, the exposure was too much for little Nellie. The next morning, whilst resting with burning fever and a sore throat, and so she continued for many days. Nothing relieved her, and, in her delirium she would cry out,

"Oh, the horrid Yankees! Take me from them!"

The distressed mother watched by her suffering child, but she saw but too plainly that the icy finger of death was freezing the warm life-blood of her darling, and that she would soon be childless.

And so it was. In the gray dawn of a bleak November morning, her angelic spirit floated to the skies, and her body, now colder than it was the day she was driven from her home by the Yankees, was buried under the snow, there to remain until called forth to be warmed in the bosom of the Father.

Alas, poor mother! Where are now her loved ones? Her husband in a desolate prison and her Nellie fast asleep and buried from her sight! Will not those Northern enemies have a dreadful account to pay, in the final reckoning?

THE BEST FRIEND

"Jane, I have got a splinter in my thumb, and it is so sore; please, sister, pick it out," said a little girl, running into the room where her elder sister sat sewing. "Go away, child," answered Jane; don't interrupt me when I'm at work. I am in a hurry, and have no time to attend to it." Tears filled the child's eyes as she looked up and said, "Jesus Christ never spoke so; he always had time."

And how true is this! Jesus Christ is always kind and compassionate; he has always time to attend to the smallest want of the smallest one who comes to him. His ear is ever open to their cry. He will never be weary or impatient; he will love you, and help you, and heal you. He is the Friend of all times, and in all circumstances. Are you in sorrow? Go to Jesus. Are you sick? Go to Jesus. Are you friendless? Go to Jesus. Have you every blessing? Go to Jesus, for he is greater than all; he can wipe your sins away, and give you a new heart and a thankful spirit, without which all your blessings will fail to bless you.

THE FARMER'S PARROT; OR, KEEP OUT OF BAD COMPANY.

IN a beautiful spring a farmer, after working busily for several weeks, succeeded in planting one of his largest fields in corn. But the neighboring crows, not having the fear of law in their hearts, and being anything but tea-totlers, found their way to the farmer's corn-field, and departed, frequently, *corned*. The farmer, not being willing that the germs of a future crop should be destroyed by either fair or foul means, determined to drive the bold marauders to their nests. Accordingly, he loaded up his trusty gun, with the intention of giving them, upon their next visit, a warm reception.

Now the farmer had a parrot, as talkative and mischievous as these birds usually are, and being very tame, it was allowed its freedom, to come and go at pleasure. Strolling around some time after the farmer's declaration of war against birds in general, and crows in particular, whom should it see but a number of those bold black robbers, engaged industriously in the farmer-like occupation of *raising* corn. "Pretty Poll" being a lover of company, without much caring whether good or bad, hopped over all obstructions, and was soon engaged with them, in what I suppose was quite an interesting conversation on the many advantages of a country over a city life. Their friendly talk might have been quite prolonged, had not a passing wind wafted it to the ears of the farmer, who was leisurely smoking his calumet by the cozy fireside.

"Pipe of peace"—a bad omen for the crows—and with his gun he sallied forth. Reaching his corn field at length, he saw at a glance (though he overlooked the parrot) the state of affairs. Lovelling his gun, he fired, and with the report, was heard the death scream of three crows, and an agonizing shriek from poor Poll.

As the farmer advanced to see what occupation he had made, the unwounded crows arose in the air, loudly pleading their *cause* as they departed. On looking among the murdered crows, great was his surprise to see stretched upon the ground his mischievous parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled, and a broken leg.

"You foolish bird," cried the farmer, "this sinner of keeping bad company."

The parrot did not reply—probably because it did not know exactly what to say; but it looked very solemn, which answered just as well. On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed—

"What did it, papa—what hurt our pretty Poll?"

"Bad company—bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Ay, that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned around and with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever. But it never forgot its adventure in the corn-field, and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with its cry—"bad company—bad company."

JUVENILITIES.

A pair of little twin sisters, who were exceedingly fond of flowers, watched the first indications of spring with intense eagerness. One morning they fancied that they discovered through melting snows, a few peeping grass-blades, and heads of crocus. Rushing into the house, one exclaimed, "Mamma! mamma! God is taking off the white bedspread." "Oh, yes," added the other, "and he's going to put on the flowered counterpane."

THE TWO ACORNS.

Lines suggested by an address of Rev. C. D. Mallary, delivered to the Sabbath School in the Baptist Church, Columbus, Georgia, during the session of the Georgia Baptist Convention, April, 1852.

BY REV. J. M. WATT.

"TALL GRASS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW."

Two Acorns lay upon the ground,
While hungry beasts were near;
The forest wild extended 'round,
And well might Acorns fear.

These Acorns both had names to suit,
The temper of their minds;
And though at times they both were mute,
They spoke at other times.

Jim Acorn was a thoughtless one,
That cared not what might be;
But thoughtful was his neighbor John,
Who wished some good to see.

Jim Thoughtless saw the spreading tree,
And Acorns on it grew;
But had no wish like it to be,
Or any virtue show.

John Thoughtful had another mind,
And wished much good to do;
He had for all some feelings kind,
And many virtues too.

He longed to grow into a tree,
And spread his fruits abroad;
That truly useful he might be,
Obedient to the Lord.

The Lord of earth he wished to feed,
And shade for them provide;
And then, as men might stand in need,
To do them good beside.

A squirrel came to seek his food,
He found Jim Acorn there;
And finding he would do no good,
His life he would not spare.

But John was planted in good ground,
And grew into a tree;
That spread its leaves and fruit around,
And timbers o'er the sea.

The gospel o'er the waves was borne,
To men beyond the sea;
The vessel that withstood the storm,
Was of this lovely tree.

Come, now, good boys and girls tell me,
Which Acorn is the one,
That you would wish yourselves to be,
If you could such become?

Would you be like that naughty Jim,
And do no good on earth;
But die at last, condemned in sin,
A rebel from your birth!

Or would you be like thoughtful John,
And do God's holy will;
Then die in time and have a home,
Where holy angels dwell?
Then seek the Lord with all your heart,
And give yourselves to him;
His grace to you he will impart,
And save you from all sin.

CONCEAL NOTHING.

A little boy, not seven years old, in the absence of his parent, carelessly broke a valuable dish. When his father returned at evening, he told him what he had done, said he was very sorry, and would not do so again and asked his father to forgive him. This his father cheerfully did; and told the child he loved him, and did not mind the loss of the dish, because he had told him the truth about it. The next morning one of the family asked, the little boy if he had told his father what he had done the day before. "Oh, yes," said he, "and father forgave me, and I knew he would, for the Bible says, 'and he's going and forsooth his sins shall find mercy.'"

Editorial.

WHY BAPTISTS DO NOT COMMUNE WITH OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

"ATHER," said little Charles to Mr. Lawton, an aged Baptist minister, a man of learning and piety. "to-day, after Communion I heard several persons say that the Baptists were the most bigoted denomination of christians."

"Why so, my son?" "Because they refuse to let other denominations commune with them. Bill Harris said it looked as if the Baptists thought theirs the only church, and as if they said to other christians, 'Stand aside, we are holier than you.'"

"And what did you reply?" "I knew not what to say, I would be glad if you would instruct me in the matter. For it is unpleasant to hear our denomination abused, and not know how to defend it."

"And for what did Bill Harris abuse us?" "For depriving, as he said, other christians of their right to partake of the Lord's Supper; and for refusing to commune with them as though they were not worthy."

"Well, my son, the next time he censures our course, you may tell him that because it is the Lord's Supper, is the reason we do not feel justified in admitting to it any others than such as Christ himself has appointed. He, himself, has ordained that those only, who are members of his churches on earth, shall commune with him in this ordinance; and we dare not invite others to do so."

"Do you mean to say, father, that Presbyterians and Methodists and Episcopalians are not members of churches of Christ on earth?"

"None, my son, according to the New Testament can be members of a gospel church before they are properly baptized on a profession of faith in Christ; although they may be good christians. Presbyterians, and Methodists, and Episcopalians, having been sprinkled only and not baptized, are not members of true Gospel Churches; and, therefore, it would be disorder in us to admit them to our communion."

"Do you not believe, my son, that those only who have been sprinkled, are members of our communion, as it is erroneously called, are church members?"

"Yes, father, I understand that very well. I learn it from Matthew 28: 19, 20, and from the practice of the Apostles in baptizing converts the first thing after a profession of faith. But I desire you to prove that members of the church only, should eat the Lord's Supper."

"I prove it; first, by saying that Christ, in an upper chamber, instituted his supper solely for members of the church, and with them alone partook of it, just before he died. Secondly, you example of the Apostles, as all christians, proves to us that church members, only, ate of this supper, for, in the New Testament, we read of churches and church members only celebrating the Lord's Supper; and, thirdly, the best ecclesiastical historians tell us that, in primitive times, none but christians ate of the Lord's Supper, and that, after they were baptized and had joined the church."

Let me read you what Neander, the Historian, says of the celebration of the Lord's Supper: "At this celebration, as may be easily concluded, no one could be present who was not a member of the christian church, and incorporated into it by the rite of baptism." "These celebrations, from their very nature, were designed only for the members of the church."

And, again. "In Baptism, entrance into communion with Christ, appears to have been the essential point; thus, were persons united to the spiritual body of Christ and received into the communion of the redeemed,—the church of Christ. Galatians 3: 27; Corinthians 12: 13."

"Now, Neander is the most reliable ecclesiastical historian there is; but, to tell the truth, my son, all denominations agree that no unbaptized person can be a member of the church, and that none but members of the church should eat the Lord's Supper."

"But to be a member of the church, a man must be baptized by immersion."

"Precisely, and by a person properly qualified."

"Why, then, father, it seems that the whole question is narrowed down to a question

of baptism! What is the proper mode of baptism?"

"I am glad to see that you comprehend the matter, Charles. And all intelligent people comprehend it very well, too; only they affirm that sprinkling is baptism, and that those who are sprinkled are members of the church and privileged to enjoy the communion. While Baptists say, that immersion only is baptism, and that immersed persons only can be members of the church, and that, therefore, they only are entitled to partake of the communion."

"It is very plain to me now, father, and I shall know what to say, the next time any one, in my presence, calls the Baptists unworshiped and bigoted."

"Do not think, Charles, that this is the only reason for our 'close communion' practice, as it is called; but you must wait till another time to hear more on the subject."

* Acts 2: 41, 42. Mat. 28: 19.

† "History of the Christian Religion and Church," vol. 1, page 327.

‡ "History of the Planting of Christianity, Vol. 1, page 161.

THE LOST LAMB: OR THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

E wish to tell our young readers about little Lily Waters. She was blessed with pious parents and was a gentle, obedient, sweet tempered child, with a heart brim-full of love. She had always been taught to say her prayers before she went to bed, and every night she would come to her mother's side, kneel down and



fold her little hands together and say her prayers before she retired to her cot. "Good night, Papa," she would say; and her papa would pat her tawny curls and fondly kiss her rosy cheeks and reply,

"Good night; God bless my little darling." One day her father brought her home a little Lamb for a playmate, and Lily was very much pleased with her present. She tied a piece of blue ribbon round its neck and fed it every morning with bread and milk.

One day, however, the lamb unfortunately strayed away from home and got lost. On missing her playmate dear Lily cried very much; but when her father came home in the evening, and was informed that the lamb was lost, he kindly went to seek it, and at last found it in the woods, being attracted to the spot by the piteous bleating of the poor little creature. Much pleased, he took it up in his arms and carried it home. Lily was delighted to get her pet home again, and put her arms around Tiny's neck, and kissing it, said fondly—

"Tiny, don't run away from home and Lily any more."

Now, dear children, you know Jesus is called the good shepherd, and all good children are his lambs: he loves them very much, and is very tender to them, for the Bible tells us that he carries them in his arms and folds them in his bosom. It is a very sad thing when children wander from this kind Jesus. You know how welcome you are to come to him; for when he was on earth, little children were brought to him to be blessed by him; but some of his disciples wanted to prevent their coming, thinking it would trouble the gentle Jesus.— But he exclaimed, "Suffer them to come to me"; and when they came he took them up in his arms and blessed them, saying, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Don't you wish, dear children, that you had been among that happy throng, to have heard his gentle voice, and seen his kind look and felt his tender hand on your head? We are sure you can go to him still, by prayer. Will you not do so? O, yes, we are sure you will strive to do so, and ask for his Holy Spirit to help you love him and do his pleasure.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

EAR young friends, we wish to speak to you of the golden rule of doing to others as we would have them do to us. It is a sweet and heaven-born thought; pray remember it well.— Jesus says, "whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

If we would always bear this in mind, it would save us from doing many a cruel and unkind action. If, when we are doing a harsh or unkind thing, we would only think, "how would I like to have another do this to me?" it would keep us from doing many unkind things we ought to do.

St. Paul said, "Be ye kindly affectioned one towards another"—that is, have loving hearts towards each other. Even if a person has done us wrong, we should try and love him still; and if we are kind to him, it will make him sorry for his unkindness to us far sooner than if we spoke harshly about it and threatened to return evil for evil.

You perhaps do not know what is meant by "heapings coals of fire" upon a person's head; well, it means to melt him with kindness—to give him a "kiss for a blow"—to "overcome him with good."

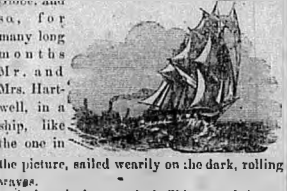
There was once a little girl in a Sunday School, whose little brother did something to offend her, and she was just going to give him a box on the ear, when the teacher said, "you had better give him a kiss." The little girl hesitated a moment, then bursting into tears, threw her arms around her brother's neck and gave him a hearty kiss. This made him cry too, and, after a few minutes they were very good friends. Had she struck him there might have been a regular fight, and much unhappiness; but, as it was, "a kiss for a blow" made all smooth at once.

It has been said that everything in this world has a rough handle as well as a smooth one. Some people are forever taking hold of the rough handle—looking at everything in an unhappy light—making the worst instead of the best of everything, and always returning evil for evil. They never think that the very best way to be happy is to make the best of everything and do to others as they would have others do to them. Let us all, boys and girls, try to take things by the smooth handle, and do to others as we would have others do to us and God will bless us for it, and make our path through life a pleasant one.

"Deal with another as you'd have Another deal with you; What you're unwilling to receive, Be sure you never do."

THE MISSIONARIES: A PROPOSAL.

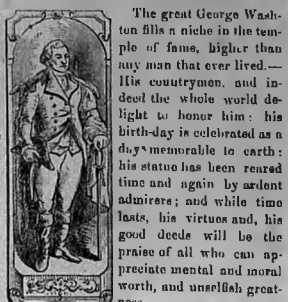
HERE lived once in Mason, Ga., a sweet and beautiful girl by the name of Eliza H. Jewett. She always loved the Sunday School and the house of God, and under the kind care of loving friends, for she was an orphan, she grew up a good girl, and became a Sabbath school teacher and a member of the church. When she was about 21 years old, she married Rev. J. B. Hartwell, and set out in a ship across the great wide ocean for the distant country of China. China is on the opposite side of the globe, and so, for many long months Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, in a ship, like the one in the picture, sailed wearily on the dark, rolling waves.



At length they reached China, and began immediately to teach the Chinese about the Savior and the way to heaven; and when we last heard from them, they were living happily at Tang-hau, and doing all the good they could. They had been blessed with two sweet little children, who were their comfort and delight, so far from home and friends.

Now those little children have to be supported. Two hundred dollars a year will support them. We propose to the little readers of the Child's Index to contribute their dimes and quarters, and make up \$200 every year, and let their Superintendents forward the money to Rev. J. B. Taylor, Richmond, Va., for the support of these young China-American children.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.



The great George Washington fills a niche in the temple of fame, higher than any man that ever lived.— His countrymen, and indeed the whole world delight to honor him: his birth-day is celebrated as a day memorable to earth: his statue has been reared time and again by ardent admirers; and while time lasts, his virtues and his good deeds will be the praise of all who can appreciate mental and moral worth, and unselfish greatness.

Our little readers may remember the anecdote we told them, last month, about the manner in which George Washington honored his mother, and how she said she "believed God would bless him for it."

Well, the late great victory gained by our army over our enemies at Fredericksburg, Va., reminds us of the sequel to the story. Fredericksburg, you should know, was the residence of Gen. Washington's mother; and on his way to Philadelphia, after the last grand battle of the war at Yorktown, where he captured Cornwallis and all his army, thus bringing the war to a speedy close, he stopped at Fredericksburg, to see his mother. He had not seen her for eight long years. O, what a joyous meeting it must have been! Cannon boomed, the bells pealed forth joyously, and the people came in crowds to see the great conqueror. The next day Gen. La Fayette visited her humble dwelling, and, in glowing language, spoke to her of the greatness of her son.

The mother's reply was,— "I am not surprised: for George was always a good boy."

True greatness then, children, must be founded on goodness. The good boy, George Washington, became the great and successful leader of armies, the President of the United States, and the most loved and honored man that ever lived. Will you not try to imitate his example?

TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

DEAR CHILDREN:

Do you not think that you should begin to aid in spreading the gospel now, while you are young? Your Savior did a great deal for you, don't you think you ought to do something for him? If you do, then begin at once. Form missionary societies in your Sunday Schools, and give your money to help sustain our missionaries, and to help support their children, and to help send bibles and tracts to the soldiers. Our brave armies want missionaries to preach to them, and to give them religious papers, and to pray with them when they are sick. Rev. M. T. Sumner, at Marion, Ala., and Rev. A. E. Dickinson, at Richmond, Va., will gladly receive all the money you give, to send good men to preach to the soldiers.

And Rev. J. B. Taylor, or Rev. A. M. Poin-dexter, in Richmond, Va., will be glad if you will send them money for our missionaries away over the ocean in Africa and in China. Now, won't you all try to help send the gospel with your quarters and half dollars?

Your teachers and superintendents will gladly advise you in this matter, and forward your money when it is collected.

Let us see, now, which will be the first Sunday School to form a missionary society.

Your friend, THE EDITOR.

10,000 COPIES.

We request all our young readers, and all the friends of children, who may desire the circulation of such a paper as the Child's Index, to aid in procuring new subscribers.— We desire to run up our list to 10,000 copies: it has already reached 4000.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

"Black Eyes," Binkley, Ga., your answers were all right. We will be glad to hear from you again.

"Nellie," Lexington, Ga., your Enigma has just come, and will be examined.

A little one, after undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination, exclaimed, "Now I won't have to be baptized, will I?"

THEY CANNOT SING TOO EARLY!

Who shall sing, if not the children? Did not Jesus die for them? May they not, with other jewels, Sparkle in his diadem? Why to them were voices given— Bird-like voices, sweet and clear? Why, unless the song of heaven They begin to practice here? There's a choir of infant songsters, White-robed, round the Saviour's throne; Angels cease, and, waiting, listen: Oh, his sweeter than their own! Faith can hear the rapturous choral When her ear is upward turned: Is it not the same, perfected, Which upon the earth they learn'd? Jesus, when on earth sojourning, Loved them with a wondrous love; And will he, to heaven returning, Faithless to his blessing prove? Oh, they cannot sing too early! Fathers stand not in their way! Birds sing white the day is breaking— Tell me, then, why should not they!

A FAIRY AT HOME

"HAT is my Lily thinking of so intently?" asked Mr. F., as he entered the sitting-room, where the little girl was leaning her forehead against the window pane, and gazing out into the evening sky. "You will think me very foolish, Papa. I was just imagining how I should like to be a fairy."

"What is a fairy?" inquired the father innocently. "Why, you know, Papa, just as well as I do. Little miles of people, that wear dresses made of tulip leaves, and that ride in snail-shell coaches drawn by dragon-flies."

"Tell me what would you do if you were a fairy?" "O! a thousand things, Papa. In the first place, you need not go down any more to that dingy old office, for whenever you wanted money, I could tap with my wand, and up would come heaps of gold and silver. Then, you know, I would make Mamma well and keep her so. O, there's no end to the good things I would do."

"Would it not be better, my dear little girl, to make the most use of all the power you have, instead of spending these long hours of musing in wishing for more?" "All the power I have is precious little, you know, Papa."

"Very precious, certainly, but not so little as you may suppose. Depend upon it, my dear child, God has given you a work which, well accomplished, will be more beautiful in its results than any romance of fairy-land."

Lillian sat for a few moments musing in the deepening twilight, and the summons to tea prevented any further conversation. The first thought that entered her little head the next morning was, "I'll be a fairy to-day."

At this moment Willie burst into her room. "I wish mother wasn't sick," he exclaimed. "There's no one to tie my neck-cloth, or put up my dinner for school, or find my books, or help me with my lesson."

"Perhaps I can fix your neck-tie. Come here," said Lillian, "and let me try."

"O! you don't know how. Your never did it in your life."

"I can learn, though. You shall see," said the little girl, and she secretly resolved that she would practice tying a ribbon around a block for one hour every day, until she was perfect in the art. The neck-tie was arranged even to Willie's satisfaction, and the stray books were found and put in the satchel. The father then appeared. An unusual expression of contentment was upon his countenance as he sat down to a comfortable breakfast, but whether he attributed any thing to fairy influence, Lillian never knew. She rather hoped not. It was so pleasant, she thought, to work unsuspected!

After her father had gone, Lillian put up the luncheon in Willie's dinner-basket with her own little fairy fingers, and saw her brother started for school; then crept softly to her mother's room, to see what she could do for the comfort of the invalid. She dusted and arranged the room in the order that best suited her mother's taste, mowing all the time with such a gentle, fairy-like tread, that the slightest slumber need not have been disturbed.—She brought water to bathe the aching head,

then closed the curtains to just the right degree of shade, and left her mother to her morning nap. By this time, Ally had become weary of his efforts at self-education, and must have some assistance. Lillian built houses, bridges, and towers, all on the most wonderful models of architecture, but perfectly satisfactory to the small employer, who valued the most elaborate structure only for the noise it made in tumbling down.

All day long his little attendant was fully occupied in amusing him, and she had time only to put the sitting-room in order, and bring her father's study-gown and slippers, when his night-key was heard at the door.—Lillian placed herself demurely in her old seat by the window, and with a less abstracted expression than on the previous night.

"Some good fairy has been at work, I guess," said Mr. F., as he took the comfortable easy chair, and glanced at the usually noisy little Ally, who was now deeply absorbed in Lily's favorite portfolio of engravings.

"O, no, Papa," replied Lillian, as she threw herself over the side of the chair into Lily's arms: "no one in the world but your little fairy at home!"

Now, children, take example by Lillian, and set about making yourselves and others happy by performing all the good you can, and becoming, like her, "little fairies at home."

SWEET SAYING.

"EVER shall I forget the thrill of pleasure," says the Rev. S. Kilpin, which the last words of a dear child made in my mind. It came from his lips as he lay dying on my shoulder. He repeated the words of Christ, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;' and added, 'That is it sweet saying, is it not uncle? And then that moment he died, to know its sweetness.—He came from school in good health: he was gathering strawberries in the morning, and was dead in my arms at eleven the same night."

It is indeed a "sweet saying," and as it has been written in the Bible for the use of the young, every child should learn it by heart, and try to know what it means.

There is every thing in Jesus to win our hearts. He is meek, lowly, and full of love. He can do us all the good we need, and save us from all the evil we fear. If you are a poor child, he can make you rich with the best riches, for he can give you his grace. If you are an ignorant child, he can give you his Holy Spirit to teach you. If you are an orphan child, he can be better to you than father and mother and all earthly friends. If you are an afflicted child, he can comfort and bless you. But one thing is certain, without any if—you are a sinful child; and if you wish to be saved, you must go to Jesus. He will save you from the love and power of sin, and from his guilt and punishment. He obeyed his Father's law, and died on the cross, that he might save all who believe on him.

Go, then, to Jesus. He will make you happy while you live, happy when you die, and happy forever. Oh, then, do not forget to praise him for his sweet saying, and to believe on him, love him, and obey him.

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

FREDDIE'S FAULT.

BY E. D. C.

FREDDIE H. is a beautiful little boy, with large brown eyes, fat, rosy cheeks, with a deep dimple in one of them, for, strange to say, he does not have but one dimple, which always appears when he smiles. The breezes of only four summers have gently kissed his round cheeks, and each year seems to render him more lovely.

How those large, expressive eyes sparkle as he listens with almost breathless interest to a pleasing book, or a pretty story! How intently he gazed into the face of his father while he was reading in the first number of the "Child's Index," about Katie Dean, who broke the vase, and then told a little falsehood about it. Although Freddie H. is not often guilty of deception, he possesses a fault which not only makes him disagreeable to his parents at times, but others also. This fault is crying. If his wants are not immediately supplied, his pretty eyes fill with tears, his mouth is put into all kinds of shapes, and then such a fit of screaming follows as to make

every one near him wish to leave. Sometimes, too, Freddie speaks impatiently to the servant at the table, and wishes to be attended to first, and if not obeyed, his whole face is clouded with a dark ugly frown, the dimple runs away, (for dimples do not accompany frowns) and then all the beauty of which I was speaking disappears. Freddie's crying does not last very long, for he knows how very naughty it is, and he wipes his eyes and tries to smile; then, the poor, frightened dimple comes creeping back, and one cannot help exclaiming: "What a lovely child! Freddie H. is, when he is not crying!"

Freddie is gradually overcoming his fault: and though his impatient, angry fits do not come as frequently as formerly, it is hoped, when he grows older, he will see the trouble it causes his parents, and finally overcome it.

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH.

A FRIENDLY LETTER TO THE YOUNG FOLKS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—Some of your friends will choose to impress important truths on your minds, through the medium of pleasant stories, as in the article Little Preachers in your first number.—Some will send you pious hymns which you can memorize and repeat to your Sunday School teachers, and others will puzzle you with those bible questions and enigmas, which I used to be so fond of unravelling. Now, as I claim to be one of your numerous friends, may be you will be willing to listen to something I have to say to you. And what will it be about? Not a regular story; but by way of variety, a little friendly advice on the subject—Behaviour in Church. Not that I would even insinuate that you have not been well instructed on this point by your parents, but children are sometimes forgetful and need line upon line.—There is one thing that I always manage to see in every congregation, a well or a badly behaved child. In most of our city churches the entire family sit together, but in many others, the children are allowed to choose their own places, and they are seldom seen by their parents. I would advise you, children, never to sit in the back part of the congregation unless actually compelled. Why, do you ask? For two reasons.

1st. The good people who go to church only to be benefited, generally occupy the front benches, and therefore you will always be in the best company. 2d. There is always more or less confusion and noise in the back part, and all this will draw your attention from the minister.—We have just had a revival of religion in our village and I noticed, after the children became interested, and began to feel that they, as well as older persons should attend to the salvation of their souls, they sat much nearer the pulpit and paid strict attention, and let me say, right here, many of them were converted. Another part of the advice is, refrain from doing any thing in church which will either draw your attention from the minister, or attract the notice of any other child that may happen to be sitting near you. How can you remember what is said, if, right before your eyes there is a boy cutting his name on the back of a pew, or a little girl trimming over her hat, or amusing herself with a curious fan or toy? If you will just think that the time you spend in church on a Sabbath is frequently only a small part of the whole day, does it not seem that any child might sit quite still for that length of time? When the text is read, endeavor to fix it fast in your minds, repeat it over and over, and it will assist you greatly in retaining most of the sermon.

MATTIE.

A GOOD ANSWER.

A young lady in a Sabbath school, a few mornings since, asked her class "How soon a little child should give its heart to God?"—One little girl said—"When thirteen years old." another "ten;" another "six." At length the last child spoke: "Just as soon as we know who God is." Could there be a better reply?

"Can you tell me, Billy, how it is that our rooster always keeps his feathers so sleek and smooth?"

"No."
"Well, I'll tell you. He always carries his comb with him."

NOTES FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

A Praying Boy.

RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 14, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. BOTKIN:—In the "Child's Index" I saw letters from several little boys and girls, and thought I would write to you and tell you of my little brother, who is only five years old.

One morning he told mother that he was going to be very good all day, and she told him he could not be good unless he got God to help him; then he said, "I don't want God to help me, I can be good by myself." That day he failed.

Not long after that, he said the same thing, and mother repeated the same thing. Accordingly, he shut his eyes and said, "Oh, God help me to be a good boy, to-day." Then, opening his eyes, he said, "Mamma, he don't help me."

He is in the habit of praying daily for "dear soldiers," but lately, on hearing of the death of several wounded soldiers, he said something like this, "If God takes care of them, why does he let them get hurt." Mother told him if men would fight, God would not hinder them getting hurt. "Well, then," he said, "it would be better to pray to God to stop the war." Since then he has always prayed for that.

I am your true friend,

LILY.

HAMILTON, HARRIS Co., (Ga.)
January 14th, 1863.

DEAR MR. BOTKIN:—I have received the first number of the "Child's Index," and am highly pleased with it indeed. My teacher was kind enough to send on and take it for me this year, and I'm sure nothing could have been more acceptable.

We have no Sabbath School near here, and of course the "Child's Index" will be quite an agreeable companion Sabbath evenings, and I know that I shall be benefited a great deal by it. You want us all to consider you our friend, I can only say for myself, your friendship will be highly appreciated by me. I shall be thirteen years old, the thirteenth of June, though small to my age, have quite a good education, though by no means complete. I am not very dull, at least I fancy I'm not, my notes is book up, and if my heavenly Father spurs my life I shall try to "make my mark in this world." Yet I hope in all things I shall be guided by him who hears the young ravens when they cry, and not a sparrow fall to the ground without his notice, and we are of more value than many sparrows. But, I see I'm about to get too lengthy, so I will close.

Your little friend,
ELIZA VARIAN.

Mental Bible Pictures.

4.

On the broad battlements of an eastern city we see a woman, whose wild, wasted and skeleton-like appearance render her a fearful spectacle. With a frantic cry she throws herself at the feet of a princely person who is passing by, whose countenance is full of anxiety and dejection. He listens to her address, and passes on with a despairing gesture and look of deepest horror.

[Found in 2d Kings.]

Key to Bible Pictures.

- 2. Rehobekah showing her gift—Gen. 24: 28 etc.
- 3. The valley of Bochim. Judges 2: 1—5.

Bible Questions.

What accusation was brought against Jesus before Pilate? What very different ground was alleged before the High Priest? How did Jesus reply upon being solemnly appealed to on the matter?

Answers to Bible Questions.

- 1. What was the end of Simeon, who cursed David? 1 Kings 2: 46. "Solomon" the King commanded Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada: who went out and fell upon him that he died.—Because he went out of the city of Jerusalem, when commanded not to do so, he was slain.
- 2. What illustrious example in the Bible shows the ancient skill in the use of slings? What illustrious example in the Bible shows the ancient skill in the use of slings? When David slew Goliath with the sling, by piercing his forehead with a stone. 1 Samuel 17th chapter.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

KATIE DEAN: OR THE DREAM.

BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

[Concluded.]

About this time, that terrible disease, the measles, spread terror through the village of P... where Katie lived. Then, how many little graves were added to the old churchyard, how many hearts were crushed with heavy grief! How many tiny dimpled hands were crossed upon the pulseless hearts, while love's last gift, "flowers—pale flowers" were scattered round! Katie did not escape the merciless disease. Soon her anxious parents saw her brow flushed and coral lips parched with a scorching fever, while delirium had seized her brain. Oh how those parents watched that little bedside! How they wrestled at a throne of grace, that the litter cup might pass from them! And yet, "not my will but thine be done," burst from their agonized hearts.

"Mother," said Katie in tone of her rational moments, "what makes you cry so much? Am I going to die, and are you going to put me in the dark ground like they put little Mary Rogers? Will they leave me all by myself, and will they put roses in my hand like they put in hers?"

"Oh my precious one," exclaimed the distressed mother, "I hope you are going to get well, and yet live to comfort our hearts when we are old and infirm. Pray to God, my darling, to forgive your sins, and make you his little Christian child."

Katie put up her little thin hands beseechingly to heaven, and began, "Dear God, make me good, and don't let my dear mother cry any more. Please make me well. I don't want to be put in the dark ground to stay all by myself. Make me good, please God, and don't let me tell any more stories, amen." Her mother then told her she must try to be quiet, and not talk any more, for the doctor said rest was very necessary, so little Katie turned over and soon fell asleep. While she slept, some one seemed to be talking with her, and her mother caught the broken whisper, "Yes, but I can't come yet." Pretty soon Katie waked, and turning to her mother with a sweet smile, said,

"Oh mother! I dreamed such a pretty dream. It seemed like I saw it. I dreamed a sweet little angel came to see me—she was so sweet mother, and so beautiful. She had a pretty crown of flowers on her head, and she said they bloomed up in heaven, and that they never died—just to think mother of flowers that last forever. Oh how pretty they must be, and they were so sweet, mother. I never saw any flowers like them before. She said, 'Katie you have a hot fever, let me fan you,' and she waved her beautiful white wings over me, and I felt so pleasant, I haven't felt warm since. But mother, I forgot all about her wings and pretty flowers when she played on her shining harp and sang. Oh such sweet music! The words were something like 'Praise the Lord, Hallelujah,' and she sang as if she was so glad. When I saw all this, before I knew what I was doing, I began to sing my little Sunday-School hymn, 'I want to be an angel,' and when I finished the first verse, she said, 'Little Katie do you want so much to come with me and be an angel,' and I said, 'Yes little angel I do, so much, but I can't come yet, I ain't a good little girl like you. Oh I am so wicked I ain't good yet.' Then she said, 'Do you want to be good, Katie,' and I said 'Oh yes I do, I am going to pray to God to make me good like you.' 'Well,' she said, 'Katie, that is right—be good and I'll come for you after awhile. Goodbye,' and mother, she spread her long white wings, and struck her golden harp, and as she flew away I heard her sing again, 'Praise him, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.' I did hope she would drop me one little flower, she had so many, but she carried them all back to heaven again. Oh I am so sorry she has gone. Wasn't it a pretty dream, mother?"

Katie's mother knew not what to do or say, for really her little girl's face was so radiantly bright, it seemed as if she had truly just come from the spirit land, and what still more surprised her, Katie's burning fever had entirely left her during her sleep. Surely, she thought, this must be death, and this dream the opening vision of the heavenly Canaan. The good doctor's entrance soon dispelled the mother's fears, and sent a thrill of joy through her heart, for, said he, "Katie, you are much better, and your fever entirely gone. I'll turn you over to the cook now, but be careful and don't expose yourself for some time." Katie

did get well, and soon was able to take a short ride, and one thing I am glad to tell you, is, she never forgot her promise to the angel to pray to God to keep her soul in. At night she never failed to kneel down and ask her "dear God" to make her like his sweet little pure angels. Nor did she pray only, but little Katie tried to be good, and her dear parents wept for joy, when they saw what a marvellous change had taken place in their once little sprightly Katie. Although the disease had disappeared, still the little girl was very feeble, and her cough seemed to increase. As the winter advanced, all of her had symptoms grew worse, and her cough was very distressing indeed. Parents and friends tried in vain to relieve the little sufferer, but when the archer death draws his bow, nought can turn his arrow's point, and all saw little Katie now *went die*. Oh what tears were wrung from the tender parents' eyes, to feel their darling must pass through the dark valley alone.—Alone did I say? No! no! not all alone. A Saviour's smile will light the gloomy vale for Katie, and in his bosom the tender lamb will find a long repose. Human nature weeps and grieves for those we love, nor is it sin, if done without repining. Jesus wept and we *weep* mortals will still weep on till He shall wipe our tears away, in that "land of pure delight." Katie's parents wept bitter tears, but still they prayed to be able to kiss the rod that dealt the blow. Poor little patient Katie! How still she lay, waiting for the little angels to take her home. She often spoke of her dream, and still clung to it as reality, for she said,

"Mother that little angel girl said she would come and she will too mother, for little angels don't tell stories."

One day she had been in a stupor, and her friends watched her closely, expecting her little spirit to take its flight. Night came and still Katie lingered. About midnight she opened her lustrous eyes, and looking at her mother, said,

"Where is that music? Listen, don't you hear that sweet singing, mother? Oh how beautiful," then clapping her little thin tiny hands she exclaimed, "I see her, I see her. I know she would come. Look, look! I don't you see her shining wings? Look, look, she's looking at a wreath for me—beautiful, beautiful. She says 'Come little sister, come away.' Yes, I'll come, I'll come—good-bye, good-bye. I'll ask God to let me come after you all to-morrow, and then we'll sing—sing—sing."

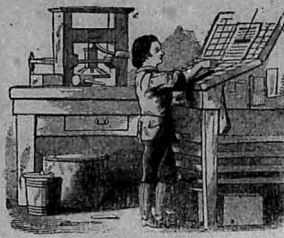
One sigh, and angel Katie wore her crown and swept her golden harp. The empty casket was still most precious, and weeping and wailing, the sad heritage of mortals, rent the air.

Sleep little Katie, sleep—sleep in thy dreamless bed. There are roses on thy pillow—a bud in thy dimpled hand, yet the crown the angels gave thee is brighter, brighter far.—Then sleep, little Katie, sleep, nothing shall break thy rest, till the mighty trumpet shall burst death's chains and set the prisoners free.

Little children, when you go into your mother's garden to gather some pretty roses, you almost always take the beautiful buds, with streaks of red and white just peeping between the bright green calyx. So it is with the Lord of the vineyard. He loves to cull the tender buds, and transplant them to bloom in heaven. You, little children, are the little buds and we grow up people are the full blown roses.—Prepare to meet Him, so that when He comes to gather you to blend in his beautiful bouquet, like little Katie, you can joyfully say, "Yes, I'll come, I'll come."

DON'T FORGET.

Little boys and girls are not generally remarkable for good memories: on the contrary, it would seem as if they made a point of forgetting every thing they are told to do, or not to do. It would make a great difference, in point of comfort and happiness to those who have charge of them, if they simply set themselves to remember the rules and cautions and commands which are given them for their good. Children often forget what their earthly friends say to them; but we are afraid that they still oftener forget the words of their Friend and Father in heaven; they forget that his eye sees them at all times,—in the dark as well as in the light, when they are alone and when they are in company. They forget that when they say what is not true, or fly into a passion, or learn their lessons ill, or grieve their friends and their teachers, they are all the time grieving God and making him angry.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE above picture represents the great Benjamin Franklin setting up type, as a printer boy. From this humble avocation, he arose with great strides to undying distinction, as a statesman, writer, and benefactor. He was born in Boston in 1706, and was the son of an obscure tallow-chandler.

He was sent to a grammar school for a short time, but his father being unable to incur longer the expense, put him in the office of an older brother to learn the trade of a practical printer. Here little Benjamin was enabled to cultivate his taste for reading, which he had never before indulged for the want of books. The few that fell in his way he eagerly devoured and longed for more. Becoming disgusted and wearied, however, with a printer's mechanical labor, he left the guardianship of his brother and started in search of another home. He went to New York and Philadelphia, and not succeeding in getting employment in either city, went across the water to London. In this great city, the friendless boy remained a short time, working in a variety of ways for his daily bread. He still possessed a fondness for literature, and while in London wrote several pamphlets, that have been highly commended. Returning to his native country, he started life anew in the city of Philadelphia, as a clerk in a dry goods store. Including, occasionally, in writing for the press, the retiring printer, now a youth of twenty, was discovered by influential friends, and made the associate editor of a newspaper. From this time his fame increased daily. He devoted himself with the greatest industry to the study of literature and the sciences, and made several important discoveries in natural science, that will be forever linked with his memory, e. g. the Franklin stove and the use of lightning rods. Our country being upon the eve of a revolution, Franklin interested himself greatly in the political affairs of New England, and thus commenced his notoriety as a statesman and diplomatist. He was sent on the difficult mission of forwarding the mother country of our intended revolt, and to urge a repeal of the famous stamp act. Failing, however, in the mission, he was none the less applauded for his consummate skill and address as an American diplomatist. Subsequently, he was again sent to France and other powers, to mediate for peace during the war. Every one is familiar with his enthusiastic reception at the court of France. Being now advanced in age, his official capacity, his scientific reputation, his engaging conversation and courtly address, made him the object of admiration to courtiers, fashionable ladies and amateurs.

He died near the close of the century, having won for himself and posterity, a name that will never die, and after having seen his beloved country pass through the bloody ordeal of a revolution, and now securely enjoying the blessings of independence and prosperity.

L. N. B.

CHARLE, OR THE BLOSSOMS AND THE PRUIT. "OTHER," said a little boy, coming up to her one day, and looking earnestly into her face, "what does it mean to 'give your heart to God?'" "Charlie," said she, putting down her sewing, "do you love any body?" "I love you," answered the child, with a look of surprise; "I love my father, and my sister, and Henry."

"Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, and me. It means to love us; and giving your heart to God, means to love him." The child's face looked bright with a new thought, as his mother spoke.—"And you ought to love God best, because God gave you your father, and mother, and sister, and every thing you have; and he gave you

his dear Son Jesus Christ, to die for you, and make you a good boy."

Though Charlie was only a little more than three years old, his little mind loved to light upon subjects like these, as if it were feeling its way after God and heavenly things. "I do want to give my heart to God, mother," said the child: "how shall I do it?" And then his mother taught him a little prayer, expressive of his wants, when the child knelt down beside a chair, and clasping his small hands together, prayed in tones so heartily, that the mother felt that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings there might go forth acceptable worship. "From that good hour," she now says, "I believe Charles became a child of God." His child-life did not disappoint her hopes. He was always trying to live like Jesus. Charles is now a man, one of the best of men; and he says he had one of the best of mothers.

A LAZY LITTLE GIRL'S PRAYERS.

A lazy little girl one day asked a school-fellow of hers how it was she always said her lessons so well.

The little girl, who was indeed remarkable for her readiness in class, answered: "I suppose it is because I always pray that I may say my lessons well."

"O," thought the other, "that is very easy; I will do so too."

But alas! the next morning, as usual, she could not repeat a word of her task. Very much disappointed, she ran to her friend, and reproached her with having deceived her.

"You have made me lose my place," she said; "you told me that you prayed to say your lessons well, and so have I, and yet I cannot say them at all."

"I am sorry for that," said her little friend; "let us inquire into it. Perhaps you did not take the trouble to learn them."

"Learn them! No," answered the other, "I did not try to learn them. I thought I had no occasion to learn them when I prayed that I might say them."

What a foolish girl! She ought to have known that God helps those who help themselves.

LITTLE ROBERT AND HIS CANDY.

One day Robert's uncle gave him a quarter. "Now," says he, "I'll have some candy, for I have been wanting some a long while." His mother asked if that was the best use he could make of his quarter. "Why, I want candy very bad," and he hurried on with his cap, and off he ran in great haste. His mother was sitting at the window, and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had dropped his money; but he started off again, and soon reached the door of the confectionary, and then he stood there a while, with his hand on the latch, and his eyes on the candy. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; they she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back home again, without going in.

In a minute he rushed into the parlor, with a bright glow upon his cheek, and a brighter glance in his eye, as he exclaimed, "Mother, the soldiers have beat, the soldiers have beat." "What do you mean, Robert, by the soldiers have beat?" "Why, mother, as I went along, I kept hearing the soldiers say, 'Give us your money, to help send us good missionaries; we want Bibles and tracts, and papers; help us, little boy, won't you?' and I kept saying, 'Oh, I want the candy, I do want the candy.' At last the soldiers beat, and I am going to give my money to send missionaries to the soldiers."

A little boy, returning from the Sunday School, said to his mother, "Ma, nint there a kitten-chium for little boys? This eat-colum is too hard!"

TERMS OF THE CHILD'S INDEX.

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