

CHILD'S INDEX.



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THE MOTHER'S PRAYER, OR, SABBATH-BREAKING PUBLISHED—A STORY FOR BOYS.
BY THE EDITOR.

MRS. FOSTER was a Christian—a warm-hearted, devout, praying Christian. Prayer was her great solace. Because she appeared to be born to more than ordinary trouble. Her husband had been a graceless scamp who abused and maltreated her, until life almost became a burden to her. At length he fairly deserted her, and fled to parts unknown, although she had never been otherwise than a tender, loving, faithful wife. The truth is, he was a drunkard. Amid all his bad treatment of her, and after his desertion of her, she had not ceased to pray fervently to God Almighty for him. As might well be expected, the example of the father was not without effect upon Archie—the son. And so, added to the ill-usage and desertion of her husband, Mrs. Foster had to endure the daily mortifying and harassing disobedience and ungracious conduct of her only boy—Archie. Oh, how she doted on him! How proud she was of his manly form! How ardently had she hoped he would become the support and solace of her life! But he returned her kindness with disobedience—her love with neglect—and her motherly solicitude with contempt. Yet she did not despair; she knew that God could change his vile heart into a heart of love and gentleness. And so she hoped on and on. And though she experienced fully how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child, yet so great was her faith in prayer, that she ceased not, night and day, to intercede for him at heaven's throne.

One Saturday night, especially, when little Sallie lay racked by a burning fever, with few chances of recovery—when her own failing strength and exhausted pulse told of near-coming misery and death—when now for two years her husband had been away—did she pray with all the ardor of her soul.

For an hour, in the privacy of her closet, she wrestled with God. She prayed for her husband. She prayed for her sick child.—She prayed for herself. But especially did she pray for her erring boy.

"Oh, Father," said she, "spare my boy—spare my boy. Cut him out not in the days of his fully and sinfulness. But O, change his heart as thou only canst do, and make him such as thou wouldst have him be."

Her soul melted with fervor. With tears and groans that could not be uttered, she pleaded for her darling boy.

At length she emerged from her closet to resume her vigil over the sick form of her child, with a bad headache, but yet with a faint gleam of hope brightening up her heart.

She became calm, because she had resolved to trust in the loving kindness of Him who said, "Ask and ye shall receive. Whosoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

To her dismay, Sallie grew worse rapidly, and at sunrise she woke Archie, and begged him to run for the doctor.

"I won't," said Archie, "I'm going a sailing."

"My son, I fear your sister is dying.—Won't you please go for the doctor?"

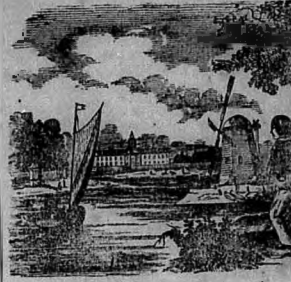
"I don't believe she's dying. You just say so to make me go."

Tears sprang to the mother's eyes. She covered her face with her arm, and even amid her sobs, prayed to God for help for herself, and for forgiveness for her son.

"Archie, my child, you'll break my heart," she exclaimed. "You doubt my word, refuse to obey me, and seem bent on desecrating God's holy day. May God forgive you and have mercy on you!"

Shortly after Archie left for the purpose of

joining his companions in a boating excursion, Sabbath as it was.



It is nearly night. The almost heart-broken Mrs. Foster, sat by the bedside of her daughter, whose pulse of life beat slow and feeble. Life was nearly gone. The doctor had called about nine o'clock in the morning, and administered such relief as he could.—Again he enters the room—feels the child's pulse, shakes his head, and walks out.

Mrs. Foster followed him with woe-begone countenance and lustreless eyes.

"Is there no hope, Doctor?"

"Her case is in God's hands, madam. Human skill has done its utmost. The crisis will occur to-night, and if she passes that safely, you may hope."

"Mrs. Foster," and the kind-hearted physician took her hand gently in his. "I have had news for you—can you hear it?"

"Yes—what is it? Archie?"

"Alas, ma'am, it is. The boat in which his company went sailing this morning was overturned, and all in it were drowned."

Mrs. Foster's cup of sorrow was full. She gave a faint gasp, and sank senseless upon the floor.

It was many minutes before she was aroused, and it was to find herself in the arms of some one whose loving words, accompanied by the kindest self-reproaches, fell warmly on her ear. She could not believe her senses, and so lay silent and immovable, with closed eyes. As signs of life manifested themselves, tender caresses were lavished upon her.

She opened her eyes, and found herself in the arms of—her husband. With a bound her heart resumed its functions. She clasped her arms around the neck of the long lost husband—and his head on his bosom, and wept, O, what sweet, yet what melancholy tears!

"Marry, forgive me. I repent, and the future shall atone for the past," were the words murmured in her ear.

She pressed his neck warmly with her embrace; and her husband—a returned prodigal—sealed his forgiveness, with a fervid kiss.

"But Archie—my darling—my lost Archie!" almost shrieked Mrs. Foster, in agony of spirit, as she recollected the cause of her fainting fit.

"Here I am, mother! Did you think I was drowned?"

Mrs. Foster sprang to her feet! Before her stood Archie, with deep concern and repentant sorrow mingled with a kind of reformatory joy in his countenance.

"I thought you were drowned, my son! and the over-joyed mother clasped him to her bosom.

"I would have been, mother, if I had not, for your sake, gone for the Doctor, after all, and though I ran with all my might, I got to the river only in time to see the boat in the distance—too late to get on board. Nor would they return for me."

In company with her reformed and returned husband, and her repentant child, Mrs. Foster passed the night in bliss too sweet to be described.

By morning Sallie was much better. She rapidly improved, and soon got well. Archie became a good and obedient boy—the joy and pride of his mother. Mr. Foster, who, had returned and acquired wealth, was all his wife could ask. Her cheeks filled up, and her eyes brightened with gladness, and her life became a life of happiness.

She ever attributed it all to that one fervent prayer in her closet.

The Naughty Fingers.

"MAMMA," said Lizzy, after she was undressed, "this finger and this thumb have been naughty to-day."

"What have they done?" asked mamma.

"They took some raisins from your cupboard," said the little girl.

"Did no body tell them to do it?" asked mamma. Lizzy looked down.

"I did not hear any body tell them," she answered softly.

"Did they eat the raisins?" asked mamma.

"They put them in my mouth," answered Lizzy.

"Were you not to blame to take them?" asked mamma; "your fingers had no right to them, you know."

"They gave them to me," said the little girl.

"But the Bible says, if thy right hand offend thee cut it off. Must we cut my part of this little hand off?" asked mamma.

"What is offend?" asked the child.

"Making you do wrong," said mamma.

"But it was only one finger and one thumb," said Lizzy.

"They are two little thieves, then, for they took what did not belong to them. They can no longer be trusted; we must shut them up," said mamma.

Lizzy looked very sorry, while her mother found some black cloth and wound round the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy. She went to bed and arose in the morning with them still shut up.

"Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?" she asked, on going to be washed.

"Oh no," said mamma; "we have no proof they are sorry yet, therefore it is not safe to trust them; they may go directly into the cupboard again."

"I think they are very sorry," said Lizzy, in a pitiful tone.

"But they have not said so," said mamma.

Lizzy went down to breakfast with the ugly black rage on. How sick she felt her spout I cannot tell. I do not think she ate much, for she looked unhappy.

By and by the little girl came to her mamma, with the tears rolling down her cheeks.—"Mamma," she sobbed, "it was I made my fingers naughty—I—naughty I; I'm to blame."

to her, and then wickedly trying to throw the blame somewhere else. Lizzy put up her hand for mamma to kiss; and ever since it has had a good little mistress as need be.

A Child's Hymn.

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."
Where'er my little footsteps go,
Where'er I may chance to be,
This solemn truth I surely know,
"Thou, God, seest me."

When, bent on some forbidden sin,
I think no one is near to see,
There speaks a monitor within,
"Thou, God, seest me."

At midnight, or in darkest night,
I cannot hide away from thee;
Oh, that the truth were my delight!
"Thou, God, seest me."

When'er I feel the tempter's power,
And sin allures my heart from thee,
May I remember in that hour,
"Thou, God, seest me."

And oh! I pray for Jesus' sake
That I a holy child may be;
And gratefully the message take,
"Thou, God, seest me."

How should Little Children Pray?

We will answer this question in the language of some of your own age. "A little boy, one of the Sunday School children in Jamaica called upon the missionary, and stated that he had been very ill, and his sickness often wished his minister had been present to pray with him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, 'I hope you prayed yourself?'"

"O yes sir."

"Did you repeat the collect I taught you?"

"I prayed."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Well, sir, I begged."

A child of six years old, in a Sunday School, said; "When we kneel down in the School-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God." A little girl, about four years of age, being asked "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him." "But how do you know he hears you?" Putting her little hands to her heart, she said, "I know he does, because there is something here that tells me so."

Oh, children, you may never fully know the power and the usefulness of prayer, until you find yourselves in trouble and in sorrow; then you will love the mercy seat better than any other place on earth. But see it that you never approach God in prayer, even now unless you are sincere and in earnest; for to ask for what you do not want, would only be mocking the great Jehovah. Do you remember those little verses of the hymn?

"I often say my prayers,
But do I ever pray?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Suggest the words I say.

I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

A few days since a little small urchin was sent by a mechanic to collect a small bill.—He began in the usual way, but becoming more and more importunate, at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted, he said to him, "You need not dun me so sharply—I am not going to run away."

"I don't suppose you are," said the boy, scratching his head, "but master is, and he wants the money."

Bad boys, unless God's grace changes their hearts, will be sure to become bad men.

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

We regret that, owing to an error in counting last month, some did not get all their numbers of the Child's Index. This was especially the case with our Virginia subscribers. But we make up the missing numbers this month.

Editor's Monthly Letter.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Your kind letters are very precious to the Editor. His heart is made to throb with pleasure by the thought that he is gratifying you; and causing you to think about the eternal interest of your souls. His great aim is to do you good, and if he succeeds, he will be most happy.

He would say to you now, that he hopes you will put in practice the good lessons taught you in the stories and anecdotes spread before you each month. Remember, children, that we are all put on this earth in order to prepare for heaven; and that, if we die unprepared, we miss the great object of our life, and go to the place where we shall be unhappy and full of misery forever.

Think of this, children, and give your hearts to the Saviour while you are young—then it will be prepared to die. THE EDITOR.

The Lawton Family.

WHAT IS THE CHURCH?

FATHER, please tell me what is the meaning of the word Church? Such was the question asked by Charles Lawton, shortly after his conversation with his father, which we related to the young readers of the Child's Index last month.

But, as Charles and his father will appear frequently in the Child's Index, together with other members of their family, we will tell who they were. Charles' father was an educated Baptist minister, about fifty years old, who lived in the town of C—. His family consisted of his wife, one son and two daughters, all members of the Baptist Church in that town. Mr. Lawton was Pastor of that Church, and was a pious, useful, and universally beloved man. His wife was an amiable woman, of strong religious principles, and unwavering in her conduct when a sense of duty impelled her to a course of action. Helena was sixteen—a sweet girl of great piety and good sense. Charles was fourteen, full of life, of an enquiring mind, and possessed of an earnest, serious nature, that looked upon life as real, and considered all its concerns important.—His great desire was to have correct views of things, and to understand whatever occupied his attention. He attended the school of Mr. Stevens, who was also a Baptist, and a great friend to Charles.

Little Bettie was a sprightly child, devotedly attached to her mother and father, fond of reading her Bible and good books.

Their home was a pleasant, study spot, near the centre of the town, not far from the Baptist house of worship. In the same city were Methodist, Episcopal and Presbyterian houses of worship.

Bill Harris, a young man of fine sense, was Charles' most intimate friend, although about four years older. He was no Christian, though raised among Presbyterians.

We will now return to the conversation which took place at the supper table a few days after the former interview, detailed in the last Child's Index.

"The word Church, Charles, may, according to the New Testament, be understood in two senses," said Mr. Lawton.—"1st. To express the whole company of those who are saved by Christ—that is to say, the whole body of God's chosen people, in every period of time; and, 2d. An assembly of believers in Christ, organized into a body, according to the Holy Scriptures, for the worship and service of God.

"The first is called the invisible or universal church, and comprises all those who shall be redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus.

"The second means a local congregation or society of believers, who profess regeneration and faith in Christ, and who have been immersed on a profession of that faith, and who are accustomed to meet together in one place, and observe the ordinances and maintain the worship of God."

"Where do you get those two definitions of the word Church, father?"

"From the New Testament, of course, my son."

"Hand me that Bible, Bettie," said Mr. Lawton, who took the book that little Bettie handed him from the table, and read the 18th verse of the 16th chapter of Matthew. "Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

"Now listen," says he, "while I read a few passages to show what that verse means: 'Gave him to be heard over all things to the church.' Eph. 1: 21. 'Unto him be glory in the church by Jesus Christ throughout all ages, world without end.' Eph. 3: 21. 'Thy husband is head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church.' Eph. 5: 23. 'By ye have come unto Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, and to the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven.' Heb. 12: 22. Don't you think the meaning of these passages plain, my son?"

"Yes, sir, they evidently refer to the whole body of believers who shall finally be assembled in heaven."

"That, then, is one meaning of the word Church. Now listen," continued Mr. Lawton, as he read the 17th verse of the 18th chapter of Matthew: "And if he shall neglect to hear thee, tell it to the church; but if he neglect to hear the church, let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican." And then he proceeded:

"Here our Saviour is telling what one church-member shall do if another church-member shall offend him. Take the book, Helena, and read the whole passage."

Helena did so, in a distinct and intelligent manner.

"Don't you see now, my son," continued the father, addressing Charles, as he took little Bettie on his knee, for supper was now finished, "that the word church here has a different meaning from that which it has in the other passage I read?"

"Yes, sir, very plainly it refers to a body of men organized and meeting in one place."

"Well, Charles, such a body of men is called a local church—an organized church. And such are the only churches men and women can properly form and join in this world. And if they are not formed strictly according to the instructions of the New Testament, they are not true gospel churches."

"But, father," said Charles, "what is meant by the phrase church, when we use the general expression, 'has joined the church?'"

"We mean, my son, nothing but a distinction between Christians and the world—between those who profess to love and to serve Jesus, and those who love a self follow after the things of this world. We mean to say of a person who has joined the church, that he has professed Christianity, and intends to live a Christian life. You see, the word church is unfortunately and erroneously got to comprehend all those on the earth who profess to believe in Christ, and acknowledge him to be the Saviour of mankind."

"The church, then, really means the particular church to which any one belongs," said Charles, inquiringly.

"Yes, for each church is, or ought to be, separate from, and independent of, every other church. This we know by the common expression in the New Testament of 'The church at Jerusalem,' 'the church at Antioch,' 'the church at Corinth,' 'the churches throughout all Judaea, Galatia and Samaria,' 'the churches of Galatia,' 'the churches of Macedonia,' &c. It is evident, from these passages, that the word church, in the singular number, means the separate local assemblies in those districts, or countries, and not the whole number of Christians inhabiting a kingdom or province. You know it is said of Paul and Barnabas, that they ordained elders in every church, in Acts 14: 23."

"But, father, might not a great number of these churches agree to combine and form one grand church—like the 'Presbyterian church' or the 'Episcopal church?'"

"They might combine into an ecclesiastical organization; but that organization would no more constitute a real church, than a great number of separate machines, placed side by side, would form one vast machine."

At this Helena, who had been knitting for the soldiers, laughed heartily; and Mr. Lawton arose from his seat, and requested the servants to be called to family prayer.

A Word to the Young.

HE is lovely! It is the little girl who drops sweet words, kind thoughts and pleasant smiles as she passes along; who has a kind word of sympathy for every boy or girl she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; who never teases her mates, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase their happiness. Would it not please you to be able to give away and scatter pearls and diamonds and precious stones as you pass along the street? Well, these acts we have mentioned are the true pearls and precious stones that you may scatter, and they will never be lost—never be uselessly thrown away!

Take the hand of the friendless; smile on the sad and dejected; sympathize with those in trouble; strive always and everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. This is the way little boys and girls may make themselves loved. Be sure to be loved.

Dr. Daddridge one day asked his little girl why it was that every body loved her.

"I don't know," she replied, "unless it is because I love every body."

This is the true secret of being loved.—"He that hath friends," says Solomon, "must show himself friendly." Love begets love.—If you love others, they cannot help loving you. But remember, it is only God's Holy Spirit can give you this grace of love; pray for it, then, until you have obtained it.

The Long Journey.

BE DARE say our young readers have heard or read that, in olden times, the nobles used to keep what was styled "Household fools."

Well, a certain lord presented his fool with a staff, cap and bells, and told him to keep them until he found a greater fool than himself, and then he was to give them up.—Some time after this the lord fell sick and died; but before he expired he took leave of all his family and servants, and amongst the latter was his poor fool. When the poor, half-witted creature came to the bedside, he shed many tears, and said, "Oh, master, are you going to leave me?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"And where are you going?" asked the fool.

"To eternity," said his master.

"Is it a long way, master?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, "a very, very long way."

"And do you know the way?"

"Alas! no," replied the lord.

"And are you coming back again?"

"No, never, never."

"And what preparation have you made for this long journey?"

"Alas! my poor friend, none. I never thought about it."

"What, master! are you going away on a long journey, you don't know where, and never coming back again, and yet have made no preparation for such a journey? Here, take my staff, cap and bells; for, with all my folly, I hope never to be guilty of such folly as this."

Now, young friends, you know well enough what the Saviour says, in the parable recorded in Luke 12: 16-21, of such a character as this. He said such a one was a fool; and why?

- 1. Because he preferred his body to his precious soul.
- 2. Because he preferred the world to God.
- 3. "Eat, drink and be merry," was his aim.
- 4. Because he preferred time to eternity.
- 5. "The fool says in his heart there is no God."
- 6. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Now, to rejoice in the sweet consciousness of pardoned sin, and to have the heart lighted up with the blessed hope of eternal life, and to have the love of Christ the acting, moving principle of your life—this is to be prepared for the long journey to that country from whence no traveller returns.

A Hint.

The patrons of the Child's Index are informed that it takes all the subscription money to print the paper, and that, in urging them to increase its circulation, we are not influenced by interested motives. If, therefore, they think the paper calculated to do good, we hope all will use their influence to increase its circulation.



The Caged Eagle.

THERE was a very large eagle that had been kept in a cage for many years. The owner at length concluded to give him his liberty, and at the appointed time a large number of persons assembled to see him take his flight. The door of the cage was opened, and the noble bird stepped to the threshold, and after deliberately looking around on those who were standing there, he spread his wings, made two or three circles over their heads, and then darted directly towards the sun, and was soon lost sight of in the distance.

The time will come, dear little readers, when each one of you will take your departure from the body in which your soul is caged; and perhaps some of your friends may then stand by to see you go, and bid you the last long farewell. O that God would grant that you, like the captive eagle, may after a parting look at those you love, ascend heavenward in your flight, and stop not till you reach the throne of God. As you think of the holiness and happiness of heaven, may you have a heart to adopt this sweet language of the poet:

"I'm fettered and chained up in clay
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see;
I want to be put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I want to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I want, Oh, I want to be there,
Where sorrow and sin had no place,
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you."

You Can Never Rub It Out.

ONE pleasant afternoon a lady was sitting with her little son, a white-headed boy five years of age. The mother was sick, and the child had left his play to stay with her, and was amusing himself with printing his name with a pencil on paper.

Suddenly his busy fingers stopped. He had made a mistake, and, setting his finger, he tried again and again to rub out the mark, as he had been accustomed to do on his slate.

"My son," said his mother, "do you know that God writes down all you do in a book? He writes down every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips; and, my boy, you can never rub it out!"

The little boy's face grew very red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. His mother's eye was on him earnestly, but she said nothing more. A length he came softly to her side, threw his arms around her neck, and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, Christ's blood can rub out the evil you have done, and it is the only thing in the universe that can do it. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanse us from all sin."

A Request.

Let the Child's Index be shown to Baptist Pastors and Sunday School Superintendents, with the request that they subscribe at once for 25, 50, or 100 copies for the Sabbath School scholars or for the children of the church members.

Each number of the series will contain instruction on denominational matters that should not be lost.

"Illustrated with cuts," said the urchin, as he drew his jack-knife across the leaves of his grammar.

"Illustrated with cuts," said the master, as he brought his birch to bear on the shoulders of the witty urchin.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

Lynwood Lodge; or, the Consequences of Carelessness.

BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLART.

On the banks of the restless Mississippi is a mansion of stately magnificence, known by the name of Lynwood Lodge. Wealth, guided by refined taste, had rendered the spot so lovely, that it seemed a little vestige of Eden, still in its pristine beauty. Here the towering trees of Nature's own training, clustered with protecting care around the spacious dwelling; while flowers in countless variety, magically sprung, and blossomed the long year through. In the rear, were numberless little white cabins, dotting the unmarled fields; while in the front, the waters of the Mississippi dashed—Now its waves, with crests of sparkling diamonds, leap upward like sheets of liquid flame; then with mildly dimpling cheeks, they laugh in the flood of light resting on their bosoms; now the waters, gently surging calmly gurgling—then, as if lashing themselves into fury, in maddening haste they rush to mingle their crystal drops with the mighty ocean.

Such was the residence of Col. Lynn. His family consisted of his wife, a lady of sweet, winning manners, and two lovely children,—Walter and Cora.

Often would this little group watch Mississippi's floating palaces as they ploughed the waves on their way to the great Crescent City, and listen with rapture to the swelling notes of the sweet Calliope, as it filled the air with melody, and caused the very leaves to be tremulous with its deep-toned music. Often, too, would the boats stop, at this, their favorite wharf station, and often would the Scotch and Irish sailors run up the bluff, to inquire after the "dear gude lady;" and the "sweet young bairns." Here the cup of happiness seemed overflowing; but pleasure can never long remain unalloyed, and so death, as if evading their tranquil joy, in grim silence sowed the seeds of dissolution. Col. Lynn began to show signs of feebleness, and soon the hectic flush, the sunken cheek, the tottering gait and hollow cough, showed how well death's work was done. Time passed, and soon a monument of costly magnificence reared its head among the gaily flowers. Then the lily receded to bend her snowy head in sadness, while the ruby petals and scathed yellow leaves secured to sigh—

"Here, too, we blossom, drop and die." Then many an old sailor brushed his sleeve across his moistened eye, as the glittering marble came in view, and exclaimed, "Ah, gude mon."

Often as the sunlight danced in mocking gaiety around this snowy shaft, did Mrs. Lynn recall the words of her now sainted husband: "Weep no longer for me, but turn to the many duties now devolving on you, and remember mine is imperative as the care of our sweet children." Train them up to meet me in heaven.

And then with overflowing eyes and heart would she dedicate herself afresh to this work of love.

Cora and Walter had always been tenderly guarded; but now Mrs. Lynn was doubly watchful, and endeavored to check each fault while yet in embryo. She often called them her "precious, good children;" and they were indeed good, but still they were not perfect. As Cora grew in years, her fond mother saw with deep regret that her little girl was indulging in many careless habits. When she came in from her evening ramble, her hat was thrown in the first convenient place; if she went to call a pretty bouquet, the garden shears were more than likely left on this tulip bed; her trundle was always in the wrong place; and when school time came, Walter would often complete his task before poor little Cora's books could be found. It was hard to convince the little girl that she was so much to blame, for, like many other little girls that I could mention, "Somebody always took her things and lost them."

One day one of the Scotch sailors was seen approaching very hurriedly, with a bundle under his arm. Cora ran to meet the old weather-beaten tar, throwing bonnet and books behind her as she ran.

"Ah!" said he, in his broken Scotch, "here you come as graceful as a bird upon a wire. D'ye know, Miss Cora, I love ye're name, mo'ren your shining ee? Cora Lynn is dear to Jamie Wallace, for in Scotland's Cora Castle my master, laid him down and died; and the fall of

Cora Lynn ring his death-song even now. But I love ye're face, too, child. You'll be some nice captain's lady yet, and won't these rough hands right about for ye. But what are ye looking at this box so hard for? Oh! you want to see the inside, do ye? Well, here it is, and I brought them all the way for you, little lady."

So saying, he put his hand in the box, and took out two beautiful little Canaries. What bright little eyes they had, and what soft gay yellow feathers! Cora could find no words to express her joy; but her big wondering beaming eyes spoke volumes.

"Oh, Mr. Wallace," said she, "are they for me, sure enough? Oh, how pretty! Can they sing, too? Come here, you sweet little tiny things. You shall have a warm, beautiful little home to live in, with golden bars, and I will feed you myself with sugar plums all day long; and won't we be good friends?"

"They won't thank ye much for ye're sugar plums, Miss Cora; nor sing any the letter for them either; but just drop a few flax-seed in their cage, and a few crumbs of bread, and then you'll find out what good singing is."

"Oh Mr. Wallace, I will, I will! What are their names? You didn't tel me, did you?"

"Well, I think ken, Miss Cora; but would ye mind calling one after my Captain, Capt. Indoit? And as to this individual, I don't ken about it. But hark! the bell is striking, the boat is pushing off—good bye! take gude care of the pots;" and so saying, the kind old sailor hurried away.

"Cora," said a gentle voice from the window, "you did not once thank Mr. Wallace for his beautiful present."

"Not thank him, mother! Why surely—are you certain, mother, that I did not thank Mr. Wallace? How could I forget it?"

"I am certain, my daughter; for I waited to hear, if among your expressions of delight, you would think to thank the old man for his trouble; but you did not, Cora."

"Dear me, how careless," cried little Cora, and away she ran to the bluff, calling, Mr. Wallace! Mr. Wallace! but she was too late; the boat had left, and her voice was drowned by the vigorous puff of the steam.

Cora felt very sorry for this breach of etiquette; but she soon forgot all her short-comings, when she came in sight of her little birds.

"Oh my little beauties, here you are. Bless your sweet little hearts! What funny names you have. Mother, did you know Mr. Wallace named the little things himself? for don't you remember he named one Indoit, after his captain, and the other Individual for he said, "As to this individual he did not know about it." I wonder who he named this one after. They are funny names; but Mr. Wallace named them, and they shall keep these very names."

Mrs. Lynn smiled in her quiet way, and very gravely added:

"Now, Cora, these little Canaries are to be your special care; and I trust these little birds will teach you some valuable lessons. Remember, if you are careless, your little Canaries will suffer; and remember, too, if you leave the cage door open, even for a few moments, pussy may help herself to one of your beauties for her supper."

"Yes, I know—I know, mother; but indeed I will be so careful. I am careless about some things, I know, but how could I ever neglect you, my sweet little birdies?"

Saying this, Cora had to take the tiny yellow things out once more and press them to her cheek, and give them each a sweet kiss, as if in assurance of her protecting care. [Concluded next month.]

A LITTLE TALK OVERHEARD.

"I've got no father; he's dead," said a little girl.

"I've got two fathers; one at home, and one is my Heavenly Father," said her companion.

I thought how sweet it was to have two fathers: 'one might indeed die, but the other will never die. My Heavenly Father will love and take care of me all my days. He can carry me through the gate of death, and take me to his blessed home in heaven, to stay with him for ever.

"Little boys should be seen and not heard." That's what the little fellow told his master when he couldn't say his lesson.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

Behavior in Church.

SECOND LETTER.

DEAR CHILDREN:—There is another part of the service which is, perhaps, of more importance yet. How do you conduct yourselves during the prayers? Oh, I have been often pained to notice how perfectly indifferent and careless some people can look and act while the minister is interceding at the Throne of Grace for them. If you had an urgent request to make of some great Personage, on which depended your future happiness, and some friend were urging and pleading with him that it should be granted, how strange it would look to see you laughing or talking during the time, and paying no attention whatever to him. Either stand or kneel during prayer, according to the custom of the congregation. Keep your eyes closed, so as to shut out everything from your mind but the prayer; and go over it, word by word, as it is uttered, just as if it was your own—as you should, indeed, feel it to be.

Now let us, if we should happen to get to church during a prayer, stand at the door and look over the congregation. There is the faithful minister earnestly pleading with God in behalf of his dear people; he seems to feel the solemnity of the occasion and the importance of his request—for there are some half-grown girls and boys. Why, some of them are actually laughing and talking—sitting up, without even the form of prayer. If, at the same time, you should see another reverently kneeling, and seemingly engaged in earnest thought, what would be your opinion of the two classes?

But it not only looks like you were badly raised, but irreverence in the house of God is a sin. "Holiness becometh this house, oh Lord, forever." Then, again, "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary. I am the Lord." Does not that sound awfully solemn? Perhaps some of you will say—"We see grown people violate this command."—Well, I, for one, will give you liberty to write the texts on a slip of paper and hand it over to the next one you see do so.

But I am so afraid you are growing tired of "advice." If so, you have only to whisper it into the ear of your kind editor, and I will send you no more. But if you should think it good, and resolve to take it, then I shall feel bold enough to send you a little more on Behavior at School and at Home. I close with this simple request: the next Sabbath you take your seat in church, call to mind what the last Child's Index said about Behavior in Church.

Your friend, MATTIE.

Morning Prayer for a Child.

O, my Father, who art in heaven, thou hast been very kind in taking care of me through the night. When I was asleep thou didst watch over me and preserve me. I thank thee for taking care of me, O God. I pray thee watch over me this day, and keep me from all harm. Help me by thy good Spirit to be kind, obedient and gentle; and may I grow more and more like Jesus, for whose sake hear and answer my prayer. Amen.

EVENING PRAYER FOR A CHILD.

Our Father who art in heaven, thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." I am a little child, and I come to thee, O God, through him who taught us thy great love to sinners. I pray thee hear me this evening. Forgive the many naughty things I have done this day, and hear my thanks for the many things thou has given me. I thank thee for my life, my health, my food, my friends; and, most of all, I thank thee for the gift of thy dear Son, Jesus Christ, who died for sinners, and for whose sake I pray thee to hear me. Amen.

To the Little Ones.

Fannie May Barberough sends us correct and beautifully written answers to Mental, Bible Pictures and Bible Questions. Octavia Warren also sends correct answers. J. L. Walker.—Your pleasant note is received, and we hope you will write again. Mattie and Minnie.—Your sweet letter is received, and your answers are correct. Yes, Minnie, write.

Notes from Correspondents.

A LITTLE BROTHER.

EDGEMORE COURT HOUSE, S. C.
DEAR MR. BOYKIN:—I am a very little girl, so little I have not yet learned to write, but my mamma is holding my hand, and guiding my pen, so I can write a letter to you. I want to tell you about my little brother, who died about a month ago. He was not quite three years old, and was the only brother I had. I had no one else to play with, but I know if I love Jesus Christ, and try to be good, I will go to him when I die. Once, when Papa was pinching him playfully, he said, "Date ugly. God don't love you, you do dat." When we asked him where he learned to sing "Happy Day," he would say, at "Sunny School." He was a sweet little boy, and God saw we all loved him too much, and took him to himself. Before I close I must tell you I like the Child's Index very much. I am always glad to hear mamma read it.

Your little friend,
SOPHIE L. MIMS.

WETUMKA, A. S., Jan. 12, 1863.

DEAR MR. BOYKIN:—I have seen one number of the "Child's Index." I am so pleased with it that I have asked Ma for a half dollar, so that I might send for it. Now please don't laugh at my writing, for I am a little girl, just eight years old. Enclosed you will please find fifty cents.

Yours very truly,
KATY PAICE.

Scripture Puzzle.

The initials to the answers to the following form the name of a young man, whose life was in danger, but who was saved in answer to prayer. The final letters form his father's name:

1. One of David's chief rulers.
2. The youngest son of the builder of a noted city.
3. One whose sons sold part of their land.
4. The assumed name of a child of sorrow.
5. A farmer who offered some of his property to the service of God.
6. The country of an anxious inquirer after truth.
7. The character of one of the early churches.

Mental Bible Scenes.

No. 5.

It is night. The valley on which we look is the encampment of an immense army. The sleeping solitary and animals lying quietly at rest, seem countless in number, are spread far and wide over the field.

A little company of three hundred men, headed by a noble young chief, are ascending the mountains, and approaching this silent, but terrible army.

They are unarmed, but every man carries in one hand a trumpet, while in the other may be distinguished a glimmering light. [Found in Judges.]

In a chariot drawn by splendid horses, sits a warrior of lofty rank, surrounded by his mounted and armed guard. The party has halted to listen to the appeal of a number of men, who, with ropes around their necks and girded with sack-cloth, present an abject and miserable appearance. They plead with imploring looks, and appear to watch with intense anxiety for the chief's reply. [Found in 1st Kings.]

Bible Questions.

What was Saul's errand to Damascus when he was arrested and converted? How long did he continue blind, and by what means was his sight restored? What was his first prayer?

Answer to Bible Questions.

What accusation was brought against Jesus before Pilate, answer, Luke 23:2.
What very different ground was alleged before the High Priest? answer, Matt. 26:60-61.
What did Jesus reply when solemnly appealed to on the subject? answer, Matt. 26:64; Mark 14:62.

Key to Mental Bible Pictures.

1.—The Famine in Samaria. 2 Kings 6:25-30.

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

The Dying Girl's Address to her Parents.

BY MRS. L. N. BOYKIN.

Away! away! above I go,
The better land to see;
I cannot now prolong my stay,
Angels are calling me.

I long to reach the spirit land,
The Paradise above,
To join the tuncful happy band,
And see the God I love.

There is no fear for me to feel
In crossing death's dark sea;
For Christ my gentle shepherd is,
And he my guide will be.

Then weep not, mother, for thy child,
Others are left to thee;
And I was not thy brightest one,
So weep no more for me.

It makes me sad to see thee weep,
A shadow o'er my face;
No tear should dim the beautiful way—
My passage to the skies.

And, father, on thy cherished head
This stroke will longer bide;
I would avert it for thy sake,
For naught on earth beside.

But weep not, father, for thy child—
Submitive thou must be,
With lifted heart say now to Him,
"I give her back to thee."

May this a light affliction be,
May He withhold the rod,
And gently lead you, hand in hand,
Up to the heaven of God.

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

Fannie's Recompense; or, the Reward of Generous Self-Denial.

BY MRS. M. DEGRAFFENREID.

"Do not take off your hat, Fannie, but come here," said Mrs. Adams, as a bright-eyed girl of eleven years entered the room, her fair face peering out from beneath a shabby, faded hat, which, mean as it looked, was not altogether unbecoming, revealing, as it did, the well-poised head, with its short brown curls. "I have, my daughter," she continued, "been revolving in my mind how I shall best economize in our household expenses so as to buy you a new hat, for really," she added, surveying the child with a critical eye, "the one you have is not at all presentable, and looks even worse than usual in contrast with your neat gingham dress and clean white apron."

She rose as she spoke, unlocked a drawer, and took thence a bill, which she presented to her daughter.

"Take this to Mrs. Jones, and tell her to send me the hat with pink trimmings, at five dollars, which I selected yesterday."

"Thank you, mamma," said the child, her face kindling with involuntary delight, but a moment after, with a shade of disappointment in her tone, she added: "But, mamma, I fear you cannot spare it without inconvenience, and I should be sorry to add to your privations, for I know your income since my dear father's death is barely sufficient to meet our necessary expenses."

"Keep it, child," said Mrs. Adams, as Fannie hesitatingly proffered the note. "Remember, you are going to the May-party to-morrow, and though I have no desire to dress you beyond my means, in unsuitable finery, yet I would like to have my daughter neat and becomingly attired."

Thus reassured, Fannie kissed her mother and bounded away on her pleasant errand.—With a light step and happy heart, she had walked two or three squares, when suddenly she stopped, as her beaming eye fell upon the pale, fearful face of a girl, coarsely clad, about her own age, standing in the door of a hotel, her eyes riveted upon the approaching figure of a man of most repulsive aspect, with a hard, cold look that sent a chill to Fannie's heart, as he accosted the girl.

"Got the five dollars ready, eh? If not, you and the old woman must tramp, as I want the house for another lodger."

"Oh, sir," began the child, the pained expression of the pale, pale face deepening into a look of anguish, "mother has been sick, and we cannot pay you now, but in a month—"
"Not a day, not a moment, will I give you."

Tell the old woman so. Stop, where is she?" said pushing the girl rudely aside, he was stepping over the threshold, when a wan face and poverty-stricken form appeared, and a feeble voice said:

"Give us time, Mr. Bonner. The hand of God has been heavy upon us, for I have been too ill to work."

"A fine excuse," was the rough reply, "but it will not do. Oo you must, for I've got a tenant to put into this house before night; so take your duds and be off. The furniture will hardly cover the debt, and you have no means of moving it, if you would. Take what you can carry, and away with you both."

"Surely, Mr. Bonner, you will not turn us out, starving and homeless, into the street—H've mercy, as you hope for peace in your last hour."

"Hold your tongue, woman, and snop up your things, for I'll not leave the house until you are out of it," and he stepped forward and scated himself with a dogged look of determination.

The poor sick creature, who had sunk upon a chair, the picture of woe, rose at the cruel mandate, and attempted to gather together the little clothing which comprised their scanty wardrobe, though, from feebleness, she entered at every step. The child in the doorway, who had attracted Fannie's attention, now came forward, with streaming eyes, to assist her wretched parent in the sad task, when Fannie, who had listened to the above colloquy with feelings of indignation and dismay, sprang into the room, exclaiming:

"How can you be so cruel, you wicked man! God will punish you as you deserve, if you oppress the poor."

"I'll take the chances, little miss," said the man sneeringly, but presently he added in a cool, determined tone, "If you'll carry while you'll see if I am not as good as my word."

"Unfeeling wretch," murmured Fannie, as she turned to the woman and said:

"Here is the money to discharge your debt. Give it to that bad man and let him depart."

"Angel of mercy, as you are, God only can reward you," and, exhausted by long illness and insufficient food, the woman clasped her hands and fell upon a seat, quite overcome by the sudden transition from despair to hope. The man, snatching the money from her hand, walked away, saying, "I suppose you'll have to stay now, but if you are not ready to fork over the next time, out you'll go, bag and baggage."

As he emerged from the door he encountered a richly dressed and noble-looking lady, whose dark eyes flashed angrily as she addressed him:

"Molest that woman and her child again, as you have done to-day, and you will repent it. In future, when her rent is due, apply to me. I am Mrs. Ashley, and she passed on, declining to notice the despicable creature as he lifted his hat in cringing homage, for Mrs. Ashley, as he was well aware, was wealthy, and reposit said, many were the deeds of charity done by her in secret.

That evening, at the widow and orphan's door, a large basket, containing provision enough to maintain a small family for weeks, and plain material for clothing, was left by an unknown hand. A fervent prayer that night went up to the Throne of Grace in behalf of the generous donor, who, in due time, revealed herself as Mrs. Ashley, but not until more such gifts found their way into the humble abode. Soon, by her own industry and the liberality of her kind benefactress, the grateful woman was able to secure a better home, to surround herself with comforts, and send her daughter to school; but never did she forget the stranger-child whose aid had been so opportune, nor cease to believe that the promised reward. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and he shall be repaid tenfold," would one day be hers.

Reader, think you Fannie went home with a heavy heart, that the hope of having a pretty new hat like her acquaintances, had vanished? If you had seen how lightly she tripped along, not to the milliner's, but back home, not thinking of the old hat at all, nor of the new one, but only of the gratitude and joy her generous gift had awakened in that sorrowing woman's heart, you would have said that Fannie regarded the pleasure and happiness of others more than her own; in other words, that she was unselfish, as all children should try to be. But perhaps you will say:

"I cannot be as good as Fannie was, no matter how much I try."

How do you know that? Have you made an effort to give up, even in small things, your pleasures and enjoyments for the gratification of your little acquaintances? Do you share your nuts, fruits and sweetmeats with others, instead of eating them all yourself? Do you regard their feelings by saying and doing nothing to give pain? Are you always obliging and kind? If not, you must not excuse your short-comings by saying you cannot be good, for it matters not how many prayers you repeat, if you are not trying in earnest to do right; and what is more, you are unjust to yourself, and ungrateful to God, when you say you cannot do a thing which you have not endeavored to do with all your might. Will you remember this, little friend, and ask God to help you be dutiful to your parents, thoughtful of their comfort, and of the comfort and happiness of all around you, and gentle and obliging to all? You will not only become better, but you will feel better and happier. Do your best, and your progress in goodness will surprise yourself, and delight your friends.

[Concluded next month.]

The Dutiful Daughter.

GUSTAVUS III. king of Sweden, who perished by the hands of an assassin in 1792, one day, after reviewing his troops, rode through the village in the garb of a common traveller, and there saw a young hare-footed peasant girl drawing water from a well. On asking her for a drink, she replied, "Most readily, sir;" and then handing him the water in the most touching, innocent, and polite way, she added, "but you will pardon me for not staying with you long; my mother wants my services, and I cannot be back too soon."

"Your mother, then, is yet living?"
"Yes, sir, happily for me; but my mother is poor, and has no body to wait upon her but myself."

"Where does she live?"
"Down yonder, sir."
"What, in your miserable cottage?"
"That's our dwelling, sir."

The king dismounted and led his horse by the bridle. "Well, my good child, I will accompany you, that I may be introduced to your mother, to whom you are so cordially attached."

"Oh, I love my mother from my inmost soul; if I could only be so happy as to afford her a proper evidence of my love."

Having reached the wretched cabin, Gustavus, who had already heard the mother's groans outside, entered with the girl. She, approaching a poor couch, said, "Dear mother, here is a gentleman to whom I gave a drink of water, who wishes to see you."

The king, already affected by the appearance of helpless poverty, was still more wrapt upon by beholding an aged woman, tortured by pain, stretched on a miserable pallet of straw. "Poor mother!" he exclaimed, "how I pity you!"

"Ah, sir," replied the patient, "my condition would be far more deplorable if God had not given me this dear, tender-hearted daughter, who labors by all the means in her power to alleviate my miseries. Would you believe it? she works day and night; and to her industry I am indebted for my continued existence. God bless her; God reward her!" she added, with tear-streaming eyes.

"A worthy daughter, truly," cried Gustavus, being himself melted into tears: "listen, my dear child; would not you like to go with me to Stockholm? There I will make you happy, and procure a good husband for you." "O, sir, I shu'd't leave my mother, though I were made a queen there." The king, smiling at her smart reply, said, "Well, then, my good miss, since you insist on staying here, and refuse to be separated from her to whom you owe your life, I will, notwithstanding, reward your fidelity; here take this purse." "Mumsey, sir? Shall I accept of it, dear mother?" "Don't be afraid, dear child, but take this feeble token of my esteem." "O, that's designed for my mother;" and immediately she handed the purse to her. "You need not hesitate to take this money," continued Gustavus; "I have the right to assist and support you; I am your king." "Our king!" exclaimed both mother and daughter in one breath. While the former was about attempting to fall at the monarch's feet, the latter was already on her knees before him. Gustavus, hastening towards the bed, compelled the patient to remain there, "Stay, good mother. Yes I am your king,

your father, and will furnish you with proofs of my love. Then," addressing the girl, he said, "continue thus to care for your mother," and taking a condescending leave of them, he said, "Dear, goodsouls, you have caused me once more to feel the luxury of being a king, and I will afford you substantial evidence of my integrity." The king had hardly arrived at Stockholm, when he settled an annuity on these two noble characters, which after the death of the one was to be transferred to the other.

A Child's Religion.

MOTHER," said little Anna Green, "Fannie Blake plays just like the rest of us; and you said you thought she was a Christian."

"And so does Tommy Scott," says Edward; "he bats his ball as high as any of the boys."

"Well, how sho' I they play, my dear children," said Mrs. Green, "if they cannot play like those of their own age? But I have no doubt that you would see some difference, if you were to take notice."

"How, mother?" said Anna.
"Do you think," said Mrs. Green, "who is as selfish in her play as some others? Will she deceive, or make believe she has done what others could not? Does she ever lead you into difficulties? Is she shy and cunning, leading others astray, influencing them to do wrong, so that they receive punishment, while she escapes; as you say Barbara Hand does?"

"No, indeed! She is really good to us, and when she sees any one doing wrong, she tries to prevent it. If one girl teases or troubles another, she always comforts the injured one, and makes the most of those that the other girls dislike."

"There," says Edward, now I guess I know what Mr. Goodyear, the minister, meant, when he said that children could have religion, but then it was a 'child's religion.'"

"Yes, Edward," said his mother, "religion has the same effect upon a child in his play, that it has upon a man in his business. In a word, it makes both less selfish, it makes them strive to do to others what they would have others do to them. The fruits of the Spirit, *any love, joy, peace, long suffering, etc.*, and do not children love and hate? Do not some fight, while others are peaceable? Do not some forgive injuries and suffer long with their playmates?"

"Yes, mother," said Anna, and I know one little girl that strikes for everything that she does not like."

"Well," said Edward, "Joe Miller is good. He gave a New Testament to a boy who always threw stones at him, and it made the boy so ashamed, that he never threw another."

"But if he gave it to him to keep him from hurting him, he might do it from selfish motives, and that would not be religion," said Mrs. Green.

"Oh, he did not, mother; he said that he read it in his Bible, that as must 'return good for evil'; and he says that when he does, he feels happy. I know Joe Miller is a Christian."

"I think I can see a difference," said Anna. "For Susy Lee took a bonnet, and because it looked shabby, she pulled off a braid, and put her finger through it, and the little girl that owned it cried, and said it was the best she had, and she should have to stay at home from the Sunday School, for her mother could not buy her another. And don't you think, Fannie Blake mended it up, and fixed her a pretty cottage straw out of one of hers, for a meeting bonnet?"

"I am sorry," said Eddy, "that I said anything about Tommy Scott, for he never will look off when he reads the Bible, and he says they are hypocrites who try to make the scholars laugh, when they are repeating 'keep us from temptation.'"

"I wish I was a Christian," said Anna.

"So do I," said Edward.

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