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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

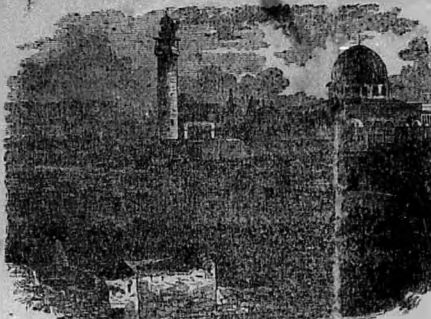
ONE day a Jewish lawyer came to the Lord Jesus, and asked how he could reach heaven. In return, Jesus asked what the Scriptures said upon the subject; and the man answered, for he was learned in the Scriptures, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." "Thou hast answered right," said the Lord Jesus; "this do, and thou shalt live." But the man, willing perhaps to find a flaw in the answer, and in order to excuse himself from this great law of love, asked, "Who is my neighbor?" And Jesus answered by telling him a parable, or narrative, which was as follows:

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves"—we are told there is a spot on this road called the red, or bloody way, on account of the blood which has been shed there by robbers—and the thieves "stripped him of his clothes, and wounded him, and went away, leaving him half dead." And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was; and when he saw him"—did he say as the others probably did, "Perhaps the robbers are not far off; they may be back and rob me; or, the poor creature is beyond help; there is no need of my stopping in this dangerous pass for his sake;" or, "Who knows but if I am found near this dead man, I may be accused as the robber and murderer?" Did the good Samaritan make excuses like these for not helping the poor man? No; for the Lord Jesus continues the history—



"When the Samaritan saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow, when he went away, he took out two pence, and the price of two day's work, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, 'Take care of him; and whatsoever more thou spendest, when I come again, I will repay thee.' Which now of these three," asked the Lord Jesus, "thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him who fell among thieves?" And the lawyer answered, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise."

This beautiful story illustrates what it means to be neighbors, as the Lord Jesus meant we should be neighbors to each other. What a tender care did the good Samaritan show towards the poor stranger? He did not grudge his time, nor his labor, nor his money, if he could help him. And thus it is by acts of love, sympathizing with and helping others, that we fulfil the great and blessed law of love given us by our heavenly Father. And mark this, that God does not require us to do great and hard things, which only rich, or strong, or grown-up people can do; he asks us to be "kind one to another, tender hearted," so that all children, even the smallest, may become followers of Him "who went about doing good."



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR

CHILDREN, you have all read of Solomon's magnificent temple that he built for the worship of God. Such a building for beauty, and grandeur and magnificence was never seen before, and never will be seen again. It cost many years of labor, and untold treasures were spent in adorning and completing it. Here, in the "Holy of holies," was the ark of God, in which were kept the two tables of stone given to Moses by the Almighty, and on which God with his own finger wrote the ten commandments. In this glorious temple the High Priest offered sacrifices for the sins of the people, thus showing that Jesus Christ alone did for our sins, and that on account of this sacrifice all who believe in him might have eternal life.

When our Saviour was on earth, His disciples spoke to Him about this temple, and Jesus then, with deep sorrow, told them that not one stone of that glorious temple should be left standing one upon another; but that the whole building should be destroyed. And such was the case. When the Romans entered Jerusalem they burnt the temple, and it was completely destroyed.

But in the course of time the Mohammedans built another place of worship on the same spot, and called it the *Mosque of Omar*; and it is a true picture of that building which we give you now. It has eight sides, fifty-six windows, and is covered with porcelain, of various beautiful colors, which reflects the sun in the most gorgeous rainbow hues. The dome of the mosque is said to be the most symmetrical in the world, and the whole building is thought to be unsurpassed in grace and beauty. But, alas! no Christians ever worship there. They are forbidden to enter, at the peril of their lives; but occasionally travellers have managed to visit the renowned building, and it is through them that we gain the little knowledge we have of this mosque.

Who are the Mohammedans? They are followers of Mahomet. They have possession of Palestine now; and while such is the case, there is little chance for the religion of Jesus to flourish there. Children, rejoice that you live in a Christian land, and that you have the Bible and can learn from it "the way, the truth and the life."

EDITOR.

CRACKING THE COMMANDMENT.

ONE Ben Bluff found a half dollar one day. Holding it in his palm, he said to himself:

"Ho! ho! this is a prize! Good luck is mine to-day. Capital!"

"It isn't yours. It belongs to the loser, not to you," whispered Ben's conscience.

"Well, somebody lost it, I suppose; but what do I care for that? Findings are keepings, I guess, and I shall keep this half dollar."

"It isn't honest to keep it. You ought to

find who lost it if you can," muttered conscience again.

"People should take better care of their money," said Ben, as he placed his prize in his pocket.

Ben kept the money several days. He then heard that the widow Perth had barely escaped being turned out of doors by her stern old landlord because she had not been able to make out her month's rent

owing to the loss of half a dollar. Ben's conscience then spoke again:

"You now know to whom the half dollar belongs. If you don't take it to the widow you will be a thief. You have been a thief at heart ever since you found it."

Ben couldn't stand this rebuke. So he took the money to the widow and told her how he had found and kept it, hoping no one would inquire about it, and how much better he felt now that he had brought it back to her. The widow thanked him, while a tear of joy glistened in her eyes, and then Ben went to his work feeling more like an honest boy than he had done since finding the half dollar.

"A Ben broke God's law against theft by taking that money as he did." We think he broke his spirit, or, as a little girl once said, he cracked the commandment.

The little girl who said this took an orange one day from a basketful of that nice fruit which was on sale in a shop, and hid it beneath her apron. Conscience told her she was a thief, and she slyly put the orange back into the basket. But the next minute she felt a strong desire for the orange that she took it a second time; a second time she put it back again at the rebuke of her conscience. She then went home feeling very sad. Going to her mother, she burst into tears and said:

"O mother, I've cracked one of the commandments! I didn't break it—indeed I didn't break it, mother—quite—but I'm sure I cracked it!"

So with our friend Ben; if he didn't break the commandment, "I'm sure he cracked it!" He laid the thief spirit until he won the victory over it and became an honest boy again.

Children, it is dangerous even to "crack" the commands of God. Better keep them fully and lovingly, for "this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments."

JOHNNIE'S PRAYER.

Johnny had been religiously instructed by his faithful parents, and had for himself gathered up a good many things from their speech and conduct. One day his uncle was playing with him, and Johnny accidentally struck him a severe blow in his eye. The uncle pretended intense pain, protesting that his eye was put out, and dancing around the room in well-feigned agony. Johnny was filled with consternation, and began to pray. He declared his sorrow that he had put his uncle Willy's eye out—would never do so again—and concluded by imploring its immediate restoration.

"Uncle Willy" could stand this no longer. He took his hand away from his eye, and said, "There, Johnny, see, it's all well again!"

Johnny inspected it a moment, and, with great satisfaction at the result of his prayer, exclaimed,

"Well, I thought I would fetch him!"

Doubtless Johnny had picked up the phrase from his father, who is a lawyer.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

SEEKING THE SAVIOUR

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—JAMES xii: 21. Happy they who wish to see Christ, who died on Calvary; seeking with their hearts to find Him, who died to save mankind.

Here's an object worth your love, Great indeed, all price above: They who find Him, find a Friend, Whose strong love will never end.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

YOU have heard the story of the Italian artist who, meeting with a child of exquisite beauty, wished to preserve his features, for fear he should never see such loveliness again. So he painted the charming face upon canvas, and hung it upon the wall of his studio.

In his somberest hours that sweet, gentle countenance was like an angel of light to him. Its presence filled his soul with the purest admiration. If ever I find, he said, the perfect contrast to this beautiful face, I will paint it also, and hang them side by side—an ideal of heaven and hell. Years passed. At length, in a distant land, he saw in a prison he visited, the most hideous object he ever gazed upon—a fierce, haggard fiend, with glaring eyes and cheeks deeply furrowed with lust and crime. The artist remembered his vow, and immediately painted a picture of this loathsome form, to hang beside the lovely boy. The contrast was perfect. His dream was realized. What was the result of his inquiry into the history of this horrid wretch? To find that he was once that lovely little boy! Both of these pictures, the angel and the demon of the same soul, now hang, side by side, in the Tuscan gallery.

Little boy or girl, if you wish to preserve those eyes as bright as they now are, and that face as pleasant and sweet as it now is to look upon, you must keep your heart pure. Sin can work just such a change in you as it did in the beautiful child, whose picture was painted twice. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

TOMMIE CAUGHT.

THERE is a little black-haired, black-eyed fellow named Tommie, of some five or six years of age, in the Sabbath school at M—. On one occasion Miss Mary K—, his teacher, reproved him for bad behavior in church on the Sabbath morning in question. He denied being in church, and insisted on it that it was another little boy who had black hair and black eyes, and who dressed just like him, who had behaved so badly. Miss Mary smiled significantly, but said nothing. The next Sabbath morning he was in church, and tried his best to catch Miss Mary's eye, and let her see how well he was conducting himself. In the afternoon he met Miss Mary, and the following conversation ensued:

"Well, Miss Mary, I was in church this morning, and behaved first rate!"

"Oh no, you were not."

"Why, yes, I was!"

"Oh no, it couldn't be that you were in church."

"But, Miss Mary, 'pon my word I was in church, and behaved real good."

"No, it wasn't you. It was another little boy with black hair and black eyes, and who was dressed like you. He was there, and was a very good boy."

The little fellow, after thinking whether he should lose the credit of his good behavior or acknowledge the fib, finally chose the latter, with the penitent remark,

"Miss Mary, I won't do so any more!"

My son, give me thy heart.

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

NOTICE.

A good many writers are rallying around the Child's Index already; but it should be known that none but articles of general interest can be accepted. We must decline to publish obituary notices, entirely.

PRICE RAISED.

We are forced to raise the price of the Child's Index by the high price of labor and material. Hereafter \$1 00 will procure a single copy; and for four or more copies, sent to one address, 50 cents will be charged for each copy. The paper shall retain its beauty, and, if possible, the excellence of its reading matter will be increased.

THE LAWTON FAMILY.

TO WHOM IN THE LORD'S SUPPER COMMITTED?

FAMILY prayer in Mr. Lawton's family was always solemnly conducted.—Mr. Lawton read a portion of the Bible, explaining it as he proceeded, and frequently asking questions to see if his family understood the communion, and, as might be expected, the exercises were interesting to all, and were usually looked forward to as a season of pleasure and profit. After his explanations he indulged in a few warm-hearted reflections, and then engaged in a short and fervent prayer, in which he referred to confidentially to family affairs—often mentioning the different members by name—that each one's attention was chained from beginning to end.

It happened that evening that the eleventh chapter of 1st Corinthians was read and explained. After prayers were over, Charles said to his father:

"Father, to whom was the Apostle Paul writing in that epistle?"

"He was writing to the Corinthian church," was the reply. "In the 2d verse of the 1st chapter, he addresses his letter to 'the church of God which is at Corinth'—as much as to say, 'there are many churches of God on earth, but I am writing to you only of them.' If you will refer to the 10th verse you will see that he speaks of 'the churches of God.' But why do you ask, Charles?"

"Why, I was thinking that, as Paul praises the Corinthians for keeping the ordinances as he delivered them, and as he was evidently speaking of the Lord's Supper as one of the ordinances, it must follow that the Lord's Supper was committed to the church at Corinth to be observed when they came together."

"And what inference do you draw from that?" asked his father.

"Why, simply this, that the Lord's Supper is committed to individual churches, and that they only have a right to celebrate it and that at times when they assemble together for that purpose."

"Be so kind as to tell me, Charles, how you came to have that train of thought," said Mr. Lawton, with an expression of interest and delight upon his countenance.

"Well, sir, when you were reading?"

"Stop, my son. Let us open the Testament and return to the eleventh chapter of first Corinthians and follow out your train of ideas in the book itself. Open your Bible, Helena, and find the place, and will you not, my dear," said Mr. Lawton, addressing his wife, "take little Bettie in your lap and help her to find the verses?"

Mrs. Lawton moved near to the table and opened the family Bible, and, with Bettie on her knee turned to the 11th chapter of First Corinthians. Helena sat on a sofa near a little table on which burned her own lamp, all attention to what her brother might say.

"Begin, Charles," exclaimed Mr. Lawton. Just then a knock was heard at the front door, and in a few seconds a servant announced Charles's friend, Bill Harris.

"Good evening, William," said Mr. Lawton, as he rose and gave his hand to the visitor, "you came just in time to hear some important explanations by Charles."

Young Mr. Harris gracefully saluted the family, and took a seat on the sofa by Helena, between whom and himself a very good understanding appeared to exist.

"You may look over with me," said Harris. "Thank you. What is the subject of investigation? Something about baptism or communion, I'll warrant. Charles's head has been running on these matters for sometime past."

"I suspect it was your attack on the 'bigotry' of the Baptists, as you styled it, which first induced Charles to turn his attention to the subject."

"Well," said Mr. Lawton, "we were about to hear what Charles had to say in regard to communion—taking some verses of the 11th chapter of 1st Corinthians as his text. If you will look over Helena's Bible you may better understand what he says."

William took hold of the book, but could not refrain from casting one glance far down into the depths of the dark hazel eyes of Helena. He saw there a warm welcome, and entered at once into the subject as Charles proceeded, feeling as much at home as if sitting by his father's fireside.

"I became interested in Paul's account of the institution of the Lord's Supper," commenced Charles, "beginning in the 23d verse. And I was struck by the frequency with which Paul observes that this ordinance was to be performed when they 'come together.' I find the expression in the 17th, 18th, 20th and 33d verses. And as if to insist that the Lord's Supper was to be partaken of by the church when assembled together, he says in the 23d verse, 'therefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat'—that is to eat the Lord's Supper—'eat one for another.' He must refer to the Lord's Supper, or communion, because he tells them in the 34th verse to eat at home if they were hungry. What does he mean by that, father?"

"He means," observed Mr. Lawton, "to correct a bad habit into which the Corinthians had fallen, of having a feast—love feasts as they were called—just before engaging in the communion. And as they fell into excesses at these feasts, he desired to put a stop to them."

"Well," continued Charles, "as soon as my mind grasped the idea that the Corinthians were to eat the supper together, I asked myself by what authority they ate it all. But your explanation of verse 2 compared with verse 23, assured me that they were authorized by the express instructions of Paul, who had received his instruction from the Lord. Let me read the two verses:

"2d verse—Now I praise you, brethren, that ye remember me in all things."

"That means," said Mr. Lawton, "that you remember my instructions, my rules."

"And keep the ordinances as I delivered them to you," continued Charles.

"23d verse—For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you; that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, &c. Surely this means that Paul was instructed by the Lord himself in regard to the ordinances, and that he delivered them to the Corinthians to be observed by them."

"Yes, my son; Paul tells us in Galatians, first chapter and twelfth verse, that he received his instructions in regard to Gospel doctrine and ordinances from no man, but that he was taught them by the revelation of Jesus Christ. But proceed."

"Well," began Charles, again, "I thought if the ordinances were revealed to Paul, and if he was authorized to deliver them to others, surely he must be informed to whom he should deliver them; and he had delivered them to 'the church of God at Corinth,' and if he 'delivered' the ordinance, of communion to one individual church, it is most likely that he did to all the individual churches that he could. And I concluded, of course, that the Lord's Supper was an ordinance of religion committed to individual churches only, and that they must celebrate it only when they 'come together' socially."

"Well done, Charles, you have argued the case better than I thought you could. And I am glad that you derive your reasoning from Scripture alone."

"But what does it all amount to?" inquired Bill Harris.

"Why, it amounts to this," answered Charles, "that the communion can be celebrated by organized churches only—not by individual Christians, or by parties of Christians who may desire to partake of the communion. And not only so, but only such churches as are organized according to the New Testament plan are authorized to celebrate the communion."

"There it is," said Bill Harris—"one but immersed persons to commune—I thought it would come to that."

"Exactly," replied Mr. Lawton. Baptism must, for very wise and good reasons, go before communion; and of course immersion only is baptism; therefore immersion must go before communion."

[To be continued.]



THE FIRST STEP.

LOOK at Harry! He is just learning to walk. See how anxious he is; and the encouraging glances he meets from watching and loving eyes excites the little one to renewed efforts. Take care! he is falling! Mother's hands are ready, and Harry is on his feet again. Dear little feet, just beginning to try their strength—just learning to walk through the world, so bright and beautiful to the little boy.

Harry is taking the first step; and it is this first step which is so necessary to our advancement in this life and the life to come. Harry is a baby now—a wee little one. When he gets older he may take other steps. God grant he may not go astray.

If we hold back from taking the first step towards evil, we are comparatively safe. If we refrain from taking the first step towards a life of holiness, we will never get to heaven. Many are like little Harry, weak, and afraid to venture alone; but if they have faith, and feel that Christ is able and willing to support them, and keep them from falling, he will guide and strengthen them.

Dear children, we beg you to take first step in religion—that is the most difficult step of all. Just say 'I will be a Christian! I will love the Saviour, and I will obey his commandments.'

And, children, though your first steps will be feeble and uncertain, yet Jesus will help you. He is holding out his hands to encourage you, and to catch you if you fall. The way is slippery, but never fear. Trust in Jesus.—Trust in him to help you and to save you, for you can't save yourselves. But be can and will save you—he himself says so. Children, the moments are flying. Do not delay. Delay will make it only harder to be a Christian.—Begin at once. Go to Jesus—He only can do helpless sinners good. When will you take the first step? To-day? To-morrow? Why not now?

"Father, guide our steps aright. In the way that Jesus trod; May it be our great delight To obey thy will, O God! Then to us shall soon be given Endless bliss with Christ in heaven."

DON'T FORGET.

Children often forget what their earthly friends say to them; but we are afraid that they still often 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 company. They forget that when they say any 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.

AFRAID.

"Oh dear, I am so afraid of the dark," said a little girl to her cousin, as they both were waked up one night by the distant thunder.—"Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not to thine own understanding; in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths," repeated her bed-fellow, throwing her arm around the trembling child. "That's my way to get comfort: I say some Scripture, and then I try to do as it says. Let us trust in God. He is our heavenly Father." Oh, what an excellent way to quiet our hearts is this.

THE CHINA-AMERICAN CHILDREN.

We are gratified at being able to announce that the children of the Selma, Alabama, Baptist Sabbath School have contributed and forwarded to us \$10 for the support of Mrs. Hartwell's little missionary children.

AN EARNEST BOY.

MAMMA, this is a bad night for the poor," said a little boy of four or five years of age to his mother, as they sat around the fire on a stormy winter's night. She assented.

"But, mamma, this is a bad night for the rich."

"Why so, my dear?"

"If they are like the rich man that we were reading about to-day, who pulled down his barns to build larger ones, and that night his soul was required of him."

After a short pause, he again said: "This a worse night for the heathen."

"What makes you say so?"

"O, mamma, they have nobody to tell them of Jesus, and so billions read about Jesus."

But was this child satisfied with merely saying this solemn truth? No; he at once began to act, for, his father coming in, he cried out: "Papa will you give me a dollar?"

"What for, my son?"

"To help send missionaries to the poor heathen who know not the Gospel."

The next day he got a box, and all the money he could get he would put in the box and keep it to help send the Gospel to the heathen. Being unable to go out, he pleaded with all the friends who came to the house to give something for the missionaries to the heathen. In this way the poor cripple collected a good deal of money for missions. Now, dear children this is a lesson for you. See how much each one of you can collect to help support and educate the two little China-American children we told you about not long since.—The children of Selma, Alabama have sent \$10.00, and little Willie Mansfield has sent fifty cents. See what each one of you can do in the next two months.

EDITOR'S MONTHLY LETTER.

Dear Young Friends:

Again, with the first flowers and buds of Spring, does the Child's Index come to you.—We hope you eagerly seize and prize it as you did the first violet in the spring. This little flower, in its modest beauty, can teach you many a useful lesson, if you will but look carefully in its blue eyes. So do we hope, through this little sheet, (if you will but read it carefully) to teach you important lessons, not only of the wonderful Creator of this beautiful world, but of the dear Saviour, who invites little children to come unto him, and who carried them like lambs in his bosom.

We hope you are enjoying the delightful spring time. The birds are becoming busy little householders now, and their songs, as they occasionally rest from their labors, we know delight your ear. And the green grass and the sweet wild flowers are beginning shyly to peep out from the dried leaves and enjoy the sunshine. All nature is smiling, and we hope the face of every little reader of this paper is smiling too. Let us advise you to be amiable and good, and it will be always spring with you, and you will be bright sunbeams gladdening the homes of your parents.

Alieu until the merry month of May. Your friend,

THE EDITOR.

MRS. HARTWELL'S CHILDREN.

Eleven dollars have been received by us from our young readers for the support of Mrs. Hartwell's children. Let the Sunday Schools take up collections and raise the \$200 before the Biennial Convention assemblies.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

W. J. R., Raleigh, N. C., sends correct answers to Bible questions.

J. S. C.—None but Scriptural enigmas will be published in the Child's Index.

Mattie C. Fort, Lumpkin, sends correct answers to Mental Bible Pictures and Scripture questions. Her 25 cents for Mrs. Hartwell's children is received.

Our "young friend," of the Hepthab High School, sends correct answers to Scripture questions. We hope he will let us hear from him again.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX. FANNIE BROMPHEKE; OR, THE REWARD OF OBEDIENT SELF-DENIAL.

BY MRS. M. DEGRAFFENHARD.

[Concluded.]

LET us follow Fannie, who is entering the room where her mother and two little brothers are sitting. Until she saw her mother it had not occurred to her, in the overflowing benevolence of her nature, that it would have been best, perhaps, to come home and obtain permission to bestow her charity. "Mamma will not blame me, I know," thought she, "but she will be sorry to see me wearing all the year this ugly hat."

She rapidly recounted the events of her walk, and when the eyes of Mrs. Adams moistened at the tale, Fannie felt sure that her mother would acquit her of having acted too hastily in bestowing her bounty. In conclusion she said:

"I hope, mamma, you will approve of what I have done, for the sight of my new hat would always have been hateful to me, if that sick woman had been turned without food or shelter into the street."

"I not only approve but commend your conduct, my dear child. Unwisely as your old hat is, it will in future find favor in my eyes, for it will testify to my daughter's goodness of heart and unselfish disposition." And when her mother kissed her fondly, Fannie desired no greater happiness. She was already receiving her reward.

A beautiful grove a short distance from the city was chosen as a favorable spot for the May party. The day was fine, and the children, in their best attire, were bright and buoyant with expected happiness. The queen was a very pretty girl of twelve years, but not more sweet and lovely than our gentle Fannie, who was a general favorite, but as fortune had not smiled upon her, one more fortunate in this respect was chosen; for children, like their elders, too often pay homage to wealth, though unattended with merit or virtue of any sort.

The time flew rapidly by, and the little folks found the occasion a very pleasant one—scattered over the grounds, walking or sitting, or grouped together in agreeable conversation.—Fannie and her companions were standing near a crowd of girls when Fannie's ear caught the sound of her own name pronounced in what appeared to her a tone of ridicule, followed by the words,

"I would not associate with a girl who wears such a shocking hat. Why, she is perfect fright—not fit for genteel society," and the speaker laughed mockingly.

"Hush! she will hear you, and she is one of the nicest and best girls in our school," said a voice in reply, in which Fannie recognized her friend, Mary Ellmore.

Poor Fannie! she had been enjoying the day so much—as usual not thinking of herself or her own appearance; but now the big tears gathered in her eyes, and for a few moments she felt so miserable that she could scarcely restrain herself from bursting into violent weeping. Naturally sensitive and proud, she was deeply wounded by the unkind remark. Her companion, too, had heard the sneering words, and with much tact withdrew Fannie to a quiet shaded seat, where, unnoticed, she could recover composure. Some ladies near by had witnessed unobserved this little scene, one of whom—Mrs. Ashley—took Mary Ellmore aside, and, with evident interest, asked who Fannie was, and if Mrs. Adams' circumstances were such as to hinder her daughter from making a better appearance.

"Fannie's dress has always been plain but neat," said Mary, "but somehow her hat today looks really shabby—perhaps because it is seen beside so many that are new and fresh. I wonder she did not wear her new one today as I met her yesterday on the street and asked her to make a visit with me, but she excused herself on the plea that she was then on her way to purchase a hat for herself."

"I have it," exclaimed Mrs. Ashley and her face was radiant with pleasure. "To succor a poor family in great distress the dear child denied herself the pleasure of dressing like the rest of her playmates. By accident I witnessed her liberality, and inferring that her means were ample, I was of course much surprised at her shabby appearance today. The child's pleasure is all spoiled for the present by the ill-natured remark of that rude girl. Who is she?"

"Her name is Susan Hargrave, and she is a stranger here. The girls were sorry that Fannie by chance overheard the unkind criticism, and all spoke in her praise, but no one suspected that she had done so noble a deed. I am glad you mentioned it, Mrs. Ashley, for all the girls whose opinions are worth possessing will honor her and love her more than ever. I intend to show her particular attention, and so will the others when they hear the story which Fannie never would have told, for she is as modest as she is good. So bon jour, mesdames, I am off to dispense justice!" and she smilingly departed on her mission.

Soon the girls came thronging about Fannie eager to hear the tale from her own lips while they lauded the self-sacrificing spirit she had shown, and the meekness with which she bore the harsh comments of a proud, unfeeling girl, who, being left quite unnoticed, went home dissatisfied with herself, and angry with the girls whose favor she had lost. After the late ride shock to her feelings, Fannie was proud and happy to receive the kindly notice and approbation of her little friends. If her reward was well deserved it was pleasant too, as it was unexpected.

The next day, much to her surprise, Fannie received a letter through the city post, which read as follows:

"Accept the enclosed twenty dollars as a slight token of the esteem and admiration inspired by your self-denial. It would afford the writer pleasure to see you wearing the hat of which your generous act deprived you."

The writing was in a lady's hand, and there was no name attached, so Fannie and her mother were quite puzzled to fix upon the rightful donor.

"Ought I to use part of this money, mamma, in the way mentioned?" asked Fannie.

"It is intended as a reward of merit, my daughter, and as such I think you may accept and use it as suggested."

"But it was so natural to do as I did, mamma, it was a sufficient reward to feel that God had made me useful to a needy being who had no means of helping herself."

"True, Fannie, but your Heavenly Father sees fit to give you an added reward—the love and approbation of others."

"For which I am deeply grateful," humbly replied the child.

But Fannie had not received her full reward. Mrs. Ashley, who had no children, was so impressed by her loveliness of character, that she called on Mrs. Adams and offered to adopt Fannie, but Mrs. Adams would not agree to part with her tenderly cherished and only daughter, though Mrs. Ashley proposed to settle a large fortune upon her, and to treat her in all respects as her own child. She could not blame the mother for refusing consent, but would take no denials when she revealed her kind project to educate and provide for the child. She also placed a handsome sum at interest as a dowry when Fannie should come of age or marry.

Reader, this little story is to teach you that a virtuous act is sure to be rewarded either in this world or in the next. Do good, as Fannie did, and though you may not be recompensed as fully as she was, or even at all, in outward form, yet you will certainly secure the favor of God and the approval of your own heart.

AMBITIOUS LARRIE

Little Larrie had a great desire to be a man. He was put to bed one night, and after lying quite still for the space of ten minutes, he suddenly exclaimed,

"Pa, don't you think I'm growing bigger?"

"Certainly, my son."

"Do you think I'll grow more if I stretch myself out on my back, so, Pa?" suiting the action to the words.

"Try it, Larrie, and see."

So Larrie stretched himself out to his greatest length, occasionally raising his head and looking at his toes, and exclaiming,

"Oy jist see how long I'm getting!"

After making several such remarks about his increasing longitude, he exclaimed, suddenly,

"Oh Pa, do jist come 'ere a minit."

Running to the bed, his father inquired what was the matter.

"Oy feel here," he said, rubbing his tiny fingers over his cheek and chin, "how rough it's a gettin' here!"

Remember, you must die.

IN MEMORY

Of a faithful Sunday School Scholar.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Sabbath School of the 2d Baptist Church at its session this morning:

"WHEREAS, Our dear sister, Ellen Luckie, departed this life on Tuesday evening, Feb. 27th, 1863, and, whereas she was an honored member of this School, we desire to place on record our testimony to her worth. She needs, we know, no commendation from us. Last summer she gave herself to the blessed Jesus, and we believe to-day that she is a bright spirit in his presence. We mourn our loss—but she has entered upon that rest to which she seemed so anxious to depart; as it is just, however, that we should pay our tribute to her excellence as a scholar, and her consistency as a Christian, therefore

Resolved, That the Sabbath School of the 2d Baptist Church has learned with deep sorrow that Ellen Luckie has been removed from our number.

Resolved, That we will cherish the memory of her many virtues, her amiable deportment and her devoted piety; and it should be our prayer that we may all become followers of those who through faith and patience have inherited the promises.

Resolved, That the Superintendent be requested to transmit a copy of these proceedings to her friends, and have them published in the Child's Index."

S. ROOT,

Sup. S. S. 2d Bapt. Church, Atlanta.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

RALEIGH, Feb. 17th, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. BOYKIN: I saw in the Child's Index that several little boys and girls had written letters to you. I cannot write a good letter, as I am only nine years old, but I felt like I wanted to tell you how much I thought of your good little paper. I like to read it aloud to my brother and sister. Afterwards my father takes it and files it away for me. After a while he is going to have all the numbers bound for me. The time seems very long every month before I receive your paper. I wish to come every week. I am glad we children have such a kind friend as you are. I go to Sabbath School regularly. We all love our Superintendent very much; and I have one of the best of teachers.

I am your sincere friend,

VIRGILIA ANNY WOMBLE.

LEMPKIN, Feb. 20th, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. BOYKIN: You told us about two little missionary children in our last Index, and so stirred up my sympathies that I send you my little offering (50 cents) and hope you will send it to them. I am quite a young boy, but I intend doing all the good I can when I grow to be a man. My papa preaches about benevolence sometimes, and I will try to earn some money to give the missionary people.

Your little friend,

WILLIE C. MANSFIELD.

LEMPKIN, GA., March 4th 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin: Mrs. Hartwell was a friend and school-mate of my mother, and I send twenty-five cents to you, to be sent to her little children. My mother is dead. I am glad Mrs. Hartwell is teaching the Chinese about Jesus, and I hope all the readers of the Child's Index will send up something for the support of her children. I am very much pleased with the Child's Index—it has so many pretty stories in it. I am eight years old.

Your little friend,

MARY F. HOLT.

SCRIPTURE PROOFS; NO. 1.

ONE GOD.

There is one God.—Mark xii. 32.

Proofs.

- Genesis ii. 4. 7. Isaiah xlv. 24: xlv. 18, 19. Deuteronomy xxxii. 39; Matthew vi. 23, 30. Psalm xiv. 1; c. 3; 1 Corinthians xi. 12. Hebrews i. 10; iii. 4. Psalms xvi. 6. James ii. 10. Proverbs xv. 12. Isaiah xxvi. 4.

Great God! how infinite art Thou!

What worthless worms are we!

Let the whole race of creatures bow,

And pay their vows to Thee.

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

7.

It is early morning, and the sacred house of worship is filled with pure and balmy air and lighted with the first beams of the rising sun. But all is dark to the aged man, whom we see still reclining on his couch, for his eyes are closed in blindness. There is a holy and patient expression in his gentle face, but it is also very sad, and his grey head seems bowed in sorrow. Beside him stands a lovely child, clothed in a priestly garment. His countenance beams with intelligence and truth, and he looks upon the aged man with a softened expression, full of mingled reverence, love and pity. (60-32) [Found in 1st Samuel.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. 2.

- 1. Who said to Paul "At a more convenient season, I will call for thee"? Acts 28th chap. 2. What king was slain by his sons while worshipping an idol? 2d Kings, 19th chap. 3. What name did Christ give to James and John? St. Mark, 3d chap. 4. Who said to Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian"? 5. What King rejected the counsel of the old men, and caused a revolution? Let Kings. 6. Who understood the Scriptures from childhood? 2d Timothy. 7. Who had an iron bedstead? Deut. 8. What does Solomon say is a mocker? The initials of the answers to the above questions form the name of an officer who fell at Manassas. NETTIE.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Who was the first Christian martyr? Which of the Apostles suffered martyrdom first? When was John the Baptist spoken of as Elias? How did he resemble Elijah the prophet? (54-480)

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURES.

No. 5.

Gideon and his 300 followers marching at night upon the encampment of the Midianites.—Judges vii: 9-18.

6.

Ahab and the servants of Benhadad.—1st Kings xx: 31-33.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE NO. 1.

- 1. I. r. A.—2d Sam. xx. 26. 2. Segu-B.—1st Kings, xvi: 34. 3. H-m-o-k.—Gen. xxxiii: 19. 4. M-ar-A.—Ruth, ii: 20. 5. A-n-n-a-l-H.—2d Sam. xxiv: 22. 6. E-thiopi-A.—Acts, viii: 27. 7. L-u-k-e-w-a-M.—Rev. iii: 16. Answer—Jehmal—Abraham.—Gen. xxi: 16—Gen. xvi: 10.

ANSWER TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

What was Saul's errand to Damascus when he was arrested and convicted? Acts 9: 1-8. See also Acts xxii: 5-6, and xxvii: 11-13. How long did he continue blind, and by what means was he restored? Acts ix: 9, 17, 18. What was his first prayer? Acts ix: 6, 11.

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A CHILD'S THOUGHTS

The idea which runs through these lines, and which is so beautifully and naturally carried out, it is said, by a little boy five years old. The whole piece is true to a child's fancy.

O, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cold and fragrant grass,
With nought but the sky above my head,
And the shadowing clouds that pass.

And I want the bright, bright sunshine
All round about my bed—
I'll close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead!

Then Christ will send an angel
To take me up to Him;
He will bear me slow and steadily
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Saviour's side,
And when I'm sure that we're in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

And I'll look among the angels
That stand about the throne,
Till I find my sister Mary—
For I know she must be one.

And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone,
And I will tell her how we've mourned
All the while she has been gone.

O! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again—
Tho' I know she'll ne'er return to us—
To ask her would be vain!

So I'll put my arms around her,
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I said to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the angel
To take me back to you—
He'll bear me slow and steadily,
Down through the ether blue.

And you'll only think, dear mother,
I have been out to play,
And have gone to sleep beneath a tree
This sultry summer day.

WRITER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

LYNNWOOD LODGE, OR, THE CONSEQUENCES OF CARELESSNESS.

BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLART

(Concluded.)

FOR a long time Cora and her pets got along pleasantly. She was very careful of their comfort, and they rewarded her with many a sweet warbling note. Sometimes the little creatures would stand on their slender perches, and begin such a strain of rushing melody, that their little throats would seem ready to burst with their joyous song. Cora's delight knew no bounds.

One day, just as the little girl was feeding her little birds the sound of the calliope arrested her attention. "Oh!" she said to herself, "that is the Minnehaha; maybe Mr. Wallace will stop again, and then I can thank him for my beautiful little birds, and tell him how I love them."

Away she ran to the bluff; and sure enough Mr. Wallace took time to inquire after her pets. Cora thanked him over and over again for the canaries; and as the boat was moving off, he called out:

"When I come back, I'm coming to see how well you take care of my present."

Cora tripped lightly back, giving her sunny curls a knowing shake, as much as to say, "he shall see, he shall see." As she approached the house, she heard an exclamation of grief from her mother; and running into the hall, there lay her beauties under little's gaze—one dead, and the other gasping for breath.

"Oh, you wicked, cruel Kittie!" cried Cora, rushing towards the frightened cat.

"Stop, my daughter," said Mrs. Lynn very gently, "puny is not to blame, for the cage door was left open."

The truth then flashed upon Cora that in her eagerness to see the boat, she had left the cage on the table, and the door open. Cora uttered no words, but burst into a flood of grief. Mrs. Lynn wept too—first for the return of her little girl's carelessness, and then for the penalty she had to suffer. No words could console Cora; but after caressing the poor little stiff canaries until her mother gently chided her, she went out of doors and laid them on two little posts that happened to be under her window; for she said she could not let her birds lie on the cold ground. Then she took a nice piece of board and pasted it over with white paper, and carried it to her mother to write an epitaph for her lost treasures. So her mother took her pen, and wrote the inscription you see in the picture.



Cora had just recovered from the first burst of grief, and was sitting in her room, thinking of the last words of Mr. Wallace, when a lively "ha! ha! ha!" brought her to her window. There stood Walter before the board, laughing immoderately.

"Ha! ha! ha! why, sis, what's all this about? Your canaries dead? Well, I'm very sorry, but—ha! ha! ha! this is funny! Deparated this life Misses Indot and—ha! ha! ha! Let me write an epitaph."

"Oh, Walter, don't, please don't," said little Cora, beginning to cry again, "do let my poor birds alone."

"Why, sissie, I aint going to hurt your birds—just going to write a little bit."

Walter put his hand in his pocket; for, though neither unkind nor unfeeling, still his eye sparkled with mischief, and here, he thought, was a good subject for fun; so, taking his pencil, he wrote beneath his mother's inscription:

"Departed this life, July 5, aged 2 years and 6 months. These young friends came to an untimely end. They lived a most exemplary life, and were much esteemed by all who knew them. Dear ones, we mourn thy loss, and none grieve more than little Kittie, who sleeps with one eye open wondering where Miss Cora will lay you down to rest. Farewell! No longer will your sweet notes rouse the sluggard from his slumber, or call your mistresses with your morning meal. Lovely in life, in death you're not divided. When'er we see an open door.
We always feel that we can enter:
So Kittie felt, as o'er the floor
She dragged the struggling, bleeding birdie."

Cora carried the board to her mother, with tears in her eyes; and though Mrs. Lynn chided Walter for his thoughtless mischief, yet she was not sorry for the reproof it bore.

Walter's warning about "Kittie's one eye open," made Cora hasten to bury her pets. So she had the carpenter to make two nice little boxes, and she laid her birds carefully in, and buried them beneath her window.

Poor little Cora—how she mourned for her lost pets! How she started as each puff of steam broke the stillness of her beautiful home, for fear it might be the Minnehaha, and Mr. Wallace might come up to test her faithfulness! One day, a boat stopped at the landing, and Cora's heart beat fast. Pretty soon Mr. Wallace came in sight, but Cora could not meet him. She covered her face with her hands, while many a teardrop trickled through her fingers. Mr. Wallace soon learned the cause of her distress, and in his good-natured way said: "Oh, never mind, never mind the birdies; you'll spoil your pretty face crying. Come,

dry your eyes, and you shall have two more canaries when I come back."

"No, Mr. Wallace," said Cora sadly, looking suddenly up. "I do not want any more canaries yet awhile. I do not want you to lay me any more, until I can conquer my carelessness. Do not bring me any, until mother shall give her consent; and then let them be as a reward for the victory I shall have achieved."

Mrs. Lynn smiled approvingly upon little Cora; but old Mr. Wallace, not exactly understanding such refined feelings, made some excuse, and was soon out of sight.

Poor little penitent Cora! how hard she tried to overcome her fault! Nor did she try only, but night and morning she prayed to God to aid her in her work of reformation.

Mrs. Lynn persevered, and Mrs. Lynn watched with silent delight, the change in her once careless little girl.

It was a long time before Mr. Wallace again paid Lynnwood Lodge a visit; but at last, one evening the boat again stopped, and again the kind old sailor ran up to inquire after the "gude family." As he approached, he looked with an unsteady eye at Cora; but she soon relieved his embarrassment by her cordial greeting. Just as the old man was saying "good-bye," Mrs. Lynn said:

"Mr. Wallace, you may bring Cora some more canaries when you come next time. She has overcome her fault; so bring her some to reward her persevering efforts. She richly deserves them."

Mrs. Lynn's eyes moistened as she spoke. Mr. Wallace brushed his rough sleeve across his face; and tears fell fast from Cora's eyes as she exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, do you think so? I am so glad, for I have tried so hard to do right; but indeed I'm afraid to have the birdies yet—I'm afraid to trust myself yet."

"Do not trust yourself, my daughter," said the pious mother; "you know where to look for strength, I hope. Bring the canaries, Mr. Wallace: I think I can safely promise the cage door will not again be left open."

"Bring 'em—sure as I'll be glad to bring 'em," said the old man; you shan't wait long, neither, Miss Cora, for your pretty birdies."

"Thank you, thank you," cried happy little Cora; "I will not forget to thank you this time."

The canaries came—two beautiful little canaries; and though this has been many months ago, still Cora's birds warble many a silvery note to reward their mistress for her kind attention.

Let us all join in the hope, that the foot of the invader may never pollute the soil of Lynnwood Lodge, and disturb the peace of Cora and her little canaries.

WRITER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

LETTERS TO THE YOUNG; NO. 3.

BEHAVIOR AT SCHOOL.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—As I wrote in the word "school," memory carried me rapidly back to the last one of which I was a member. I am again treading the well-trodden path—see my satchel and dinner-basket dangling from my arms—and as the old familiar Academy begins to peep through the trees, shouts of merriment burst on the ear. I go through the gate—nearly a while under the inviting shade of the well-just in time! there goes the bell—let us hurry in, for I wish to introduce you to a few of the girls, who are jolting and justling and tumbling into their seats for the day's work. Not far removed from my own desk is that of—I liked to have let the name slip—which I would not care to do as she was, when last heard from, living in Georgia—then we will call her Annie B. Did you ever see a more pleasant face? When she first entered school I just knew she was a good girl and watched her closely to see if she would ever do wrong—for like some of you, perhaps, when my mother filled my ear with advice as to how I should conduct myself at school, I thought with all a school-girl's trials and difficulties, it was not possible for them to be always "proper."—Annie B. convinced me that it was possible, I never heard a word of reproof directed to her from our teacher, nor an unkind expression from her to a school-mate. Her studies claimed her first care, and I ought to add her recitations were always correct. Nor was she one of those moping, unsocial persons who take no pleas-

ure in games of amusement, for listen now, children, while I tell you what was her crowning perfection—*she desired to give pleasure to others.* She was a fine mathematician, and many were the tough places she helped us over. There was but one charge ever brought against gentle Annie B. We thought she was Mr. M.'s favorite, and I do not wonder at it now. Will you learn a lesson from her?

I have made you acquainted with our best scholar, and now you expect me to abuse the bad ones. But I don't believe I will, for the best way to correct vice is to present virtue.—Kitty C., who sits over there in that corner is not a bad girl—she possesses a generous, affectionate disposition, but the most frivolous, fun-loving, teasing character that ever wore a pin-a-fore. We to the timid who were so unlucky as to betray that weakness, how she sent us flying around the house and over desks and benches with a horrid half-dead snarl or scorpion writhing at our necks. I believe she got along pretty well in her studies, but I think all her looks must have been included under the general head of mischief.—On one occasion I was her victim. A storm was gathering—we were hastily dismissed and soon hurrying homeward. In a certain wet, muddy lane there was but one stopping place around the corner of the fence, and we had to pass singly and very carefully. Kitty's foot was on the stone and I the next in her rear, when she turned square round and said to me: "Honey, you ain't in a hurry, are you?" I began to quake, but managed to say, rather indifferently, "I think I had better be."—"Well," said she, "I believe I will make you beg a little before I let you pass." I was not as staid as Annie B., and answered, more feelingly, "then you will stand there some time."—"Well," said Kitty, leaning back in a very comfortable manner against the corner, "I aint a bit afraid of lightning, but you just said you were." And there we stood—she peeping under my bonnet to see the effect of the begging inducement, and I picking the splinters from the rails, and to be candid, beginning to conclude in view of the more threatening appearance of the skies, that perhaps in this particular case "prudence might be the better part of valor." I suppose Fortune sometimes favors the fearful as well as the brave, for just at that point of my endurance Kitty's carriage was heard rapidly splashing down the lane, and taking my hand, she said with a most polite bow—"good evening, ma'am—I know you would like to pay me well for this, but pray don't give yourself any trouble, as I don't charge you anything."—and with her merry laugh ringing in my ears, she bounced into her carriage and left me to make the best of it. It seemed a serious affair then—tho' it only cost me a few of the first big drops, and the last time I saw her in her nice country home, we had a hearty laugh over it. Have you guessed the moral? Don't curry joking too far. Never amuse yourselves at the expense of others.

I am very much afraid of taking up more than my share of your room—but a word about teachers. It is not to be expected that you will now fully appreciate all the kindness and care of a faithful teacher—this belongs more to riper years; but let me assure you nothing will so much sweeten school-day recollections as the remembrance of appreciation of your teachers and the thought that you did nothing to wound their feelings. Not many weeks since I visited a school. An arithmetic class was called up—they were in the division of denominate numbers—and Miss Blank was sent to the board. Bye-the-bye, I am afraid I will never make a fine novel-writer, as you observe all my heroines are real—flesh and blood. Well, when the sum was finished, Mr. M., the teacher was forced to inform Miss Blank—tho' in a very mild manner—that it was incorrect, and advised her to go over it again to find the mistake. It is not right to tell tales out of school, but I will only insinuate that the young lady did not appear to be as much advantaged as I had seen her at other times—but this is the point—I sat there wondering if I had ever done so, and feeling a strong desire to write to somebody whom I have already alluded to and beg his pardon for all such offences. In summing up, I cannot give you a better rule to go by than this: While you are at school act in such a way as that you will have nothing to regret when you leave it.

Your friend,

MATTIE.

Little children, love one another.