

# CHILD'S INDEX.



VOL. I.

MAY, 1863.

NO. 5.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY SAMUEL BOYKIN, MACON, GEORGIA, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, FOR SINGLE COPIES

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

## THE PIC-NIC.

BY MRS. L. N. ROYIN.

"Oh! mama, the girls at our school are going to have a pic-nic in the woods next Saturday, and say I must go; please ma'am, let me," said little Ella Baker, as she breathlessly ran into her mother's room one day last week. Mrs. Baker quietly continuing her sewing, Ella seated herself on a foot-stool before her, and, in a milder tone, again began, "Mother, they are going to have a pic-nic Saturday, the girls are, and I want to go. Please, mama, look at me and say yes." At this second appeal Mrs. Baker laid aside her work, and taking the two little hands that were resting on her knee, said, "Well, my little tease, tell me all about it. Where do you propose to go and what do you propose to do, and who is going with you to take care of you?"

"Oh, mama," said Ella, reproachfully, "I don't want anybody to take care of me. I don't want Aunt Charlotte to go with me. I am past eight years old, and can take care of myself; and you know all the big girls are going, and we will have such a nice time playing in the woods. And, mama, if you will let me, I will bring you back my apron full of flowers—honeysuckles—violets—sweetshrubs—heart-leaves—and I don't know how many others."

Mrs. Baker looked admiringly into the large blue eyes, as they dilated with happiness and the little bosom heaving with excitement, and replied, "Well, I reckon, if my little daughter is a good girl between this and Saturday, she may go." Without waiting to hear farther, the happy little girl jumped up, kissed her mother and ran off like a wild fawn, into the yard, to tell her old nurse and the rest of the servants.—What a long week it was to Ella! She thought Saturday would never come! She thought of the pic-nic all day, and at night she dreamed of the woods, and the birds, and the flowers. At last the anxiously looked-for day came. Smilingly, bland and beautiful it came—not to disappoint the little pleasure-seekers. The birds early greeted the dowy morn with their carols, and hopped about and twittered in the trees, as if they were going to have a pic-nic too. Little Ella was up very early, prattling about in a state of great excitement, making her preparations to start. After breakfast she hurried off in her neat calico dress and white apron, with her dinner-basket, to join her school-mates at the academy, without a shadow on her sunny heart.

That delightful day! Little Ella says she will never forget it. They rambled about and hunted violets. They ran down the slippery pine-covered hills. They chased the butterflies and caught them. They listened to the warbling of the birds—watched the movements of a squirrel dining on nuts and saucily peeping at them, and throwing the shells on their innocent heads. Then when tired of running about, they would throw themselves upon the velvet grass, and watch the sociable little insects that hopped over their clothes, and make the woods resound with their laughter. Then they discovered that an impudent fellow was repeating everything they said away across the water. Being told by one of

the larger girls that this was Mr. Echo, they held a long and saucy conversation with him. But he always would have the "last word."

After a while the glowing sun shone directly on the tops of their little heads, and they thought it must be dinner time. So they walked to a cool and beautiful branch that was running and laughing over its pebbly bed as merrily as they, and then they sat down on their mossy seats to lunch.—They made elegant goblets. How, do you suppose? By folding over the sides of the fragrant heart leaf, and pinning it with a thorn. This was Nature's drinking cup, with which they slaked their thirst. After dinner they bathed their little hands and faces in the cool waters, and gathered up some of the whitest pebbles.

I ask my young readers if they were not thorn—these little ramblers? Yes, the world was all beautiful to them. Their innocent hearts knew only of the present, and that present was all happiness.

The afternoon they spent as the forenoon excepting that they gathered fresh flowers to take home with them.

The sun began to sink beneath the hills, and the little folks were warned that their pleasant day was closing, and it was time to turn their weary little feet homeward. So with the cool breezes of evening fanning their rosy cheeks, and the sky above glowing with the gorgeous hues of sunset, they trudged their way along. Little Ella, the pet of the school, kept up bravely with the rest, skipping along with her flowers and keeping pace with her busy and intelligent little tongue. She reached home, and found her parents standing on the porch awaiting her. She bound-



ed up the step and triumphantly presented herself, a veritable little wood-nymph, laden with flowers, and threw them down as a grateful offering at the feet of those she loved best.

Little Ella will long remember her first pic-nic. We hope the dear little girl may always be as happy as she was that day.

## KNOWLEDGE OF RELIGION.

Mr. Locke, a little before his death, in answer to the question, "Which in the shortest and surest way for a young man to attain the true knowledge of the Christian religion?" wrote this reply:

"Let him study the Holy Scriptures, especially the New Testament. Therein are contained the words of eternal life. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter."

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

## "IT IS TIRESOME"

BY NETTA.

"Oh, it is so tiresome!" said little Bessie, as she let her knitting fall in her lap. "It is so tiresome to sit here two hours every day and knit socks for the soldiers. I do not believe the soldiers care for socks, anyhow. It is such a beautiful day; the sun shines so bright, and I must be stuck up here in the house knitting. Oh dear." She folded her hands, crossed her feet, and leaned back in the rocking chair, the very personification of indolence. Bessie again commenced her complaint, "I wish I was a butterfly; what a nice time I would have roaming about from flower to flower, with nothing to do but enjoy myself; but I would only live one summer, and die when the first frost came. No; I would not like to be a butterfly."

I should like to be a nice little sparrow, to hop from branch to branch, on green trees, all day, and say 'twit, twit,' when I found something to eat. But the first little boy that came along with his bow and arrows would shoot me; then poor little me would be dead. I know what I should like to be," she exclaimed as the merry song of a mocking-bird caught her ear. "I would like to be a large, pretty mocking-bird. I would sing all the day—I would keep my plumage so sleek and glossy—the woods would resound with my pretty songs, and I would be so happy. But I guess somebody would catch me and put me in a cage. I would not like that much; it would be almost as bad as knitting, only I'd have nothing to do but sing. Well, I guess I can't be anything but a little girl, so I may as well take my knitting up again—but it is so tiresome."

Mrs. Hunt had entered the room very quietly, and had heard her little girl's complaint, and as Bessie resumed her knitting, her mother said, "Bessie, move your chair near to me, and as you knit, I'll have a chat with you. Do you not think it tiresome to leave your own dear home, with all your comforts, to live in tents? Is it not 'tiresome' to march a whole day, and have nothing to eat but parched corn? 'Tiresome' to walk through the frost and snow bare-footed? 'Tiresome' to keep guard all night, carrying a heavy musket, while others are asleep? Is it not terrible, Bessie, to meet the enemy face to face in mortal combat, when the shot and shell are falling around you like hail, for the liberty of your country? Is it not awful to be borne from the battle field with a leg or an arm shattered, and suffer for months, confined to your bed, before you can walk in the warm sunshine, or see the green trees again? I fear my little girl does not remember the sufferings and privations of the poor soldier, or how arduous and 'tiresome' his vocations are. Our soldiers have left their homes, their mothers, wives, children, and all that made life pleasant, to fight for the liberty of their country—to fight for you, my daughter—and ought we not to give them all we can?"

"Oh yes, dear mamma," answered Bessie,

"I did not think of that. I'll never complain of knitting again. I wish I could send them something beside parched corn to eat, but I can pray for them, mamma—I can pray that God may stop this war, and let the soldiers go home. Do you think God would listen to the prayer of a little girl like me, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, God listens to all prayers made in sincerity, and grants what is best for us to have. He marks the fall of a single sparrow, and we are of more value."

"I'll remember to pray for the soldiers to-night; and I'll pray, too, for myself, dear mamma, that God may give me an earnest, energetic spirit, and a contented disposition."

## THE SOLDIER.

The following lines, written by a little girl of twelve years, in the county of Lunenburg, show that even the children sympathize with our brave soldiers in their hardships and sacrifices, and none more than little "Mollie," their author:

Who is it who has to go  
Through hail and rain and often snow,  
And wade through rivers very deep,  
And toil up mountains very steep?  
The Soldier.

Who is it who stays in camp,  
Be the weather clear or damp,  
And stands on guard the long lone night,  
With nothing but the moon for light?  
The Soldier.

Who is it who has to lie  
Upon the ground, when wet or dry,  
His head upon a log of wood—  
Who is so brave and good?  
The Soldier.

Who is it who has to stand  
With sword or musket in his hand,  
With promptness to obey command,  
And die, if need, for native land?  
The Soldier.

Who is it compelled by law  
To meet the darkest storms of war,  
And has his wood to cut and saw,  
To eat his dinner, done or raw?  
The Soldier.

Who is it who has to fight  
For his country and her right,  
Rather to die than e'er to give  
To foes the land in which we live?  
The Soldier.

Who is it who leaves his mother,  
His wife, his sister and his brother,  
And leaves behind his dear old home,  
Away in distant lands to roam?  
The Soldier.

Who is it mid the cannon's roar,  
Fights and falls to rise no more,  
Without a friendly voice to cheer,  
With none to bless or shed a tear?  
The Soldier.

[Richmond Whig.]

## LITTLE DAISY.

Little Daisy, seeing a girl of her acquaintance who was pigeon-toed, running to her sister, said:

"Minnie, her feet are cross-eyed."  
To her Mamma, who was trying to make her understand the meaning of a smile, she says:

"Oh, yes! I know—it is the whisper of a laugh."

# The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

THE LAWTON FAMILY.

SAME CONVERSATION CONTINUED.

WISH to know how you came to be talking on the subject of communion," said Bill Harris. "It seems to me you have chosen rather a dull subject for a family conversation."

"Not so, William," replied Mr. Lawton. "All that pertains to Christian conduct is important, and should be interesting to Christians. It is our duty to study the Bible and find out what it says about the way Christians should act, what they shall believe, and what ordinances God has commanded the churches to keep."

"You say churches—what do you mean by that expression? I thought people said the church—meaning all believers in Christ," inquired Charles.

"So they do," replied Mr. Lawton. "The church is composed of every one in heaven and earth who believe in Jesus. It means all Christians at heart—all who will finally be saved and live with Jesus forever. Now, in distinction from the church universal, as it is called, Christ has ordained the establishment of particular churches—such as the church at Antioch, the church at Corinth, the church at Christ. It is to these local churches that Christ has committed the ordinances of baptism and communion. These are *rites* or ceremonies that must be performed by some definite body like a church, and not some indefinite body as the church universal. Well, we happened to be reading the 11th chapter of 1st Corinthians, where Paul is speaking particularly of communion, and Charles' mind was struck by the fact that the sacrament of communion was committed to these local churches—these particular bodies of organized Christians; and he was explaining his train of thought to us when you came in."

"I wonder why Charles' mind is so taken up with these church matters," of late!" exclaimed Bill Harris.

"You shall soon know," replied Charles. "I am a church-member, and I want to find out what is the true meaning of scripture in regard to my duty as a church member. I want to know what Jesus, my heavenly master, commands; and when I know his commands, I can obey. As a Christian I am happy only when I think I am obeying my Savior. So that, as I look for most of my happiness in attending to the important things of religion, I wish to know exactly what is right. I do not think any of the commands of the Holy Spirit unimportant or trivial, and therefore I think them worth studying, so that I may understand them."

"Well, is there any great harm in Christians of different denominations celebrating the Lord's Supper together?" asked William.

"Whether there is any great harm in it or not," answered Charles, "if the Bible tells me that such conduct is different from the commands of Christ, I will not do so."

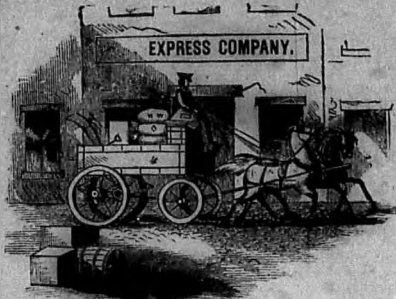
"That is right," said Mr. Lawton. "There is a very general opinion that Christ gave the Lord's Supper to the church universal, and that all those who call themselves Christians may partake of the communion when so disposed, wherever they may happen to be. Now, this is a mistake. If Christ gave the communion to the church universal, the inhabitants of heaven will commune as we do on earth. But this is not so. Christ gave the ordinance of communion to particular societies of organized Christians on earth, called gospel churches, for their spiritual benefit. And it is wrong for bands of Christians to engage indiscriminately in this church ordinance.—Christ never gave them commandment to do so."

"But which are the right churches? How am I to know which churches are entitled to practice this ordinance?" asked William Harris, somewhat eagerly.

"Ah!" said Charles, "now you begin to see the importance of studying the Scriptures, don't you?"

[To be continued.]

In religion there is no good time but the present time.—Jane Taylor.



FRANK LARKIN

WHO is it sitting so bravely on that Express wagon, and driving two such fiery horses? It is "honest Frank Larkin." We will tell about him:

His father died, leaving him and his mother alone, without money and with no friends. Frank's mother worked hard for a living, and managed to support herself and child until he grew big enough to work. And when Frank grew up to be quite a stout boy, did he run off and go into all manner of mischief? O, no! he loved his mother too well for that. And because he loved her, he tried to please her. She told him it was wrong to lie and steal and be idle. And so Frank abhorred whatever was dishonest, and tried his best to be always engaged in some useful employment.

One day a rich merchant heard some boys trying to persuade Frank to help them rob a store; and he was so well pleased with Frank's indignation at the wicked proposal that he took him into his store as an errand boy. Frank was never known to lie or steal, nor was he ever found engaged in any dishonest or disreputable employment; and so, after a while, people got to calling him "honest Frank."

It so happened that, in the course of time, Frank's mother became afflicted with rheumatism which crippled her for life; and Frank had the pleasure of supporting his mother by his wages, and thus, in a manner repaying her for all her kindness to him. He was always a kind, loving and obedient son; and when his mother died she blessed him with her last breath.

AS SOON as he got large enough Frank was hired by the Express company; and is now employed by them, and is considered a very treasure on account of his honesty, promptness and close attention to business.

Thus our young readers may see that "honesty is the best policy;" and that by being honest and industrious any little boy may not only gain a living, but be respected and admired and trusted by all who know him. Such little boys will always become useful and happy men.

### THE GOSPEL.

IT is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

"He that believeth on him hath everlasting life: he that believeth not on him hath not life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

This is the GOSPEL: this is the glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people—that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, came into the world to save sinners: and that whosoever believes on him shall not perish, but have eternal life! This is the Gospel that Christians are commanded to teach to all nations!

And how does Christ save sinners? By suffering their punishment, so that God may pardon them. Did he do this? Yes; on Calvary he was crucified—punished, the just for the unjust. He thus made atonement for the sins of the people.

And how are sinners saved by Christ? By believing on him. And what is it to believe on Jesus? It is to trust in him—to believe in his atonement—to believe that he has done all that is necessary to atone for our sins, and to trust that God, for Christ's sake will forgive our sins and save our souls.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the son of man be lifted up."

(crucified,) that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have eternal life."—John iii: 14, 15.

Will those who believe on Jesus surely be saved? Yes: Jesus himself says so. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

What is it to be saved? It is to be rescued from a dark pit of endless woe when we die, and live with Jesus, our Savior, and holy angels on the right hand of the Father.

### MISSIONS.

Our little readers know what we mean by *missions* and *missionaries*? If not, we will tell them.

When our blessed Savior was on earth he preached the Gospel; and just before he rose from the earth, out of eight of his disciples he gave them his last instructions—"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature: he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned. (Mark xvi: 15, 16.) Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (Matt. xxviii: 19, 20.) Now, it is the duty of Christians to obey these commands of Christ. If they cannot go, they should send some one to preach the Gospel to those who do not know of the Savior, and who are, therefore, in danger of being lost forever. The way we send persons to preach the Gospel to the heathen is to give them money to pay all their expenses and buy all their food and clothes, while they are in far distant lands preaching. And the persons who are thus sent are called *missionaries*. The great work of preaching the Gospel in which they are engaged, is called *missions*. All good little boys and girls ought to be missionaries at heart—that is, willing and anxious to help send forth preachers of the Gospel to tell the glad tidings of salvation to those who have not heard of the Savior.

### THE HEATHEN.

Who are the heathen? They are persons who never heard of Jesus Christ, the Savior of sinners, and who do not know the way of salvation through him. They generally live in distant lands where they have no meeting houses, nor Sabbath Schools, nor preachers. They do not know about God, and hell; and they live in all manner of wickedness.

### EDITOR'S MONTHLY LETTER



SWEET May! Who does not love the month of May? Of all the months in the year it is the merriest, sweetest and most pleasant. Every child loves it, because with it come the sweet Spring flowers, the bright sunny skies, the green glossy leaves, and pleasant May parties. It fills the heart with love, and glids the future with hope. It makes life appear more worthy than it is, and gives a greater glory to the earth itself.

Children, let the beautiful month of May, with its buds and blossoms, its balmy breezes, rippling streams, bright skies, and innocent pleasures, remind you of the Great Maker of all these joyous things.

The hand of God has written legibly, that man may know The Glory of the Maker.

You are now living in the may-day of life; and your hearts should be filled with love and gratitude to God, for all his goodness to you. Then, give him your hearts; and whenever you think of the sweet month of May, recollect your heavenly Father, and try to live so as to honor him.

Your friend,  
THE EDITOR.



DANCING

WHAT are these people doing? They are dancing! It is a dancing ball, and the ladies and gentlemen are engaging in dancing a quadrille, or cotillon, as it is commonly called.—Such amusements are blamable; and, especially at this time, are they untimely and wrong. The bloody and desperate war in which we are engaged, should prevent all such light and sinful amusements as balls and dancing.

Dancing is bad for society because it leads to evil consequences. No one can say that dancing ever did them good. The ball-room never made a Christian of a man or woman, nor sent forth a Philosopher, Statesman or man of Science. It has, however, been the cause of much waste of time, and has caused many to abandon religion and follow pleasure, to the ruin of their souls. It is a silly amusement and unbecomingly intelligent beings.

It is said that dancing is a healthy and innocent amusement. But, when people dance away the hours of midnight and early morn, in an apartment crowded to suffocation, and then go out into the open air all in a perspiration, they are soon admonished by coughs and consumption that dancing is not a healthy amusement—that it is a social enjoyment. The physician, so far from calling it a healthy amusement, would call it *disorder, death*.

We could never see any amusement in kicking the floor with our feet. How amusing it must be to that young lady, who has just jumped up and is shaking one foot! As she comes to the floor, she takes another spring and makes the other foot quiver. After turning round, she jumps again and shakes both her feet. She then waits for partner to go through the same interesting performance. After which, they affectionately clasp each other's hand, jump up, shake their feet, and then stand still to see the others perform.

We repeat that such silly amusement does not become intelligent beings.

### HOW MISSIONARIES ARE SUPPORTED.

How do Baptists generally manage about sending missionaries to the heathen? Each one gives as much money as he can or will, and when a great deal is collected, they put the money into the hands of a few honest persons and when these persons find men and women who are willing to go and preach to the heathen, they say to them, "If you will leave your home and all your friends and go to Africa or China and preach the gospel, we will continue to send you money enough to support you."—Trusting in these promises the missionaries forsake everything and go far away to preach the gospel to the heathen. But while they are gone, the people at home continue to pray for them and to collect money for them, which is sent through the persons chosen for that purpose.

### MRS. HARTWELL'S CHILDREN.

Two or three months ago we told our young readers about Mrs. Hartwell who went from Macon, Georgia, to China, many thousands of miles, as a missionary. We also told about her two little children, and advised the Baptist children of the South to support them. We are glad to see the interest many of our young friends manifest in these China-American children. A good many have sent money to support them, and we hope a good many more will do the same, until enough is obtained.

### TO THE LITTLE ONES

Miss P. A. C.—We must decline all obituary notices.

Bettie Nichols, Raleigh, N. C., sends correct answer to Enigma No. 2.

"Student," of Hephzibah High School, likewise sends us the correct answer to the enigma, and also to Mental Bible Picture 7.

F. C. M.—Evening hymn is too imperfect. Mollie Bradford, Wetumpka, Ala., write and send some more funny things.

LITTLE WILLIE AND THE APPLE

Little Willie stood under an apple tree old. The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold. Haunting temptingly low: how he longed for a bite. Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right. Said he: "I don't see why my father should say. 'Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day: I shouldn't have thought—now they're hanging so low. When I asked for just one, he should answer me, 'no.' " "He would never find it out if I took but just one. And they do look so good, shining out in the sun. There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't miss So paltry a little red apple as this." He stretched forth his hand, but a low, mournful strain Came wandering dreamily over his brain: In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid, 'That the angel of conscience quite frequently played. And he sang: "Little Willie, beware, O beware. Your father is gone, but your Maker is there; How sad you would feel if you heard the Lord say: "This dear little boy stole an apple to-day." Then Willie turned round, and as still as a mouse, Crept slowly and carefully into the house: In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray, That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to say, "Little Willie almost stole an apple to-day."

NEVER STRUCK ME

A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened room, waiting to be laid in the cold, lone grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing on the face of one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to shake his hand. The mother at first did not think it best; but the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it: she took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through tears and love, and said: "Mother, this hand never struck me."

SCRIPTURE PROOFS; NO. 2

ONLY ONE GOD.

Thou shalt know no god but Me. Hosea xiii. 4. Proofs. Genesis xvii. 1. 12-15. Deuteronomy iv. 35-39. Isaiah xlii. 10; xliii 6-9. 4. 8; xlv. 5, 6; xlvii. 9. 1 Samuel iii. 2. John xvii. 3. 1 Kings viii. 10. Galatians iii. 20. Psalm lxxxvii. 10. 1 Timothy i. 17; ii. 6. Isaiah xxxvii. 10; xl

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

WHAT CHILDREN SHOULD DO.

IF OR nearly twenty months I have been in the army. Before I came to the war I had spent several years teaching children. I know I love them very much, and I am not sure but I really belong to the little children of Georgia. I hope, then, that they will remember my advice, and answer the questions I ask. It is a sore trial to the father to leave home and loved ones, not knowing that he will ever see them again; not knowing but his little ones may want bread, and a friendly counselor, while the leaves of a distant land cover his unknown grave. Often, my little reader, when your eyes are closed in sleep, your papa's pillow of straw is wet with tears, while he entreates God to bless mother and you. Sometimes the father's heart is made glad by hearing that his little children are loving and kind to his lonely wife. Little reader, whose father is in the war, do

you make your mother happy? Will you, every night, ask yourself, and mother too, what have I done to-day to make her happy? Have I done anything that has made her unhappy? Sometimes the father imagines, he can hear the sweet voice of the dear child saying, "Please God, take care of papa, and send him home to us again. Please, God, comfort mother, and help us little children to be good to her. Please, God, be a father to the little children whose papas are dead. Help us all to love and follow Jesus." Little reader, do you pray this prayer every night? Will you do it? God loves to hear little children pray.

If you love papa, make mother happy while he is gone. Some of you, my little readers, have your papas yet with you. How thankful your little hearts should be! But do you not pity the child whose papa is far away in the war? Do you not deeply sympathize with those whose papa now sleeps far away in a soldier's grave?

Will you not do something to make those bereaved children happy? I have seen poor soldiers die, and with the last breath call the names of their dear little ones far away at home. We know not what dying advice they wished to give them, but we know that their hearts yearned for their little children, soon to be fatherless. Go, my little reader, seek some child that has lost its father, and do it a kindness. If it be very poor, give it some clothes; ask it to visit you; give it some book to read; take it with you to church and to the Sabbath School. If it be not so poor as to need clothes and something to eat, it needs kind words, sympathy and encouragement. It needs some kind hand to point out the way where no father guides. Show these children that you love them, and that you want to help them bear their great loss. Never laugh at the poverty, ignorance, or crimes of one who is fatherless. Little children, will you remember these things of home, at school, in the streets, everywhere? Will you, each one, immediately do something for some one of the many bereaved children around you? God will bless you in the act, and you will cause a ray of light to shine into the heart of some child over whom grief has cast its shadow. Can you not find a child that has no papa to send it the Child's Index? You can easily save \$1.00 for that purpose, and perhaps you may thereby be the humble instrument in wiping tears of sorrow from weeping eyes, and bringing some fatherless child to "Our Father who art in heaven." Little reader, will you not do something? Will you not remember the advice of a SOLDIER? Jackson's Army, Feb. 12th, 1862.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Table listing acknowledgments for Mrs. Hartwell's children, including names like M. Livingston Garrett, E. J. Fountain, and various amounts.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

A WORKING SCHOOL.

SELMA, Ala., Feb. 20th, 1863.

DEAR INDEX—We have grown so fast that we hereby send you \$3.00 for 18 more copies of that pretty little juvenile. We also enclose \$10.00 to aid in getting up the \$200 for the little China-American children. Our pastor read to us about it in our Index, and we all voted to send you that much. We give our little missionary money every Sunday; and if you would like to know how much we do, we will tell you in our next letter.

On Sunday (the 8th,) our Pastor proposed to give \$50 toward purchasing a Melodeon for us; and so two of our lady friends went round next day and had soon collected enough to buy it without letting our Pastor pay his part. So,

last Sunday, sure enough there was our new Melodeon, and we had a nice time singing. "The Sunday School, that blessed place," and "I want to be an angel," and "Let us walk in the light of God." We thought our pretty papers would never come last time; but you have promised us to have them out early next time. Affectionately yours,

SELMA BAP. S. S.

SELMA, Ala., March 23d, 1863.

DEAR INDEX—You kept your promise. The papers did come in good time and they were better than ever before. We don't want any more Yankee papers as long as we can get one as good as our Index. Yesterday we had a grand time. The church was full at 11 o'clock, for our pastor had promised to preach to the children about "Two Towns, An Old man, A crowd of little children, and two Bears." And he did preach us a sermon all for ourselves; but we did all the singing. He promised us an Excursion on one of the steamboats, before long. He says he thinks it will be about the 1st of May. If we live to see it, we will tell you about it. And then before long we are going to have our Anniversary. We hope you received the \$200 for the little China-American children. We give our missionary money to our Pastor every Sunday; and since the New Year began, we have given \$60. Our Pastor tells us we must work and make the money that we give away. Affectionately yours,

SELMA BAP. S. S.

WOODVILLE, April 2, 1863.

DEAR MR. BOYKIN:

I did not receive my March number; therefore I do not know exactly why Mrs. Hartwell's children need assistance. I understand though that their mother is teaching the brethren, and that is sufficient. I enclose fifty cents for them. Brother also sends fifty cents. He has been saving his money for the soldiers, but when mamma read to him about those children, he concluded to send them some too. I found out the enigma, (mamma helped me) and will send the answer.

[The answer was correct.—Ed.]

I am so glad when I receive the "Index," and very sorry when I do not. I long for the first of every month to come, so that I may have something to read. I am very glad you felt so much interest in us little children as to get up a paper for our especial benefit. I hope it may prosper, and the Editor also. Florence sends fifty cents too. Truly your friend,

LIZZIE.

DAWSON, April 6th, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. BOYKIN—I am very glad Mrs. Hartwell is teaching the Chinese about our dear Saviour. I send 50 cents to help support her little children. I am much pleased with the Child's Index. It is a pleasant companion to me on Sabbath evenings. I am only a little girl nine years old and therefore I cannot write a good letter. I am your little friend,

SALLIE C. BISHOP.

COLUMBUS, Ga., April 9, 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, but I felt like I wanted to tell you how much I thought of your good little paper. After a while my father is going to have all of the numbers bound for me. You told us about two little missionary children in our last Index, so I will send you my little offering (50 cents) and hope that you will send it to them.

I am quite a little girl, but I intend doing all the good I can. I am glad that 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. Your little friend,

VIRGINIA P. WARR.

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

A bright child of some nine years of age—Nellie W—, who, while one day reading the New Testament, looked up to her father, and inquired, with great earnestness, "Father, where do we read about John the Presbyterian and John the Methodist? It tells me here of John the Baptist, and I want to know where it tells about John the Presbyterian and John the Methodist."

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

A splendid banquet is before us—the table dazling with gold and silver. The host is a king in his crown and purple robes, and around him are assembled a thousand noble guests. But, strange! there is no gladness in any face! All sit pale and trembling, and no one is tasting the royal feast.

Several strange looking men are grouped together, and seem full of confusion and dismay. A lady of noble bearing, who appears to have just entered the room, is addressing the king with great calmness and dignity. [56-54] [Found in Daniel.]

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. 3.

- 1. Who succeeded King Abaz at his death? 2d Kings.
2. Who was made a captain of the host of Ahasim? 2d Sam.
3. In what month was wine set before Artaxerxes? Nehemiah.
4. Through what captain did the Lord give deliverance to Syria? 2d Kings.
5. Who broke down the images of the idolaters and cut down the groves? 2d Chron.
6. In what hill did the Ziphites think that David was hid? 1st Sam.

The initials of the answers to the above questions spell the name of the mother of one of the prophets; and the final letters spell the same name. Spell the initials and the final letters backwards, and they spell the same name still.

No. 4.

- 1. What prisoner was so beloved as to be entrusted by his keeper with the care of the inmates of the prison?
2. Who had the testimony that he pleased God?
3. Who killed himself in a fit of despair with his own sword?
4. Who was placed in the front of battle and killed that the king might have his wife?
5. Who was called to be a prophet in his youth?

The initials to the answers to the above questions form "the only name." GARRIE & CORA.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 12. Which is the first war recorded in Scripture?
13. What striking illustration can you find in scripture of the truth of the promise annexed to the 5th commandment? [See Jeremiah from 30th to 30th chap., and examine Exodus, xx: 12.] [54-480.]

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA NO. 2

- 1. P-selix, Acts xxiv: 25.
2. S-annanharib, 2d Kings xix: 37.
3. B-anageres, March iii: 17.
4. A-grippa, Acts xxi: 28.
5. R-ahabam, 1st Kings xiii: 16.
6. T-thimothy, 2d Timothy iii: 15.
7. U-g, Deuteronomy xii: 11.
8. W-ine, Prov. xx: 1. [Furnished by Bettie Nichols.]

ANSWER TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- Who was the first Christian martyr? Stephen.—Acts vii: 59.
Which of the Apostles suffered martyrdom first? James.—Acts xi: 2.
When was John the Baptist spoken of as Elias? Malachi iv: 5.
How did he resemble Elijah the prophet? In external appearance and habits.—Compare 2d Kings i: 8, and Matthew iii: 4. In his faithfulness as a prophet—compare 1st Kings xviii: 18, with Matt. iv: 4.

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURES.

No. 7.

Samuel and Eli. 1st Samuel, 3d chapter, 15th verse.

A little urchin in the Sabbath School at N— was asked a few Sundays ago "what our Saviour said when he knew Judas had betrayed him?"

The urchin scratched his head a few moments and gravely answered—"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty!" The teacher smiled.

There is a God that reigns above, Lord of the heavens and earth and seas; I fear his wrath, I ask his love, And with my lips I sing his praise.

## THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

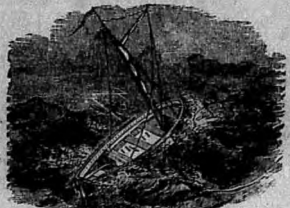
"That being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted in charity, he may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally he may come to the land of everlasting life."

I stood on the deep blue ocean's shore,  
And watched the wild sea-birds lave;  
While murmuring low fell o'er my ear  
The low of a passing wave.

When, dancing light in the morning bright,  
A fair little bark came by;  
Its tiny white sail so joyously shone  
With a gleam from the sunny sky.

And I thought of youth—of its early morn,  
Fresh launched on life's restless wave;  
When each gale that blows with fresh odor is  
fraught,

To the young heart so gladstone and brave.



But that gleam vanished soon, the sky was  
obscured,

In terror each sail was furled;  
I thought of the Christian mariner tossed  
On the waves of this "troublesome world."

The little bark on the rough billow's foam,

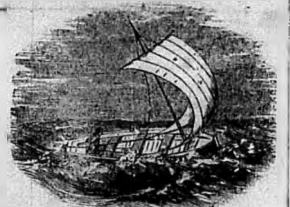
Was tossed from side to side;  
I marvelled it sunk not; but One was there,  
Jesus, the "Ruler and Guide."

No empty shells has that mariner sought.

From the barren and sandy ground;  
Deep treasured within his bosom there lay  
The "Pearl of great price" he had found.

The darkness came on, the tempest rose high,

But the little vessel bore bravely on,  
Fast nearing a glorious shore.



The morning broke on that night of sorrow.

A morning serene and still;  
I looked for the bark—it was safely moored  
In the haven under the hill.

The white sail was furled, the anchor dropt.

The winds were hushed to sleep;  
And gently the bark wafted to and fro  
On the face of the glassy deep.



Oh! bless the repose, and eternal the peace  
Of the ransomed soul shall be;  
No "tolling in sorrow," no fear of storm.  
For "there shall be no more sea."

## LIGHTNING.

At one time when there was a little shower,  
Addie was taking off her doll's hoops.  
I asked her what she was doing it for, and  
she said:

"'Cause I'm afraid they will intrude light-  
ning, and that would burn Dolly up."

Tender Jesus, thou didst call  
To thine arms the children small;  
Lo, I come, and humbly pray,  
Cast me not from thee away.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

## A DREAM OF FAIRY LAND.

BY MRS. MARY A. M'CRIMMON.

CLARA Montrose was a beautiful but  
pale and indolent girl. Her mother  
doted on her because she happened  
to be handsomer than her sisters;  
indulged her in idleness, and dressed  
her extravagantly; but still she was not  
happy. She was forever murmuring be-  
cause her parents were not so wealthy as  
some of their neighbors, and really believed  
that she only needed wealth to make her as  
happy as she wished to be.

One afternoon she went to walk alone on  
the banks of a stream that ran not far from  
her home. Murmuring as usual, at her  
fate, she strolled on unconsciously, until  
she came to a beautiful shady spot, where  
the water sang a low, sweet song, and the  
willows dipped their drooping arms upon its  
shining bosom. Here she seated herself  
upon a tuft of moss, and commenced throw-  
ing smooth white pebbles into the rippling  
water—thinking all the while how she would  
love to be a queen and live in a palace, and  
have courtiers at her command.

Suddenly a Fairy stood before her. "I  
know the desire of your heart," the Fairy  
said, "and have come to grant it."

Clara's heart bounded with joy, but be-  
fore she could speak the Fairy continued—  
"you can only receive my treasures by ac-  
companying me to my kingdom. Are you  
willing to go?"

"I am willing," Clara replied, "but will  
like to go home first, and let my mother  
know where I am going."

"I am only willing to bestow my treasures  
on those who are willing to give up every-  
thing else for them," the Fairy replied.

Clara felt a little sorry, for she knew her  
mother would be inconsolable; but she was  
a selfish girl, and preferred her own gratifi-  
cation to the happiness of others, so she con-  
sented; resolving, however, to visit her  
home when she got as much money as she  
wanted.

The Fairy stamped her foot, and a golden  
coach with six white horses stood beside her.  
Lifting Clara into the coach, with a touch of  
her silver wand, they set out, as if upon the  
wings of the wind, so swift yet gentle was  
their motion. Very soon they reached the  
sea, where a boat, formed of delicate sea  
shells, lay ready to receive them. Seating  
themselves upon its cushioned seats, they  
glided off upon the dancing waves, and soon  
the fairy island appeared in sight.

As they drew near this enchanted island,  
twilight fell softly over the sea and land,  
and a full-orbed moon shed its delicious light  
upon the scenes of beauty spread out before  
them. A carriage stood ready to receive  
them, as they landed on the fairy island;  
and lightly they moved along over the gravel  
walks, where the rarest of flowers—sent out  
their perfume upon the air; and brilliant  
festoons waved in graceful curves up above  
their heads. Oh! it was beautiful—more  
beautiful than anything Clara had ever  
dreamed of before; and as she listened to  
the soft music, that touched by unseen  
fingers, came softly to her listening ear, tears  
of joy stole down her cheeks.

Just then they drew up before a glass  
palace, painted within in beautiful landscapes  
which were made visible by a thousand  
lamps. "This is your home," said the fairy,  
as she led Clara to a door set round with rub-  
ies and diamonds; "and this is your guest  
chamber," conducting her to a gorgeous sa-  
loon with a ceiling of jasper and floor of  
mother of pearl, where fairy forms were  
dancing to the tune of merry music.

Dazzled by the splendor around her, Clara  
threw herself upon a sofa made of roseleaves  
and leaning her head upon a pillow of fra-  
grant violets, murmured, "Oh! if my mo-  
ther and sisters could only be here."

At length when weariness fell upon her  
eye-lids, the gay throng retired. The merry

music fell fainter and fainter upon her ear  
until sweet sleep held her in its soft embrace.  
On awaking next morning, she found herself  
in another apartment, where the bright glass  
walls were shaded by silken velvet curtains,  
and the murmur of waterfalls wooed to gentle  
slumber. For a time she thought it all a  
dream, but the presence of several fairies  
waiting to do her bidding soon convinced  
her that it was a bright reality. Then she  
arose, was bathed in sweet rose water, dress-  
ed in a robe of silver gauze, and conducted  
to breakfast. This she found to be a perfect  
refinement of luxury. Such fruits, such  
wines, or tempting viands she had never  
tasted before. It was delightful; and the  
foolish girl imagined her cup of happiness  
was full.

For many days she wandered about her  
magnificent abode, gazing at rare old pic-  
tures, and costly furniture; or strolled along  
her garden walks, where fruits and flowers  
grew in profusion, and fountains threw up  
their shining drops, and birds made melody  
overhead. No wish was left ungratified, and  
for a time she drank at the fount of pleasure,  
but it failed to satisfy all the cravings of her  
soul.

Soon her eye grew weary of the beautiful  
things around; music no longer charmed her  
ear, and delicious fruits lost their power to  
tempt her appetite. She was listless, weary,  
and miserable, for she had nothing worthy  
of her love, and nothing to do; and God  
never intended that people should be happy  
when selfish or idle.

One evening she was lying on her rose-  
leaf sofa, thinking how gladly she would ex-  
change all this now hateful splendor for her  
dear little home and the loved ones there,  
when the Fairy suddenly appeared before  
her and said, "I have given you all you de-  
sired; and yet you are not happy: what more  
would you have?"

Bursting into tears, she replied, "Take it  
all back, good Fairy, and give me home.  
I have learned that outward things do not sat-  
isfy the heart—that I need something better  
than all these beautiful things to make me  
happy. Take them all back once more, and  
I will never cease to thank you."

The Fairy smiled, touched her with a  
wand, and Clara awoke to find herself alone  
by the stream with the sun going down. It  
had been but a dream after all; but she never  
forgot it. From the most indolent and vain  
she became the most active and amiable  
member of the family; and at length made  
a noble and useful woman.

## THE BEST FRIEND.

CATY Parker is a very sweet little  
girl; she has large blue eyes and  
soft silken curls, and a sweet little  
mouth, and pearly teeth. We all  
love her very much, not for her  
beauty alone, I assure you, but because she  
is so kind and gentle and loving. I went  
into the nursery one morning, and little Cate  
sat in a high chair clasping a book very  
closely in her arms.

"Aunt," she said to me as I came into  
the room, "this book is about my best friend."  
"Your best friend, Cate," said I; "what  
book is it?" "It is God's book," said she;  
"and it is about my best friend." "Who do  
you mean by your best friend, Cate?" said  
I. "Why, I mean Jesus Christ," said she;  
"this book is about Jesus Christ."—"How do  
you know Jesus Christ is your best friend?"  
said I. "Oh, because he loves me, but not so  
much as Jesus does."—"Well, Cate, your father  
and mother love you; are they not your best  
friends too?" "Not like Jesus," said the little  
one; "they love me, but not so much as Jesus  
does."—"They would do anything for you, Cate,"  
said I; "what has Jesus done for you that  
your father and mother could not do?" "Ah,  
aunt, don't you know?" she said; "he was  
nailed to the cross—Jesus died for me." I  
looked in the dear child's face, and she

folded the precious book closer in her little  
round arms, and tears filled her blue eyes.  
"Why did he die for you, Cate?" I said,  
as I wished to see what the little one knew  
of Jesus' death. "Because he loved me,  
aunt—that he might wash away my sins  
and make me one of his own little children."  
"Can others also be saved by his death?"  
"Yes, aunt, you, and father and mother,  
and all who give their hearts to him. Now,  
is not Jesus my best friend, aunt; and is  
not this book all about my best friend?" I  
took her on my knee and told her much of  
the love of Jesus. I spoke of his leaving  
the bosom of the Father, and taking our na-  
ture upon him, and offering himself a sacri-  
fice for sin.

Oh, little reader, is not the Lord Jesus  
your best friend? Does he not do infinitely  
more for us than father or mother can do?  
As little Cate said, he died for you, for lit-  
tle children who know it not. The blessed  
Jesus died for you; let each feel and know  
the Saviour died for me—for me he suffered  
that I might live. Oh, he is indeed the  
friend of sinners, the best friend. If, then,  
he is our best friend, ought we not to love  
him above all others, and try to serve and  
please him; to do his will in everything,  
and give him our hearts that he may wash  
them white in his precious blood?

## "HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER."

SOON after Mary Lee had her verse  
for the day, which was the fifth com-  
mandment, and while she was yet  
thinking upon the subject, she said:

"Mamma, I don't think Lucy Kent  
honors her mother much."

"What reason have you, my child," said  
Mrs. Lee, "to pass such a severe judgment  
upon Lucy?"

"Why, yesterday, when I was calling for  
her to go to school, her mother said, 'Be  
sure, Lucy, that you come home as soon as  
possible after school, for I wish to go out';  
but when school was done, instead of going  
home, she walked down Pleasant street—  
She said she must walk there to get cool,  
the school-room had been so hot. I asked  
her if she did not remember what her mother  
said."

"No matter," she said, laughing. "I won't  
be gone long; but she was gone a great  
while. Did she not do very wrong mother?"

"Yes, my child, she did very wrong in-  
deed; and I know another little girl who  
failed to honor her mother yesterday. She  
did not hang up her night-dress or brush  
her teeth before going to school in the morn-  
ing. The same little girl neglected to learn  
her Sabbath-school lesson last week, as her  
mother had directed her to do, and when  
called on to recite, she failed sadly. Some-  
times her books cannot be found when it is  
time to go to school, because they are left  
out of the place where her mother has often  
told her to keep them, and her thimble and  
scissors."

"O, my mother," said Mary, "don't tell  
me of any more of my naughty ways; but I  
did not know that I was breaking the com-  
mandment which says, 'Honor thy father  
and thy mother,' when I forget to do such  
little things."

"Every act of disobedience is sin," said  
her mother, "whether it be great or small;  
and in God's sight no sin is small."

## NEW TERMS OF THE CHILD'S INDEX.

(Payable always in advance.)

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