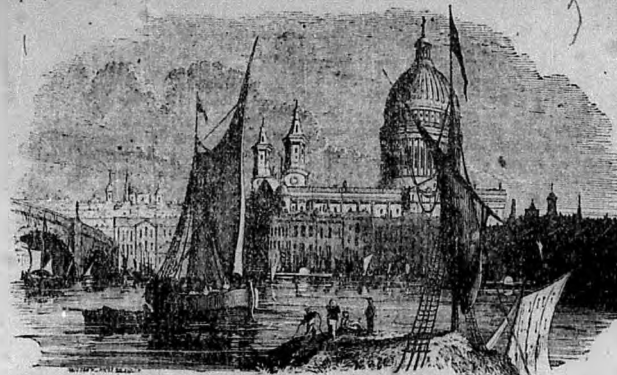




PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY SAMUEL BOYKIN, MACON, GEORGIA, AT ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM, FOR SINGLE COPIES



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.  
BY THE EDITOR.

IN the year 1831, the writer of this article was in the city of London, England, and with eager curiosity visited the celebrated *St. Paul's Cathedral*, of which a picture is given above. The influence of a few silver coins procured him the privilege of exploring the dim recesses beneath, where the sculptured forms of proud monarchs lie in funeral pomp; and the same influence enabled him to ascend, step by step—sixty steps—until the towering ball was reached. From thence, by crooked and odd-looking steps, he made his way to the very summit of the hall itself, at the foot of the cross in the picture, and gazed with awe upon a mighty London beneath. What a panorama! Beneath, for miles, were stretched out palaces, houses, river, bridges, and shipping.

On descending, he stood on the marble pavement, whose white and black squares were like a chess-board, and gazed upon the marble statues and monuments—raised in honor of the illustrious dead—all covered over with dust. He wondered at the captured banners, hung here and there; looked at the mighty organ, and with weary steps traversed the huge building, until such a sense of littleness and nothingness overcame him, that he was glad to leave the solemn and silent building.

At another time he stood beneath the mighty dome, when a vast multitude thronged its floor; some high church dignitary preached from a lofty pulpit; and a choir of voices rang out through dome and nave and aisles, while the deep tones of the Cathedral organ reverberated in solemn grandeur.

St. Paul's Cathedral was finished 133 years ago, was 35 years building, and, during all that time, had one architect only—Sir Christopher Wren—and one master-mason only—Thomas Strong. It cost about \$7,500,000.—Within, over the entrance to the choir is a marble slab, and on it is a Latin inscription, which, being translated, means this, "Here reposes Christopher Wren, the builder of this church and city, who lived for more than ninety years, not for his own, but for the public good. Reader, dost thou seek his monument, look around thee!"

One-armed Nelson, whom Britons delight to honor, is there, in marble form, reminding England of her naval glory; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, the artist, is there, too; but, strange to say, one is not imbued with a sense of religious awe—the phos has a plummy, vacant, unsatisfying air. It appears not like a place of worship; but only as a monument of the pride and wealth of a great nation.

On the western end of the building stand two towers, on which are clocks. They rise up loftily above other steeples; but appear in-

significant beside the mighty dome which overshadows them.

The picture above represent the Cathedral as seen from beyond the river Thames. On the river are seen vessels and steamers, and a part of one of the many beautiful bridges that span the river.

St. Paul's covers about two acres of land, and is the pride of London; but it, like all the glory of earth, must fade away at last—no temple only is everlasting—the Temple not made with hands, eternal to all times.—Children, seek an entrance there, and there abide in the presence of our Lord and Savior, forever.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

### THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. MARY A. M'GRIMMON.

ONE bright May morning, several years ago, a joyous group of girls and boys went to a beautiful creek, about a mile from the village in which they lived, to attend a fishing party. But they did not care for the fish, only to see them sport in the shining water; for it was lively and pleasure, and sweet spring flowers, that they were seeking; so they wandered up and down the shady banks of the silvery stream, that wound along with many a graceful curve, laughing and chatting as merrily as so many birds.

After a while a little group of "particular friends" strolled off from the rest, and went still farther down the mossy creek-side. The old woods were ringing with our happy voices, when we suddenly came upon an old man sitting, with a book in his hand beneath a large beech tree. Some of the party were shying off, but as he had long white hair, like the dear old grand-father whom I loved so well, I felt a desire to become acquainted with him, and so drew nearer to him than some of the rest. Seeing a tear steal down his cheek as he took off his spectacles and wiped them, I asked him what was the matter. At this the crowd gathered around him and he spoke as follows:

"I do not often give way to tears as I have this morning, but your sweet young voices recalled my own childhood so vividly, I could not well restrain them. My story is a sad one, but as it may be a useful lesson to you, I will relate it. I do not wish, however, to cast a gloom over your free young spirits, but to give you a lesson which you may never forget, and which may serve to warn you in the hour of temptation.

I was the son of a widowed mother, who made an idol of me. I had two sisters younger than myself, but I was the darling, the pride, the pet of the family, and as might be expected, I was a spoilt boy. But though I was wayward and disobedient, I loved my mother, and often resolved to do better and not

disappoint her expectations, but my wicked companions, and probably my own selfishness, too frequently prevailed over my good resolutions and they were broken.

My mother seemed particularly anxious that I should refrain from strong drink—often warned me against it with tearful eyes and tremulous accents; but I only laughed at her fear. I would never be a drunkard, though I did occasionally take a glass with my associates—there was not the least danger of such a thing. I was too high minded for that. The very thought was revolting to my nature. But I saw no necessity of being so "straight-laced" and old-fashioned about it—a drink now and then would not hurt me, I felt sure.

One evening I had promised to meet some of my companions at our club room, but my mother was a little unwell, and attracted me not to go. Conscience whispered that I ought to obey her, but I persuaded myself that she was unreasonable in wanting to keep me tied to her apron-string—that I had as much right to go out and enjoy myself as others of my age, with other sorceries of the kind; and so I went.

Having arrived at the place of meeting, I tried to do the voice of conscience in the sparkling. Others followed my example and we drank too much. Late in the evening a young man was killed. I did not commit the murder, but being concerned in the affair, I was committed to prison to await my trial together with my companions.

As soon as the matter was properly investigated, I was set at liberty, but oh! it was too late. The mother whose happiness was all embarked in my good or ill fortune was no more. Two weeks from the day I was shut up in the prison walls, they told me she was dead. I heard the slow-tolling bell, and caught a glimpse of the funeral procession, as they bore her to her last resting place, and knew that I had caused her death.

For a few minutes he remained silent, as if contending with his emotion. At length he resumed:

"I have not told you this sad story, my dear little friends, to make you unhappy, or even to cast a shade of gloom over your sunny spirits. I only wish to warn you against wounding a mother's love, or disregarding a mother's kind advice. I would shield you from the agony it was my lot to suffer, though God, I trust, has blessed those sorrows to my good. The loss of my mother stopped me in my wild career, and I have now a hope of meeting her in Heaven; but whenever I think of her low, sweet voice and gentle love, my heart sinks with a great unuttered sorrow, and I would give, oh! so much, to recall my youth, and have it in my power once more make her happy.

You who have mothers, my little friends, will never know their value until you have lost them, but I hope you will not forget the story I have told you. And now, if you will come with me, I will show you a place where I have been feeding the fish for some days past, and you have only to throw in your loaves to draw them out."

A glad assent was given to this proposition, we were soon chatting away again, not quite so hoisterously, but as cheerfully as before.

There was a boy who loved to show his learning by using bigger, if not better, words than he found in the book. His lesson was to give the dictionary definitions of a page of words on which was: "Missionary—one sent to preach the Gospel." To make it a little more elegant, he cried out, "Missionary—one penny to preach the Gospel!"

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

### EDDIE T.; OR, GETTING GOOD BY DOING GOOD.

BY A. F. A., OF CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

GAY, light-hearted, giddy creature was Eddie T. Her ringing, silvery laugh told often of amusement found in scenes that would have moved others to tears; and, although her form was delicate, yet her flowing spirits and bounding step prevented any fear that, "like a morning flower," her life would be "nipped in the bud."

Her earnest, pious Sunday School teacher had tried often and diligently, but apparently in vain, to impress her mind and heart with religious truth. Even the touching, precious story of the cross failed to do it! And she saw the member of her class, whom she loved most dearly of all stand up in the great congregation and profess her love to Jesus—she saw her, in the beautiful rite of baptism, put on Christ—and still heedless, she passed on amid young life's brightness and flowers. In the Sunday School she attended it was determined to form the classes into Missionary Societies, and Eddie's class, being composed of small girls, and being the first to move in the matter, was called the "Beginner's Missionary Society."

Her teacher found immediately that the interest and the attention of his wayward pupil were secured. Her listlessness and merry mischief-making were gone, and she was no longer a trouble. She was not only among the most efficient laborers in the work of the Society, but was one of the best students of his class.

At the close of the session of the "Institute" she was attending, she left us, as we all supposed, only for the summer vacation. Alas! it was our final earthly parting. Very soon there came to us the startling intelligence that Eddie was dangerously ill; and day after day we heard of the waning progress of the disease, until at last the grief-stricken friends wrote us—"she has passed away." But she was not called before the "good seed" sowed by her kind teacher and nurtured by the grace of God, had sprung up and brought forth precious fruit to the glory of the Master. She gave heart to the blessed Jesus—who said "suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not"—and he sustained her amid all the sufferings she was permitted to endure, and in the hour of death, so calm and peaceful was she—so perfectly confident of entering into the "happy land," to her no longer "far, far away," that she could say, "thanks be to God which giveth me the victory."

Nor was her Christian life, although measured by a few short hours, without fruit unto God. An ungodly father, almost heart-broken, wept beside his dying child. And now, with her heart filled with the love of Jesus, she urged her father to come to Him. And though the heart of the father had been hardened by many years of sin, he was moved by her words of love, and by her victory over death, to "call upon the name of the Lord," and there were mingled in his emotions the unutterable grief of a bereaved father, and the "joy unspeakable and full of glory of a soul newly born into the Kingdom of Christ;" and ere he followed the remains of his loved child to the grave, he had been "buried with Christ by baptism," and had arisen to "walk in newness of life."

### PRETTY IDEA.

A mother recounted to her daughter the story of our Saviour's sufferings, death, and glorious ascension, concluding with: "And the veil of the temple was rent in twain, the dead arose from their graves, and the sun went out, and it was quite dark."

"No wonder, mamma; it went out to light Christ back to heaven, I reckon."

# The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

THE LAWTON FAMILY.

[Continued.]

WHAT EMILY FOSTER SAW.

It is doubtful if Bill Harris really desired to know what kind of churches are established after the model given in the New Testament. He merely wished to puzzle Charles, and break off the conversation. He preferred to talk about more worldly matters than church order. It so happened, too, that Mr. Lawton had an engagement, so he proposed to Charles that at some future time he would discuss the matter with them.

As soon as Mr. Lawton had taken his leave, Bill Harris told Charles and his sister that Mr. Stevens had requested a few of the scholars to meet at his house that night, as he wished to consult about an important matter; and so the young people put on their hats and bade Mrs. Lawton "good evening," and hastened to the house of their preceptor.

Mr. Stevens was a kind-hearted man, who won the love of his pupils by gentleness and real kindness. He was a sincere Christian, always inculcating the truths of religion when he could do so appropriately. He frequently said to a scholar, "I had rather see you good than learned. I had rather have you go to heaven when you die, than have you win the earthly fame of a Newton."

When our young friends reached the house, they found several of the scholars present. Emily Foster was talking in an animated strain, and telling what she had seen in a meeting-house the Sabbath before.

"I went to hear Mr. Willis," said she, alluding to the Presbyterian minister, "and after the sermon was over, what was my surprise to see several babies brought up to the pulpit to be baptized!"

"Baptized!" said Charles, "I suppose you mean sprinkled."

"To be sprinkled, then, Mr. Baptist," replied Emily, "and the minister dipped his fingers in the marble font and laid his hands on the children's heads, so," and Emily laid her widely-extended fingers on Helen's forehead. "And just as he did to me said I baptizeth, &c., but it didn't look to me like baptism."

"Of course not," said Charles, "for it was not baptism."

"Make way everybody," cried out Bill Harris, "make way for the learned Charles Lawton, D. D., who will prove in two minutes that baptizo means in version and nothing else, and that sprinkling infants is no baptism, contrary to the learned Mr. Willis and all other eminent divines."

There was a general laugh by all present, which was interrupted by Mr. Stevens.

"Come, come, William, none of your joking. For if Charles can't prove that baptizo means nothing but immersion, it can be done, and has been done—and as that is the only Greek word ever applied to baptism, its true meaning must settle the mode of baptism. But, as we have not met here tonight to discuss the subject of baptism, I will dismiss the subject, after reading one short passage in the New Testament. I will turn to the tenth chapter of Acts and read. The writer is speaking of Philip and the Eunuch.

The Eunuch had requested Philip to ride with him and explain the Scriptures," said Mr. Stevens, beginning to read aloud: "Then Philip opened his mouth and began at the same Scriptures, and preached unto him Jesus.

"And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water, and the Eunuch said, 'See, here is water: what doth hinder me to be baptized?'"

"And Philip said, 'If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest. And he answered, I believe that Jesus Christ is the son of God.'

"And he commanded the chariot to stand still; and they went into a handsome meeting house that stood convenient, and walked down the aisle until they came to the pulpit. And Philip took up a little water on the tips of his fingers from a marble font and touched the Eunuch on the forehead and said—

"Why, Mr. Stevens!"

"What? Did I read it wrong? So I did. Let me read it again—

"And they went down both into the water—both Philip and the Eunuch; and he baptized him.

"And when they were come up out of the water, the spirit of the Lord caught away Philip and the Eunuch saw him no more: and he went on his way rejoicing."

"Well," said Emily, "that does look as if immersion and not sprinkling was the way to baptism."

"And that is not all," said Mr. Stevens.—"Philip would not baptize the Eunuch until the Eunuch believed on Jesus. Now, is an infant in the arms able to believe? Can an infant be instructed, like the Eunuch was, and understand the way of salvation? And yet, if we are to be guided by the Scriptures, those only who can understand and believe should be baptized. But no one will pretend to say that infants in the arms can understand and believe—so we must admit that infants are not the proper subjects of baptism."

Bill Harris looked as if he did not know what to say; and Charles Lawton appeared to be greatly comforted by the ready method Mr. Stevens took to relieve his embarrassment.

"But, come, now," said Mr. Stevens, "let us talk of the matter we came to consult about."

[But our young readers must wait until next month to learn what that was.]

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

## THE DOUBLE SURPRISE: A LESSON FOR BOYS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"O, you don't know me!"

The speaker was a tall, sun-burnt man of noble form, open countenance, dark, piercing eye, and dressed in an humble sailor's garb. He was standing in the front porch of a wealthy man's abode. The house was a splendid mansion, and overlooked a varied prospect of hill and dale, field and forest—all the property of James De Forrest, whose name glittered on the silver door-plate. James De Forrest was an amiable Christian gentleman, of handsome appearance and dignified manners. He commended every man to God and respect for his benevolence, worth and integrity.

He held the sunburnt sailor's hand in his and gazed earnestly into those dark, speaking eyes. A warm pressure of that manly sailor's hand together with a meaning glance from his soul-lit eye, sent a strange, electric thrill through the frame of James De Forrest.

The two strangers stood silently peering into each other's eyes their hands clasped in a warm embrace. At length a moisture appeared beneath the eyelids of the tall, sun-burnt sailor—hears crept slowly out and stole down his weather-beaten face. Said he,

"Jim! Don't you know your brother John?"

In an instant those two manly forms were in an ardent embrace. Thirty years ago they had separated. No wonder they did not recognize each other!

That night John De Forrest ate and slept beneath his brother's hospitable roof; and was as kindly treated by his good wife and fair daughter as though they had known him all ways.

"I've seen rough times, Jim," said John. "Thirty years of a sea life have been hard upon me. And at forty-seven I find myself only a rough sea-captain, with no fortune but my skill, in a poor reward for thirty years of toil. How different it is with you! Rich, happy, a Senator, surrounded by a loving family and all the comforts of a splendid home—you are an object of envy!"

John De Forrest and his brother sat for a while buried in deep thought, and listening to the rain that pattered upon the window-pane. Suddenly there was a knock at the front door, and a beggar was heard asking for a night's shelter, and food to satisfy his hunger.

"Admit the man," said the owner of the house; and a poor mendicant entered the room, dripping wet, and took a seat by the fire.

"Prepare some victuals," said Mr. James De Forrest, and tell Henry to conduct the man to a chamber and let him have a change of apparel, and then give him some supper."

The stranger disappeared, and after some time returned clad in dry garments, and looking every way more comfortable after a hearty meal.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this is er ugly night; and Ike Hubbard is much obliged I

It's bin a long while sence he's tared so well!"

The two brothers started with surprise.

"Ike Hubbard!" slowly repeated the elder, who was the sun-burnt sea-captain, "Ike Hubbard! Ike Hubbard! Why, Ike! Don't you recollect John and Jimmy De Forrest?"

The beggar's countenance expressed the greatest astonishment, as he rose slowly, owing to rheumatism, and turned his scottish countenance and his red, bleared eyes from one to the other in silence, his mouth partly open and his eyebrows lifted in amazement.

Memory was busy in the poor man's mind. Presently he sank into his chair, covered his face with his hands, and, for a long time, that of the happy days of his boyhood. Let us go back with him and witness one of the scenes that passed through his mind.

"Come, Jim, jump in, and let us go!" said John De Forrest, who was fourteen years old to his brother James, two years younger.

"No!" said James, firmly, "I can't. Mother told us to hurry to the village and back. And we have no right to disobey her."

"Pelaw! what will the old woman care.— Lets go a fishing with Ike, and have a good time!"



"I won't," replied James firmly, and folding his arms across his breast. "I'm going to mind mother. You know how positive she was in telling us not to loiter or get to playing with other boys. I wish you'd put down that paddle and come along."

"Tut, tut, Jim," spoke up Ike Hubbard, "your mother won't care much if you carry her a fine mass of fish. Come on—I know where we can catch lots of 'em. Besides I've got something good in this bottle—you'd better come, if you want any."

"Hush up, Ike Hubbard. I will mind my mother. You may keep your bottle to yourself."

"Brother John, please come and let us do what mother told us."

"You go Jim; that's a good fellow. Hurry home and tell me to give you a ginger cake for being a good boy. I'm going fishing— Good-bye, if you won't go."

Tears sprang in James' eyes as he watched the boat gliding off with his brother—led astray by wicked Ike Hubbard.

He turned away, followed by Carlo, and soon performed his mission and returned to his mother.

My young readers now see the character of the three boys. James was a good boy, of firm principle, who loved and obeyed his mother. John was a wild, haughty scoundrel, regardless of his mother's feelings, and easily led astray. Ike Hubbard was a good-for-nothing scamp, up to all sorts of mischief—fond of drink, and opposed to all kinds of work.

What were the consequences?

The consequences were that as Ike grew up he went on from bad to worse, until between the bottle and idleness he became a regular legger, full of disease, miserable in mind and body, and a disgrace to his family.

John, being of a roving turn, ran off, took to the sea, and became a hardy, sunburnt sailor. At the end of thirty years he became a captain and returned to his native village,

to see if his brother was living. The village had grown to be a great city. He soon found that his brother stood high in the world, and was esteemed by everybody. He called on his brother and made himself known, as I have related.

That brother, from being a good boy, had grown up to be a good man. He had gained wealth made many friends, been elected to Congress, and was every day growing more and more beloved and respected.

What a strange meeting for those three boys after the lapse of thirty years!

Many and bitter were the tears Ike Hubbard shed that night!

Vain were the regrets of John De Forrest, over a life misspent, and over the fairest opportunities thrown away!

Sweet were the thoughts of the good James De Forrest, who loved and obeyed his mother and tried his best to be a good boy, and a good man!

Boys, learn a lesson from this story. Choose the right path and walk in it; and your life will be happy and prosperous.

### PLACES TO PRAY IN.

"Where do you find a place to pray in?" was asked of a pious sailor on board a whaling ship.

"O," he said, "I can always find a quiet spot at the masthead."

"Sam, do you find a place for secret prayer?" asked a minister of a stable-boy.

"O yes, sir; that old creak is my closet, and it is the best spot on earth."

### SUPERINTENDENT.

We are happy to announce that Rev. B. Manly, Jr., of S. C., a good friend of children, has been appointed President of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Our issue this month is 8000 copies. Will not the friends of the Child's Index try to increase its circulation still more? We have a good supply of paper.

### HONORABLE MENTION.

Ida Gignilliat, nine years of age, of her own accord, collected two dollars from the Baptist Sabbath school of Marietta, Georgia, for Mrs. Hartwell's children. To this sum she and her little brother Harry added 50 cents each, making three dollars, which they sent us by mail.

### NOBLE CONTRIBUTION.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., May 18.

Dear Bro. Boykin:

It has been made my pleasant duty to forward you the enclosed amount of thirty dollars, as the contribution of the scholars of the First Baptist Church Sabbath School of this city towards the support and education of the children of Mrs. Hartwell.

Hoping that you will receive much for this worthy object,

I am, yours truly,

BESS B. JAVIS,

Treasurer 1st Imp. Church S. S.

### EDITOR'S MONTHLY LETTER.

DEAR CHILDREN: Do you not sometimes think of this dreadful war in which we are engaged? I believe you do. But do you know what we are fighting for? We are fighting for the right to govern ourselves in our own way. The Yankees want us to live under their government and be governed by them; and we will not do it. Because, if we did, they would soon ruin us. They would take away our slaves, and deprive us of our houses and lands, and money, and deny us all the rights we claim for ourselves, as freemen.

It is to preserve all these, and not only these, but our very lives, that we are fighting. I have not introduced this subject into the Child's Index much, because war is such an unpleasant subject, and because I have thought it best to lead your thoughts to religion and piety.

War is an unpleasant subject, because we cannot think of it without thinking of all the sorrow and suffering it brings. But I have written of it this time, for the reason that I wish to impress a few thoughts on your minds. One is that, as your parents have so much to trouble them now, you ought to give them as little trouble and sorrow as you can. Be kind to them and as polite and amiable to your brothers and sisters as possible. Study with all your might, and learn all you can: for one of these days you will be called upon to rule this Confederacy.

Another thought is this: Try to do all the good in your power to the families of our brave soldiers who are far away fighting for our liberties: by kindness to their families show your gratitude to them.

And the last thought is this: You should pray constantly to our Heavenly Father to bless our armies and give us victory. He only can enable us to triumph over our enemies; so, never lay down to sleep without asking him to bless our cause and our country.

Your friend,

THE EDITOR.

WRITER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

JEANNIE DOWELL HARROLD.

THIS remarkable and noble little girl is the oldest daughter of the late Mr. Laurence Harrold, formerly of the firm of "Harrold & Murray," of Richmond, Virginia. She is now about eleven years old and lives to cheer the home of her widowed mother, who is a pious member of the Second Baptist Church, of which Rev. L. W. Seelye is pastor.

During the year previous to the war, Jeannia obtained eight prizes in her Sabbath school, as rewards for her diligence, punctuality, faithfully-prepared lessons, and for the Sabbath school scholars that she brought in during the year—the number being, in all, forty-eight.

She had several little fairs, the proceeds of which were devoted to benevolent objects—having made from them one hundred and twenty dollars. A large portion of the money was given to the Missionary Society. She would often visit the poor and the afflicted at their homes in the most obscure portions of the city—even in the "Basin"—to take clothing and something to eat, to distribute tracts, and to teach the Bible to those who could not read.

As soon as the war commenced, she would take the garments that were being made for the soldiers, by that noble band of ladies in the church of which her mother was a member, to persons to assist in sewing. She always succeeded, for she was so sweet and gentle in making her requests that it was impossible to refuse her.

After the battles, she visited the sick and wounded in the hospital, taking little delicacies with her, which her amiable mother had so carefully prepared for them; and often remained a portion of the day, assisting with her little sister and cousin to keep the flies from, and bathing the wounds of the suffering soldiers.

She had two fairs, from which to buy clothing for the soldiers, and to aid in other objects for their relief. From these fairs, she realized more than one hundred and thirty dollars.

She seems unwearied in her efforts to do good, and to promote the happiness of others, and is, withal, so modest, so unassuming, so dutiful a child, so amiable, and attentive to her studies, that every person loves Jeannia Harrold.

The writer of this brief sketch is well acquainted with her, and trusts that ere long she will become a sincere Christian—a follower of the meek and lowly Saviour—and in the world to come, receive from her Heavenly Father, the high commendation, of "Well done, thou good and faithful servant—enter thou into the Heavenly rest which I have prepared for thee."

Now, let me see, my young readers, how many little boys and girls will try to do as Jeannia Harrold has done, in attending so punctually the Sabbath school—bringing in new scholars, and doing all the good they can. The Bible says that "time is short"—that we must "do good as we have opportunity"—the night of death will soon come, "when no man can work." There is no wish, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave to which we are hastening.

L. M. N. A.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Received for Mrs. Hartwell's children—from Ida and Harry Gignalliat, Marietta, Ga., \$1.00; Bap. S. S. Marietta, \$2; Sarah H. Skinner and brother, Raleigh, N. C. \$1; Willie Mansfield, 50 cts; Salamis Embury, Mulberry, Ga. 50 cts; Annie Embury, 50 cts.; Rosa Embury, 50 cts.; Dossie and Mamie Gibbs \$2; Mary V. Smith, Fennille, Ga., 50 cts.; Mary A. E. Arnett, Robotham, Ga., 50 cts.; Kate Cunningham and her little brother, Tampa, Fla., \$1; Sallie L. Dodd, Fayette co., Ga., \$1; W. Hardaway and his two little sisters, Thomson, Ga., \$2.; Charlie Irwin, Sneed, Ga., sends \$2 and a pretty letter; Fannie Walker C. Lumpkin, 50 cts. Mr. M. Jordan, Pope Hill, Ga., 50 cts; Maggie S. Cain, \$3.25; Dossie Woodruff and sister, West Point, Ga. \$1.; Frank Battle and "Millie" 35 cts.

Edgefield Bap. S. S. \$21.30; J. J. Wilson \$1; F. Wilson 50 cts; B. Wilson 50 cts; Two little girls 50 cts; Euphania & Willie \$2; Kate & Brother \$1; Sab. School Student \$1; Maria Stockton \$1; Julia and Lillie Jordan \$1; Montgomery Bah, S. S. \$30; Ann. P. Hudson & Brothers \$1.50. Making in all \$81.40; previously acknowledged \$26 50. Total, \$107 90.

WRITER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

LITTLE LESLIE.

LITTLE Leslie loves her Heavenly Father so much, she says, because He is so kind, and lets her papa and mama live in this world, and does not take them away and make her a poor little orphan. A few mornings since she awoke her mama talking to herself in her little crib, about her dear Heavenly Father; how He had taken care of her through the night, and let her sleep so sweetly. She said "when I go to the beautiful Heaven, I will give Him three kisses.

When we heard of the last attack made by the enemy's fleet on Fort Sumter, she appeared much disturbed, and said to her mama: "Mama, will the Yankees take Charleston?" Her mama replied that she felt very anxious about Charleston, but she hoped they could not take it. "I will send papa to drive them away," she said. Her mama told her that her papa alone could not do it, but that her Heavenly Father could. She asked that the servants might be dismissed from the room, then she knelt, with both little hands over her face, and said: "My Heavenly Father, please send the Yankees away from Charleston, and do not let them hurt any of our dear soldiers." She then arose, her sweet face bright as a sunbeam. "Oh, mama," she said, "how the Yankees are trying! I reckon the people wonder why they are flying so fast." C. A. C. Darlington, S. C.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

Sarah H. Skinner, Raleigh, N. C., sends correct answer to Scripture enigma.

Annie R. Rose, of Macon, sends a correct answer, too.

Joseph Corbett answers puzzle No. 2 correctly.

Mary B. Curry sends correct answers to Enigma No. 3; and so does Salamis Embury, of Mulberry, Ga.

"Charlie Howard, or Who is the Good Boy?" is very welcome. The writer has talents for writing for children, and must write often.

Richard A. Harrison, Worthen's Store, discovers the key to Mental Bible Picture, No. 8, and also answers to Scripture enigmas 3 and 4.

"Jennie" answers enigma 2 correctly. "The Day of Rest," "Lolla Crawford," and "A Good Little Girl," received.

Nettie Christian and "Thomas" answer enigmas 3 rightly.

Luther Christian gives correct answer to Enigma 4.

How about the "Anniversary" of the Selma Bap. S. S.?

Those sending us Scripture Enigmas, must send answers in full with them, or their enigmas may get laid aside altogether.

"Puppi Hepzibah High School," sends correct answers to the Picture, Enigmas, and Scripture Questions. [We may come to the Summer Examination—when will it be?—Editor.]

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

RALEIGH, April 28, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I was so late in sending the answer to the last enigma, that I am very anxious to send this one immediately, to let you know how highly we appreciate your efforts to instruct us.

[Miss Sarah here gives correct answers to the Scripture enigmas of last month.—Ed.] I enclose \$1 for Mrs. Hartwell's children—50 cents from my brother Tommie, and 50 cts. from myself.

I am glad that Mrs. Hartwell is teaching the heathen, and we willingly contribute our mite to the children whose mother is a missionary.

1. What verso in the Bible contains every letter in the alphabet except J? (J. and I. being the same.) Extra, vii, 21.

2. What two chapters in the Old Testament contain the same words? 2nd Kings xix. Isaiah, xxxvii.

The 14th and 53d Psalms are also very similar. Your friend,

SARAH H. SKINNER.

"PISE KNOT," LEK Co., GA., April 25.

Dear Cousin Sam: I am very much pleased with your Index for children. I wish it could come once a week instead of once a month. I send two dollars for Mrs. Hartwell's children. It is money I earned myself.

Yours, &c.,

C. B. IRWIN.

OAK GROVE, VA., April 24, 1863.

My Dear Mr. Boykin: You know that my Uncle Henry sent to you for the Child's Index for me. I like it so much, and read it all through. Why don't you send it oftener? After I have read one I get tired waiting for the next one.

I was sorry for little Cora when the cat killed her birds, but she ought to have shut the cage door.

I don't go to school, because there is none near here, but mother teaches me. I would like very much to go to Sunday School, but were too far from church; but mother tells me about the Bible, and I read it, too.

I send you all the money I have for Mrs. Hartwell's children. I had some more, but I gave it for a reading book.

My brother Millie sends his love with mine to you.

Milton, my brother, sends 10 cents.

Your little friend,

FRANK BATTLE.

LOUISVILLE, May 1st, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I like my paper so much, that I want every little child to have one; and as you propose that those who can, should send it to some young friend, who has no father, I enclose you a dollar to send it to a little acquaintance of mine. I also enclose three dollars and a quarter, to be given to Mrs. Hartwell's children. It is the pocket money that my sister had before her death, and ma thinks it ought to be applied to some good purpose, so we send it to you. She was a dear, affectionate sister, and was only sick a few days when it pleased our Heavenly Father to take her from us. She used to like to read the Child's Index, and gave me some money only a few weeks ago to send to the little missionary children. I hope you will soon get money enough for them.

Your young friend,

MARGIE S. CAIN.

FAYETTE COUNTY, GA., May 6, '63.

My Dear Mr. Boykin: I see in your Child's Index that several of the little boys and girls have written letters to you, and I felt like I wanted to let you know how much I thought of your little paper. It is a dear companion of mine. I intend to have all of the numbers bound after a while. I also see that Mrs. Hartwell is teaching the Chinese about our dear Saviour. To support her little children I send you my little offering, which I hope you will send to them.

I am a Sabbath School scholar. We all love our Superintendent very much. We have a very flourishing Sabbath School. I intend to get our school to make up money to help support them two little missionary children. We received the first number of our Child's Index last Sabbath. We would be proud to get them every Sabbath. It seems like a long time between getting them. We all want to see the first of June come.

Your friend,

SALLIE L. DODD.

TAMPA, FLORIDA.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I have read of those little Hartwell children, and I am very much interested in them. I send you fifty cents for them. My little brother sends 50 cents also. We earned the money pulling up some very hard weeds for mother, for 5 cents per hundred.

I am delighted with our little paper. It seems a long time from one month to the next. I hope it will not fail for the want of paper.

Your little friend,

KATE CUNNINGHAM.

May, 3d, 1863.

ANSWER TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

12. Which is the first war recorded in Scripture? Gen. 14. That of the four Kings against five in which Lot was taken prisoner, and afterwards rescued by Abraham.

13. What striking illustration can you find in Scripture of the truth of the promise annexed to the 5th Commandment? Because the Rechabites had obeyed the commandment and kept all the precepts of Joadab, their father, God promised they should not want a man to stand before him forever.—Jer. xxxv. 18-19.

"PUPPI HEPEZIBAH HIGH SCHOOL" May 4th, 1863.

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

A congregation is assembled in the open air, near the banks of a full and beautiful river. They are of all classes, among them being a number of Roman soldiers; and all are listening with anxious interest to the words of a preacher, who addresses them fearlessly and with great power.

He is a strange but noble looking man; and his dress is that of an Eastern prophet, consisting of a hairy garment, fastened by a band of leather. While speaking he points at one time to the lofty hills in the distance, at another time to the rocks at his feet, and again to the fruit trees around him, making all to speak lessons of wisdom and truth. His words sound terrible to the multitude and they are strongly affected.

[Found in one of the Gospels of the New Testament.] 56-48

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. 5.

1. Who said "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for the offering?" [Genesis.

2. Who did Christ say had chosen the good part which should not be taken away from her? [Luke.

3. What woman was removed from being queen, because she had set up an idol in a grove? [1st Kings.

4. What eloquent preacher was taught by Aquilla and Priscilla? [Acts.

5. Who said, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" [John.

6. Who was killed by the immediate act of God for touching the Ark in violation of a positive command? [2nd Samuel.

7. Who performed a miracle to pay a widow's debt? [2nd Kings.

8. Who was the beloved Physician? [Colossians.

The initials to the answers to the above questions, form one of the names of Jesus.

Furnished by N. L. C.

6.

1. Who had thirty sons, who rode on thirty ass colts, and had thirty cities? [Judges.

2. Who was the uncle of Aaron? [Lev. 1.

3. From the walls of what city was Saul let down in a basket? [Acts.

4. Who cursed and threw stones and dust at David? [2d Sam.

5. What slave ran away from his master, and when converted, returned a good and faithful servant? [Philemon.

6. Who was foolish, churlish, selfish and ungrateful to David? [1st Sam.

The initials of the answers to the above questions spell the name of the hero of Baptist Missions.

LILA.

7.

1. Who preached to an Ethiop'ian while he was riding in a chariot? [Acts.

2. What prophet visited king Hezekiah when he was sick? [2nd Kings.

3. What prophet uttered a parable to David that caused him to pass the sentence of death against himself? [2nd Samuel.

4. What was the name of Job's second daughter? [Job.

The initials of the answers to the above questions form the name of a flower.

N. L. O

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

No. 3.

WOODVILLE, MAY 1, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I found out the Enigma, No. 3, and send you the answer:

II-zekiah-h. 2nd Kings, xvi. 20.

A-mas-n. 2nd Sam., xvii. 25.

N-isa-n. Nehemiah, ii. 1.

X-nauma-n. 2d Kings, v. 1.

A-a-a. 2d Chron., xiv. 3.

II-achila-h. 1st Sam., xxvi. 1.

Your friend,

LIZZIE.

4.

1. J-oseph. Gen., xxxix. 22.

2. E-noch. Hebrews, xi. 5.

3. S-aul. 1st Sam., xxxi. 4.

4. U-riah. 2nd Sam., xi. 15.

5. S-annual. 1st Sam., iii. 21.

Please excuse bad writing, dear Mr. Boykin. "LITTLE ANNIE."

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURES.

No. 8.

Belshazzar's Feast, Daniel, v. 1. 12.

By LUTHER M. CHRISTIAN.

