

CHILD'S INDEX.



VOL. I.

JULY, 1863.

NO. 7.

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



WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

THE CREATION: A SHORT SKETCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

HAVE not our young readers sometimes wondered where all the animals in the world first came from? Well, *God made them.* There was a time when this world did not exist—a time when there were no men, no animals, no trees, no land, no sun, nor moon, nor stars, no light, even—when nothing existed but the great and incomprehensible God. *Silence and darkness reigned supreme everywhere.*

At length "God created the heavens and the earth," and for a long, long time the earth was a vast, dark, and gloomy plain, without order or beauty. All was dark and gloomy on this great deep mass; and yet the Spirit of God brooded over the waters and prepared them for all the changes about to take place, and disposed the earth for the production of animals and vegetables.

And then, after a great while, God said, *Let there be light*, and all at once the whole universe was lit up: and this was the first day's work of creation. But a dark and thick watery vapor covered the earth. Then God said, "Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." And the light particles of the immense shroud of thick, watery vapor rose up and formed clouds; and the heavy particles fell down and formed part of the water that covered the earth; and the space, or expanse between the clouds and waters beneath is the firmament which formed the work of the second day.

The world was now all covered with water and surrounded by mists and clouds. And God said, "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear;" and then mighty changes took place—tremendous noises and mighty convulsions occurred. Some parts of the land rose up into lofty mountains, and other parts sunk into deep valleys. The water flowed to the lowest parts and settled there.—We read about it in the 104th Psalm:

"Thou coverest the earth with the deep as with a garment. The waters stand above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled: at the noise of thy thunders they hasted away.—They go up by the mountains; they go down by the valleys unto the places which thou hast founded for them. Thou hast set a bound that they may not pass over—that they turn not again to cover the earth."

The dry land was now fit for vegetation, and God said, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind whose seed is in itself upon the earth, and it was so." And thus ended the third day of the work of creation.

But it was necessary for all the vegetables to have sunlight. So on the fourth day God made the sun and the moon and the stars, and

set them in the heavens, to give light upon the earth.

The earth was now a beautiful and delightful place: but no animals lived on it. So God said, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above in the open firmament of heaven." Thus, on the fifth day, God made the fishes and the birds.

The waters now had fish to swim in them, and the air had birds to fly in it, but there were no animals on the dry land. Accordingly on the sixth day God continued his labors, though he only spoke, and whatever he commanded was done. He said, "Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping thing, and beast of the earth, after his kind, and it was so." Thus God made all the animals, except man. Last of all he formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. And then the Lord said, "It is not good that the man should be alone. I will make him a helpmeet for him." And he made a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he took one of Adam's ribs, while he slept, and of it made a woman and brought her unto the man. This was Eve.

But before the formation of Eve, God brought all the cattle and beasts of the field, and fowls of the air to Adam that he might name them. And Adam gave names to them all: but after God confounded the language at the tower of Babel, then every nation called the animals whatever they pleased. Thus in the course of time, the animals of North America, many of which may be seen in the above picture, received the names by which we now call them, and which our young readers may discover by consulting the "Key to the Picture" on the third page.

We hope our young readers will now take their Bibles and carefully read the first three chapters of Genesis. There they will see the only history of the creation of the world, and we believe they will find it more interesting to them than it ever was before.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

THE MERCY OF JESUS.

MISS Emma E.—, the teacher of a class in the Charlottesville, Virginia, Baptist Sabbath School, was absent a few Sabbaths since. I hope her reason for being away from the school and from town was one that satisfied her conscience and that will be acknowledged good in the great day of accounts. No teacher should plead an excuse that will not bear such test as these.

Although it was necessary for me to neglect other duties to do so, yet it afforded me great pleasure to speak to these little ones of the precious truths of the Bible: and to have them pour forth from the freshness of their young hearts, the impressions made by those heavenly precepts.

We read of some of the mighty miracles performed by the blessed Saviour, and we talked of the infinite power and goodness and love manifested in them. The raising of the son of the widow of Nain from the dead was spoken of—and as the touching scene was presented in the beautiful simplicity of the narrative, the large, dreamy eyes of little Ida K., seemed larger still, and gushed brimful of great tears that the least jar would have sent raining in a pearly shower from their confines.

"Tell me, Dears," I then said, "what do you think is the most merciful act of Jesus recorded in the New Testament?" And first of all little Ida, who only one year ago learned the deep, dark sorrow of orphanage herself, remembered those pathetic words—"The only son of his mother and she was a widow," and she could think of no mercy greater than that which poured so much of joy into the bursting heart of that weeping mother—and so she spoke confidently as she referred to this as the most merciful of all his deeds of love.

And Gen. Mary A., who had found, with only a little trial, something of the difficulty of loving our enemies, and of returning good for evil, declared that she thought "the prayer

of Jesus on the cross, for his murderers, was the most merciful."

"I think," said Fannie, "that the most merciful of all was his dying on the cross for sinners."

And Fannie was right. Don't you think so, little readers? It was very tender mercy to pity the bereaved mother, and to bring back her lost son from the spirit land, to be the comfort and stay of her declining years. It was much greater mercy manifested in that wonderful prayer—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—but who shall tell of the infinite love, and compassion, and mercy, that moved the heart of Jesus when he "became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, to redeem lost and ruined sinners from eternal death."

Will not the dear little ones who read this think of the mercy of Jesus until they learn to love him with all their hearts? And then,

"In that bright world above," they shall be made "like him," "pure and holy," and sing that sweet, endless, heavenly song—"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father: to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

ALPHA.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

"BEST SAID, SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

'As infants once to Christ were brought,
That he might bless them there,
So now we little children ought
To sing the same, by His decree.

For when their feeble hands were spread,
And lent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
And so he says of me.

Though now he is not here below,
But on his heavenly hill,
To him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

Well pleased that little flock to see,
The Saviour kindly smiled:
Oh, then he will not frown on me,
Because I am a child.—

For us, so many years ago,
Poor babes his pity drew,
I'm sure he will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

Then while this favor to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

LITTLE GEMS FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

1. Give God your heart: for He asks it, and it is His due.
2. Give Christ your sins to bear: for no one but Christ can bear them.
3. Give Christ your burden to carry: for it is too heavy for you.
4. Give yourself to God, the Father, Son and Spirit—the three—one God.
5. Give all you have to God—your body and your soul, your time, your health, and your money, your hands, and feet, and eyes, and lips.
6. Give your heart and soul to the Holy Spirit; and he made clean and new.
7. Give praise and thanks to the Lord, day and night: for he deserves it all, and it is the least that you can give Him for His love and His gifts to you.

The little son of Ex-President Tyler, a boy of four years, stood gazing at the comet, and exclaimed, "It's God's kite sailing in the sky!"

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

THE LAWTON FAMILY.

[Continued.]

MR. STEVENS' PROJECT.

MERELY wished to show you, my young friends," said Mr. Stevens, "that the Bible does not encourage the baptism of infants. Presbyterians and Methodists think that it does, but we Baptists can't find it anywhere in the Holy Book. On the contrary, we find enough to convince us that none but persons who can understand and believe were ever baptized."

"Can't you show us something on that point in the Bible?" asked Emily Foster.

"That reminds me," observed Mr. Stevens, "that the very purpose for which I asked you to come here, was to consult as to the formation of a Bible class. I want to form a class in which we will not take up any particular part of the Bible and seek to unravel its meaning. But just take any subject we please, and try to discover what the Bible says on that subject. How do you like the idea?"

"O that will be delightful!" they all exclaimed.

"Well, then, we will have a class. Now who will lead us, and where and how often shall we meet?" inquired Mr. Stevens again.

"Why, I think you ought to lead us," answered Charles.

"I think," responded Mr. Stevens, "that your father ought to be the instructor of the class, and that we ought to meet at his house, for his convenience. So I propose that we ask him to teach us, and that we meet every Sabbath night at his house if he will consent to be our leader; but if he does not, perhaps my house would suit, and you would be very welcome to meet here."

"You are very kind, Mr. Lawton," exclaimed Charles, "but who will belong to our class?"

"I do not think it right to have too many," replied Mr. Stevens. "Here are four of you, Charles, Helena, Bill Harris and Emily Foster, two more will be enough. I thought of suggesting Tom Gray and Helen Gould. They are both studious and pious, and would rejoice, I know, to be numbered among us."

So it was agreed that the class should consist of six young people, and Mr. Lawton and Mr. Stevens. To Mrs. Lawton and Mrs. Stevens were voted, unanimously, the privilege of being present whenever they chose.

After much more conversation on the same subject they separated to meet after tea the following Sabbath, at the house of Mr. Lawton; for as Mr. Lawton preached in the morning and afternoon, the evening was not occupied in Sabbath services.

At the appointed time all were present. Mr. Stevens had in the meanwhile conversed with Mr. Lawton on the subject, and Mr. Lawton had kindly consented to instruct the class.

"I am rejoiced my young friends," remarked he, "at this evidence on your part of a desire to learn the truths contained in the Bible! It is a sweet study, and one with which one becomes more and more pleased the more one engages in it. For the scriptures not only can make us wise unto salvation, but they can also instruct us concerning the nature and will of God, by obeying which only can we be happy on earth; for the Bible is merely the revealed will of God."

"And that reminds me," interrupted Mr. Stevens, "that it will be right and proper to take for our first subject the inspiration of the Bible."

"That is a happy thought," replied Mr. Lawton, "for if we are going to study the Bible as the word of God it is but proper for us to satisfy our minds that God is the author of the Bible, and that we may rely on it as an actual revelation from him."

"Is that the meaning of inspiration of the Bible?" asked Bill Harris.

"When we speak of the inspiration of the Bible," was the reply, "we mean that the Bible was written by holy men inspired, or influenced and instructed by the Almighty, so that whatever they wrote was absolutely free from error or mistake, and may be received not simply as the truth but as the will of God."

THE GOOD SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

WHO is the good Sunday School Scholar? He is the one who is in his seat promptly every Sabbath morning. He never fails to arrive in time. He is polite to his teacher, attentive to his instructions, and quick in his answers. He knows the lesson, for he takes the trouble to prepare it at home. He is gentle to the other scholars, and always kind and sweet-tempered. He does not laugh and talk in school, and sometimes get to playing, contrary to the rules. He reads and returns the library books; and prays that God may benefit him by what he learns and reads. He loves the Bible and strives to be good at home as well as at school. He loves his little brothers and sisters, and is always ready to oblige them. He obeys his mother and father, and tries to please them in all he does. He loves the Savior—and prays to him every morning and night, and strives to live so as not to be afraid to die. Everybody loves the good little Sabbath School scholar.

The Editor of the Child's Index hopes all his little boy readers are good Sabbath School scholars. Next month he will show how the good little girl does, who is a good Sunday School scholar.

AN INTRODUCTION.

PUBLISH this month the names of the members of the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention. We wish our young readers to consider themselves formally introduced to their good friend Rev.

B. Manly, Jr., the President of the Board.—We hope that they will soon learn to love him; and, as soon as we can, we mean to present his likeness to the readers of the Child's Index. With the two Secretaries, Rev. John A. Broadus and C. J. Elford, and with the Treasurer, Mr. J. O. Smith, we hope they will form a long-continuing and mutually pleasant acquaintance; for it may be that these good friends will find occasion to address the children through the columns of their own paper. But what will these good friends do? They will try to establish new Sunday Schools all over the Confederacy, and to provide supply of books and catechisms for the children. But to do this will require money; the Sabbath Schools must get ready to help the Board.

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT DO WRONG.

Dr. Adam Clarke was a learned, and much-esteemed minister among the Methodists in Great Britain. He wrote a Commentary on the Bible. He was born in Ireland. There is an anecdote told of him in his youthful days which we think may interest our young readers.—Here it is:

There was a lad in Ireland who was put to work at a linen factory, and, while he was at work there, a piece of linen was wanted to be sent out, which was short of the quantity it ought to be; but the master thought it might be made the length by a little stretching. He thereupon unrolled the cloth, taking hold of one end of it himself, and the boy at the other. He then said:

"Pull, Adam, pull."
The master pulled with all his might, but the boy stood still. The master again said:
"Pull, Adam, pull."
"I can't."
"Why?" said the master.
"Because it is wrong," said Adam, and he refused to pull.

Upon this, the master said that he would not for a linen manufacturer; but that boy became the Rev. Dr. Clarke; and the strict principle of honesty of his youthful age laid the foundation of his future greatness.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Received for Mrs. Hartwell's children:—From S. Felder, Vance's Ferry, S. C., \$1; Katie Dagg and her sister Jeannie, Cuthbert, Ga., \$1. Sunday School Pupil, Macon, Ga., 50 cts.; Fannie W. Child, \$1; Mary V. Child, \$1; Sallie A. Child, \$1; Jimmie Jones, \$2; Dannie Jones, 50 cts.; Mary Jones, 50 cts.; Miss A. P. Scott, \$1; Master W. G. Scott, \$1; Master J. W. Scott, \$1. Mattie Carswell, 50 cts.; Mary Carswell, 50 cts.; Jimmie Chewing, \$1; Mary Launne, \$1.

Making \$ 18 60
Previously acknowledged, 107 90
Total received, \$127 40

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD.

The following is a list of the officers and managers of the Sunday School Board recently established by the Southern Baptist Convention:

PRESIDENT:
B. Manly, Jr., S. C.

VICE PRESIDENTS:
J. P. Boyce, S. C. F. H. Courtney, Ark.
T. C. Teasdale, Miss. W. H. Baylis, Tex.
R. B. C. Howell, Tenn. T. E. Skinner, N. C.
W. T. Brantly, Ga. A. D. Sears, Ky.
I. T. Tichenor, Ala. J. W. Williams, Md.
W. C. Crane, La.
Cor. Secretary—C. J. Elford.
Rec. Secretary—J. A. Broadus.
Treasurer—Julius C. Smith.
Auditor—T. Q. Donaldson.

MANAGERS:
J. C. Furman, G. F. Townes,
W. D. Thomas, Wm. Williams,
P. C. Edwards, C. H. Judson,
R. P. Goodlett, T. P. Smith,
G. E. Elford, J. B. Sherman,
C. K. Twitty, J. B. Landrum,
J. J. Brantly, B. F. Mauldin,
Tho. J. Earle.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

Can any of our little readers prove to us whether or not Jesus sang, when on earth?—Editor.

Can they also prove to us whether or not Jesus loved his mother?—Editor.

[To each of his young friends, who will fairly and without assistance send him a correct answer, (before the next paper is issued,) to the following questions, *The Editor* will present a copy of the *Child's Index*, to be sent for one year, wherever the winner may direct.]

1. What Prophet put loads and yokes on his neck, and why?
2. There was a branch on which were buds, blossoms and fruit, preserved for many years. Of what tree was this a branch and where was it preserved?

THROW IT AWAY.—Boy, throw away that cigar, and never light another. Do you imagine that it looks manly to be seen puffing away in that style? Then you are much mistaken. Depend upon it, such a foolish and injurious practice will never gain for you the respect of any one whose respect is worth having. The use of tobacco is poisonous to the system, often producing the most dreadful and fatal diseases. The best physicians will tell you this; they will likewise tell you that it creates an appetite for intoxicating drinks. Then break off this filthy habit at once, and abstain from it forever.

GOOD NEWS.

Our young readers will rejoice to hear that "Robert and Harold; or the Young Marooners on the Florida Coast," by Rev. F. R. Goulding, has been re-printed, and may be had by sending \$2 50 to J. W. Burke, Agt., Macon, Ga., and 50 cts. to pay postage. It is a very neat book of 233 pages.

THE FLOOD.

"Pa, wath we alive durin' the Flood?"
"No, dear, was the reply; "the Flood we read of in the Bible happened many thousand years ago."

"Well, now," rejoined the boy in great disgust, "that's too bad! I thought Tom Madigan (another youngster of the same age) wath Bibbin'. He thaid to me thith mornin' that he wath there then, and readed through!"

A MOTHER was looking at some pictures in which little naked angels were quite conspicuous. She called the attention of her little daughter to them and said,

"Lizzy, dear, if you are a good girl, and go to heaven, you will be like these angels."

Lizzy looked up, with a lip that quaked as she didn't appreciate the promise, and said,

"I want to be better dressed than that when I go to heaven!"

JIM is very fond of going to school. His mother once said, "Jimmy, you cannot go this morning; some of the scholars have the measles, and I am afraid you will take it from them."

"Ma, I promise you I will not take it even if they give it to me!" replied he.

PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

[In the morning.]

O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee. Thou art very great, but I am only a little child. Thou art very holy, but I am a sinner. I have done those things which I ought not to have done, and have left undone those things which I ought to have done. God, be merciful to me, a sinner. Forgive all my sins for Christ's sake.

O Lord, give me a new heart. Take away my sin and make me holy. Be a Father unto me. Teach me what I ought to know, and bless me with thy grace and mercy. Keep me from all harm this day. Above all, keep me from sin. Lord, bless my relations, (father, mother, brothers, sisters.) Bless my friends.

I thank thee for all my blessings. I thank thee for keeping me safe through the night.

Our father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

REMEMBER IT.—Children, as often as you speak at all, whether to each other or to any one, speak politely. When you wish to be helped to any thing, do not blantly say, "I want this," or "Give me that," but begin with "Please," or "Be so kind."

Some boys—and it makes us still more sorry to say girls, too—are in the habit of catching up all the coarse, vulgar words and expressions they hear, and making use of them.

What a bad habit that is! Children who do so are never loved so well as they would be if they did better. The use of coarse language is likely to lead to the use of profane language; do not use one such word. If you have used any such, leave them off as quickly as you can.



THE SOLDIER.

S not that a fine looking officer who is now riding by, Walter?"

"I think he must be a cavalry officer."

"Oh, how fine he looks with so much gold lace, and so many bright buttons on his coat."

"See," said Walter, "he is pointing with his sword, and giving orders to the soldiers that are being drilled."

"Don't you wish, Walter, that you were as old as your brother Charlie, so that you could be a soldier, and go to war too?"

"Yes, that I do, Walter, for then I would fight the Yankees and help to drive them from the South. I only hope that our brave Generals, Lee, Jackson, Bragg, and many others who are in command of our army, will meet with victory on every battle-field, and then perhaps our enemies will get tired of fighting, and will be glad to stay at home, and 'mind their own business.'"

"Oh! what a pity that so much blood should be shed for such a useless purpose.—You know that poor widow who lives near us? Well, she lost her son at the battle of Corinth; he was her only child, and was so kind to her; now she has no one to take care of her, and will have to support herself; poor woman, she looks sad, ever since she heard that her dear son was killed."

"Father says that the South will never submit to the North, for he believes that every true hearted man in the South will be willing to die in defence of their homes and loved ones, before they would yield."

"Oh, I hope it will never come to that, and I trust that this cruel war will soon end, and give our friends back to us again," said Willie.

—From the *Dixie Speller and Reader*, published by Burke, Boykin & Co., Macon, Ga.

WRITER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

VISIT TO THE CATHEDRAL AT AUGUSTA GA. BY MARY A. M'CHIMMON.

Cathedral, you know, is a Catholic Church—and as the Catholics spend vast sums of money on their churches, they are often very handsome, and well worth the trouble of going to see.

I visited one not long since, in company with that gentleman whom you all love, and would like so much to see—the editor of the "Child's Index" and as the Cathedral was one of the largest and finest in the South, he requested me to write something about it for his little friends.

The first thing we noticed on entering the door was the soft, sweet light that streamed in from the long, arched windows of painted glass. You can't imagine what a beautiful hue this colored glass casts over the grand building, with its rows of columns on each side, and high arched ceiling overhead.

On each side of the central aisle, not far from the main door, stands two stone basins, filled with "holy water." This is water consecrated by the priests, for the purpose of sprinkling their members; and with which every good Catholic crosses himself or herself on the forehead, chin, and breast, on first entering the church.

The Bible does not teach any such ceremonies as these, nor even so much as mention such a thing as "holy water," but as the Catholics do not read the Bible for themselves, but allow the Priests to read it for them, they do not know any better.

At each corner of the room there is a little box, somewhat resembling a pulpit, only it is down on the floor, and is covered overhead; and in these the Catholics "confess" to the Priests. Confess what, do you ask? They confess their sins. Instead of confessing them to God, they tell them over to the Priests, and ask him to pray for their pardon.

A raised platform, like those used for college and school exhibitions, extends across one end of the room, and on it there are three altars—the largest in the centre, and two smaller ones at each side. These altars are made of the finest Italian marble, and I wish I could tell you how beautiful they are, all covered with images and fragrant flowers.

An exquisite little marble temple stands in the centre of the large altar, and behind it a partition of white marble, tastefully arranged in panels, rises as high as a common room. Above this the wall and ceiling blend together like the inside of a hollow dome, and here there are three paintings larger than the common size of a man.

The side altars are covered with the finest and whitest of linen, trimmed with thread lace, and on the one to the right, is a marble statue of the Virgin Mary. Over her head rests a golden crown, set with rare and costly jewels, a golden veil, covered with gilt golden stars, encircles her graceful figure, and falls to the floor; her neck is encircled by a neck-lace of precious gems, from which is suspended a large heart of the purest gold, set round with pearls, and, above it is a coronet of the same.

The side altars are covered with the finest and whitest of linen, trimmed with thread lace, and on the one to the right, is a marble statue of the Virgin Mary. Over her head rests a golden crown, set with rare and costly jewels, a golden veil, covered with gilt golden stars, encircles her graceful figure, and falls to the floor; her neck is encircled by a neck-lace of precious gems, from which is suspended a large heart of the purest gold, set round with pearls, and, above it is a coronet of the same.

Another old lady amused me very much by

praying away so hard as she could, and yet she was watching us all the while. I might have been mistaken, but I thought she smiled several times in certain observations we made, though she never stopped praying a minute, as I could tell by the rapidity with which she counted her beads, and what I mean by counting her beads? Well, I will tell you. The Catholic prayers being all in Latin, the poor and ignorant don't understand one word of them and for fear they might leave out some which are laid down in the books, they have a string of beads, and every time they repeat a prayer they pull a bead to another part of the string; and when the beads are all removed, their prayers are all said. Does this look like worshipping God "in spirit and in truth"?

Alas, no! But we should have charity for the Catholics as well as other denominations of Christians, and pray that they may learn to read the Word of God for themselves, reject all the innovations of men, and believe only what the Bible tells them. And while on this point, I must say there is as much scripture for "holy water" and "confessing to Priests," as there is for infant baptism. Or, if there is any scripture for this letter, I have never been able to find it.

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

GREENVILLE, S. C., June 17, '63.

Dear Brother Boykin:

PRESUMABLE you know that Brother Hartwell is a member of our Church at Greenville, and that the Church contributes five hundred dollars annually for his support. But you may not know that for several years before he went to China our Brother Hartwell was a faithful and efficient teacher in our Sunday School, and we often think and talk about him. Each class in our school composes a Missionary Society, its teacher being the President and Treasurer, and we have agreed to appropriate our contributions to the benefit of Brother Hartwell's children. For the month of May they amounted to \$30.50. Perhaps some of your little readers would like to know the names of our Missionary Societies, so I will give them to you. They are as follows:

- "Hartwell," "Manly," "Palmetto," "Little Travellers," "Gospel Banner," "Morning Star," "Elias Hartwell," "Rain Drop," "Boycie," "Broncus," "Day Star," "Thomas," "Young Confederates," "Try," "Sanbeam," "Mary Tindall," "Early Dew," "Snow Flake," "Judson," "Stonewall Jackson," "Richard Furman," "Virginia," "Wee Wee," and "Little Drops of Water."

SUPERINTENDENT.

A FRIENDLY LITTLE LETTER.

RO. BOYKIN: I had three dollars given me last Sunday, to send to you for Mrs. Hartwell's children, by the three little daughters of Rev. J. M. Chiles, deceased, who was a pupil of Dr. Hartwell. You will find them enclosed in this.

Now I want to tell you something else, and I want you to let the children hear it. It is rather funny, but it is true, that you have a nice little female namesake down this way.—What a little girl name Samuel? or named Boykin? Yes, she is called, "Brother Boykin!"

"Well, well," say the readers of this.—"How in the world did she get that name?" I will tell you. She loves the Child's Index so much, that her school-mates all call her "Brother Boykin." Her name is Hannah H., but they call her Brother Boykin, and I have heard that she comes down stairs reading, "Dear Bro. Boykin," and reads her paper so much that it almost annoys her mother, sometimes. May many of the children who read this get to be called Brother Boykin for the same reason Hannah Harris is, is the desire of Yours truly,

W. N. CHAUBON.

EVIL THOUGHTS.—Beware of evil thoughts. Oh the mischief that they have done in the world! Bad thoughts come first, bad words follow, and bad deeds bring up the rear. Strive against them. Watch against them. Pray against them. They prepare the way for the enemy.

Bad thought is a thief: he acts his part; Creeps through the window of the heart; And if he once his way can win, He lets a hundred robbers in.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

VANOR'S FERRY P. O., S. C., June 13.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

As a good many of the boys and girls are writing letters to you, to let you know how they like the paper, and to send money to Mrs. Hartwell's little children, I will do so too.

In the first place, I must say that I am well pleased with your paper, and think it is one of the best religious papers in our whole Confederacy for children, and grown up ones too. I hope you may never fail in getting to print it regular, for we love to read it, and wish that we could get it every week, instead of every month. I am always anxious for the first of every month to come, so we can get the paper. When I commence reading it, I do not want to put it away until I have finished.

I am glad that Mrs. Hartwell is teaching the heathen about God, and I hope she may prosper in the glorious work. I willingly give some money for her little children. Enclosed you will find fifty cents which I send. My sister sister also sends fifty cents.

May you prosper in sending your paper abroad, is the wish of

Your friend, S. FELLER.

WOODSTOCK, HANOVER CO. VA.

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 prize it. I think it is a nice, interesting little paper. I live so far from our Church that I am unable to attend Sunday School, but the Child's Index affords me nice Sunday reading. I like the piece, "Sunshine and Shadow," very much, and I am anxious to see it concluded in the next paper.

I see other children are sending their contributions to the Hartwell children. I am not able to send much at this time. I send one dollar, and wish I could send more. My two cousins, Clarence Bryce and Charlie Starke, take the Index also. I am going to ask them to send you something, too.

Your affectionate little friend, JIMMIE T. CHEWNING.

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I am a subscriber to the Child's Index, and I wish to tell you how glad we children are to see our Superintendent come into the Sabbath school once a month with a bundle for distribution. Everybody wants one to carry home to read, they are so pretty and interesting. I can hardly wait a month each time for my paper, it seems so long. Mr. Boykin, I am so glad we don't have to send to the Yankee land for any more papers. I know the children will all love you for sending them so nice a paper. I keep mine filed away. I am studying good Mr. Dayton's question book on the Bible, and like it very much. I am just eight years old.

Affectionately yours, LILLY FOOT.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

"J. T. C.," Falkland, N. C.—Your answer was not quite correct.

Correct answers were sent by the following: Loula Witchard, Oglethorpe, Ga.; C. L. Pannel, Louisville, Ga.; Mattie Buchanan, Eliza S. B. Greenville, S. C.; Mary and J. S. Cherry, Riddellville, Ga.; Orba Smith, Morris Station; Martha J. Ivey, Forestville, N. C.; James W. Coil, Ga., (to enigmas and Mental Pictures.)

"Fannie" and "M. E. M."—Your articles are received.

Judolph P. Keen, Petersburg, Va., sends correct answers to enigmas and mental Bible pictures. He must let us hear from him again. Salome E. Mulberry Grove, Ga., sends correct answers also.

KEY TO PICTURE ON FIRST PAGE.

- 1 Elk; 2 Musk Ox; 3 Black Bear; 4 Bison or Buffalo; 5 Grizzly Bear; 6 Cow and Ox; 7 Horse; 8 Wild Cat; 9 American Badger, 10 Wolverine; 11 Rattlesnake; 12 Polecat; 13 Turtle; 14 Otter; 15 Gopher; 16 Beaver; 17 Opossum; 18 Rat; 19 Mouse; 20 Raccoon; 21 Deer; 22 Fox; 23 Wolf; 24 Flying Squirrel; 25 Eagle; 26 Hawk; 27 Owl; 28 Ground Squirrel; 29 Gray Squirrel; 30 Walrus; 31 Whale; 32 Marten (valuable for its fur); 33 Polar Bear; 34 Esquimeau Dog; 35 Reindeer; 36 Seal.

(Our young readers must get their parents to tell them about the animals.)

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

No. 10.

The shadows of evening are darkening, and in the dim twilight we look upon a strange scene. It is a tented field—the camp, apparently, of a vast army; but there is no clang of arms, no murmur of voices. Death-like stillness is all around. There is not a stir in the camp, save the stealthy tread of a few persons of a sickly and miserable appearance, who are moving cautiously from tent to tent. Garments and treasures of various kinds are strewn carelessly about. [2nd Kings. 6:25-26]

No. 11.

We look upon a scene of deep interest. A sacred house of prayer is filled with armed men, who, marshalled in military array, and drawn up in their lands, seem prepared for resistance and defence.

Close by one of the massive pillars stands a little child, and on him every eye is turned.—He is robed as a king; on his youthful head is the royal crown, and in his hand a copy of the holy Scriptures. A venerable person in priestly robes stands near him; and he is surrounded by brave and noble men. It is a time of great rejoicing; and the thrilling sound of trumpets mingles with a full choir of voices and instruments pouring forth psalms of praise. —[Found in 2nd Chron. 6:6-9]

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. 8.

- 1. On what island was the Apostle John an exile?
2. Who was Isaiah's father?
3. What was the last of the words written on Belshazzar's wall?
4. At what town did Peter cure Aeneas of palsy?
The initials of the answers to the above questions form the name of the greatest of foreign missionaries.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

FORESTVILLE, N. C., June 7, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I have received one of your little papers, and I am very much pleased with it. I found out the Enigma No. 5, and send you the answer:

- 1. M-ary. Luke x. 42.
2. M-anahel. 1st Kings xv. 13.
3. A-pollon. Acts xviii. 26.
4. N-athanael. 1st John i. 46.
5. U-z-zah. 2nd Sam. vi. 7.
6. U-z-zah. 2nd Kings iv. 1-7.
7. E-liahu. Col. iv. 14.
Yours truly, MARTHA J. IVEY.

No. 6.

- 1. J-sai. Judges x. 4.
2. U-z-riel. Lev. x. 4.
3. H-m-nasus. Acts ix. 25.
4. S-himeol. 2nd Sam. xvi. 5.
5. O-neamus. Philomen 10.
6. N-abul. 1st Sam. xxv. 3.

ELIZA S. B.

Greenville, S. C.

No. 7.

- P-hilip. Acts viii. 26.
I-sai-ah. 2nd Kings xx. 1.
N-than. 2nd Sam. xii. 7.
K-e-zia. Job xlii. 14.
Pink—the name of a flower.
Your friend, LOULA.

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURES.

No. 9.

John the Baptist preaching on the banks of the Jordan. Mat. 3d chapter. JAMES W. COIL.

Remember that when Christ took our nature upon him, and went through every stage of human life, to show us our peculiar duties in each, one of the only two things recorded of him before he arrived at manhood, is his dutiful regard to his parents: "He went down to Nazareth, and was subject to them."

THE CHRISTIAN INDEX.

A Baptist Family Religious paper, published by Samuel Boykin, Macon, Georgia. It possesses the best corps of contributors of any religious paper in the South. Its stated correspondents are numerous and able. Its announcements are numerous and able. Its annuals are numerous and able. It aims to be the Pastor's aid, the Christian's guide, and the Sinner's friend. It is of full size and handsomely printed on good paper. Price \$4 00 per annum. Address S. BOYKIN, Macon, Ga.

LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS.

My father, my mother, I know I can get your kindness repay; But I hope that, as older I grow, I shall learn your commands to obey.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

OR—

A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

BY "COUSIN MIMA."

[Concluded.]

AM very sorry to hear you talk so, brother," began Lula, her voice trembling—she was almost crying. "Hush! hush! I don't want to hear a word. Do give me time to read my note. How Henry does scratch!" So he sat down on a stump and began to read. What a frown was on his brow!

Lula could do nothing else but turn away, and with a sad heart commence weeding her garden. She felt very sorry, not on account of herself, for she knew she had said nothing wrong, but for George who felt deeply grieved.

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed George, "hrowing down the note, 'the boys are going to have a hunting party to-morrow, and they say I must be sure to go with them. But, dear me! it is of no use to think about it now. Father and mother will not let me go after being in such a passion; and besides, mother has told me I must carry something to aunt Jane to-morrow. But she would soon have let me off from that if I had behaved myself. What a simpleton I am!"

George seemed to have forgotten that Lula was near, and talked rather to himself than to her. Now, if his sister had been a naughty little girl, like some I have seen, this would have been a good time to take revenge. Many a little girl would have laughed loud at George's trouble, and said, "Good, sir! good, sir! I am glad of it. Now you are paid for quarreling with me." But not so with Lula, the sunshine of the house. She dried the tears she had been silently shedding, and going up to George, said kindly,

"Don't look so troubled, brother, I think mamma will let you go. I will ask her, anyhow, and tell her I will stay at home from Jessie White's, and do anything she wishes me, if she will let you go."

What a noble girl was Lula, to deny herself such a pleasure—for it was a real pleasure to visit her friend, little Jessie—and as she had not been there in a long time, she had been thinking about the trip all the week. Do you think you could have acted as kindly as Lula, my little reader? Try and see the next time that any one does you harm.

George hung down his head and looked ashamed. He felt that he had treated his sister badly, and did not deserve such kindness.

"Lula," he exclaimed, "I have been a mean, good-for-nothing rascal, to quarrel with you about nothing, when you are the sweetest little girl in the country. No, I won't let you go to mama for me; I don't deserve it. You must take your visit, too. But, sister, won't you forgive my rough words? I feel like I had been killing sheep, to do you so."

"Ah, George, that is right! Always own your faults. Forgive you? That I will," said the affectionate little girl, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him. "I have never been mad with you—only sorry to see my handsome, smart brother do so; and now,

George," she added, smiling, "Won't you hear a little of my preaching?"

"Yes, sis, yes." "Well, then, never be so easily worried about anything. When I have had feelings rising in my heart against any one, or feel tempted to say cross words, I shut my mouth tight and go off to pray to God to forgive me and keep me from doing wrong. Won't you do this too, brother?"

"That is preaching, sis, and good preaching too, and I'll try to mind it. No wonder mama calls you her sunshine. Come, let us go into the house. I am going to own my fault to ma, too."

They soon found Mrs. Raymond. George, like a brave fellow, told her all his rude behavior to his sister, and his laziness at school.

His mother looked grieved, but said, "My son, I am glad to see you sorry for your evil actions. I hope from now you will try to overcome your temper. Yes, I freely forgive you."

"But, mama," said Lula, "George has not told you all yet. He is invited to a hunting party to-morrow, with his teacher and school-mates, but thinks he does not deserve to go, so has not asked. Please let him go?" With this little Lula looked so sorry for George and so in earnest, that her mother smiled and said,

"Yes, my son, you may go, but always be kind and gentle. Lula has always been my beam of sunshine and you my shadow, but I treat you that I will be blessed with anglier beams of light to gladden my heart."

George did not forget the words of his mother. He went to the hunting party and Lula to her friends', and they have always lived happily together since.

Little Frank soon got well, with his mother and Lula to nurse him, and papa and George to tell him pretty stories.

Now, my dear children, see if you cannot speak kindly to every one; guard your temper, pray often to your Father in Heaven, and turn from a cloud of shadow, to a bright ray of sunshine.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

CHARLIE HOWARD;

OR, WHO IS THE GOOD BOY?

BY JOEL C. HARRIS.

IN the town of B., Ga., there dwelt a little boy about twelve years old, named Charlie Howard. This little boy was very kind to everything and everybody. His mother was a widow, and very poor; but this did not hinder people from being kind and good to Charlie and his mother. Mrs. Howard supported herself and son by the needle, while Charlie went to school, and tried to learn, so as to be a smart man.

What I am about to tell you about Charlie, is the truth; for it is not right to tell little boys and girls tales that are not true.

Every night, before he went to bed, he would repeat this little prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And every morning, he would say the Lord's prayer, and read a chapter in the Testament. A colporteur had given him a nice little Bible. Do you know what a colporteur is? Well, I will tell you. A colporteur is a man who takes Bibles and religious tracts around to the different houses for sale; and when he comes to a family who are not able to buy his books, he always gives a Bible and a few tracts to the different members of the family. Sometimes these good men buy a horse and travel about over the land, selling and giving books to people who haven't got any. Sometimes they travel out West, where there are a great many savages and wild beasts; and, by this means, God's Holy Word is scattered all over the land, so that all may have an equal chance of being saved. Don't you think that men who thus risk their life must be very good men? Yes, I know you do.

Well, as I told you before, Charlie read a chapter in his little Testament every morning; and then he would wash his face and hands, eat his breakfast, and go right straight to school, without stopping to play on the way, like a good many other little boys whom he knew. When school turned out at evening, he would go straight home—for he knew that his poor mother would be tired sewing all day, and would feel bad—so he would go home as soon as school turned out, and bring her water and cut her wood to get supper with. Char-

lie's mother had bought him a nice little axe, and it was his delight to cut wood with it. His mother was not afraid to trust him with his sharp little axe, because she knew that Charlie was very careful with sharp-edged tools.

Charlie was such a good little boy, that all the other boys called him, in derision, "Saint Charlie," and would tell him, when they saw him going home so soon on an evening, that he was "tied to his mother's apron-string."

"Well," Charlie would say, "I had rather be tied to my mother's apron-string, than to be playing sweep-stakes, which is as bad as gambling." Charlie was right. Playing sweep-stakes is just as bad as gambling; and I hope, little reader, that you are never caught playing any such games. Be that as it may, I know that the youth of our land, generally, are in the habit of playing the game of sweep-stakes, though I have no idea that they consider it gambling; but gambling it is, in spite of their arguments to the contrary. But the little reader is getting tired of this dry talk, so I will go on with my story.

One evening when little Charlie Howard was returning from school, he saw a crowd of his school-mates, who were a little way ahead of him, gathering around an object that seemed to be kneeling down, though the crowd around it prevented him from seeing very clearly. Presently he heard a loud laugh from the boys, and he quickened his steps to see what it was that produced such boisterous merriment. When he arrived at the spot, he found that the boys had gathered around a poor, blind, old man, who was holding out his hat to them asking for charity. Several of the boys put rocks into the old man's hat; and Bill Jones, the bully of the school, told the blind man that "his hat would not hold all the money in the crowd." When they saw Charlie coming, they said to the man, "Here comes 'Saint Charlie,' he will give you something." The blind man had a little dog tied to a string, and, by this means, the dog led him from place to place. Bill Jones was very cruel to the old man. He would pull his hair, take his hat, and kick his dog. This made Charlie mad, and he said to Bill Jones, "Don't you kick that dog, or bother this old man any more, sir!" And if he had done it, I am afraid that Charlie would have lost all control of his temper. I would say to my little readers, though, that it is always best to keep your temper, and never strike any one, even on such an occasion as this; but Charlie was very tender-hearted, and could not bear to see anything treated cruelly.

Charlie called the old man's dog, which had broken loose, and took him up under his arm, and led the old man up in town, into the largest crowd of men; then he tied the dog again, gave it a piece of bread out of his school-bag, and emptied the rest out of his school-bag into the old man's hat. The old man blessed the hour that had brought such a good boy across his path.

Charlie got home that evening later than usual. His mother had brought the water, and she wondered what made Charlie stay out so late. She was sure he was not playing on the way; but when Charlie had come and told her all about it, she pressed him to her bosom, and thanked God that he had given her such a kind and thoughtful boy; and you may be sure, dear little reader, that she didn't scold Charlie for remaining out late that evening.

And now, my story is almost told. Little Charlie is now one of the best preachers in the State. He joined the Baptist Church when about seventeen years old, and was ordained to preach about three years ago. Many of you are well acquainted with little Charlie, were I to tell you his true name; but Charlie is not vain, and proud, and he would not like to see his name put to anything in praise of himself.

Children, my story is done, and I hope you have been interested. Many of you have just as kind hearts as little Charlie; you only need some incident to happen where you could show it. All of you have some little acquaintance whose parents are not able to take a paper—and a religious paper might be the means of saving a soul—now, couldn't you send a dollar to Mr. Boykin for the purpose of sending the Child's Index to such a child? Yes, I know you could. Good-bye, till some other time.

Speaking of a gentleman with a very ugly name, Jim exclaimed, "If I was that man, I would get married and change my name!"

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

"I CARE."

NEXT to words of profanity, there is no expression which can more seriously injure the character and prospects of an individual than the phrase, "I can't." It is one which some young persons are very much in the habit of using. Sometimes it is offered as an apology for failure in the performance of some assigned task; at others plead as an excuse for request; and at others still put forth as a pretext for the indulgence of indolence. In all these instances, it marks a character wanting in perseverance and energy. Repeated often, it will destroy ambition, and render the individual a worthless drone. All the rich fruits which life presents to the eye, are utterly beyond the grasp, because of that wall which "I can't" has reared.

This word, my young friends, was never in the lexicons of those who have done and suffered great things. They never thought of shrinking from a task imposed by duty, or of relying upon the assistance of others to bear their burdens. Daring to hope for great things, they put their every power into requisition to make those hopes realities. "That which others have done, I can do," was their motto, conceived in no boastful self-conceit, but with a fixed determination that makes I care follow close upon I will, as sure as night follows day. It was with a spirit like this that all of those great men and women toiled, who have rendered their names illustrious in the world's history. Fixing their aim, they pressed forward to its attainment. They never stopped to make the fool's enquiry, "what good will it all do?" or to repeat the sluggard's motto, "rest to-day, work to-morrow," or to repeat the wail of the slothful, "help me a little, if you please." When they arrived at the hill called Difficulty, they did not, after looking at every stone, or uneven place in the road, fold the hands together and say, "I can never climb this hill, there is no use in trying," but like Banyan's brave Pilgrim, his steep ascent but inspired them with a firmer resolution to surmount its heights, and soon they stood on its summit with all obstacles far behind.

You make a great mistake if you suppose that life is a thing of chance, and that you may happen to attain some noble end, pass your time as you may. There is, indeed, "a Deity that shapes our ends," but the rough hewing must be the work of our own hands. It is not absolutely certain that patience, industry and virtue will always meet that reward in this world which they seem to deserve. But it is sure beyond the slightest doubt that the idle and slothful will never attain distinction. "There is no excellence without labor," was an adage far back in the days of Greek antiquity, and it is just as true now as it was then. Steam, electricity and magnetism have wrought great changes in the manners and customs of people, but they have not rendered labor useless. Wealth accumulated by ancestors may save you the task of toiling for your bread; the assistance of others may put you creditably through the routine of a fashionable education, with little exertion on your part. But if you aspire to eminence while living, and feel fame when dead, you must work—rise with the first faint dawn, bend to your task while the sun rises his daily journey, nor leave off until night shall utter Nature's mandate for repose. Do this, and if you do not win success, you may claim the higher honor of deserving it.

"I can't!" Banish the word from all your forms of speech. Avoid it as you would an expression of profanity. Shun it as an enemy, for such it will prove if you take it upon your lips and in your hearts, and it will undoubtedly blight all your prospects of success and defeat all your hopes of happiness. Drive it out from all your thoughts and all your language, and place in its stead that stronger and better word, I will. L. L. V.

NEW TERMS OF THE CHILD'S INDEX.

Table with 2 columns: Quantity and Price. Single copies \$1.00, Four copies \$2.00, Ten copies \$3.00, Twenty copies \$4.00, Thirty copies \$5.00, Forty copies \$6.00, Sixty copies \$8.00, One hundred copies \$10.00.

At the rate of 50 cents per copy. When the times permit, the price will be reduced. Orders for the paper and business communications may be addressed to S. BOYKIN, Macon, Ga.