

CHILD'S INDEX.



VOL. I.

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



THE MILITARY HOSPITAL, MACON, GA.
BY REV. F. R. GOULDING.

HOWEVER will pass down Mulberry street, Macon, on which are the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, the Lanier House, and some handsome places of business, will see a spacious three-story brick building, in the shape of an L, which is painted in large white characters, "FLOYD HOUSE." This was once the residence of the late General Floyd.

for the last year and a half it has been used as a hospital for soldiers. It is under the superintendence of Dr. James Mercer Green.

The lower story is devoted to general purposes, such as the dining-room, store-rooms, public hall, &c., and does not present a very cheerful aspect; but whoever will ascend to the stories above will be attracted by the pure whiteness of the walls, on which are conspicuously written at every turn, "DON'T FRY ON THE RANGE." An air of cleanliness and health pervades the whole establishment.

At the head of the first flight of stairs are the Surgeon's Rooms, and near these the Purveyor's, the Apothecary's, the nurse's, and the Laundress' rooms. Passing by these, in the angle of the building, the visitor comes, in each wing, and in both the upper stories, to the rooms occupied by the invalids, and containing each, according to their size, and the necessities of the case, from two to ten inmates. The bunks, or sleeping places, which are all single, are made of plain substantial pine, and are furnished with a plentiful supply of bedding and clean-looking bed-clothing. There is usually a table in each room, perhaps more than one, but in vain will you look in most of them for a chair. The sick men sit, when they are able to do so, on the edges of their bunks, and visitors must usually do the same, or else keep on foot during their visit. Aged persons who come to nurse their sick sons, have sometimes complained bitterly of the want of comfortable seats.

Not only does the medical attention there seem to be of a high order, but the tone of the nurses and officers in dealing with the sick men seems to be kind; and several times has the remark been made to the writer, by persons who had been sick at other places, "I never knew what comfort in a hospital was until I came here."

There are beds for two hundred patients, of which usually as many as one hundred and fifty are occupied. At this date (July 7) the number, including nurses—who are generally convalescent soldiers, is 168. The whole number received since the hospital commenced operations a year and a half since, is 1,654. The number of cases treated, during the last three months, is 470, of which, it is pleasant to report, that only seven have died. The number of deaths during the preceding quarter was only eight. Indeed, it is said that the statistics

of the institution show fewer deaths and a larger proportion of recoveries than any other hospital of the size in the Confederacy.

Some of the invalids are men bearing the honorable scars or showing the still gaping wounds of deadly conflict in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, wherever our brave Georgia boys have gone to "illustrate" their State. Few of them are over thirty years of age, and some of them are almost headless boys, but all of them full of spirit and buoyancy.

The sick are to be seen in every form and stage of disease, supposable in the case, from the convalescent, expecting daily his discharge to return home or to rejoin the army, down to the poor, gasping sufferer, whose only discharge is to go "where the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest."

In such a mixed multitude there is, of course, a great variety of character. Some are wicked and profane men, who have no regard for God or their own souls; yet, strange to say, there are persons who have been in the hospital for weeks who have declared that in all that time they have never heard an oath. The air of the house seems unfavorable to that form of irreligion.

There is quite a hospitable proportion, perhaps as large as one in four, of professors of religion, of different persuasions, among whom are to be found occasional examples of a high order of piety. Any minister of the Gospel or any Christian, who will go among them with a heart full of Christ, will seldom if ever come away without feeling it was a privilege to go there.

Among the invalids there are to be met, every ones in a while, persons who are troubled about the condition of their souls, and who ask with great earnestness, "What must we do to be saved?" Some of them are young men fresh almost from the Sabbath School at home, and with the influence of the Sabbath School yet strong upon them. It is greatly to be regretted that they have received so little attention from ministers and other Christians. Some say, who profess to know, that at times more than a month passes without the door of the hospital being darkened by the entrance of a minister who comes to preach, or a Christian who comes to talk on the subject of religion with these sick and dying men. And yet, without exception, the men gratefully receive religious tracts, and listen respectfully, and oftentimes with marked interest to those who speak to them in a loving spirit of Christ and His great salvation.

They are very generally supplied with the Sacred Scriptures, and are often to be seen during the week, as well as upon the Sabbath, Bible in hand. Some of them remark as a kind of excuse for this, "We have nothing else to read." May we not hope that this may result in storing their minds with Bible truth

and in leading some of them to Christ. Many a soldier, who has thus studied his Bible in the hospital, has rejoiced in its teachings while lying wounded or dying on the battle-field.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.
LITTLE CHARLEY.
BY REV. E. W. WARREN.

LITTLE Charley was a cheerful, happy, bright-eyed boy of six summers, when his mother started him to the Baptist Sabbath School in Macon, Ga. He was delighted at the idea of going to Sunday School and thought he would be very happy and learn a great many pleasant things. He was put in a class with several other little boys, whose teacher was Mr. S., a very pious Christian.

Every Sabbath morning Charley was seen in seat, neatly dressed and with a cheerful smile on his face. He never looked cross or out of temper. Indeed he was a remarkably amiable and good boy. He always behaved well in Sabbath School, except when some of his class would tickle him or pinch him; then, you know, he could not help snuffing or whispering. But this did not often occur. He would take home a little book given to him by his teacher, every Sabbath morning and get his pious mother to read it to him and his little sister. But he would never leave his books at home, but carry them back every Sabbath and exchange them.

Charley was very fond of singing the sweet Sunday School hymns which Mr. Branham teaches the children—"I am glad I'm in this army," and "I want to be an angel," and "There is a happy land." A great many more he would help to sing very sweetly.

He only staid in our little Sunday School army about three years, during which time he became a very brave, skillful and faithful little soldier. One Sabbath morning Charley was not at school—his seat was vacant and his little voice did not join in the song—"Where is Charley?" was asked by one who loved him. "He is sick," was the reply. A few days after I went to visit him. He lay upon a comfortable bed; his cheeks were flushed with fever; his breath was short and quick, and he was turning from one side to the other in a very restless manner.

He smiled as he reached out his little hand so hot with fever to tell me howdy.

"What's the matter, Charley?" I asked.

"Pneu—mo—nia, sir," was his reply, as his short breath would only let him speak a syllable at a time. I sat and talked with him some time, feeling very sad, as I saw him suffering so much, and feared he would never again be in our Sabbath School.

"Won't you pray for me?" he asked, as I began to speak of leaving. I knelt down and prayed earnestly that he might get well, if it would be best for him and most for God's glory.

I visited him two or three times a week, and every time he would ask me to pray for him. One day I asked him,

"What do you wish me to ask God to do for you, Charley?"

"To—make—me—well—if—It—is—right," he replied.

Several weeks did poor little Charley lie there and suffer, till his flesh had all gone and he was nothing but a skeleton. I left the city to be gone five days, and when I returned and asked about Charley, they told me his father had telegraphed to me to come home and preach his funeral. The angel of love had come down and folded him in his arms and held him close to his bosom, and borne his little spirit to the happy land far, far away, and put a white robe upon him and a harp in his hand to make melody among the blessed. And

now an unfading crown of glory glitters upon his head in the sunlight of Heaven. No more does Charley sing:

"I want to be an angel."

Oh, if we could see him as he stands before the great white throne, so happy and so beautiful, we would envy him and want to be there, too.

My little readers, do you wish to go where Charley is, when you die? Are you now trying to give your heart to Jesus, asking him to give you a new heart, a clean spirit? O, that you may all be heirs of that heavenly kingdom where all is joy and peace for ever!

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

A LITTLE boy and girl were playing together, when a thunder storm arose. The boy hearing the thunder, ran to the door and said—"Hush your big mouth." Little Lizzie, a sweet child, three years of age, laid her little hand on the boy's mouth and said, "Hush! you must not talk so, 'He God's' voice."

Two little brothers were playing together, one two, the other four years of age. The latter stopped in the midst of his frolic and looking up at the sun, said to the younger—"Luzien, you see the sun! It is God's eye, and he is so great He can hold the house on his little finger, and the world in his lap."

A sweet little child thought that the Great God dwelt in the very sunshine. She lost a little sister, when she asked, "If Rosa has gone to live in the beautiful sunshine."

LITTLE Emma imagined that the earth was the daisies' mother, and that the pretty little flowers were sitting in her lap. She tripped along as lightly as she could, for fear of injuring "the Earth's little babies," she said.

Mr. G.—, a clergyman of a neighboring town, being recently absent from home, his little son, a lad of four years, calmly folded his hands and asked a blessing, as usually pronounced by his father at their morning meal. At noon, being asked to pronounce the blessing, he replied, with a grave face—
"No, I don't like the looks of them 'taters!'"

A very excellent lady sought to instruct her grand child, in relation to the provident care of Heaven.

"Who gives you your daily bread?" asked she.

"Dad!" replied the child; "but uncle Peter puts the butter and sugar on."

A LITTLE four year old child, whose amiable weakness is pica, on being put to bed, and requested, as usual, to say his prayers, on coming to the part, "Give us this day our daily bread," stopped, and thinking a moment, said, "Ma, why must I pray for bread, when I'd rather have him give me pie!"

LITTLE FRED, who had been accustomed to regard the elephant as the embodiment of all that was frightful, induced his father to take him to see one. Fred looked at it timidly a while and returned in silence. After he had been home a short time, he went up to his mother and asked her if God made the elephant; she replied, "He did, as He made all things." He sat a while in deep thought, and at last said, "Ma, don't you think God was a little afraid of it when he got it done?"

LITTLE KITT, drew her curtain aside one morning, and seeing a bright star, said, "Oh, how bright you are, little star, and how high up! You are almost up to heaven; and I wish you would go straight up there, this morning, and give my love to Jesus, and tell him, I am trying to be a good girl."

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

THE LAWTON FAMILY. INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

THE following Sabbath evening found the entire class, including Mrs. Stevens and Mrs. Lawton, sitting, at an early hour, in Mr. Lawton's study.

Mr. Lawton said: "My young friends, as we are about to enter upon the study of God's word, it is no more than proper that we should ask his blessing upon our studies."

They all knelt down and Mr. Lawton offered up a short and fervent prayer to the Almighty for guidance and wisdom and help, in their efforts to find out the meaning of the Bible.— And he prayed that the Word might prove the means of salvation to all present, before they ceased their weekly meetings.

When the prayer was over and they were all once more seated, Mr. Lawton observed:

"My young friends, it must not be expected that we enter largely into the subject before us. But we will just touch upon a few of those strong arguments which go to show that the Bible must be the work of the Divine Spirit—in short that it was written by men moved or inspired by the Spirit of God."

"How could that be possible?" enquired Bill Harris.

"Just as possible, William," replied Mr. Lawton, "as for the Almighty to create the mind itself, and support it in the exercise of its powers. I suppose you are willing to admit that God gave us our minds and enables us to use them, are you not?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, then, is it not possible for the same God, by his Spirit, so to act upon the mind of man as to enable it to write a particular message?"

"I should think so, sir," was Bill Harris' reply. "But I would like to know why he did so, and what is the advantage of knowing that the Bible is really the inspired word of God?"

"If God chose to give us the Bible, we do not fully know; but we do know that it does a great deal of good, and is very profitable to those who read it; but we must not know this much, that, since God did determine to reveal his will to man and to make known to him the way of salvation, the best way for him to do so was to have it written in a book, so that we all could preserve and read and understand it. And when we do once firmly believe that the Bible was given by inspiration then we attach importance and dignity and authority to all it says."

"Just so," exclaimed Charles; "if we did not believe that the Bible was inspired, we could not consider it the word of God; and it would have no more authority with us than any other good book written by man."

"And not only so," continued Mr. Lawton, "but the inspiration of the Bible makes it absolutely sure that there are no errors or mistakes in it, and that we may take all it says as true and correct, and believe it with all our heart."

"Let us all remember that," interrupted Mr. Stevens, "for it is, indeed, only when we believe that the Bible is the written word of the God of heaven and earth, that we can believe all it says and trust confidently in all its promises. And you will find out, some of these days, that it is by believing in and trusting upon the promises of the Bible that we secure the salvation of our souls."

"Suppose, brother Stevens, you now give us a few of the reasons which go to show that the Bible must be the inspired word of one Divine mind—that is of God himself," said Mr. Lawton.

All the party now turned towards Mr. Stevens with great curiosity. He said,

"The first thing that strikes my mind is the wonderful harmony of all the writers with one another. Though the Bible was written by a great many persons, and though some of them lived thousands of years apart, yet they never contradict themselves nor each other. Is not this wonderful? The writers of the Bible wrote history, poetry, philosophy, natural theology and about civil and moral government and yet, from first to last, they all agree with one another! Surely this could only happen

because they were all inspired by one and the same spirit!"

"You might have gone farther, brother Stevens," observed Mr. Lawton, "and said that these writers, although many of them were unlearned men, have not only not contradicted each other, but have not contradicted any of the truths of natural science."

"I don't see the force of that," remarked Bill Harris.

"Does it not prove," replied Mr. L., "that the author of the Bible and the author of nature is the same? It shows that God, who made the world is also, by his Spirit, the maker of the Bible. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for men to make so many statements about scientific truths without making mistakes."

"That is very true," affirmed Charles, "and they must all have been inspired and inspired by the very God of nature."

"What other reason can you think of, bro. Stevens?" demanded Mr. Lawton.

"I would mention how impossible it would be for men, not inspired by God, to know certainly of the creation of the world, of the immortality of the soul, of the resurrection of the body, of the atonement by Christ, of the regeneration of the heart by the Holy Spirit, of eternal punishment for sin against God's law, of the judgment, of heaven and hell, and of the doctrine of the Trinity—three Gods in one. All these and many more truths are made known in the Bible; and it was utterly impossible for uninspired men to know them.— Therefore the Bible must be inspired."

I would mention, also, that the code of morals laid down by the Bible is so pure, so holy, so perfect and so admirable that no merely human mind could ever have invented it. Nothing but inspiration can account for such a code of morals—for only a pure and holy God could have originated it."

"What do you mean by a code of morals, papa?" asked Helena.

"We mean a collection of moral laws—laws to govern our moral nature."

There are in the Bible are so many things, and so infinitely superior to any that a mere human mind could have invented, we feel confident that a divine mind must have inspired the writers of them. Never would man have thought of returning good for evil, or of loving our enemies, or of doing to others as we would have others do to us, or of praying for those who spitefully use us. Do you not think God must have inspired the men who wrote such laws as these?"

"I do, sir; for they are so God-like."

"Well answered, my daughter. And I may say the same of all the truths of the Bible—they are so God-like that God must be the author of them."

And now, my young friends, I see you are ready to admit that God must be the author of the Bible, and that therefore we may confidently believe and rely on all the Bible says. But I wish to advance just two more ideas to what has been already said. And the first is that a great many miracles were performed to confirm the truths of the Bible; and the second is that a great many prophecies were made in the Bible which have been exactly fulfilled. Now none but a God can perform a miracle; and none but a God can foretell what is going to happen. So if a writer prophesies and his prophecy comes to pass, it must prove that the man was inspired by God. Don't you think so?"

They all replied that they did, and all expressed their satisfaction with the evening's conversation, and their belief that the Bible was written by men inspired or influenced by the Holy Spirit.

PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

At night.

O Lord, thou art my Father in heaven.— Help me now to pray aright. I thank thee for life, and health, and food, and clothes. I thank thee for home, and friends, and all the blessings of this day. I thank thee for Jesus Christ, thy Son.

O Lord, pardon all my sins. Forgive all that I have done wrong this day. Have mercy on me for Christ's sake.

Bless all my dear friends and relations; and bless all the world with thy grace. Keep me from all harm, and all sin this night.

Make me a good child. Make me like the Lord Jesus. Give me thy Holy Spirit, to make me holy. Our Father, which art in heaven, &c.

JESSE AND ELIZA: A TRUE STORY.

JESSE AND ELIZA: A TRUE STORY. ONCE there lived in the city of Macon Ga., a beautiful little girl named Eliza, who loved the Sabbath School, and the house of God. She grew up and joined the church, and became a Sunday School teacher. One day a handsome and talented young Baptist preacher visited the place: and he found the people so Mever that he remained for some time preaching and—making love. For he saw sweet Eliza and fell in love with her at once. He was from Louisiana and his name was Jesse. (Well, the first thing we all knew Jesse and Eliza got married. They were married in the Baptist church by Rev. Mr. Landrum, and the bride looked very pretty, dressed all in white. And her attendants, dressed in white, also looked very pretty. A large crowd was assembled, and many shed tears; for they knew that the young preacher and his beautiful bride were about to set out immediately for China, to become missionaries. And so they did. They left home and friends and all the comforts they had been enjoying, and set sail from Virginia in a ship for China. China is on the other side of the globe; and month after month young Jesse and his wife Eliza sailed in a ship on the blue ocean.— They were sent out by the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions. Of this Board good brother J. B. Taylor is Secretary.

Well, after a long time a letter came from the young missionaries telling us they had reached China safely. Don't our little readers want to know the names of these noble young missionaries? They were Mr. J. B. Hartwell and his wife: Her name was Eliza Jewett, and she was taken at the age of one year and a half by Mr. John Holstendorf and his good wife, of Macon, Ga., and raised by them; for Eliza was a poor orphan child.

Well, in the course of time a letter came from Mr. Hartwell saying that Mrs. Hartwell was the mother of a fine little boy, whom they called Jesse.

And after awhile another letter came saying that Jesse now had a little sister, called Carrie. How proud and happy the parents were!

About this time the Child's Index was started and the Editor advised the Baptist children of the South to support those two little China-American children. And one after another sent him money for that purpose, until he has now \$143, which he means to send to Rev. J. B. Taylor, Richmond, Va.

But now we have some bad news to tell. A letter has just been received from Jesse, (Mr. Hartwell,) telling of the death of little Carrie.

Poor mother! How sad she must be! We will copy some of the letter for our young friends to read. "God spared her to us for nine months, and then, as if he could spare her no longer, called her to himself to enjoy the Saviour's crown. There she shines, a star forever.

Blessing CARRIE seemed to everybody who knew her the sweetest, most gentle, most amiable of babies. I don't think we thought so only because she was ours; but every body else thought so, too. For the first few months of her life she was as well and happy as she could be: but after the cholera had been amongst us little Carrie began to grow feeble and puny; and from that time was never really well. She did not suffer much intense pain, but her constant debility and nightly tossing fevers, which continued for weeks, wore her way till she was almost a skeleton. Yet amid all, she retained her sweet temper and lovely loving ways."

Little Carrie got worse, and they carried her to Yental, 50 miles, to see a physician.— Mr. Hartwell continues, "but no art of man could detain the angel on earth: she was plumed for the sky; and on the 22d of January at about 11 o'clock at night, she spread her light wings and soared to God.

We brought the little body with us to Tung Chau and buried it on "Mt. Hope." This beautiful hill is on the sea and rises up to the height of 100 feet above its level. It is thought by every foreigner, who has ever visited it, one of the loveliest graveyard spots they ever saw. Our hearts are sad. There is a vacancy none can fill. We see other babies; but they are not our little precious—nor like our darling."

Thus ends our true story. Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell have little Jesse

yet, and we hope our young friends will continue to support him. Not only should they do that, but they should give money to help carry the gospel to the little heathen children.

THE BEST USE OF A PENNY.

Should you wish to be told the best use of a penny, I'll tell you a way that is better than any: Not on apples, or cakes, or playthings to spend it,

But over the seas to the heathen to send it. Come, listen to me, and I'll tell, if you please, Of some poor little children far over the sea.

Their color is dark, for our God made them thus;

But he made them with bodies and feelings like us:

A soul, too, that never will die, has been given, And there's room for these children with Jesus in heaven.

But who will now tell of such good things as these

To the poor little heathen far over the seas?

Little boys in this land are well off indeed: They have schools every day, where they sing, write, and read;

To church they may go, and have pastors to teach

How the true way to heaven through Jesus to reach:

Yet, and to remember, there are few of these For the poor little heathen far over the seas.

O, think then of this when a penny is given, "It can help a poor child on its way home to heaven;"

Then give it to Jesus, and he will approve, Nor scorn o'en the mite, if 'tis offered in love: And Oh, when in prayer you to him bend your knees, Remember the children far over the seas.

THE GOOD GIRL.

THE good girl at Sunday School salutes her teacher with a smile and takes her seat and listens attentively to all the lessons of the Sabbath School, and asks foolish questions; but tries to learn what she knows will do her good.

She loves her teacher and class-mates;—is never cross—always has her lessons prepared, and is never tardy. She loves to sing the pretty songs she learns, and when she goes home tells her mother what her teacher has taught her. She loves to persuade her young acquaintances to attend the Sunday School, for she knows it will do them good. She hates to sin against God; for she knows that God "is angry with the sinner every day," and she prays to her "Father in heaven" to keep her from sin, and enable her to be a good girl.

She visits the sick and the afflicted and reads the Bible to them; and when she goes to church she sits very quietly and behaves herself well.

She loves her brothers and sisters, and is always very kind and obliging to them, even when they treat her badly.

She obeys her mother, and helps all she can in household matters; and her mother looks upon her as a real little "sunbeam" in the family. For she sheds such a sweet influence around that it makes everybody happy. Will not each of our young female readers try to be "a good girl?"

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Received for Mrs. Hartwell's children:— From S. M. Woolfolk, Orange co., Va., \$1.00; Charley S., Floyd co., Ga., 60 cts.; Mollie Murphee, Troy, Ala., \$2; S. Donnelly Eakinton, Ga., \$1; Emma & Irby, 1.50; Willie Jones, Troy, Ala., \$1.50; Bettie F. White, Raleigh, N. C., \$1; Centre Ridge Baptist S. S., Richmond, Ala., \$12; Josie A. Corbett, Guyton, 50 cts.

Making \$20.00
Already acknowledged, 122.40
Total, \$143.00

Correct answers to enigmas have been sent by Wm. L. Wright, Troy, N. C., Sarah C King, Dirtown, Ga., Mannie Dickey, Duncanville, Julia P. Harp, Dawson, Ga., Julia S. Chester, Youngboro', Ala.

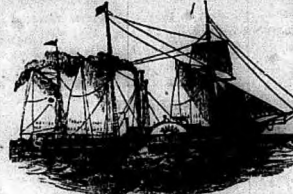
The prize questions were correctly answered by Henry Frierson, Macon, Ga., Julia Smith Chester, Youngboro', Ala., Burmah L. Clift, Bolair, Ga., O. O. Swathmey, Burlington, Va.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

LITTLE SOPHIE BY THE EDITOR.

THE last farewells are spoken. For the last time hand grasps hand. The unbidden tear is wiped from the eye. Sadness fills the heart. All is bustle and confusion: orders are given: sailors and servants and porters and cabin men rush hither and thither; while passengers and officers crowd the deck to take a farewell look.

The Captain stands on top of the wheel house with his speaking trumpet in his hand. He waves his arm and the ropes are cast off, and the gallant steamship swings off from the wharf, turns slowly around and steams rapidly down New York bay, bound for Liverpool, England.



Forward she speeds on her way leaving the land behind and rising and falling gracefully with the curling waves.

On the deck is sitting a group of three persons. Arthur Mann, his wife and daughter five years old. Mr. Mann has just been appointed United States Consul to Naples, and has just set out on his mission. They are sad at the idea of leaving home, and yet they are pleased at the idea of going to Europe and living beneath the bright skies of fair Italy.

"I wonder where Sophie is!" exclaims Mrs. Mann, in a tone of anxiety.

"With Biddy, in our stateroom, I guess," replied her husband, "but you had better go and see."

Mrs. Mann descends to the Cabin, to seek her little Sophie who is three years old. She hurries to her stateroom, and there finds her darling maid, Biddy, who is reading some new articles of the toilet.

"Where is Sophie?" asked Mrs. Mann, in a tone of alarm.

"Is she not with you, aunt? An sure I thought it was with you she was, all of this time, aunt!" Biddy's frightened tone assured Mrs. Mann that her child had been left—a little girl of three years, left entirely alone among strangers—or else stolen.

"My child, my child is left!" she screamed in agony, and swooned away.

"O whirra, whirra! That I should ever have come to this!" exclaimed the sorrow-smitten Biddy. Mr. Mann had followed his wife—had heard her scream—and now entered the stateroom in terror.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Why, sur, Sophie, the darlint, is left behind, meadun has swooned, and my heart is fit to burst."

"Alas! It was true. The nurse thought the child was with its mother; and the mother thought the child was with its nurse, and thus, forgotten by each, little Sophie had been left on the wharf.

"Tell the Captain to return!" Mrs. Mann called out in distracted tones, on her recovery. But the Captain declined. The Pilot had been dismissed and the ship was fairly on her voyage and could not be stopped. Far, far away she sped swiftly on her course, carrying two hearts almost broken.

Ah! who can paint the grief of a father and mother under such circumstances! They reached Liverpool in safety. The father goes on to Naples with little Ella, while the mother returns to seek her lost child. But in a few months she, too, goes to join her husband in Italy, utterly unable to learn one word of the little lost Sophie.

Six years pass, and yet nothing has been heard of the lost one. Hope has long since died, but the mother's heart is still sad—the cannot recover from the blow. And yet a savior was to follow. Mr. Mann takes sick while on a visit to a neighboring city, and dies, leaving his wife and child in a distant land, with few friends and very little money.

Weep, mother! Weep, daughter! For your lot is a hard one.

[With a Sequel.]

THE WONDERFUL STRANGER.

WE have received a letter containing the following account of the arrival of a stranger at a certain house: and the account is so surprising and extraordinary that we publish it for the benefit of our young readers.—

EDITOR OF CHILD'S INDEX.]

DEAR SIR:—Last month, a stranger came to my house in a miserable condition, bare-footed, bare-headed and even without a garment to cover him. He had no sooner arrived than he began to cry with all his might. You may suppose we were much alarmed; indeed Mrs. W. was so dreadfully affected by the manner of his coming, that she took to her bed, was extremely ill, and the consequences were so serious that she did not leave her room for three weeks.

However, from motives of humanity, I felt for my new inmate and treated him more like a familiar friend than a stranger. Most certainly, if somebody had not taken compassion on him, he must have died; for he was so very weak that he could not possibly have reached the next house.

You will naturally be desirous to hear some further particulars of this person.—Take the following account, such as it is—a better you could not have had, even from the stranger himself.

After things were a little settled, and he had been warmed and clothed, several friends called in, and began to talk to him, as many others have since done. But not a word could be drawn from him, neither as to whence he came, nor concerning the purpose of his visit. Neither promises nor threats were of avail, to make him answer; and so stubborn is he become that we cannot even get him to tell his name. However we have given him one, and have determined to call him William. His disposition is such, that no scurrilous language will affect him, and even if you call him "Rogue" or "Villain" he will only laugh in your face. From this, perhaps, you may conclude that he is very good-tempered; it may be so, yet at other times I assure you he is so very cross and peevish that you cannot at all please him.

As to politics, he does not acknowledge Jeff. Davis to be President, nor does he seem to favor Lincoln: he does not say which cause he would have proved successful, ours or that of the Yankees. He is so judicious that he pays no regard to reflections concerning his loyalty to the Confederacy; but as yet has not by a word given us to suppose that he wishes ill to our cause. As to his religion he is so sparing of giving an account of it that it is hard to learn what are his particular sentiments. However, I think he is nearer perfection than many who make great professions.

As to his person, he has an engaging look with a very fair skin. His eyes are blue. His hair is light-colored, much like flax, which makes him look young, but then he has not a tooth in his head, which betokens age. He never opens his lips, but with the greatest propriety. He is like a traveler much accustomed to society. He is never bashful nor out of countenance, and he is such a master of language, that if you speak to him either in Latin, Greek or Hebrew, he can answer you in each, as well as in English.

Believe me to remain, dear Sir, &c., &c.

We are sorry the letter breaks off so shortly. When we learn more of the stranger we will inform our young readers; but if, in the meantime, any of them should hear anything of him, or find out who he is, we hope they will write us about it.—EMTON CHILD'S INDEX.]

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Julia Ryland, writes from Birmingham, Virginia:

"We are all perfectly delighted with your little paper, and are trying to circulate it as far as possible."

Good Results:

It would certainly gratify you if you could witness the pleasure derived by our little ones from your very interesting and useful paper. A little girl four years of age has learned the morning prayer published in your last number. Now I hear her sweet voice when she first beholds the light, repeating it—"Thank God once more I see the light," etc. Two little girls are trying to imitate Lula, and are anxious to assist their Mamma in nursing a little sister who is sick.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

YOUNGBOBO, Ala. July 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

As a good many of the little boys and girls are writing letters to you, as I see in the Child's Index, to let you know how they like the paper, I will do so too. The papers are so pretty and interesting I can scarcely wait a month at a time for them. I believe I would be satisfied if I could get them every week instead of every month, for it does seem so long from one month to another.

I found out the enigma No. 8, and also the other questions that you put in the paper for us. The prophet that put bonds and yokes on his neck was Jeremiah. See Jeremiah 27th chapter. The Lord had given all the lands unto the King of Babylon, and all that would not serve him should be punished. The answer to the other question was Aaron's rod, a branch of the almond tree, and was preserved in the sanctuary near the ark of the covenant.

You asked if any of your young friends could prove to you whether Jesus sang while on earth, and also whether he loved his mother. We know Jesus loved his mother, for when he was on the cross he commended his mother to John. I cannot tell whether he sang or not. I don't think I have ever seen any account of his singing. There is one place where it says they sung a hymn and went out, but that don't say Christ sang, and I can't prove whether he sang or not.

That the Lord may bless and prosper you while you live and comfort you when you die is the prayer of

Your affectionate and loving little friend,
JULIA SMITH CHESTER.

Saw DUST, Ga., June 21, '63.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I am a little girl of nine years old. I have brothers and sisters older than myself. My oldest brother died in Virginia 37th March, 1862, while in the service of his country. My younger brother, now 15 years old, has been in service two years. About three weeks ago, as Breckinridge's division was on their way from Tennessee to Vicksburg, he was one of the soldiers. As they arrived in Atlanta, he was getting down from the top when the engine backed and washed him up between the cars and wounding him between the hips very badly, but I am happy to inform you that his life is spared him yet, and he is improving very fast. I think he will soon be able to return to his company. My sister went and brought him home. She found one number of the Child's Index on the cars, and brought it to me. I have read it, and am so much pleased with it. I thought of my two little friends and school-mates, Mittie Agerton and Cornelia Stanford. I know they would be delighted to have the Index, and thought I would make each of them a present of it. I have saved one dollar for that purpose, which I will send you. You will please send three copies to Saw DUST, Ga., Columbia county—one copy for myself, Mittie Reynolds, and one to each of my friends, Mittie Agerton and Cornelia Stanford, we are about the same age. By so doing you will greatly oblige your little friend,

KITTIE REYNOLDS.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

Thank you for the paper you send us, with such pretty stories. I am going to try to be like Lula. Do write something to make George good. We love you. We wish you could see our dollies. Good-bye, dear Mr. Boykin. We are too little to write, so Mamma has to write what we say.

Two of your little children friends,
LULA and EMMA.

[We publish "He's my Brother," for George's special benefit. Show it to him.]

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

WILLIE JONES, Troy, Ala.—We have tried to give you an explanation of the Bartwell children in this number. See the True Story of Jesse and Eliza. We do not think we can publish the Child's Index oftener than once a month during the war.

J. A. CONSER, Guyton—You did not gain a prize, as your answer was not quite correct. We refer you to the story of Jesse and Eliza too, written by us specially for this number of the Child's Index.

BURNETT L. CLERTY, Belair—Thank you for your pretty letter. We send you an extra number.

MOLLIE MURPHY, Troy, Ala., sends a sweet letter saying, "make haste and send our paper." We like that. It is a sign she likes the paper. We will send it regularly every month.

JULIA SMITH CHESTER,—is right in her answer as to whether Christ loved his mother. He surely must have loved her, if he could think of providing her a home when he was on the cross suffering the agonies of death.—(See John xix. 25-27.)

It is in Mark 14: 26, and Matthew 26: 30 that we read, "And when they had sung a hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives." We think we may know from this verse that Jesus did sing when on earth.

J. C. H. EDWINTON—Yours is received. Let us have simple little stories for children, such as you can write.

Will not "Cousin Mimma" send us another sweet and instructive story?

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

12.

We see a large and splendid hall for audience. It is crowded with a numerous assembly, many of whom, garbed as priests, sit with scowls on their faces. Upon a throne sits a man of noble presence, and by his side sits a woman surpassingly beautiful. They are listening attentively to the eloquent words of a man of small stature but noble mien, who stands in the midst of the multitude. In reply to something the king says the prisoner raises his hands, from which chains no hanging, and looks around upon all present with an air of lofty enthusiasm. [New Testament.]

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. In the year B. C. 1791, the fish in a certain river died in consequence of the water being turned to blood: what was the name of the river?
2. A man who had disobeyed God was thrown from a vessel into the sea, and swallowed by a great fish: in what year did this occur, and whose son was the man?
3. Who profaned the Sabbath by carrying fish to a city and selling to the inhabitants?
4. What was the name of the disciple who caught a fish, and upon opening its mouth, found therein a piece of money?
5. By whom was the fish-gate in the wall of Jerusalem built?
6. Which of Jesus' disciples did he call from the employment of fishermen?
7. Who put on a fisher's coat and cast himself into the sea, in order to have an interview with the Saviour after his resurrection?
8. What kind of fish were the Israelites forbidden to eat?
9. Certain fishermen with one draught of a net caught a sufficient number of fish to fill "two ships": from what lake were those fish taken?
10. How many fish were miraculously used by the Saviour in feeding five thousand men, beside women and children?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. What Prophet put bonds and yokes on his neck, and why? Jeremiah. (Jer. xxvii. 1-2.) Because God told him to do it to show the kings of Edom, Moab, Tyrus, Sidon, and of the Ammonites that they would be subject to Nebuchadnezzar.
2. Of what tree was the branch on which was buds, blossoms, and fruit, which was preserved for many years, and where was it preserved? The Almond tree. It was kept in Ark, and called "Aaron's rod." (Numbers xvii. 6 to 10. Hebrews ix. 1.)
- I found the answers to the questions myself and got my sister to write them down for me. We take three copies of the paper, so you can give the one I have won to any little boy or girl who is not able to pay for it.

HENRY FRIERSON.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

8.

MACON, July 11, 1863.

I send you the answer to Scripture enigma No. 8:

1. Patmos. Rev. i. 9.
2. Amos. Isaiah i. 1.
3. Upharsin. Dan. v. 23.
4. Lydda. Acts ix. 33-34.

G. S. F.

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURES.

- No. 10. The lepers in the Syrian camp.—2nd Kings vii. 3-4.
- No. 11. The coronation of Josiah. 2nd Chronicles 23d chapter.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

HARRY AND JULIA; OR, THE QUARREL.
BY MRS. MARY A. WILKINSON.

"DON'T be angry, brother," said Julia Moreton one evening, as she returned from a pleasant horse-back ride in the country. "I would not have taken your pony without your consent, but Carry, Sue and Mary Somers were so anxious to have me go with them, and Lightfoot, you know, is lame—I hope you will excuse me."

But her brother was cross and unforgiving. "You are always doing something wrong, and then begging to be excused," he replied, petulantly; "just as if excusing you would keep it from being wrong."

"I didn't know it was wrong," she said with a sad countenance. "How was I to know you wanted Felix this evening?"

"I don't see what was to prevent your knowing, when but yesterday I promised George Jones, in your presence, to go with him to the plantation this afternoon, to get some peaches. You must have heard me."

"But I was reading 'Robert and Harold' while you were talking to him, and could not of course hear what you were saying."

"All that is no excuse for your taking my pony without permission," Harry replied—for he was still vexed and ill-tempered.

"I wouldn't be so selfish as you are for fifty ponies," she answered going to her room, with a flushed and angry countenance.

Harry saw no more of his sister till they met at the supper table. There he expected to find her in her usual good humor, for she was a sweet-tempered girl, and never remained angry long, though her brother sometimes annoyed her by his hasty and thoughtless manner of speaking. He was disappointed, however, in his expectation of finding her as pleasant as usual, for she did not speak to, nor even look at him during the whole meal. He treated her exactly as she did him; and, instead of spending the evening in reading, talking or playing together, as they were accustomed to do, they retired to their separate apartments in sullen silence.

This was an unfortunate condition for a brother and sister to be in, and they were both unhappy. Each cast all the blame on the other; but consciences whispered in spite of all their reasoning that they had done wrong. Neither of them had any peace of mind. Harry was more to blame than his sister, because he would not receive her apology. We are commanded, you know, to forgive even to "seventy times seven" when our forgiveness is asked. Julia did wrong, too, in not making herself agreeable at supper. Her brother's crossness was no excuse for her being sullen; for the Scriptures say "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Harry was getting ashamed of his petulance, and would have made amends for his former unkindness, had she given him one smile or one kind look. These she withheld, as we have already seen; and so they parted in anger, disobeying God's command "not to let the sun go down on their wrath"; and were of course unhappy.

The next morning Julia, complaining of headache, did not appear at breakfast, and went to school without meeting her brother. This annoyed him exceedingly, for he was an exacting boy, and Julia had always been very yielding and forgiving towards him.

About nine o'clock Mr. Moreton received a letter making it necessary for him to start immediately to South Carolina; and he decided to take Harry with him. Harry was delighted with the prospect of going to Carolina, and thought to himself—

"I guess Julia will be glad enough to speak to me when I get home again." Their departure was so hurried, Mrs. Moreton did not send for Julia to bid her father and brother good-bye, and so they left without seeing her.

After their arrival in Carolina, Mr. Moreton concluded to leave Harry with an uncle, so that he might go to school. Harry would have returned most gladly with his father, for he loved his home, and mother, and sister most dearly, (though he had not written the latter a word since he left her); but his father desired him to remain in South Carolina, and his father's will was law in the family. So Harry could not return home. Most bitterly did he now repent his ill-natured conduct, on his last evening at home; but as Julia had not written to him, he would not write to her, though his heart ached to see her, and imprint a kiss of forgiveness upon her lips. How

wicked it is to listen to the voice of pride, instead of the more tender plaudings of the heart! Oho is the prompting of Satan; the other the wooing influence of the God of love. After many long and weary weeks at school, Harry received a letter from his father, conveying the sad news that his mother had died very suddenly; and his sister was very ill and not expected to live. The letter concluded by telling him to come home immediately, but alas! it had been delayed more than a week, and it might be too late to see his sister alive.

Words cannot portray the agony poor Harry endured until the cars landed him safe in his native town. On his arrival, without stopping to speak to any one, he hastened, with rapid strides, towards his home, which stood in a retired grove, a half mile distant. The grave yard lay a little to the left of his shortest path home, and he could not help casting a glance towards it as he passed, to see if there were two new-made graves instead of one in his father's lot.

Imagines his surprise and delight, when, instead of the two new graves, he saw his sister Julia sitting pensively upon the grass at a little distance from the family burying ground. Tears of joy burst from his eyes.

"Thank God," he murmured, hastening towards her. "That she too has not been snatched away, and that our angry parting was no forever!"

Julia was sitting near her mother's grave with her head resting on her hand thinking so deeply that she did not hear nor see Harry until he was at her side exclaiming, "Julia, my precious, darling sister!"

In an instant he had clasped her in his arms, and she lay weeping upon his breast.

"My dear, sweet sister, forgive my unkindness about the pony?" Julia threw her arms around his neck and said,

"Forgive you, brother? why, I only was to blame," and she kissed him fondly. Harry's heart beat with a wild, glad delight; but all at once, thinking of his mother, he exclaimed, "Mother's grave—show it to me." Julia pointed to the newly made mound, and said,

"She left you her love, Harry."

A gust of uncontrolable grief surged over Harry's soul. He threw himself on his knees and sobbing loudly refused to be comforted by his sister, who sought fondly to soothe him.



Mr. Moreton, who was seeking Julia, now approached them; but when he saw Harry, the favorite child of his departed wife, the fountains of his affections were broken up, and straining his eyes to his bosom, he sobbed bitterly in anguish of soul.

"My boy, your dear mother is gone forever."

"My mother—my dear mother! And shall I never see her more?" was the passionate exclamation of the weeping Harry.

"She left you her blessing, my son; and the last thing she said was a request for you to meet her in heaven and be kind to your sister."

This brought a fresh flood of tears from the eyes of both Harry and Julia who fell into each other's arms and amid many tears, promised to love and cherish one another for their mother's sake. And before returning home they all knelt beside Mrs. Moreton's grave, and offered up a silent prayer to the great God who had so afflicted them, Julia and Harry, having been forgiven of each other, asked forgiveness also of that higher One against whom they had sinned in their anger. It was a

pleasant though a melancholy return, and Harry never again spoke unkindly to his sister or treated her ill. And, consequently, they lived happily together and never again suffered as during those sorrowful six months before they had made up their quarrel. Will all my young readers take warning from them and never quarrel with one another; for quarreling always brings unhappiness. It is best to be kind and loving and obliging.

"JESUS CHRIST CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS."

Lo! at noon 'tis sudden night;
Darkness covers all the day.
Rocks are rending at the sight:
Children, can you tell me why?
What can all these wonders be?
Jesus dies on Calvary!

Stretched upon the cross, behold
How his tender limbs are torn;
For a royal crown of gold,
They have made him one of them.
Crucel hands, that dare to bind
Truth upon a brow so kind!

See! the blood is falling fast
From his forehead and his side;
Listen! he has breathed his last:
With a mighty groan he died.
Children, can you tell me why
Jesus condescends to die?

He, who was a King above,
Left his kingdom for a grave,
Out of pity and of love,
That the guilty he might save:
Down to this sad world he flew
For such little ones as you.

You were wretched, weak, and vile;
You deserved his holy frown;
But he saw you with a smile,
And, to save you, hastened down.
Listen, children: this is why
Jesus condescends to die.

Come, then, children, come and see;
Lift your little hands and pray:
"Blessed Jesus, pardon me,
Help a guilty infant," say,
"Since it was for such as I
Thou didst condescend to die."

THE LITTLE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

A deaf and dumb little boy was asked in writing, "Who made the world?" He took the chalk and wrote underneath, "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth."

The question was then asked, "Why did Jesus come into the world?" A smile of gratitude overspread the face of the little fellow, as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

He was then asked the trying question, "Why are you born deaf and dumb, when I can both hear and speak?" "Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of sweet resignation and peace as he again took up the chalk and wrote, 'Even so, Father, for it seemed good in thy sight.'"

Truly might it have been said, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained praise."

THE STAINED FINGERS.

JULIA and MARY were two little girls who attended a Sunday school in G— They were bright children and often amused their teacher by the curious questions which they asked her while reciting their lessons. One Sunday they said to her, "Miss Jones, please tell us what kind of fruit grew on the tree of knowledge of good and evil?"

Miss Jones answered, "The Bible does not tell us what kind of fruit it was."

"I think it was an apple," said Julia. Mary thought it might have been a pomegranate.

Miss Jones tried to make them stop talking and go on with the lesson, but their minds were interested about the fruit and they would not desist. At length Julia remarked, "If I had been Eve, I would not have disobeyed God just for an apple; especially when I was not hungry, and there were so many other nice fruits in the garden."

"No," replied Mary, "I would not have done so either; I would have run away from the serpent."

"Little girls," interrupted Miss Jones,

"why did you come to school so late this morning?"

Julia and Mary did not like to answer this question; for, looking down, they saw that their fingers were stained with blackberry juice, and conscience told them why Miss Jones had asked the question. Julia, however, was an ingenuous child, so, quickly recovering herself, she responded with feeling, "I am sorry, Miss Jones, that I persuaded Mary to go with me to pick blackberries. I see that I am not any better than Adam and Eve, for I was not hungry, and yet I disobeyed mother." Mary then began to cry, and said, "Miss Jones, what makes it so hard for children to be good?" Miss Jones was pleased to see how well the children understood the meaning of her question, and told them to pray to God that He would forgive them for having yielded to temptation; and she advised them, whenever in future, they were tempted to do wrong, to think of Adam and Eve, and not to follow their bad example.—Southern Presbyterian.

HE'S MY BROTHER.

ONE day, as I was hastening home after a short absence, I heard young voices raised in anger. A little way from me,

just around a corner, two boys were quarreling. They were on their way home from school, and their books, slates, and dinner baskets lay on the pavement beside them, quite unheeded. One boy was much larger than the other, and as I drew near, I heard him saying,

"You shall carry them, Eddy, every one of them. Stop crying, now, and take up the books, and come on home."

"I can't, Charlie," said the little one timidly. "They are too heavy, and mother told you to carry them. You are a very cross boy."

"Take that, for calling me cross," said Charlie, in an angry tone; and he struck the child, and pulling off his little velvet cap, threw it into the dust.

"Charlie," said I, putting my hand on the elder boy's shoulder, "why do you strike such a little child? It is neither nearly nor hardly to be acting like a Christian boy, Charlie?"

He looked a little ashamed, but very sullen too. As I replaced the cap on Eddy's curly head, and asked Charlie to gather up the books and go home, like a good boy, he exclaimed:

"He's my brother? I can do what I like to him."

Dear little friends, when you are tempted to be cross or impatient to a little brother or sister, never make this excuse. It is just because God has made an elder brother or sister, that you must try to be very patient, very loving, very gentle. Here is your work—to help and cheer your kind mother by bearing with the wee ones, if they are fretful or wayward. God has given you this work to do. He does not forget that you are doing it; and when you try hard to keep in the way of love, his smile is resting on you. What if he were to reach down his hand, and take up to a heavenly home the darlings who now try your patience and hinder you so often, how sad it would be then! Every day try to be good and kind to the younger brothers and sisters, and you will not lose your reward.

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