

CHILD'S INDEX.



VOL. I.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

NO. 9.

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

LOST, BUT FOUND.

I was a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my shepherd's voice;
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child;
I did not love my home;
I did not love my Father's voice;
If loved afar to roam.

The shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er desert waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bonds of love;
They saved the wandering one!

They spoke in tender love;
They raised my drooping head;
They gently closed my bleeding wounds;
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my filth away;
They made me clean and fair;
They brought me to my home in peace—
The long-sought wanderer!

Jesus my shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul;
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold—
'Tis he that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep;
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my shepherd's voice;
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child;
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice—
I love, I love his home!

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

LITTLE EDGAR AND HIS DOLLAR.

THE following, from a little boy in S. Carolina, I send to be read by all the little readers of the Child's Index:—
"JUNE 27th, 1863.

"Dear Mr. Taylor:
"This is my birth-day. I am four years old to-day. My Pa gave me a dollar for a birth-day present, and I wish you to send it across the big water to the poor little heathen children, who haven't got any Bibles. I want them to have Bibles, so that they can know about God. "EDGAR."

Here is a good example for all the children. The little boys and girls among the heathen are taught by their parents to clasp their hands and bow down before their dumb idols. They pray to these images, and learn to depend upon them for salvation. They grow up, too, to be very wicked, and, not having the Gospel, they know not the dreadful guilt and danger of living in sin. How much better is the condition of the children in this happy land. They have the Bible. Many of them go to Sunday School, and have pious parents to teach them the good and the right way.—They may well feel sorry for the wretched little idolaters, who are preparing for a life of sin, and a dreadful end in the world to come. Children, seek Jesus. Believe in Him, and love and serve Him. Give your money to support preachers among the heathen, and to send the Bible to them.

JAS. B. TAYLOR,

Cor. Sec. For. Mis. B'rd, S. B. C.
Richmond, Va., July 6, '63.

[Bro. Taylor is the friend of missions, to whom good children may send the money they wish to give for helping send the Gospel to the heathen children far over the seas.—EDITOR.

THE TWO REVOLUTIONS.

MORE than eighty years ago the people of America resolved that England should govern them no longer.—They claimed the right to govern themselves—that is, to be free and independent. And when England sent ships filled with a great many men to conquer the Americans, they took up arms and went to war. For seven long years the thirteen States fought England. Though they had no trained armies and few arms, and although they were overrun and suffered a great deal, yet they determined not to give up. They underwent hardships a great deal worse than we are undergoing now, and sometimes they would destroy their houses, or burn their wheat crops, rather than they should benefit



the British. In the above picture South Carolina women of the first revolution may be seen burning the ripe wheat, as it stands in the field, to prevent the enemy from getting it. At length the British saw that they could not conquer the Americans, and stopped fighting them and acknowledged their independence.

For over two years the people of the South have been fighting for the right to govern themselves. The people of the North, who eighty-five years ago, saw plain enough that it was wrong for England to govern them against their will, cannot see now that it is wrong for them to try and conquer us and govern us contrary to our wishes. Because we seceded, or withdrew from the old Union, they call us rebels and are trying to whip us back into the Union. But we are determined not to go back into the old Union. We don't want to live with such a mean, cruel, blood-thirsty and wicked people. So we have taken up arms to resist them. And we mean to keep on fighting them until they let us alone and go back to their own country. All we ask of them is to let us alone and let us go in peace. If they will not, we will keep on fighting them, and, if necessary, we will burn our houses, our corn and our cotton to keep the Yankees from getting them.

The war is just and right on our part; but mean and cruel on the part of the Yankees. But we hope God will fight for us, and not let us be overcome. Little children ought to pray for their country and do all they can to aid in securing our independence.

A DARK SPOT.

WITHIN a radius of five miles around Sebatopol, it is supposed that more blood has been spilt, more lives sacrificed, and more misery inflicted, in a year, than in any other equal extent of the earth's surface, in the same time, since the days of Noah's flood.

—A German gentleman in the course of a strict cross-examination on a trial, was asked to state the exact age of the defendant. "Dirty," (thirty) was the reply. "And pray, sir, are you, his senior, and by how many years?" Why, sir, I am dirty too.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

GRANDPA'S STORY; OR, JULIA THORNTON.

BY ENOLE DAYTON.

HOW tell us that story you promised us, Grandpa?"
"What story, my children?"
"The one about the boy that got lost in the woods, and had to stay all day up the tree to keep the big bear from eating him up," said little Johnny, his blue eyes sparkling with excitement.
"Oh no, Grandpa," exclaimed Sallie, I don't want to hear that any more; I know it all by heart.—Please tell us about the little girl that pulled her brother out of the river and saved him from drowning."
"Hush, children," said Lucy, "don't you

know it is Sunday? Grandpa don't want to tell such stories as those to-day."
—One would have thought from the way she spoke that Lucy was old enough to be mother to the other two; but she was only ten, while Sallie was seven and Johnny was five years old.
"Please, Grandpa," she continued, "tell us about your little niece that died and went to Heaven."
Lucy came and stood beside the old man's easy chair and put her arm softly round his neck. Johnny climbed to his knee, and Sallie brought her little embroidered stool and sat by his feet, looking up into his face. She thought she saw a tear steal down his loving old face as he leaned back his head and what his eyes a moment, as he almost always did when he was thinking.
"Don't tell us anything now, Grandpa," said she; "we can wait a little while, can't we, Johnny?"
Grandpa opened his eyes and put his arm round Lucy, and drew her close to him; then looking fondly on each of the children in turn, he said,
"I wonder if any of you will be as good as my little niece, and as ready to die."
"How did she die Grandpa?"
"How old? Why, she was almost grown. Let me see—you are ten, and she was three or four years older—maybe five—I can't remember."
"What makes you call her, then your little niece?"
"Because I oftenest think of her as the poor orphan child that used to climb into my lap like little Johnny here, and put her pretty arms around my neck, and say, "You'll be my pa now, won't you, uncle John? And you'll be my ma, too, won't you, uncle John? And let me stay with you till I go to see my own mama, in Heaven." She was then only six years old, and it seems only a little while ago—but it is longer than I thought. That was the year after we moved to Georgia, and that is twenty years this spring. And she has been dead ten years. Why, she must have been nearly sixteen years old when it pleased the Lord to take her from me. How time flies as we grow old!"

"You loved her very much, did you not, Grandpa?"

"Everybody loved her, my child. She was the angel of our household. But I had reason above all others to love her, for, under God, she was the means of bringing me to Christ."

"Why, Grandpa, I thought you had always been good."

"Grandpa has never been good in the sight of God, my precious child. Grandpa is a poor lost sinner, and if ever saved must be saved only by the free and boundless love of God in Christ. I hope now that I have an interest in the Saviour. I trust he has redeemed me and washed me from my sins in his most precious blood. I expect soon to go and be with Jesus—but when my little Julia came and put her arms around my neck, and asked me to be to her both father and mother, and I took her to my heart and home, as my own child, I was living without hope and without God in the world. My only sister, the mother of Julia, was a true Christian, and had begun from earliest infancy—as soon as she could understand—to teach her child religion, and pray God's blessing on her teaching. She lost her husband while Julia was a babe, and when she died herself, left the dear child to me with a request that I would "bring her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." I did not exactly understand what that meant, but I dearly loved the little creature, and was ready to do all I could for her. But in regard to religion, she knew much more than I.—Young as she was, I think the Holy Spirit must have been her teacher even then. But what you know how and when God makes new creatures of those who have been born in sin!"

"The old man closed his eyes and leaned his head back on his easy chair, and the children sat in solemn silence for a little time. Sallie ventured to touch his knee very softly and ask—
"Are you thinking, Grandpa?"
"Yes, dear: What was I talking about?"
"You were telling us about cousin Julia that died and went to Heaven, a long time ago," said little Johnny, moving his seat over to the other knee so he could see in Lucy's face.
"Yes, yes. The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit." I was thinking what that meant—the Holy Spirit comes when He will and to whom He will. He changes the heart, and makes us children of God, but His ways are not known. I do not know when my little Julia was born again."
"Why, Grandpa, I thought she was always good," said Lucy.
"No, my darling, no one is always good.—We are all born in sin. We are all by nature the children of wrath, even as others. Some are more amiable and lovely than others, but all are rebels against God, and every one must be born again or never see the Kingdom of God. You, and Sallie, and Johnny were born in sin, and can never be saved without you are created anew—made new creatures in Christ Jesus."
"I know we are bad, Grandpa, but cousin Julia was so good!"
"If she was good, it was because the Lord had changed her nature and made her good. I don't know when He did this great work for her. But I know when He did it for me, and I thank and bless His holy name that He sent my little niece to lead me to Him."
"Tell us about it, Grandpa."
(To be continued.)

—Dr. South begins a sermon on this text, "The wages of sin is death," as follows:—
"Poor wages indeed, that a man can't live by."

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

THE LAWTON FAMILY.

(Continued.)

At the next meeting not a member of the class was absent. Mr. Lawton took his seat and said:

"Well, Charles, thinking that besides the arguments used last Sunday night to prove the inspiration of the Bible, you all would like to know what the Bible says on the subject, I requested you to find me the most striking passages in the New Testament, to read for us. Have you done so?"

"Yes, sir, I will read them. The first is in the 16th verse of the 3d chapter of 2d Timothy. 'All Scriptures are given by inspiration of God, and are profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.' Also 2d Peter 1: 23. The prophecy came not, in old time, by the will of man, but holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

Charles also read Luke 1: 70, and Hebrews 1: 1, which our young friends are requested to find and peruse for themselves.

"And now," said Bill Harris, "since we all believe that the Bible is the word of God, written for our use, through the agency of holy men, tell me what your purpose was in proving this?"

"Well," observed Mr. Stevens, "if you believe the Bible to be the word of God, you will believe what it teaches, no matter where it leads you, will you not?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, we have accomplished a great deal, when we have got that far. Now, for the sake of your young Baptist friends here, we are going to see how far the Bible upholds Baptist faith and practice, so that their Baptist principles may be strengthened. And as you are not yet a Christian, we are going to let you know what the Bible says to sinners, so that you may be led to turn from every evil way, and be a Christian."

"I desire to be a Christian," replied William: "for I feel all the time in my bosom a want of something the world cannot give. I want a hope to live by and to die by. And I do not think I have such a hope now."

"I am rejoiced to hear you speak thus," answered Mr. Stevens. And Helena's eyes sparkled with delight for she and William were engaged to be married; and her only anxiety in regard to him was his irreligion, though he was correct in his morals and deportment.

"You were talking of the Baptists just now," said Charles Lawton to Mr. Stevens, "can you tell us the origin of the Baptist Denomination?"

"That is a point, Charles, about which there has been a great deal of dispute. While we Baptists do not think our name of Baptist is older than about 350 years, yet we think our principles, and sentiments, and practices, as Bible Christians can trace all the way back to the apostles. Sometimes the traces are very dim; but here and there, all through the dim ages of antiquity, we can find traces of Christians who held Baptist principles. So, we say that the origin of our Denomination dates back to the time of Christ. But, to tell the truth, we do not hold to our principles because we can trace them back to the apostles, nor because other Christians hold them. But we hold our principles because we get them directly from the Bible. We know the Bible to be right, and we know that if we follow the Bible we shall be in the right path. And that is why we wish you all to examine the Bible for yourselves by our help, and see for yourselves what it teaches. Then you will be not simply a Baptist, but a Bible-Baptist and a Bible Christian."

(To be continued.)

A CHILD'S GRACE.

O Lord, we thank thee for this food; bless it, we ask, for the sake of Jesus Christ.— Amen.

The wife of President Edwards used to say, "O how good it is to work for God all the day time, and at night to lie down under his smiles."

THE SABBATH DAY.

DEAR CHILDREN: God has given you six days for play and for labor; and one he has called his own. This is the Sabbath. You must recollect whose day it is, and why it was instituted.

1. It is the Lord's day. In one sense every day is God's; because he has made all time and has divided it into regular periods. "He made the sun to rule by day, and the moon by night."

But six days he has given to man for work and for pleasure. In these six days we have a generous portion for all the purposes of this life.

One day, God has said, must be employed in worshipping him, the great Creator. This is the reason why it is called the Lord's day.

It is called also the Sabbath, which signifies rest.

2. You must recollect why it was instituted. It was set apart from the other six days, not merely because God rested from his works, but to keep in our minds a sense of religion.

When the Sabbath comes, we know it is the Lord's day. We are reminded at once of God. His sacred stillness and his solemn worship turn the thoughts upward to God and heaven.

Our hearts are so wicked, and our thoughts so mired on earth, that if this day were not to break in upon our plans and pleasures, we should soon forget there was a God.

It is instituted also to remind us of the resurrection of Christ from the dead.

It was on the morning of this blessed day that Jesus rose from the tomb. When, therefore, its holy light returns, you should always think of the dear Redeemer, who having died for our sins, then rose for our justification.

ARE YOU A MINER?

IRON, gold, silver, lead, copper and coal, you know, are brought up from deep pits or mines. We once visited a mining region, and found a number of deep, desolate-looking pits, with no busy workmen around, as we had found elsewhere. On inquiry, we found they were old, "worked-out" pits. The miners had dug out the precious metals, and now they were left as worthless.

Now, we regard the Bible as the great gold mine of the nations, and it differs from all earthly mines in this most important point—it is never "worked out." The more you search, the more you find. It is inexhaustible. Are you one of its miners? If so, you are not only gathering treasures for use to-day and to-morrow, but you are heaping up everlasting treasures. Let a man, if possible, gather all the gold of California, what will it really profit him? In a few years he must die, and he cannot carry even a single grain away with him. But the gold of the Bible mine is a treasure, that even in childhood, you may be laying up in heaven; "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal," and where you may reap the benefit of it forever and ever. See that you are busy in this mine.

FIGHTING.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you.

The Lord Jesus Christ was very meek.—That is, he did not get angry with those who abused him. When wicked men struck Jesus, he did not strike them back. They did evil to him in many ways, but he was as mild as a lamb. If you hit a lamb, or kick it, it will not bite you, nor scratch you. You ought to be as harmless as a lamb, or a dove. Doves are gentle; they never hurt any one. When wicked men nailed our Saviour to the cross, did he do them any harm? No, he prayed for them, and said, Father forgive them, for they know not what they do. You must try to be like Christ.

Little boys think it a great thing to be able to fight. When one boy will not fight, the other boys call him a coward. Christ was called worse names than this. It is better to please God than to please bad boys.

"JULIA THORNTON."

We begin this month, what will prove a delightful and instructive series of articles for our little friends, by Rev. A. C. Dayton. We hope all will read them and thus get the benefit of the whole series, as they will teach just such truths as will not only make children good and gentle, but help to make them Baptists. The series will probably continue for a year.

QUESTIONS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

RULES OF OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

COLUMBIA, May 11, 1863.

1. I must always mind the Superintendent and all the teachers of this School.
2. I must come every Sabbath, and be here when school begins.
3. I must go to my seat as soon as I come in.
4. I must have my lesson learned when I come to school.
5. I must try to understand what I learn.
6. I must have as many questions as I can to ask my teacher about my lesson.
7. I must be still and not leave my seat till school is closed.
8. When I reach home I must tell my friends what I have learned at School.
9. I must not play, but go to church every Sabbath.
10. I must be careful myself to worship God.
11. I must induce as many children as possible to attend school, and be sure to set them a good example.

QUESTIONS

For the self-examination of a Sunday-school teacher upon leaving the school-room:

1. Have I this day particularly prayed for a blessing on my labors in the school?
2. Have I done my utmost this day to show an example of early and punctual attendance?
3. Have the hours I have been in the school this day been fully occupied in my duty as a teacher?
4. Have I this day spoken pointedly and individually to one or more of my class respecting the salvation of their immortal souls?
5. If I never again enter these walls, am I clear in the sight of Him who knoweth all things, from neglect of duty towards any child in my class who may perish in sin?
6. Do I leave the school in peace with all my fellow-laborers?
7. Have I allowed a single absence or delinquency to remain unaccounted for, or without investigation on my part?
8. Do I visit my scholars as often and regularly as possible, thereby endeavoring to secure, in some measure, the affection and cooperation of their families as well as themselves?

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

THE following conversation, was overheard between two little children on New-Year's Day:

"Is this Christ's birth-day, Sue?" said a little five-year old.

"No," was the reply; "that comes on Christmas."

"Oh! I know now," says Fred; "it is the world's birthday."

Not Enough.

Among the remarkable sayings of small children, the following is worthy of a place: When a little more than three years old, a child was visiting her grandmother, and having had a piece of cake and eaten it, she asked for more. Her grandmother said, "No, you have had enough; and 'enough is enough.'"

The little girl at once replied, "Well, then, grandma, 'No! enough is not enough!' and was immediately rewarded with a large slice."

Little Daisy.

The father of little "Daisy" (a three-year-old) had been from home some days when the little one conceived a sudden fondness for the daguerrotype of the absent one. The mother noticed this with pleasing emotions, and seeing the child put the picture in father's easy chair and tug away, trying to climb up, she asked, "What is little Daisy trying to do?"

"Climbing into papa's lap," she said; and continued until she had seated herself on the picture, and glanced to mamma with a highly satisfied "there!"

Four Fathers.

Joseph's mind became exercised upon the subject of her forefathers.

"Four fathers!" she colloquized; "I am sure I can't think who they are. There's a father and my two grandfathers, that's plain enough; but who can the other be?" and here she twitched her mother's dress inquiringly.

No immediate answer being given, she solved the problem for herself with a triumphant shout. "Oh! I know; it is 'Our Father who art in heaven!' I have got four fathers!" And she walked off dictating further information upon the subject.

TO SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Be punctual at the Sabbath-school. Seriously attend to the instructions you there receive. Your teacher, if a Christian loves you, prays for you, and earnestly desires that you may forsake your sins and become a child of God, and thus be fitted for death and heaven. It is your privilege to receive in these schools those directions about the way of salvation, for want of which thousands in heathen lands are perishing in ignorance. If you neglect your duty as Sunday scholars you will have a heavy account to give to God.

REMARKS.

"Ma," asked little Susie, "will I remember everything I have done and said in this life when I am dead?"

"Yes, daughter, you will remember it all. And you will remember all the feelings and thoughts that have been entertained by you since you became old enough to know right from wrong."

"How I wish I had never said or done any thing bad, or had a bad thought or feeling! Is there no way, Ma, by which I can forget them?"

"No, my child; you can never forget them."

"Well, then, I must be miserable as long as I continue to exist!" Saying this, she burst into tears, and sighed as if her little heart would break.

"If you will believe on Jesus," tenderly said her mother, "He will remove all the sorrow you would feel on account of your sins—you may yet be happy."

"Then I will believe on Jesus at once," exclaimed the little girl.

PUZZLE.

- The city upon which Christ uttered a curse;
 - The name of the woman who Samuel did nurse;
 - The son of promise whom an angel did save;
 - The man raised up from the depths of the grave;
 - The prophet of God of royal descent,
 - Whose vision unfolded a wondrous event;
 - The leader whose host was slain without a fight;
 - The people who from Egypt took their flight;
 - The mountain where died the meekest of men;
 - The king by whom Daniel was cast into the den;
 - The prophet whom God translated to heaven;
 - The king who'd have chained the waves of the sea—
- The first letter of each of the answers when given.
- The name of the friend to the children will be.

ANSWERS.

The following have sent answers to questions and enigmas:

- G. B. Feltz; G. A. Lambert; Florence Wilson; Irvine Smith; Eddio C. Dorgan; Eliza Jane Porter; "H. H.," Orange, Court House, Va.; F. Woolfolk; Dotie Christian; V. A. Blackwood; Laura O. Peagno; "Hattie," Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Mattie W. Birdsong, Richmond; Ella M. Hartsfield, J. J. Stamps; Alice Cook.

All questions and enigmas sent us should be accompanied by the answers, carefully and distinctly written.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

Ella Leland—Your \$5 00 came safely. Pardon oversight in writing.

"Cousin Clara"—Your piece is received.

S. C. Chester—Your pretty letter is also received.

Richard A. Harrison—Your answers are right, and you won a prize. Where shall we send it?

Sallie E.—Your article is received.

Adel Chambliss, Scooba, Miss.—Your beautiful letter pleased me much, and as your answers were right, I send the paper to O. R. Nieholson.

J. Hartwell Edwards your answer was right, and I will try to send the Child's Index to little Jesse.

Nannie Shivers—The paper is sent to Willie Lattimore.

ACKNOWLEDGED FOR "LITTLE JESSE."

From Mattie Buchanan, 50 cts.; C. Norton Hull, Raleigh, \$2; "H. H.," Orange Court House, Va., \$1; Corina M. Stubbs, \$1; Louisa Witchard, 50 cts.; Mattie Withard, 50 cts.; Mollie Harris and sister and brother, \$3; Laura O. Teague, 50 cts.; Alice Cook, \$1; also, 50 cents from some one at Chapel Hill, who signed no name.

THE DUMMLING GAME.
 "Who king's ants more went out into the world to seek adventures; but their soon fell into a wild and vicious life, and never came home again. After a time the youngest son, who was called Dummling, went out to look for his brothers; but when he found them, they only laughed at him for thinking that such a simpleton as he could fight his way in the world, whilst they who were so much cleverer could not get on. However they all traveled together, and at length came to an ant-hill. The two eldest brothers wanted to dig it up, to see how the little ants would run about in their fright, and carry off their eggs. But Dummling said, "Let the little creatures alone; I will not have you disturb them." Then they went further, and came to a lake, upon which were many, many ducks swimming about. The two brothers wished to catch a couple and roast them; but Dummling again said, "Leave the poor things in peace; I will not let you kill them." At length they came to a bee's nest, in which there was so much honey that it ran down the side of the tree. The two brothers would have set fire to the tree, and killed the bees, so that they might take away the honey; but Dummling again stopped them and said, "Leave the poor bees in peace; I will not have you burn them."

Then the three brothers came to a castle, and in the stable they saw many horses; but all were of stone. No one was to be seen, and they went on and on through all the rooms, until they came to a door at the furthest end, upon which hung three locks. In the middle of the door was a little wicket, through which they could peep into the chamber. There they saw a little grey man sitting at a table; and they called to him again and again; but he did not hear. At last they called a third time; then he got up from his seat and came out. He did not speak a word, but took them by the hand and led them to a table covered with all sorts of good things. And when they had eaten and drunk their fill, he took each one to his own sleeping room.

The next morning the little man came to the eldest brother, beckoned to him, and led him to stone-table, whereon were written three tasks, by which the castle might be disenchanted. The first was as follows, "In the wood beneath the moss lie hid the pearls of the king's daughter, a thousand in number: these must be sought; and if at sunset a single one is missing, he who searched shall be turned to stone." The eldest of the brothers sallied forth, and looked about all day long for the pearls; but when evening came he had not found more than a hundred; so it came to pass as was written on the table, and he was turned into stone. On the following day, the second brother undertook the task; but he had not much better luck than the eldest, for he found only two hundred pearls, and so he was changed to stone. At last came Dummling's turn. He searched and searched about in the moss, but, alas! the pearls were hard to find, and the work went slowly on. Then he sat down upon a stone and began to cry. And while he was sitting thus, up came the ant-king, whose life he had saved, with a troop of five thousand ants, and in a very short time the little creatures had found all the pearls and dragged them together into a heap.

Now the second task was, to fetch the key of the princess's chamber from the bottom of the lake. When Dummling came to the lake, the ducks, which he had before saved, came swimming up to him, dived to the bottom, and fetched up the key. The third task, however, was the hardest one—to find out the youngest and best of the three sleeping daughters of the king. But they were all exactly alike, and in no way differed from one another except that, before falling asleep, they had eaten of different sweets—the eldest one a piece of sugar, the second a little treacle, and the youngest a spoonful of honey. Then came the queen-bee, which Dummling had saved from the fire, and tasted the lips of all the three; at last she rested upon the lips of the one who had eaten the honey, and thus the king's son knew the right princess. Then the spell was broken; and all were awakened out of sleep, and those who had been changed to stone now returned to their proper form.—Dummling married the youngest and best daughter, and became king after her father's death; but his two brothers married the two other sisters.

THE WONDROUS STRANGER.
 That wonderful stranger, who recently came, And seemed so reluctant to mention his name, Is nothing in fact but a Faunus in disguise.—Don't start, if the news makes you open your eyes.

He will seem to be harmless, and helpless, you know, And work on folks' feelings, where'er he may go; He'll gain their allegiance, and make them obey, And rule o'er their hearts with a full regal sway.

He is destined hereafter most surely to stand A sovereign confessed in this our free land. HE WAS—I will tell you, without any MAYBE—Neither more, neither less, than a sweet little—BABY.

COURTIN BEN.

CHILDREN AND THE SOLDIER.

MILLEDORVILLE, July 22, 1863.

EV. MR. BOYKIN:
 Dear Sir: I have a little school in the country, and a few of my scholars have contributed a small sum of money for the benefit of the soldiers. I want lead them to think of so doing. I saw an account (in the Southern Presbyterian) of some little boy from your city giving to the soldiers some money that had been given to him for the purpose of buying toys. I read it to my scholars, and then made an appeal to them, proposing that they too should give something, consequently a few of them have done so:

Martha Trapp, \$1; George Trapp, 50 cts; Annola Rice, 50 cts; Helen Rice, 50 cts; Billy Rice, 50 cts; Polly Smith, \$1; Taylor Smith, \$1; Lou Smith, \$2; Eugenia Moyo, 50 cts.

I enclose five dollars and a half. You can use it either in buying tracts for the soldiers or in sending your excellent paper to them.—Either, I have no doubt, will be acceptable to them. Be sure to acknowledge it in the Child's Index. My scholars have (through the kindness of a friend) been made the recipients of this interesting paper. They always hail its approach with sparkling eyes and smiling faces, and their teacher also gives it a hearty welcome. Her greatest objection to it is that it doesn't come often enough. It has a field for great usefulness, I think, and I wish you God speed with it. Forgive me that I should have trespass upon your time as I have done.

I am yours in the bonds of Christian love,
 E. LANE.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

HAMILTON, HARRIS Co., Ga. Aug 8.

MY DEAR MR. BOYKIN: I GUESS IY this time you have almost if not quite forgotten me, as it has been some time since I've had anything to say to the "Index." I am still highly pleased with it; indeed, do not see how I could possibly get along without it such times as these.

Well, about the war. The storm still blows heavy, but our ship will ride it through. With joy we look forward, and with undoubting assurance anticipate, the sweets and the final triumph of Southern liberty. A great many have become very much discouraged, and some even say we are whipped now; but I think not—at least I'm not going to despair as long as there is one county left without a Yankee in it. I firmly believe if the Southern people will only do right and humble themselves as they should, that they will finally come out conquerors, though the times may grow more dark and gloomy than at the present. I can't see, for my part, how the Northern people are to come out victorious—a people professing to be so civilized and enlightened, and yet to carry on such an uncivilized war. The day of their overthrow certainly must not be far distant. Our only resource is to put our trust in the great Ruler of the Universe, who guides and directs the affairs of all nations, and who has said "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." O, for the olive branch of sweet peace to wave once more over our distressed and troubled country; and may the time be not far distant when the nations shall beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning hooks, and learn to

war no more. Dear Mr. Boykin, please to excuse my long letter about the war, for I have entirely forgotten myself. But how can any one help writing about the war when it is all the topic of conversation these days?

With my warmest wishes for the success of the "Index," I subscribe myself as before,
 Your little friend,
 ELIZA VANDAWAN.

HOTLER, GA., July 1, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin:
 I send you enclosed one dollar. Fifty cents of this I intend to pay for my paper. I see you have raised the price to one dollar, and as I have only sent 50 cents before, I now send fifty more. I have only received two numbers of the paper, and should have had six. I do not know where the fault is, but hope that the balance of the money will bring the paper regularly. It seems that the support of Mrs. Hartwell's children is turned over to the little folks, and as I am one of them, I wish to take a part good work; for the support of her children must be a good work, as she is in China teaching the heathen. The other fifty cts. is for that purpose. Your paper is about to find employment for us little ones. We are reading the Bible almost all of the time to find the answers to the Scripture Enigmas which you have so wisely arranged for our solution. After some labor I have found the answers to the Scripture Enigmas 5 and 7 which I send below.

Your in the good work,

MASON C. HOWELL.

"ENOWATER," June 26, '63.

Dear Mr. Boykin:
 I am now on a visit to Tommie Dennis, who showed me the "Child's Index." I am so delighted with it I want you to send it me.—Tommie says he would not be without it for anything, and I am sure to derive the same pleasure from it. I did not know there was such a paper in existence, for the benefit of children. So much I have gained from my visit. Tommie sends his love to you, and says he will write to you before long and send you some money for Mrs. Hartwell's children. I noticed you sent so many papers away, but do not forget the name of your new subscriber and Little friend,
 CHARLES MELLINS,
 Reynolds, Ga.

"PRAIRIE DELL," Miss. Aug. 2.

Dear Mr. Boykin:
 Aunt Nettie has given me two dollars and fifty cents. Please send me the "Child's Index," to Warsaw, where we live. We are out in the country now, at Grandpa Chambliss'. Send me the paper twelve months, and send the balance of my money to "Little Jesse." I read about "Little Carrie," in uncle Charlie's paper, and I am very sorry "Little Jesse" has no sweet little sister to play with him. Please put some very pretty stories in my paper. I can read them, but I cannot write. I had to get aunt Nettie to write this letter for me.
 Your little friend,
 JULIA CHAMBLISS.

"PRAIRIE DELL," Miss. Aug. 2.

Dear Mr. Boykin:
 Please send me some papers like Uncle Charlie's, and then send all the money you have left to "Little Jesse." Poor little Jesse, I wish he had another little baby sister to play with him. Didn't he cry very much when "Little Carrie" died? I know I should cry if God was to take my little sister, or brother Willie. I want "Little Carrie's" name in my paper. She is up in heaven with my Papa. I hope I shall go there sometime and see them.
 Your little friend,
 EMILIE ROY.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

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?
 Ans.—Nile. Exodus, vii: 21.
 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?
 Ans.—In the year B. C. 862. Jonah. The man was Amittai's son. 2nd Kings xiv. 25.
 Who prepared the Sabbath by carrying fish to a city and selling to the inhabitants?
 Ans.—Man of Tyre. Nehemiah xiii. 16.

What was the name of the disciple who caught a fish, and upon opening his mouth, found therein a piece of money?
 Ans.—Peter. Mat. xvii. 27.
 By whom was the fish-gate in the wall of Jerusalem built?
 Ans.—The sons of Haseenuh. Nehemiah, iii: 3.

Which of Jesus' disciples did he call from the employment of fisherman?
 Ans.—Simon and Andrew, James and John. 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?
 Ans.—Peter. John xxi. 7.

What kind of fish were the Israelites forbidden to eat?
 Ans.—Fish that had not fins and scales.—Lev. xi. 10, and Deut. xiv. 10.
 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?
 Ans.—Lake Gennesaret. Luke v. 1.

How many fish were miraculously used by the Saviour in feeding five thousand men, beside women and children?
 Ans.—Five. Mark vi. 38.
 LOYLA WHITCHARD.

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

13.

A king has a company assembled to celebrate his birth-day. A haughty dame is dancing before him. The king is so well pleased that he is promising to give her anything she will ask, even to the half of his kingdom. And she instructed by her revengeful mother, is asking for the head of a righteous man. Now the king's joy is turned into sorrow, for he fears to kill the righteous man; but he has made his promise, and is bound to perform it; and the righteous man must die merely for reproving sin. [Found in Matthew.

14.

There is a great multitude assembled in a large and splendid city for the purpose of trying an innocent man, who has been falsely accused. He is clothed in scarlet and a crown of thorns is on his head. They spit upon him, and with a reed they bruise his head.—They all, with one accord, agree that he must die.

They are now ascending a lofty mountain, and when they reach the top—oh! what a horrid scene—the innocent man is slain in the most cruel manner. And so horrid is the scene that the whole earth trembles and even the sun forbears to shine.

PHOTOS.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

9.

1. To what prophet did king Hzekiah send messengers in time of his trouble? [2d Kings.
 2. What city was built on a hill for which two talents of silver had been paid? [1st Kings.
 3. What does the Lord condescend to do with sinners, though their sins be as scarlet? [Isaiah.
 4. Who was the first man to be consecrated to minister in the Priest's office? [Exodus.
 5. What prophet caused iron to swim? [2nd Kings.
 6. Which of Laban's daughters was the eldest? [Genesis.
 The initials and full letters of the answers to the above questions spell the name of a patriarch and the name of the mother of one of the prophets.
 R. A. II.

10.

1. Of what nation was Sihon king? [Numbers.
 2. Who was taken from following sheep to be ruler over Israel? [2nd Sam.
 3. In what was one of our forefathers saved alive? [Gen.
 4. What was used as a perfume? [Prov.
 The initials and next letters of the answers to the above questions spell the names of two distinguished persons mentioned in the Bible.

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURES.

No. 11.

Paul making his defence before King Agrippa and Bernice. Acts 26: 29.
 "Shall I cut this loin of mutton saddle-piece!" said a gentleman carving. "No," said his friend, "cut it bridle-wise, for thou mayst all chance to get a bit into our mouths."



LITTLE SOPHIE
BY THE EDITOR.

WE told our young readers in the Jan. number of the Child's Index of the sleigh ride Nellie took; and we promised to tell some time or other what happened during the ride. We will now fulfil our promise.

Nellie and her brother set out at a dashing rate, the bells tinkling, and the smooth runners gliding noiselessly over the snow. It was not far from the sea, and the fresh sea-breeze blew with cutting coldness in the faces of herself and her brother. But they did not mind the cold, as they were well wrapped up in warm furs. They took a lunch along with them, for they were going to the city twenty miles off, and would not return till towards night.

O, how cold it was! Although Nellie pressed up closely to her brother, yet she got quite cold, riding against the wind.

When they got within about ten miles of the city, Nellie exclaimed—

"Stop, brother, stop! See that poor woman!"

Albert reined up his horse as quickly as he could and turned around and drove back a little ways. What was his surprise to see a poor woman, thinly clad, lying shivering in the corner of the fence half covered with snow! Her face looked the very picture of woe.

Albert jumped down and ran to her side, exclaiming, "What's the matter, madam? And why are you here in the cold?"

The poor woman raised her head slowly, and then glanced at the ground underneath her.

Deep pity took possession of Albert when he saw a young girl, whom the mother was trying to keep warm by lying over her. The girl's face was blue with cold; her eyes were shut, and she seemed to be asleep. Albert felt an icy feeling of horror stealing over his heart at the sight of human beings thus freezing to death. "Quick, madam, we have no time to lose. Let me carry the child to the city before it be too late." He lifted the mother up and spread his great coat over her as she sat leaning against the fence, for she was too weak to stand. Then raising the senseless girl in his strong arms, he said to his sister,

"Come, Nellie, you must get out and stay with the woman while I carry the child to the city. Take your fur robe and spread over you and her and try to keep warm."

Nellie sprang from the sleigh, her heart bleeding with sympathy. She took her lunch basket and fur-robe, and while Albert drove to the city at a rapid rate, she wrapped up herself and the woman, and tried to keep warm. But it was so cold; and the time seemed so long! But she did not forget her duty to the stranger. She took her cold hands and rubbed them, and spoke kindly to her. Warm tears gushed from the woman's closed lids, and froze as they fell.

"Won't you eat something?" said Nellie, as the stranger got warmer and opened her eyes whose gloom told of suffering and sorrow. She then opened the basket, and the woman eagerly devoured a portion of its contents. At length she was able to speak—

"May God bless you, my child!"

Nellie redoubled her exertions to warm and comfort the poor woman. But she began now to suffer much herself with cold. It seemed as though her brother never would return; and she and the stranger were both sinking into the stupor brought on by cold when the sleigh drove up.

Soon both were put in the sleigh by Albert's strong arms and driven rapidly towards the city. On their arrival there they stepped at the gate of a physician, and were aided to reach the house and were put to bed, and attended to great care.

On the morrow Mr. and Mrs. Baxter arrived

at the city; and as soon as it was convenient they had all three sufferers carried to their home, for by careful attention the strange girl was restored to animation.

Nellie soon recovered entirely; and it was her delight to wait on the strangers. The lady was taken with a brain fever, and lingered long between life and death. But, strange to say, her daughter soon got entirely well, except that it took her sometime to recover all her former strength.

How tenderly did Nellie watch and nurse her "patients," as she called them! "Did she not find them? Did she not give up her place in the sleigh? Did she not stay with the woman and feed and keep her warm?" Her heart glowed with satisfaction when she thought over it all; and she almost wept tears of joy when her father and mother praised her for saving the lives of the two poor people.

At length the lady began to recover; but it was many days before she could give an account of herself. One day Mr. and Mrs. Baxter sat by her bedside and said—

"We would be glad to hear your story today, if you feel able to tell it."

In reply, she began—"I can refuse nothing to such kind friends as you, and will tell you all."

My name was Mary Aseo. I was born in Boston. Fourteen years ago I was married, and when, seven years ago, my husband was appointed consul to Naples, I went with him. And then my troubles began; for after we had embarked from New York, I discovered to my horror that my little Lizzie was missing. I thought her nurse was taking care of her, and the nurse, who attended Ella, there, thought that Lizzie was with me. And so my Lizzie was left; and as the Captain would not turn back, to land me, I was compelled, with a broken heart, to leave my babe. I have never heard from her since. I remained in Naples six years with my husband, when he died, while on a trip into the country, and I returned to America with Ella, my only treasure, completely disconsolate.

A flood of tears here interrupted her story, and all the company, including Nellie and Ella, wept in sympathy.

"I landed one month ago, a complete stranger, and penniless. My great object was to find my child; but what could I do? With Ella I had wandered forth that cold day, without food or warm clothing, and had laid down to die, when your son drove by and rescued us from a miserable death. But I sometimes wish, in my misery, that we had been permitted to die."

"Is there no sign by which you would know your child?" asked Mrs. Baxter.

"Yes. On her left shoulder she has three strawberry marks."

Mrs. Baxter started in surprise. She hastily removed the clothing from Nellie's shoulder, and displayed three strawberry marks, then placing her in the lady's lap, said,

"She is your daughter. Seven years ago we found her friendless and helpless, and have nurtured her as our own ever since."

"My long lost child!" shrieked the lady, as she gave vent to a piercing cry of delight.

"My mother—my mother—and did I save the lives of my own mother and sister!" and Nellie threw her arms around her mother's neck and wept for joy, while tears flowed freely from every eye.

"Tell me your name," said Mr. Baxter, after the violence of their emotion had abated.

"Eva Mann—my husband was named Arthur Mann."

"Is it possible? Then I have the pleasure of telling you that before his departure your husband left in trust in the hands of my law-partner, \$25,000, which is now yours, and subject to your order."

Mrs. Mann raised her eyes towards heaven in thankfulness; but said nothing. Words could not express her feelings. She and Ella soon got entirely well. They bought a home near the Baxters and lived in great happiness.

One day a stranger hurriedly entered the front gate of her yard. He walked into the house without knocking, entered the sitting-room, sprang forward with a cry of joy, clasped Mrs. Mann to his bosom, saying, in tones of joyous rapture, "My dear wife!"

It was Mr. Mann. He had not died, but had been seized by Italian banditti, or robbers, and hurried to the mountains to be ransomed at a great price. They sent word to his wife that he was dead; and as she believed

it, she soon left for America. Mr. Mann made his escape after a while, set sail for America, soon found his wife, as we have related, and the entire family, including even Biddy, were once more enjoying the greatest happiness under the same roof.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.
THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

BY "LILA."

COME, dear aunt, and take this cool pleasant seat I have prepared for you. We are all here and waiting now for that promised story."

"Well, my little darlings, I am always ready to gratify you, and feel complimented that you prefer my company to a good romp with the boys."

"O, Aunt, we do not feel like romping or playing this afternoon, for Rufus has just told us that his little cousin is dead, and he cried so much, and looked so sad, that we all feel like crying too. But, aunt, one good thing he told us that made him smile through his tears, and it was that when the doctor told the little fellow that he was very near the grave, he was so happy, and clapped his weak hands and said, 'I am going to Jesus.' He then looked all around the room, as if he was bidding farewell to everything, and said, 'now for my crown.'"

"Well, Willie, do you know what made Rufus so willing to die?"

"I suppose, aunt, he was a Christian, for he was a very good boy, and would often tell us, in school, that we should love the Saviour and give him our young hearts now."

"That is it, my dear child. Rufus made God his early, only choice, and when sickness and death came he was not afraid of the dark grave, but gladly welcomed the messenger that was to carry him into his Saviour's presence. I will tell you, now, a story about one of my Sunday School scholars, that may interest and prompt you to seek the Lord even in your childhood."

"One Sabbath as I came from my class and entered the church, I saw a little girl sitting all alone in a vacant pew before me. I was struck with her appearance, and feeling for her loneliness, I invited her to take a seat with me. I then inquired if she attended Sunday School. Her reply was, 'No ma'am, but if you will take me, I will promise to come every morning. I said certainly I would and hoped we would love each other very much on farther acquaintance. The dear child's face was radiant with smiles, and quickly she replied;

"O! I love you now, ma'am because you have asked me to go to Sunday School."

"Well, the next Sabbath morning, bright and early, she was in my class, and could not do enough to show her love and appreciation for Bible truths. Every word I uttered she would repeat and thank me for, and when I spoke of Jesus and his love for poor sinners, the tears would run down her cheeks, and I could hear her whisper, 'I love dear Jesus.' My little scholar was not good and kind to strangers—winning and lovely in school—but ugly and cross at home! O, no! she was a dutiful daughter, and gladdened her dear ones by kind words and tender attentions. Her mother would often say to me, 'I cannot tell you what a dear, obedient child my Rosa is. Truly, she is the comfort of this home.' And then with pleasure I would see her little brother run to her and lay his head in her lap and say, 'My dear, feet little. Me love 'ou too much!'"

"One Sunday morning my pet scholar (for who could but love such a pure, heavenly-minded child?) came to me after school, and, with tears in her eyes, begged me to pray for her, and said,

"O, my dear teacher, I want to be a Christian."

"My heart was too full to speak. I could only press her little warm hand again and again to my lips and breathe forth, 'My God, I thank thee for this precious jewel that I is added to my Saviour's crown!'" The next day I hastened to see her, and found her rejoicing in Jesus. As soon as she heard that I was in the parlor, she ran in and flung her arms around my neck, exclaiming,

"My sins are all forgiven now, and I am a Christian!"

She was considered under excitement and friends urged her parents to delay her uniting with the church until she was elder; but her reply was,

"Stand not in the way of your child, dear mother. Let me give Jesus my entire life."

Her parents were constrained to yield to her entreaties, and gladly did Rosa surrender herself to Him who has said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." I cannot tell you how very happy I felt the Sunday I saw my scholar robed in her white dress, standing at the baptismal pool.—The church was crowded, but she was calm, and appeared to be lost in the sacred duty she was about to perform. As our pastor hid her young form beneath the yielding waters, he called upon all to imitate the example of the youthful convert, who, in the morning of her life, had given herself to the Lord. This dear child has grown in years and continued to shine a bright star in the church and family circle. In her daily life she pleads her Master's cause, and may well bless her for bringing them to the feet of Jesus.

Now, children, I have told you a "true and true story;" will you try and say with dear little Rosa, "I want to be a Christian!"

DANIEL WEBSTER AS A SCHOOL BOY.

IT is narrated of him that when he first appeared at the academy of Mr. Abbott, his personal appearance in his ill-fitting, homely, homespun garments, together with his shy, awkward manners, created much merriment among the boys, and many jokes were cracked at his expense.—Young Daniel's sensitive nature could ill brook this; and, after suffering from it two or three days, he went to the teacher and told him he must go home. The teacher inquired the cause, and Daniel made a clear breast of it. The former bade him not mind it, but keep quietly at his studies, and his turn would come by-and-by. He obeyed; and at the end of the week he was placed at the head of the class that had ridiculed him. After two months had passed in hard study, the teacher, at the close of the school one day, called him up, in presence of all the scholars, and told him he could not stay there any longer: to go and get his books and hat and leave. Poor Daniel's heart sunk down to his shoes. He had studied hard, bearing patiently the ridicule of his mates, and now to be turned off in disgrace was more than he could stagger under. The teacher waited a moment to watch the astonishment of the school, and then added, "This is no place for you; go to the higher department!" That was probably the proudest moment in Mr. Webster's life. He had triumphed over his companions, and that by outstripping them in their studies.

OLD ENOUGH TO BE CONVERTED.

"MOTHER," said Anna Hall, "how old must a person be to be converted?"

"Some are converted very young," said Mrs. Hall.

"Am I old enough to be converted?"

"Are you old enough to love your father and mother?"

"Yes, mother, I do love you."

"Then you are old enough to love Jesus."

"I can't convert myself, can I?"

"No; but you can ask Jesus to convert you."

"If you really desire to be converted, and ask him to give you a new heart, he will do so."

THE CHRISTIAN INDEX:

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