



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



THE "RAID."
BY THE EDITOR.

WHAT is a "raid?" It is an expedition into an enemy's country, for the purpose of burning bridges, tearing up rail roads, taking prisoners, capturing towns, destroying public property, and doing as much harm as possible to that enemy. A "raid" is generally made by horsemen, or cavalry, because they can move very quickly from place to place, and can not be very easily captured. A great many raids have been made, both by the Southerners and by the Yankees, during the present fierce and bloody war in which we are engaged.

Not a great while since, a Yankee Colonel, named Straight, entered the northern part of Georgia, with sixteen hundred armed horsemen and marched rapidly towards Rome, (Georgia had been ordered to reach the town of Rome, if possible, and burn all the Government works there, and then proceed to the State Rail Road, running from Atlanta to Chattanooga, and burn as many bridges as he could, and afterwards try to make his way back to Tennessee.

But our brave cavalry officer, General Forrest, followed the "raiders" with six hundred men, and attacked them every day. The Yankees sped on their course to Rome as fast as they could. The gallant Forrest being on their rear, attacking and whipping them all the time. At length the Yankees crossed a stream and destroyed its bridge, and when General Forrest and his men reached the stream, they could not cross.

The stream was too deep to ford by wading through the water. What was our men to do? If they did not make haste the Yankees would reach Rome, burn it, and then destroy the most important bridges on the State Rail Road, and this would have injured us very much.

Away the "raiders" were flying on their mission of destruction. But Forrest could not cross the stream, with his men and cannon. He rode up to a house and inquired if any one knew of a "ford," where he could cross the river on horseback. He was told that there was such a place. He then inquired if any one could guide him to the spot. A brave and patriotic young lady replied that she could, and she got up behind General Forrest, on his horse, and soon guided him to the ford and rode across the river with him to point out the way.

Was she not a brave and patriotic young lady? Indeed, she was.

And now Forrest and his men can cross the river: now they can renew the pursuit!

Hurrah! hurrah! They rushed across the river, although the enemy tried to prevent it. They dashed on at full speed after the Yankees.

Hurrah! Haste, men, haste, or you will be too late! But they were not too late. They caught up with the Yankees and prepared to attack them. But before doing so, General Forrest sent a flag of truce and demanded a

surrender of the whole force. The Yankee Colonel was frightened. Forrest who had gone with the flag of truce himself, boldly threatened to kill the whole of them if they did not surrender, and the Yankee Colonel, not knowing the number of Forrest's men, did surrender. Sixteen hundred men surrendered to six hundred, and gave up all their horses and arms and became prisoners of war!

Hurrah for Forrest and his brave men! And hurrah for the brave Miss Hanson who guided Forrest to the Ford!

This was a Yankee "raid." But it proved a failure on their part. We hope all their raids will also prove failures, and that all their armies will be whipped and that they will be driven from our country. Then, we will have peace; but not till then.

STORIES FOR THE CHILDREN.
GRANDPA'S STORY, OR JULIA THORNTON.

BY UNCLE BATTON.

(Continued.)

DO tell us about it, Grandpa." "Yes, Grandpa, please tell me what she said and what she did to make you love her so. I want you to love me just as you loved her."

"I love you enough already, Lucy—do you want me to love you more?"

"No, Grandpa, but you don't love me just like you did her. She was so good."

"Pray that the Lord will make you good, my child. He alone can give you a new heart, and renew a right spirit within you. Go to Jesus, my precious one, if you want to be a Christian, such as your cousin Julia was.— Beg of Jesus to give you a new heart, full of love to him and all the world. Pray to him that he will make you his own dear loving, gentle child, willing to do and suffer all his holy will."

"I do try to pray, Grandpa, but I can not be good. It seems to me the more I pray the worse I grow."

"That may be because God is showing you how sinful your heart is and how much you need his Holy Spirit to change it. But keep on praying, my darling," said the old man while he drew her nearer to him and put his hand upon her glossy head. "Keep on praying. It is not praying that makes you worse—there is an old proverb and a very true one—'Praying will make us leave off sinning, or sinning will make us leave off praying'; they always work against each other."

"Won't you pray for me, Grandpa. I do want to be a child of God."

"I have been praying for you, Lucy, for many months, and trust that God is now about to answer my prayers, but it is your own prayers that will bring you near to Jesus. Your little cousin began to pray before I ever saw her, and every night after she came to me she made me sad to see one so young and so pure calling on God for pardon of her sins while I was living without prayer. One night

after she had prayed, she came to kiss me, as she always did before she went to sleep, and looking with her large blue eyes right into mine, she said, 'You do love my Jesus, don't you Uncle John?'

What could I say? I did not like to grieve the little trusting heart by saying that I hardly ever thought of religion, and so I asked her why she questioned me so earnestly about Jesus.

"Oh," she said, 'I love him so much. I shall go some day and be with him. My Mamma has gone, and you will go too, won't you Uncle John? I know you must love Jesus.'

Why should I love him, Julia? What has he done for me?

She looked with a strange wondering gaze into my eyes, as if she could not understand what I meant, or was unwilling to believe her ears. She could not think that any one could be so ignorant as not to know what Jesus had done, or so wicked as not to love him; but in a moment a sweet smile spread over her face and made her look like an angel indeed, as she said, 'Oh yes, Uncle John, I see what you want, you want me to tell all about what Jesus has done for us, you know I love to talk about that. Mamma told me once that to one ought to be ashamed to talk about Jesus, but could not see how any one should ever think of such a thing. I would be ashamed if I did not talk about Jesus.'

Then tell me, said I, all that you know about him, and may be I will love him too.

You do love him, Uncle John. I know you do. You only talk to try me. Oh, I am so sorry for the poor heathens who do not know Jesus, and so never can love him!

But my child, said I, do you not know that when they are told about Jesus, the heathens hate him, and even here some who have heard about him all their lives do not love him.

Yes, she said, slowly, and after a moment's thought, 'I remember now, Mamma told me that we are all so wicked by nature that no one will love him till the Holy Spirit comes and changes our hearts and makes us new creatures in Christ. But the Holy Spirit has come to you has it not Uncle John?'

No, my child, I am afraid not, I never thought much about these things.

She looked so surprised and so sad that I almost felt sorry that I had told her, but after a moment she crept closer to me and putting both her little arms around my neck, said, 'Dear Uncle John, why don't you ask our Heavenly Father to give you the Holy Spirit?'

I do not know that he would do it if I should ask him.

Why, yes, Uncle John, I know he would. How do you know Julia?

Why, Uncle John, Jesus himself said he would. 'Ask and ye shall receive. Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you.'

And then in another place he says:

'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, much more will your Heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to them that ask him.'

Mamma said that if I asked her for anything that she knew would do me good, she would try to do it for me, and our Heavenly Father is still more willing to give his Spirit than the kindest parents can be to give the things they most need to their children.

She was so earnest and it all looked so plain and simple that I could not but feel that it was true, and when she looked up so lovingly in my face and said, 'Won't you ask him right now, Uncle John?' from my heart I said, yes, I will, and I asked her to pray to the Lord for me.

She slid softly down upon her knees and clasping her little hands, said, 'Please, our Heavenly Father, send the Holy Spirit to dear Uncle John and give him a new heart so he

will love Jesus.' Then she rose and put both her hands upon my face and said, 'Now he will do it, and you will love Jesus, like my Mamma did and when I go to be with them you will come too.'

In the comfort of this simple faith she went to her little bed and fell asleep. But I could not sleep—I was so wicked that I did not love Jesus. The more I thought about it, the more sinful I felt myself to be. I would have given all the world for the trusting love which that dear child had for her Saviour, but I did not yet fully understand that such love comes only from God.

[To be continued.]

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

- Our Father, God, who art in heaven, All hallowed be thy name; Thy Kingdom come; thy will be done In heaven and earth the same.
- Give us this day our daily bread; And as we those forgive Who sin against us, so may we Forgiving grace receive.
- Into temptation lead us not; And thine the Kingdom, thine the power, And glory ever be.

Let me pray First.

A very intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several ill-looking boys were amusing themselves in the very dangerous practice of throwing stones. Not observing the boys, one of them, by accident, threw a stone toward her, and struck her a cruel blow in the eye.

She was carried home in great agony.— The surgeon was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready.

"No, father, not yet," she replied.

"What do you wish us to wait for child?" "I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterwards submitted to the operation with a patience worthy of a woman.

How beautiful this little girl appears under those trying circumstances! Surely Jesus heard the prayer made in that hour;— and he will love every child that truly calls upon his name. Let every boy and girl learn to pray; and let the idle be careful how they throw stones.

THE MONKEY.

A Monkey got into the room of a rich miser, who never gave a farthing to the poor; and seeing a chest full of gold, he began flinging the sovereigns out at the window among the people, till there was not one left. The miser had just finished his work when the old miser came home; and seeing what had been done, his rage was very great, and he would have killed the monkey on the spot, if he had not jumped away faster than he came in. A neighbor, hearing what had been done, said to the miser, "It was very foolish of the monkey, certainly, to throw the sovereigns out at the window; but it was still more foolish for you to keep them locked up in a chest, without making any good use of them."

— A child having got a flannel cloth to dry while his mother was busied otherwise, held it so close to the fire that it soon began to change color. "Mamma," he cried, "is it done enough when it looks brown?"

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

THE CHRISTIAN INDEX:

A Baptist Family Religious paper, published by Samuel Boykin, Macon, Georgia. It possesses the best corps of contributors of any religious paper in the South. Its stated correspondents are numerous and able. Its summary of news is unsurpassed. It aims to be the Pastor's aid, the Christian's guide, and the Sinner's friend. It is of full size and handsomely printed on good paper. Price \$5 00 per annum.

Address S. BOYKIN, Macon, Ga.

NEW TERMS OF THE CHILD'S INDEX

(Payable always in advance.)

| | |
|-------------------------|--------|
| Single copies..... | \$1.00 |
| Four copies..... | 2.00 |
| Ten copies..... | 3.00 |
| Twenty copies..... | 4.00 |
| Thirty copies..... | 5.00 |
| Forty copies..... | 6.00 |
| Sixty copies..... | 8.00 |
| One hundred copies..... | 10.00 |

Or at the rate of 50 cents per copy. When the times permit, the price will be reduced. Orders for the paper and business communications may be addressed to

S. BOYKIN, Macon, Ga.

THE LAWTON FAMILY.

(Conversation Continued.)

ELENA said, "I have read and heard a good deal about the 'primitive churches;' what is meant by the primitive churches?"

Mr. Lawton replied: "By the primitive churches we mean the christian churches, established by the apostles, or about the time of the apostles. You know after the death of Jesus a church was formed in Jerusalem under the immediate care of the apostles. This church had its deacons and its ministers, and engaged in eating the Lord's supper.

Many were united to it by baptism, but only men and women; no children. (Acts 8: 11, and Acts: 1-1.)

Well, soon this church was scattered by persecution and they went everywhere preaching the word. The consequence was that soon other churches were formed. And a little later the apostles and many zealous preachers went into all parts of the known world preaching Christ, and everywhere establishing churches, as you may see in the acts of the apostles.

These churches must have been true and correct christian churches, because they were established by those who had enjoyed the immediate instructions of Christ, or who were under the direct influence of the Holy Spirit. These were the first churches, and are, therefore, called primitive from the Latin word *primus*, first.

"Were they Baptist churches?" asked Helena, "and were their members Baptists?"

"The first christians were not called Baptists; nor were the churches called Baptist churches. But they were such churches as would now be called Baptist churches.

"I suppose," interrupted Bill Harris, "that is the reason you say the first christian churches were Baptist Churches?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Lawton. "They are the model after which the Baptist churches of this day follow; and if those churches established by Paul and Peter and James existed now, they would be called Baptist churches."

"Why, then, it follows as a matter of course that the Baptists of this day are just like the New Testament churches, or primitive churches."

"Certainly, William; that is what Baptists constantly aim at and contend for—that their churches are modeled after the New Testament churches, and more like them than any other churches in the world. They think that it is wrong to organize churches on any other model; as they think Christ and his apostles knew the best model for a church and that they established the kind of church organization most suited to the will of God; and best adapted to the real spirit of christianity."

"And have such churches as the apostles established continued from that time down to the present time?" asked William.

"Without a doubt there have been christians at all periods from then till now, who believe what the primitive or first christians believed, and worship like they did. These christians took the New Testament for their chart, or guide; and in all main essentials believe as the Baptists now do. They always held themselves distinct from the Catholic church, which they considered corrupt and apostate.

They went under different names at different times; but persisted in practising immersion, and in rejecting infant baptism. They insisted upon faith before baptism, that christians ought to be holy, and that they could be saved through the merits of Christ alone.

I repeat that christians who believe pretty much as Baptists now believe, have existed ever since the time of Christ; and hence we say that Baptists and Baptist churches have existed ever since the time of Christ.

In 1819," continued Mr. Lawton, "two learned and pious pedobaptists published in Europe, an 'Account of the origin of the Dutch Baptists,' and I will read you a few words taken from their book.

"We have never seen that the Baptists, who were formerly called Anabaptists, and in later times Menonites, were the original Waldenses; and who have long, in the history of the church, received the honor of that origin. On this account the Baptists may be considered as the only christian community which has stood since the days of the apostles, and as a christian society, which has preserved pure the doctrines of the gospel through all ages."

And this is what Baptists believe.

Now hear what the celebrated historian Mosheim says:

"The true origin of that sect which acquired the denomination of *Anabaptists*, by administering anew the rite of baptism to those who came over to their communion; and derived that of *Menonites* from the famous man to whom they owe the greatest part of their present felicity, is hid in the *remotest depths of antiquity*, and is, of consequence extremely difficult to be ascertained."

But it is late now, and we must wait till next Sunday night for another conversation."

(To be continued.)

COMPLIMENTARY LETTER.

WHEN we attended the Southern Baptist Convention at Augusta, in May last, Rev. E. T. Skinner, the Pastor of the Raleigh Baptist in North Carolina, told us that the Sabbath School of his church was desirous to see a likeness of the Editor of the Child's Index, and that we must proceed, forthwith, to a daguerrean gallery, and have the picture taken. To this our modesty demurred, though we professed a willingness for him to choose out some handsome man to represent us in that operation. But, no! nothing would satisfy him but instant and personal compliance.

So, as we had, indeed, become deeply interested in one of the very best Sabbath Schools in the Confederacy, such as we know that at Raleigh to be, we consented. We had received strong proofs that no school in the South loved the Child's Index more, or was more friendly to its editor, and therefore willingly showed our appreciation of good feeling on the part of our young friends.

Well, a photograph likeness was taken and sent; and the following gratifying letter has been received, which we publish as an evidence of our appreciation.—**ED. CHILD'S INDEX.**

RALEIGH, N. C., August 10th, 1863.

To Mr. S. BOYKIN,

Dear Sir: In behalf of the Raleigh Baptist Sabbath School, I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your Portrait. The children of this school are very proud of the privilege of being subscribers to the Child's Index, and could you witness the eagerness with which they inquire for your paper, at the beginning of every month, and then see the pleasure and satisfaction it affords them to read it, I know you would feel fully compensated for your efforts to amuse and instruct them.

From the time that your paper made its first appearance in our Sunday School, the children have loved you very much, and their desire to see you has been very great, and now that you have been so kind to them as to send them your portrait, thus giving every little boy and girl an opportunity of seeing the pic-

ture of the Editor of their paper, their affection and gratitude for you is inexpressible.

When our Superintendent, Brother W. J. Palmer, presented your portrait to the School, one of the scholars made a motion to the effect that the school should return you their thanks for this token of your esteem, and the Secretary was instructed to write to you on the subject. I have therefore the pleasure of communicating with you, and of conveying to you, the unanimous thanks of the Raleigh Baptist Sunday School, for this much esteemed pledge of your affection and friendship. You may be assured that you will be long remembered here by them, and that they entertain a true and sincere appreciation of the present you have made them. They intend placing your portrait in a conspicuous part of their school room, so that every one who attends the Sabbath School will have an opportunity of seeing it, and they will be very proud to point it out to every visitor, and tell them it is the Editor of their paper.

With a hearty wish for the success of your valuable paper, I remain,

Yours respectfully, Wm. H. Dobb,
Secretary, Raleigh Baptist Sunday School.

"UNCLE CHARLES."

We extract, for this number of the Child's Index, an article on baptism, from "Simple Rhymes for Children," by "Uncle Charles."

Our little readers should know that *Uncle Charles* is Rev. C. D. Mallory, of Albany, Ga., who loves children so much. We expect to make other extracts from his book.

RECEIVED FOR "LITTLE JESSE"

From Katy Price, Wetumpka, Ala., \$1; V. G. Hundley, Danville, Va., \$1; Jesse Weston, Dawson, Ga., 50 cents; G. M. Harrington, Danville, Va., \$1; some unknown friend in Columbus, Ga., \$1; Eddie C. Dargan, Darlington, S. C., 75 cents.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

THE HUMMING BIRD.

By Mrs. M. A. M'CRIMMON.

ISAT this morning, with pen in hand, gazing out of my window, and wondering what I should write for the thousands of bright eyes that are eagerly watching for the next number of the "Child's Index" a humming bird commenced darting about among the flowers, at which I was looking, his dark velvety, purple and golden hues glancing in the sunshine, like a speck from the rainbow's wing.

"I wonder what humming birds were made for?" I thought to myself, as I watched him cooing and wooing the beautiful flower bells, that drooped their crimson lips to kiss him.—"Only made to be pretty, and sweet, and graceful," was the mental reply, "they are so small and airy to be of any practical value—but let me see what Audubon says about them."

Audubon, you know, was a man who spent his life in studying the peculiarities and habits of birds; he has also written a great deal on the subject, and given us thousands of handsome drawings of different birds; so to Audubon I went, and what do you suppose he said? I will give it to you in his own language.

"The humming bird's tongue is a curious thing. It has two tubes alongside of each other, like the tubes of a double barreled gun. These tubes separate at the tip of the tongue and go off into two little spoons, so that with them the honey is spooned out of the flowers and then drawn through the tubes into the mouth. But the arrangement of the tongue is useful in another way. The bird catches insects with it, for he lives on them as well as honey. The two spoons grasp the insect like a pair of tongues. Thus you see there are several instruments united in one humming bird's tongue—2 pumps, 2 spoons, and a pair of tongs."

Who would have thought it! Who could have imagined, while watching the little fellow suspended over a flower, with his wings fanning its petals, and his soft low hum lulling the fairies to repose, that he had anything so practical about him? Did you ever think, my little friend, of his having any business in the world, besides sipping the honey dew from the roses' hearts, and darting about on his exquisite little wings, and being beautiful?

Probably, not; but God has never made anything without a useful purpose, and this gem of the feathered tribes has his mission in life, as well as you, my little boy, or girl. His

business is to insert his curious tongue, with its spoons and tongs, into the heart of the flowers, and extract therefrom such insects as might destroy its bloom. So, when you see him glancing from flower to flower, with his bright wings quivering in the sunshine, remember he is about his Master's work—fulfilling the object for which he was made. He falls not to the ground but the Great Eye which watches over all is upon him.

Dear young friends, you are of more value than many birds, and you, too, have some other work in life besides being beautiful and enjoying the sunshine and the flowers. Life's pleasures are for your enjoyment, but do not forget its duties by the way. You may have some noisome things to extract from the roses' hearts, or the lily's cup in life, but shrink not from the task. While all created beings have their allotted tasks to perform, be diligent in yours, remembering that the reward is heaven.

"HE WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."

JESUS was benevolent. That is a long word. What does it mean? We shall see. When Jesus saw any one in trouble, he always did what he could to help them. He went about doing good.

Once, when he was passing along the road, a poor blind man, hearing the steps of the people going by, asked who it was. A man told him it was Jesus. Then he called out aloud, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." The man told him to be still, and said Jesus would not wish to be hindered. But Jesus heard him, and kindly stopped to ask him what he wished. "Lord, that I might receive my sight," said the poor blind man. It is dreadful to be blind, and not able to see the bright sun and beautiful flowers, nor ever to look in the faces of dear friends. Jesus was sorry for the poor man, and he cured him of his blindness, and made him see.

Another time he saw a poor sick and lame man, who could not rise from his bed. He had had him there a great many years. He could not walk nor work, Jesus said, "Wilt thou be made whole?" And when the man said, "Yes," he gave him strength so that he rose from his bed and walked away to his home. Jesus was benevolent.

Sometimes he went to a town to spend the night, and the people would bring all the sick, and lame, they could find, and he would heal them all. He loved to see how happy they were. It made him glad to do them good.—He was benevolent.

Once, a father who had a sick little girl came to him and begged him to come to see her and cure her. She was so sick they thought her dying, and her father and mother were very sad at parting with her. They would be very lonely without her. Jesus was sorry for them. He went to the bedside and found she was dead; but he took hold of her hand and gave her strength, and she sat up in the bed, and soon grew quite well. And no one was more happy than Jesus, who had done so much for them all.

Can little children be benevolent? Yes; every little girl and boy can do some good.—You cannot do exactly as Jesus did. You cannot give sight to the blind, nor heal the sick. But you can do a great many things for their comfort. If your mother is sick you can read to her; or you can stand by her bed, and be ready to do a message for her; or brush the flies away; or fan her. If you are too small to do these things, you can keep very still, and walk very softly. The sick do not like a noise. It disturbs them.

You cannot make the blind see, as Jesus did, but you can comfort them. If you know a blind man, or woman, or child, you can speak kindly and cheerfully to them. You can give them your hand, and show them where to go. You can read to them. You can tell them what you see. You can sing to them. You can pity them. Then you will be like Jesus.

There are a great many poor little children that are cold and hungry, and have no good home and warm fire. When you are old enough, you can carry them some clothes and some wood, if your mother will allow you.—Little girls can learn to knit and sew, and knit their stockings, or make their dresses and aprons. Should you not be very happy to give a pair of warm stockings to a poor little child with cold, aching feet? That would be doing as Jesus would do, and he would smile on you. Little children can be benevolent.

OUR NEGROES.
BY THE EDITOR.

How peaceful and happy our Negroes were before the war! And how peaceful and happy they are now; whereas the cruel and wicked Yankee invaders have not appeared!

Happy in their servitude, where God placed them, they plant and cultivate our corn and cotton for us, they gather in the crop and drive it to market, and are ever ready to crack their jokes and make the air ring with their jolly mirth. No set of laborers in all the world are happier than our blacks. They are kindly treated, well clothed and fed, nursed in sickness, and, when old, cared for affectionately. In return they obey their masters, work willingly for them, and love them very much. Free from care, they know little of trouble.



See Tom and Dick how lazily and good humoredly they lounge upon that load of cotton. Coffee is the driver and he is very faithful and careful. They are on their way to town, where their master will sell the cotton and give each some change. With this they will buy a "hankcher," some "barker" and a "few yards o'clof." They will return home and on next Sunday, Henry, Cuff's wife, will wear "a bran new head hankcher" at church, and Tom will sport a "new pair o' shoes," while Dick will boast a new hat, which was "a present from massa."

What a pity that the abominably middle-some Yankees cannot mind their own business and let our slaves alone! But, no! They think it their mission to interfere in our domestic matters, and rob us of all the negroes they can. So, wherever they go they steal the negroes and carry them off and let them starve, or die of sickness, or else make soldiers out of them to be killed in battle.

They are trying to destroy our liberties, deprive us of our property, take away our lands, and govern us in the most tyrannical manner. Shall we submit to all this? No. We have taken up arms, and collected large armies and put them under great generals, and we mean to fight the Yankees until we drive them from our country. Are we right? Yes, God gave us our liberties, and we are right in defending them. These lands are ours and we will fight for them to the death. Our slaves belong to us, and the Bible authorizes us to hold them as such, and the Yankees have no business interfering in the matter.

So that not only are we right in taking up arms to drive off our enemies, but we can justly pray for God's blessing and help, for deliverance in our time of trouble, for he has said, "on all you are in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee."

THE DISCONTENTED BITTERN.

A FABLE.

A bittern was dissatisfied with his condition. He did not love to be living in swamps, and eating all manner of reptiles. He wanted to live in the orchard like the robin, and be a favorite with everybody. "Bitterns can sing as well as robins," said he, "and I have no notion of being confined to a marsh, and catching fever and ague all my days." So he started for the orchard, partly flying and partly running at full speed, and determined to build him a house like the robin, on an apple-tree. He was engaged in this business the next day, when some one from the cottage, near by, saw him, and shot him, so that his wing was broken; then he was glad to hobble back to his old home in the swamp, and go to eating frogs and worms again.

MORAL.

Sometimes, when we complain of our condition in life, Providence allows us to change it, but shows us that we were perhaps quite as well off before.

A gentleman, who thought his two sons consumed too much time in hunting and shooting, gave them the appellation of Nimrod and Hamrod.

Extract from "Simple Rhymes for Children,"
By Uncle Charles.

BAPTISM.

Cooper—Mother, I saw father lead several persons into the water last Sabbath, and put them down under the water, and then raise them up again; why did he do so?

Mrs. C.—Did you not hear him say, I baptize you in the name of the Father, &c. He baptized them, my child.

Cooper—And what did he baptize them for? What does that mean?

Mrs. C.—Have you not read in the bible that Christ Jesus, just before he went up into heaven, told his disciples to go into all the world, and preach to the people, and to baptize the people? Now, when the Lord changes a sinner's heart and he repents of sin, and puts his trust in Jesus Christ, it is his duty to be baptized, and to become a member of the church of Christ, and let every person know that he is one of God's people. Sherwood, can you repeat the little verse in Galatians, 3d chapter, 27th verse.

Sherwood—I think I can. "For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ, have put on Christ."

Mrs. C.—That is correct. Now I wish you to notice that persons who are baptized properly, profess to put on Christ, i. e., they take upon them-

self his name, his commands, his service.—They turn their backs upon the world, they promise to forsake sin, they openly declare that Christ is their Savior, their King, and their portion, and that they intend to love and serve him forever.

Jesse Mercer—Does baptism take away sin, and make people good?

Mrs. C.—No, my child. Baptism is "not the putting away of the flesh of the flesh," as the Bible says: it is not that by which our wicked nature is changed; the blood of Christ is that, and that only, which can wash away sin. But baptism is a kind of figure or picture of it. Martha Jane, do you understand this?

Martha Jane—I think I do. See, mother, here is a picture book, and here is the picture of the sun; but mother, this is not the sun, but only a representation of the sun. So, when a person is buried under the water, and thus washed, as it were, in the water, this is not being washed from sin, but it is a kind of picture which we can look upon, to teach us that the sins of the soul are washed away by the blood of Christ.

Mrs. C.—That explanation, perhaps, will do. But I will leave the subject with your father; he can tell you all about it.

Mr. C.—Jesse Mercer, turn to Romans, 6th chapter, and read 3rd, 4th and 5th verses; and also read the 12th verse of the 2d chapter of Colossians. Now, I cannot explain fully to your understanding every thing contained in these verses, but you see that in baptism we are buried with Christ, and we rise with Christ. Baptism, then, is the picture of a burial; and also of a resurrection, or a coming up to life again. Now when a person is changed by God's Spirit, and brought to believe in Christ, his sins are forgiven, and he is made to hate and forsake sin. He is killed to the power and love of sin. He is, in some sense, separated from sin—buried away from sin. Now, when a person is put down under the water, he is buried, you see; and this is a picture of his dying to sin. But when a person is truly converted to God, he is not only killed to the love of sin, but he is also made alive to that which is good and holy. He loves God. He obeys God. He begins to live for God. He rises out of that dead and stupid state in which he was before. He is a new creature. Now, when a person is baptized is raised up out of the water, it is a picture of a poor sinner's rising up out of his sinful state, and of his being prepared by God's Holy Spirit to live a new life, and walk in the ways of the Lord.

(To be continued.)

— "Grandmamma," said a little girl, "did you tell me that God made us out of dust?"

"Yes, the Bible says so."

"Has he got any more such kind of dust left?"

— An affectionate little girl, after kissing her mother many times, said:

"One more kiss. That last is for Jesus. Give it to him, because he has given me such a dear, good mother."

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

LITTLE SUSIE.

Little Susie is a paralyzed, sweet tempered, loving little girl of 10 years. She takes the floor in preference to a bed; and lies with her dolls, toys and playthings scattered around her, from morning until night. When her father and mother goes anywhere they always ask her, "Susie, what will you have us bring you?" She replies, "a doll, book or a flower." She has a great love for flowers and all the works of nature. Susie can read very prettily and is very fond of books.

Her father bought her a large china doll which she named "Fannie," after her step-sister. Her nurse broke it, not long since, and she was very much mortified at its loss, and lamented it with many tears and sobs.

Her brother takes the "Child's Index," she takes the "Children's Guide," she reads them both and likes them very much.

She has been paralyzed ever since she was four years old. Last year she could roll from room to room, and sit up, but since then her limbs have been so drawn that she can't do either, sit or roll. All of us ought to learn a profitable lesson from her sad affliction. She seems happy as if she could run about.

LOULA AND MARY.

DANVILLE, VA., August 14th, 1863.

Dear Mr. Baykin: I am a little boy and can't write to you, so I will get my sister to write for me. I have found out who that wonderful stranger is that my sister read of in the Child's Index. There was one came to my sister one morning last week, just in the fix of the little one she read of.

You don't know how delighted I am whenever the paper comes. I wish you could get it every Sunday. I think it is a beautiful little paper. I send you one dollar of my spare pennies for little Jesse. I am so sorry poor little Carrie is dead, but it was the Lord's will to take her. I intend to save all the money I get and when I raise another dollar will send that. I hope you will get it safe.

From your little friend,
GEORGIE MINNIE HARRINGTON.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1. What is the first song of angels on record?
- 2. Are the words of another song of angels written?
- 3. Can you prove that they were appointed to minister to the saints on earth?
- 4. Were they ever sent to destroy men? And on what three memorable occasions?
- 5. Who were angels sent to deliver from the destruction of a city?
- 6. Whose birth did angels announce?
- 7. To whom did they minister in the wilderness?
- 8. To whom did an angel appear with a drawn sword?
- 9. Can you tell the names of any angels?
- 10. Did angels ever fall from their high estate, and what was their punishment?

A DEATH BED SCENE.

A child, who was master of but few words, seemed early to have been taught by the Spirit of God. He was the victim of a violent fever that soon finished its fatal work. The last few hours of life, he frequently repeated, "Come, children, come." His little brothers and sisters gathered around his bedside, but he still said "come."

"They are here," said his mother. "What do you wish of them, dearest?"

Then his tiny finger, trembling in weakness, pointed upward; "Come! come to Heaven."

One brother was absent at school, in a distant town. Him he did not comprehend in the same form of words, but said, "Tell Willie, come."

The last sound of that sweet, faint voice, was "Father, mother, come! come!"

Then the quivering lips were still, and the last pulsation ceased, of that loving heart, whose strong desire in death was, that the dear home-circle might gather, unbroken, where it should be divided no more.

Holy spirit of love, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," God hath perfected thee.

Children, follow his example. "Come! come to Heaven."

— "Mamma, mamma," cried a little one whose early hour of retirement had not permitted much study of the starry heavens, "here is the moon come, and brought a sight of little babies with her."

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

15.

A mournful procession is proceeding from the gates of a large city. On a bier four men are bearing a dead body. A weeping mother is near by and many wailing friends are following. A man approaches and orders the bier-bearers to set their burden down, and as they do so, he lays his hand upon the dead body, which instantly comes to life and sits up. Amaze takes possession of all. The mother is overwhelmed with joy at the resurrection from the dead of her only son.

16.

It is night. A party of men in a beautiful grove are reclining on the ground asleep. A short way off there is a noble figure kneeling as tho' engaged in the most fervent prayer. His very soul seems to be in agony. He rises and as he approaches the sleeping men, says something which arouses them. He then goes to meet a crowd of men with lanterns and staves, who appear to be seeking him. One of them approaches and kisses him; and when he addresses a few words to the multitude they recoil as if in terror, and some of them fall backwards to the ground.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

DARLINGTON, S. C., Aug. 24th, 1863.

Dear Mr. Baykin: I am very much pleased with your nice little paper and my brother Eddie and myself take great pleasure in looking out the answers to the enigmas and Bible questions. We only wish we could get the paper oftener, it seems so long to have to wait a whole month for it.

I have found out the enigmas and Bible pictures and send you the answers.

Your friend,
ROBBIE DARGAN.

ENIGMA 9.

- 1. To what prophet did King Hezekiah send messengers in the time of his trouble?
Ans.—To Isaiah. 2nd Kings, 19: 1-2.
- 2. What city was built on a hill for which two talents of silver had been paid?
Ans.—Luzanna. 1st Kings, 16: 24.
- 3. What does the Lord condescend to do with sinners, tho' their sins be as scarlet?
Ans.—To redeem and pardon them. Isaiah, 1: 18.
- 4. Who was the first man to be consecrated to minister in the Priest's office?
Ans.—Aaron. Ex. 28: 1.
- 5. What prophet caused iron to swim?
Ans.—Elisha. 2nd Kings, 6: 1-6.
- 6. Which of Luba's daughters was the eldest?
Ans.—Leah. Gen. 29: 16.

The initial letters of these answers spell the name of the patriarch Israel, and the final letters the name of Hannah, Samuel's mother.

ENIGMA 10.

- 1. Of what nation was Lihon king?
Ans.—Ammonite. Num. 21: 21.
- 2. Who was taken from following sheep to be ruler over Israel?
Ans.—David. 2nd Sam., 2: 1-4.
- 3. In what was one of our forefathers saved alive?
Ans.—Ark. Gen. 7: 1.
- 4. What was used as a perfume?
Ans.—Myrrh. Prov. 7: 17.

The initial letters of these answers spell the name of Adam, and the next letters that of Mary.

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURES

No. 13.

The daughter of Herodias, dancing before King Herod, is instructed by her mother to ask the head of John the Baptist.

14.

The crucifixion of Christ. 27th chap. of Matt.

Answer to the puzzle in the "Child's Index."
ROBBIE DARGAN.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

S. M. D.—The poetry is not suitable to the Child's Index.

C. N. Hull.—No, the \$2.00 did not come, and we are sorry.

Eddie Dargan.—We hope to hear from you again. Your other letter was not lost, but only slow in coming.

Y. G. Hendley guesses rightly what the "wonderful stranger," was.

ANSWERS.

Answers to questions and Bible pictures have been received from the following:

Eddie C. Dargan, Willie Jones, L. Ruth Wood, Bettie and Julia, Loula Witchard.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

THE LONE OLD MAN.
A Reminiscence of Childhood.

BY MRS. L. N. BOYDIN.

THREE years ago, in a little quiet village of Georgia, lived my dear old Grandparents. I am a woman now, but I shall never forget the visits that I and my sister and brothers used to make every summer to them. The trip to P— was the era of the year, and from this we dated all after-events. There was no railroad in those days; with faithful and trusty servants and a large dinner basket, we were sent off in a carriage. A visit to Europe now, would not cause more thought, or excite us more. The early start—the hurried good-bye to our parents—the noon-day rest and refreshment—the occasional robbery of a way-side orchard—the stop at a famous well—all are incidents as indelibly impressed upon our minds, as the world-known adventures of more famous tourists.

The dusky twilight of the second afternoon would find us impatiently and wearily watching for the white spire of the village church, always the first discernable object. As it became visible amid the tall oaks, we would brighten up, smooth our aprons, tie on our discarded hats, and becomingly try to suppress the excitement that made our little hearts flutter and tremble so. Approaching the old homestead of our mother, our venerable grandparents and aunt would be standing at the gate, surrounded by a troop of welcoming servants, who had first heard the distant wheels, ready to clasp us in their arms.

How charming to us was that simple cottage, with its long verandah, snowy, uncarpeted floors and papered walls! Then there was the parlor with the piano, guitar and pictures of my accomplished aunt, where I took my first lesson in music, by watching her skillful fingers. Then there was the sideboard in the dining room, loaded with fruit and cakes and sweetmeats to which we indulgently had access at all hours. And the front yard with its many flowers and boxes of many-colored Hydrangeas under each tall oak; and the orchard, and the house close by where the old negro woman delighted to entertain and astonish us with the mysteries of the spinning wheel and loom; and the family graves, at the back of the garden, around which our reverent little feet would softly tread, to gather the bright yellow apples that are long hung them. All these still live in our memories, and doubtless if we live to the venerable age of our departed grandparents, will yet look back to those halcyon days of childhood and sigh for their innocence and happiness.

I remember one little incident of a visit to P—, which my brother (now a brave soldier, with a son as large as he was then,) I am sure has not forgotten.

On the outskirts of the village there lived a lone old man. He was aged and poor, with no wife nor child to cheer his declining days, and lived in dreary solitude in his lonely hut. No one knew ought of him save his name; for the old man was reserved and sad, and all respected his silence. I used to see him totter into the village when the summer sun was low in the heavens, and supply his simple wants at the village store and quietly return to his lonely home. My tender childish heart pitied the poor old man, and one evening as we were starting out for an afternoon stroll, I asked permission to visit him. Our nurse consenting, we wended our way thither. Memory vividly recalls the bright afternoon. I breathe again the balmy air. I hear the tinkle of the cow-bells as the kine slowly return to their homes. I feel again the strange palpitation of delight at finding an unexpected glow growing by the wooded path.

At last we approached the old man's home, and before the door he stood leaning upon his staff and mildly and earnestly gazing upon the glowing sunset. I remember wondering if he had ever had any little children like ourselves, or if he had not once seen better days.

He lowered his eyes as we bounded towards him, and extending his thin hand and stroking his beard, bade us welcome.

"And do you come to see the lone old man my pretty pets?" said he with a tremulous voice.

My brother, the oldest and most confident, politely replied:

"Yes Sir, and we would like to come often, if you would let us, and Grandmother says

we may bring you some of our cakes and fruit and a heap of nice things."

"Well, my brave boy, come. I am very poor, and having but a little while to stay here, I need but very few things for thisaching old body, but it will gladden my heart to see your pretty faces, whenever you will come. I once had a happy home, and children clustering around my knee, but providence has taken all from me and left me to go down to my grave alone." As he said this he brushed a tear-drop from his pallid cheek, and pointing upward, continued: "But his eternal arms are around me, and I am not lonely, and soon He will take me to join my loved ones, who are now with Him."

I put up my hand, and, without speaking, gave the old man my pretty box, and wished Grandpa would let him live at his house that I might get him flowers every day.



Soon after, my restless little brother being on a voyage of discovery in the yard, cried out to us:

"Oh come here! Here are some beautiful little things. I don't know what they are—Do come and see!"

We went, the old man slowly following, and found the "little things" were two pet rabbits with black and white spots over them, and the longest ears and pinkest eyes. Charley asked him where they came from, and a hundred other questions all in a breath. The old man sadly smiled at his delight and answered: "These are my children. I have had them a long time, and they know me and are always glad to see me." With this, he took them up in his arms, and they nestled very affectionately upon his bosom.

We watched them eating and leaping about their inclosure for some time, and were reminded that it was growing late.

Bidding the old man goodbye, and receiving a blessing upon our youthful heads, we left him.

Many times afterwards did we go to see the old man and his rabbits, and he, said, a little sunshine crept into his wintry and withered heart whenever he saw our happy faces and heard our innocent prattle.

When the autumn days came and the leaves were turning brown and yellow we had to leave our grandparents and return to our city home. Among the many delightful incidents connected with P— recounted around the winter fire-side, we never forgot our old friend and the rabbits.

One day a letter came from my aunt in P— saying the old man had gone to his long sleep and was buried under an oak in the village church yard, and moreover that she had visited him in his last illness for our sakes, and that he had requested her to take home his pet rabbits and send them to Charley as the dying gift of the lone old man.

It saddened our little faces to hear of his death, but, as Charley very consolingly said, "Father, old Mr. Dean had just as lief die as not. He is going straight to Heaven to see his wife and children, and I'll be so glad to have the rabbits for my own."

The rabbits came, and Charley had a house made for them and never grew tired of nursing and feeding his pets.

I have forgotten what faintly became of them, but I know they lived to a green old age, and were as much a part of the family as Frank, the baby.

A little girl was discovered lying on the bed in her own room, passionately weeping. To the inquiry what caused her grief, she answered:

"Oh dear! I am so afraid I shall live till everybody is dead that I love, and not a creature will be left to cry at my funeral."

GUDBRAND OF THE MOUNTAIN.
A NORWEGIAN LEGEND.

THERE once lived a man whose name was Gudbrand; and as he possessed a farm in a remote spot on the declivity of a mountain, people called him Gudbrand of the Mountain.

He lived so happily with his wife, and they agreed so well, that she thought everything her husband did was for the best, and that it could not have been improved upon. Let him manage anyhow, she always found means to be delighted at what he had done. This worthy couple were the owners of a piece of land, and had a hundred dollars in their strong box, besides a couple of cows in the stable. One day the wife said to Gudbrand: "I think that we ought to take one of the cows to town and sell it, in order that we may have a little pocket-money at our disposal; for we are such industrious people that we ought to have a few shillings in our purse as other folks here, particularly as we don't wish to touch the hundred dollars in the chest. And really I don't know what we should want with more than one cow, and I shall be the gainer by having only one to attend to, instead of being bothered with two."

Gudbrand thought this was all very reasonable and very proper; so he immediately took the cow, and went to town to sell it. But it happened that there was nobody in the town that was willing to purchase the cow.

"Never mind," thought Gudbrand: "I'll go home again with my cow; I have both stable and yoke ready for her, and the way is no longer for going back there coming;" and with this cheering reflection he plodded homeward in the most contented mood.

He had not gone far before he met a man with a horse that he wanted to sell. Now Gudbrand thought it were better to have a horse than a cow, so he made an exchange with the stranger.

When he had gone a little further he met another man, who was driving a fat pig before him, and then Gudbrand thought it would be still better to have a fat pig than a horse, so he exchanged with the man. He then went on, and after a while he met a man with a goat. "It is certainly better anyhow to have a goat than a pig," thought Gudbrand, and again he made an exchange with the owner of the goat. He now went a good deal further till he met a man with a sheep, and with him he likewise made an exchange, on the principle "that it is always better to have a sheep than a goat." On going further he met a man with a goose, and then Gudbrand exchanged his sheep against the goose. After this he went a long, long way, till he met a man with a cock, and he once more made an exchange. For he thought, "after all, it is still better to have a cock than a goose." He then walked on, and on, till it began to grow late, when feeling very hungry he sold the cock for three pence, with which he bought something to eat. "For after all," so reasoned Gudbrand of the Mountain, "it is better to bring one's self luck safe and sound, than to bring home a cock." He then sped on his way home, till he reached the farm of his nearest neighbor, where in he went, just as Hans the plough-boy was driving home the cattle.

"Well! how did you fare in town?" inquired the good folks.

"Why, but so so," answered Gudbrand. "I can't say much for my luck, neither have I much reason to complain." And hereupon he related all that had happened from beginning to end.

"Well, I'm sure, you'll get a warm reception from your wife when you reach home," quoth the farmer. "Lord help you! I shouldn't like to be in your shoes."

"Things might have gone worse, however," replied Gudbrand of the Mountain: "but whether good, bad, or indifferent I have such an excellent wife, that she never reproaches me, let me do what I will."

"That may be," said the man: "yet somehow I can't believe it."

"Still we lay a wager?" ask Gudbrand.—"I have a hundred dollars in my chest, will you lay as much against them?"

"Done!" said the neighbor, and as twilight was now coming on, they both set out for Gudbrand's farm. When they had reached it, the neighbor remained outside the door, while Gudbrand went in to his wife, and they began to talk in the following manner:

"Good evening," said Gudbrand of the Mountain, as he walked into the room.

"Good evening," replied the wife; "praised be God! you are come back again, are you?"

Sure enough he was back. Then the wife inquired how he had got on in town. "But so so," answered Gudbrand; "I can't much boast of my luck. On reaching town, nobody would purchase my cow, so I changed it for a horse."

"Ay—there, indeed, you do deserve my thanks," said she. "We are so well off that we may as well drive to church as other people, and if we have the means of getting ourselves a horse, why should not we? Pray, goodman, go and bring him in."

"Stop," replied Gudbrand; "I have not got the horse exactly; for after going on a bit I changed it for a pig."

"No! did you?" cried the wife; "why that's the very thing I should have done myself! Thank you a thousand times, my dear husband. Now I shall have some bacon in the house to offer to those who come to see us. What, indeed, do we want with a horse? People would only say that we had grown too grand to walk to church; as we need to do—Prithee, goodman, go and fetch the pig."

"But I haven't got the pig any more than the horse," said Gudbrand; "for on going somewhat further I changed it for a milk-gout."

"Why, what capital notions you always have!" exclaimed the wife: "for when I come to think of it, what do we want with a pig? People would only say, 'they are eating up their substance.' But now that I have a goat, I can have milk and cheese, and without parting with the goat either. So, goodman, let's see Nanagus."

"But I haven't got any goat either," answered Gudbrand; "for, on going a little further, I changed the goat for an excellent sheep."

"Now, did you?" cried the wife: "well to be sure, you have done every thing that I could have wished, just as if I had been at your elbow all the time! What, indeed, should we want a goat for? I should have been always running after it, and climbing up hill and down dale. But with a sheep, I shall not only have wool to make clothes with, but something to cut into the bargain. So prithee, goodman, go and fetch the sheep in."

"But I no longer have the sheep," said Gudbrand; "for when I had gone a little further, I exchanged it for a goose."

"Oh, thank you a thousand times over for that!" cried the wife; for what could I have done with the sheep? I have neither distaff nor spindle, nor do I want them either, and care still less for the plague of weaving clothes, which we can just as well go on buying, as we have done hitherto. And now I shall have an opportunity of testing a bit of goose, which I have hankered after so long, and of stuffing my pillow with down. So now, goodman, go and fetch in the goose."

"Ay, but I have no goose to fetch," replied Gudbrand; "for after going a little further, I changed it for a cock."

"Only think now of your hitting on the very thing I should have chosen!" exclaimed the wife. "Why a cock is for all the world as good as if you had bought an alarm watch; for the cock crows every morning at 1 o'clock, and so we shall be sure to be stirring by times. After all, we did not want a goose, for I don't know how to dress goose's flesh; and as to my pillow, I can stuff it with sea-weed just as well. So go your ways, goodman, and fetch the cock."

"But I have no cock either," said Gudbrand; "for, after going somewhat further, I felt so tremendously hungry that I was fain to sell the cock for three pence, in order to be able to come home alive."

"And right well did you do!" cried the wife. "Let you say about what you will, you are sure to do every thing just to my liking. What does it signify whether we have a cock or not? Surely we are our own masters, and can lie in bed of a morning as long as we please. And now, thank God that I have got you back again—you who are so clever at every thing—I want neither cock, goose, pig, nor cow."

Gudbrand now opened the door. "Have I won the hundred dollars?" cried he. And the neighbor was forced to own that he fairly had.

No man on a death-bed ever regretted any act of self-denial or benevolence done by himself.