



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

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

GRANDPA'S STORY, OR JULIA TROBARTON.

BY UNCLE DAYTON.

(Continued.)

"NEED not tell you, my children," continued the old man, "what days and nights of prayer and fear passed by before it pleased the Lord to reveal himself to me as my Saviour from sin and hell. God did hear the little christian's prayer; He did send the Holy Spirit to change my wicked heart. He made me a new creature in Christ, and enabled me to love Jesus—not indeed with the simple, earnest, trusting love of my sweet little niece, but yet with love so great that I desired to obey his commandments. And then came another time in my history when I was led to find the truth by the simple yet wonderful wisdom of the little child."

"When was that, Grandpa?"
 "After I had been converted to God I felt that it was my duty to unite with his people. I wished to make a public profession of my faith in Christ and tell the world how much I loved the Saviour who had died for my lost soul."

"You mean, grandpa, that you wanted to join the church?"

"Yes, my darling. I felt lonely; my heart was drawn after the children of my Heavenly Father. I thought I must find a place somewhere among his people, but I knew not where to go. There were so many denominations and all so different in their faith and their forms, that I was confused. I was like a man lost in the woods, who comes to a place where there are many paths and knows not which will lead him home."

"But, grandpa, what if they all lead him the same way?"

"Then, they would all be one; but these were not all one. They were as different as the opposing and contending sects which fill the land with their disputings—each saying that its way is right and all the others wrong. There were the Roman Catholics, who told me there was salvation out of their church. There were the Episcopalians, who assured me that the Church of Christ was to be found with them. There were the Presbyterians and the Methodists, and the Cumberland Presbyterians, and I do not know how many more, who told me they were each the true church, but admitted that others might be branches of it. Some of them held to one set of doctrines and some to another set. Some of them had one kind of government and order, and some another kind. They surely were very far from being all the same."

"But, grandpa, you know what Mr. Anson, the Methodist minister, told us in the Bible Society meeting?"

"No. I don't remember, my child."

"He said, though the christian world was divided into so many denominations they were all one in heart, and only differed about some things that were of no importance—'non-essentials,' I think is what he called them."

"There are no non-essentials in religion, my darling. What God commands, it is always very important to obey. What he does not command, does not belong to religion at all. If, therefore, God has commanded the Methodists and Presbyterians to sprinkle little babies in his name and make them members of the church, as they say he has done, it is a matter of the greatest importance that they obey the command. To refuse to do it is to rebel against the God of Heaven and Earth. If he has commanded them to do it, also, and they are guilty of a great sin against God if they neglect or refuse to obey. What God commands is non-essential. And then, on the other side, if God has commanded them to baptize only believers, and ordained that none but those who have repented of their sins and have

trusted in the Saviour, shall be made members of his church, they are guilty of a great sin who take it on themselves to disregard his law and receive little babies, whom he never commanded to be received. If God commanded those who believe to be immersed in water, it is an act of high-handed rebellion against the God of heaven and earth to refuse to immerse them, and, instead of it, to sprinkle or to pour upon them. We may not change God's laws. We may not trifle with his ordinances. We must do just what he says, and only what he says. No other way can we be obedient. If I tell Aunt Chloe, the cook, to have roast potatoes for dinner, and she brings boiled turnips, she does not obey my commands, and no one would think it was a good excuse if she should declare that she thought they would do just as well. She had no business to think anything about it, but just to do what she was told."

"But, grandpa, don't you remember what Mr. Anson told us at the Bible Society meeting? He said that all the denominations were founded on the Bible. There was the same Bible, he said, to each and every one. In that same Holy Book they each one found the sure support of their faith and their practice; and hence it was proper that they should all unite to enlarge the circuit of its influence. I think these were his words."

"Yes, my child, I did notice that, though my old ears did not recall the exact language. He said it, and I suppose he meant it and believed it, but it is not true."

"Why, grandpa? Do preachers say what is not true?"

"Preachers are but men, my child, and all men are liable to be mistaken."
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

BOTTLED SUNSHINE.

BY MRS. MARY A. McGINNON.

"I said that there is a new invention in France, by means of which sunshine can be bottled up and used again when occasion requires—such as taking photographs in dark rooms or during bad weather."

"A bright idea, is it not? Would it not be well for us to imitate the French, on a higher scale, and keep a few bottles of artificial sunshine hid away in some secret nook of the heart, to be brought out in life's dark hours? We can only do this by being kind, good, and loving. Every gentle word, every act of patience, self-denial and forgiveness will be to us a gleam of sunshine in the darkness of the coming years."

This should encourage you, my little friends, to commence now to exercise these noble qualities, instead of waiting until you become older. You cannot be happy unless you are good, and your present happiness will reflect its light upon your after life. A happy moment is like a beautiful painting in the picture gallery of the heart, which memory is ever touching over with fresher and fairer tints; hence we are always happier for having once been happy."

What a gush of sunshine beams on my soul when I think of my early home in South Carolina! How beautiful, through the vista of distant years, those mountains resting against the sky appear from the great white rock upon the river bank, where I took in sunshine for all coming time. Aye, and since I have commenced to open the bottles, I see a clear cold spring bursting out of a rock of marble whiteness. Following along its winding way, I come to a gentle slope, where it spreads out over another rock, twenty feet broad and more than a hundred long. Here it races and dances along, sometimes upon the pure white stone, and then over green velvety moss, after which it fell, with gurgling music, into large basins, scooped out in the rock; as if Dame Nature had intended them for bathing tubs.

Oh, it was such a lovely spot! Tall oaks arched out the noon-day heat, and birch trees, with their drooping limbs and trembling leaves, kept the specks of sunshine dancing upon the water. I wonder if it is as beautiful now, and if any little girl and boy play there, with the bright water curling about their feet, as I and my brother did in

"The sunny hours of childhood!"

This is one of my bottles of sunshine which time can never destroy.

You may not have such scenery about your home, my little one, but there is sunshine there, if those you love are with you, and you must gather it up and store it away for gloomy seasons. Think every night before closing your eyes in sleep, whether you have gathered any during the day, by being good, or kind, or gentle. You may not have had a chance to do any great things, but if you have been obedient and loving, that is enough.

Nothing gives sunshine to our house like love. There you may treasure up some every day, for, if you are loving, you will certainly be beloved. But if you cannot always feel loving towards those who are about you, God, who is all love, will assist you if you ask Him.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

EVERGREEN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY MRS. J. A. BOARDMAN.

"I AM a great admirer of evergreen trees. Not merely the magnificent tropical trees which are seen in the up-country only as exotics, (you can get your Dictionary, little reader, and hunt up that word, if you want to,) but our own homely cedar, that stands up so sturdily when its branches are loaded with snow, and the red-berried holly, and the pretty tufts of mistletoe, that root themselves in the rough oak bark, and hold fast against all the rudest winds of winter, and the grand old sycamores—I love them all. When the storm-gusts of autumn have scattered all the leaves of the other trees, and the bare branches seem to cut the eye as you look at them, I turn with admiration and delight to the evergreens. No more summer-time trees are they. The little leaves—all our mountain evergreens have little leaves—get very cold sometimes, no doubt they do; I have seen them fairly coated with ice; but never wind, they hold fast to the tree, and that keeps them alive, and they conquer all the cold, and in the very midst of winter, the tree has just as many little leaves on it as in summer. Brave little leaves, who doesn't admire them?"

And I want to have evergreen Sunday Schools all over our country. Some Schools, that look quite flourishing in summer, are sure to die in the fall; not only a great many leaves are blown down, but branches, stock and all fall prostrate, and the only chance next spring is for some new sprouts from the root. And others stand fast, with the body and the branches all their place, and determined not to give up, but with only a few scattered leaves on the limbs, and these clinging so loosely that you are all the time afraid the next cold wind will blow them off too. How much prettier is a Sunday School where every little leaf holds fast, let winter do what he may with his wind and snow and ice, and all looks bright and full of life in January as well as in July. Such a school, just as the beautiful first Psalm says abouts good man, "brings forth its fruit in its season, and its leaf shall not wither"—not merely prettiest, but most useful.

Little reader, can't you be stout and brave, and hold on all winter, and make yours an evergreen Sunday school?

Greenville, S. C.



WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

THE "NATURAL BRIDGE"

BY THE EDITOR.

"We give our young readers, this week, a picture of the celebrated "Natural Bridge," of Rockbridge county, Virginia. It is one hundred and eighty miles west of Richmond, the capital of Virginia, and fourteen miles Southwest of the town of Lexington. It is sixty feet long, sixty feet broad in the middle, and spans an awful chasm two hundred and fifty feet deep—one hundred feet higher than Niagara Falls! At the bottom, this chasm is forty feet wide, and through it a little stream called Cedar Creek dashes over its rocky bed. To those standing beneath, the lofty arch, far above, has a grand appearance, spanning the huge fissure and covered with trees; and forms one of the greatest curiosities in America or the world. Many persons have climbed up the perpendicular walls, underneath the bridge, and cut their names in the soft rock, among which the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON is one of the loftiest.

An exciting story is told of a bold youth who determined to cut his name above all others; and so climbing up with great daring he did so; but to his dismay found that he could not return without being dashed to pieces. So he began to cut foot-holes in the soft rock, with his knife, and mounted higher and higher. The rudacity of the undertaking and the danger of his situation, aroused the whole neighborhood. They flocked there with ropes and poles, to help him. But unfortunately he had so cut his way as to come underneath the arch; and, besides, his knife was nearly worn away, and his strength almost gone. With the energy of despair he cut a few more steps and worked his way to one side. But now his knife was worn to the handle, and his strength exhausted. From his nerveless hand the useless knife dropped and slipped upon the rocks far below. His hold is slipping! His hands relax their grasp after four hours of terrible struggling! His foot swings loose! He is falling! But just at this moment a sturdy Virginian leans far over the cliff, reaches down a strong arm and catches him by the coat collar and draws him up, insensible and fainting, and lays him helpless upon the green award! He is saved!

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

THE LAWTON FAMILY.

BY THE EDITOR.

Third Sabbath Night.

WELL, children," said Mr. Lawton, when the class was assembled on the next Sabbath night, "I told you last Sunday night that, ever since the time of Christ and his apostles, there have been christians and christian churches, so much like our present Baptist and Baptist churches, that we feel justified in saying that there has been an unbroken line of Baptists and Baptist churches from the time of Christ until now. And this line of churches and christians was independent from any great church organization, like the Roman Catholic church. And, in fact, when the great Reformation broke out in Europe, three hundred years ago, when Luther and Calvin and Zuingli first began to restore true religion, the Baptists started up at the same time, in various countries, to welcome the reforms being introduced and to bid in them. Before the time of Luther and Calvin, these very Baptists had lain concealed in nearly all the countries of Europe, and their suddenly starting up to aid in promoting the reformation of religion, shows that, as a religious people, they did exist, "before the dawn of the Reformation," as stated by the great historian, Mosheim. "But, father," asked Charles, "did Luther co-operate with them?"

"No, my son, not altogether. Luther soon found that the Baptists were far in advance of him in their ideas of reformation, religious liberty and church government, and he could not agree with them. And the Baptists, finding out that Luther was far from coming up to the mark of a true Reformer in religion and church matters, abandoned him, in disappointment."

"How so, father?"

"Why, you know Luther was a Roman Catholic, and he would not abandon all the sacerdotal practices of that church. While he went a great way, he did not go far enough to satisfy those who derived all their notions of church government and religious faith from the Bible, as the Baptists do."

"Did the first christians do that, father?"

"No; the first christians were taught immediately by Christ and his apostles. And, on that account, the mode of church government must be right."

"How can we know what their mode of church government was?" inquired Helen.

"My child, the Bible gives, in part, the history of the first christians. It gives the instructions of Christ and his apostles. It tells what they practised, what they believed and how they lived. And we must go to the Bible to find out what were the principles and practices of the first christians. And whatever the Bible gives us to understand their faith and practice, we must believe and practice, because they were instructed and guided by the Holy Ghost and the apostles."

"Suppose, then," said Bill Harris, "we try to find out what the Bible does teach concerning the first churches. I am very anxious to know; for I want my own opinions on this matter of church organization settled. I see so much difference between the Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal and Baptist churches, that I want to know which is right. And I am willing to abide by the customs and practices of the first christians who were taught by Christ and his apostles, and whom the Holy Ghost guided."

"I am delighted to hear you speak in that way," observed Mr. Stevens, "and as I've marked out a course for us to follow in just such an investigation, we will begin at once, if you say so."

The young people declared their willingness, professing, as they did, to acknowledge the Bible as their ultimate rule in religious matters.

"The first subject, then, that we will take up, began Mr. Stevens, "is that of *The Independence of the churches.*"

"What do you mean by that," demanded William.

"I mean that each church, in its government, is independent of every other church; and that the right and power to govern each individual church resides in the members of that church."

(To be continued.)

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD AND TESTAMENTS.

WE suggest to the various Sunday School Superintendents who desire Testaments, and are willing to pay cost price, to put themselves in correspondence with B. B. Davis, Montgomery, Ala., M. H. Haygood, Macon, Ga., S. Root, Atlanta, Ga., John A. Broadbent, Greenville, S. C., T. E. Skinner, Raleigh, N. C., or A. E. Dickinson, Richmond, Va.

The Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention will soon deposit Testaments in each of those cities, to be sold to Baptist Sunday schools; and we suppose orders will be filled as they are received, and as the Sunday schools may desire to know this fact we make it known—not being so authorized to do so by the Board.

These Testaments were received from the North for this special purpose, and we suppose that we do not err in giving the information published in our denominational papers, and advising such preparatory steps as will, in the end, secure Testaments for those schools most in need. The above brethren will, doubtless, turn over the letters to the persons appointed hereafter by the President of the Board to superintend the reception of money and distribution of the books.

RENEW SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR 1864.

Those Sunday schools that subscribed for the year 1863, should renew their subscriptions in good time, or they may lose a number of the Child's Index; for we never print a greater number than we actually need for that month.

Individuals who subscribed for one year only are, also, reminded that their time is nearly out, and that they should renew their subscriptions.

INCREASE OF PRICE.

We are forced to increase the price of the Child's Index for the year 1864. Therefore, all subscriptions beginning with January next or any time after that will be *One Dollar* for each copy. Thus, 20 copies will cost \$20, and 100 copies will cost \$100.

This will apply to all those who renew their subscriptions for another year when they take four or more numbers. Single copies will be \$2.

FEMALE SUPERINTENDENTS.

We wish to honor the names of twofoldies of North Carolina—Mrs. E. A. BEST and Miss T. HAYTON. They are both Superintendents of Baptist Sabbath Schools—the former of the Greenville church and the latter of the Mosely Hall church. As far as we know they are the first female Superintendents of whom we ever heard, and we honor them for it.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

The Sunday school in this place is in a flourishing condition, as its pupils and teachers number 311. It is also liberal; and during the last five months it has contributed \$165 towards the support of little Jesse Hartwell.

RECEIVED FOR "LITTLE JESSE."

Amanda Pitts, 50 cts.; Ella, Greenville, Ala., \$1; Ariosto McCrimmon, Lumpkin, Ga., \$1; From S. M. C.'s Infant class, \$3; "Little Paul's" legacy, \$3; Aiken, S. C.—Theodore Stovall, \$1; L. Pool, 50 cts.; Helen Green, 85 cts.; John Teague, \$1; Nora Mason, 50 cts.; Charles Davis, \$1; Little "Minnie," \$1. Total \$14 25
Acknowledged last month 5 25
\$19 50

"I hereby acknowledge the reception of \$143 from the young readers of the Child's Index, through Rev. S. Boykin.

J. B. TAYLOR,
Cor. Sec. For. Mission Board,
S. B. Convention.

11,000.

The subscription list of the Child's Index is now 11,000. The Editor promises to maintain it in increased excellence and beauty, having sent to Europe for new and beautiful *Cuts* with which to adorn it, and obtained the help of many good writers; and he invites all who are interested in it, to aid in extending its circulation. He has been compelled to raise the price for the future to one dollar per copy, and will receive no more subscriptions for a less sum.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

FELIX LONG, Selma, Ala.—Your pretty letter is received, and we hope you will write again. We know you must be a good little boy, and hope you will by love and obedience return all the kindness of those who are acting as parents for you.

Helen Green, Culbert.—We can't send the back numbers.

R. A. Harrison.—We send the paper to Wm. Thompson, as you request. Send us another Enigma.

"Julia" says—"I like Grandpa's Story very much; but I like the 'Lawton Family' better." We think our sweet little correspondent, who writes so often and such kind letters, will be benefited by both stories.

"Allie," Greenville, Ala., did not give the name of the friend to whom she wanted the paper sent.

John Teague.—You are right. Abbie Maury.—We hope you will write again. We would publish your nice letter, if we had room, this month.

The Story, by "T," is received.

A. A. Futch.—The first dollar was not received.

Our young friends, we hope, will write often and give us the news in their different localities. They may tell about the Sabbath schools, and Sabbath school celebrations, picnics, or anything else of interest. We observe that many of them misspell little Jesse's name. It is *Jesse* and not *Jessee*.

We are desirous of knowing the number of scholars and teachers in each Sabbath school where the Child's Index is read; and also what kind of books they use, and what is the supply of books: will not our young friends give us this information? We desire to know, also, how much each school is in the habit of giving to missions, each year, and what the plan is for collecting the money.

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

"THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN."

DEAR CHILDREN—
N No. 9 of the "Child's Index" there was a "true little story" headed "The Young Christian." It told you how the young christian lived; now, I am going to tell you how a young christian died. Little Paul was a member of the Infant class in the Sunday school of the town of A—; his dear, bright, happy face was seldom missing from his class. Our Infant class met in one of the side rooms of the church, and nearly every Sabbath morning he could be seen leading his little sister up the steps, and while we would be talking of God, he would say,

"Dad in this room; he sees me; I tant hide from him."

In singing those sweet hymns which belong to the children—"I want to be an angel," and, "I'll away to the Sunday school," his lisping voice could be distinctly heard above the rest. Only two Sabbaths before he was taken sick, he said—"Me tan sin happy zan." Little did I then think he would so soon be singing in that happy land.

On Wednesday he was taken sick. His disease being that of the throat, his sufferings were intense, but during his short and severe illness of seven days, he was as patient and uncomplaining as possible. When his pastor, who called to see him on Friday, spoke to him of Jesus and his tender love for little children, and repeated that beautiful verse—"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," he could not speak, his throat being so much swollen, but such an expression of heavenly peace brightened his face as is seldom seen on the countenance of any one belonging to earth.

On the following Tuesday about 3 o'clock he said to his father—

"Dad, see, I am dying!"

His father said: "No, Paul, you are getting better;" but to please him, pulled off his socks.

He then said, "I feel so good." He put out his hand and said—"Dood by, pa; dood by, ma; pa, don't you hear the sweet music? O, they have come for me!"

His father asked him who had come. He said, "The angels and my little brother, (alluding to his brother who died several years ago) and my brother has a room for me, and is calling me. Jesus has come, too; he is standing with the angels and my brother."

His mother said, "Do you see Jesus?"

"Yes, they are all there! Dood-bye! Dood-bye!" And after one short struggle, his ransomed soul, we feel, joined that hap-

py band, and the crown prepared for him was placed on his head. He would often say in Sunday school, "Me love Jesus, and that Jesus whom he loved on earth he has gone to live with in heaven."

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

"THE LAST TIME"—OR, THE SPIRIT QUENCHED.

BY THE EDITOR.

WAST this once! It shall be the last time," so spoke the fascinating Leonora Lyons.

She was standing before her toilet table, gazing pensively upon her beautiful features and curly ringlets, as reflected in the glass.

"This shall be the last time, positively.—Afterwards I will seek religion, with all my heart."

And as she leaned on her elbow and supported her cheek upon her hand, she wondered why she felt so sad and mournful at the thought of attending a ball.

The reason was, that the Spirit of God had been struggling with her for days, and she had almost made up her mind to be a christian. Indeed, she had determined to forsake the world and its pleasures and make the salvation of her soul the great object of her life. But just at this time a brilliant ball was to be given, and Leonora, who had



always been the reigning belle of such festive scenes, found herself sorely tempted.—

She was now pondering the matter on the day previous to the ball. Her conscience was doing its duty—that inward monitor was striving to stem the tide of worldliness. No wonder she was sad!

"I can't do it!" she exclaimed triumphantly, "I feel that it would be to the loss of my soul to attend this ball."

And her relieved countenance assumed a more cheerful aspect, and a sweet smile of inward satisfaction was her reward. Just then a servant brought in a note. It was an invitation from Albert Desaix to attend the ball under his escort. Alas, for her good resolutions! After a short struggle, they yielded to an intense desire once more, for the last time, to mingle in the mazy dance.

"It shall be the last time," she murmured. "Afterwards I will seek religion."

The Spirit ceased to strive with her. He left her bosom, and she went to the ball.—With Albert Desaix for her partner in the fascinating quadrille she was the gayest of the gay. But occasionally her conscience slightly upbraided her.

"It shall be the last time," was her only reply.

And, indeed, it *was* the last time. On her return home she caught a cold which settled on her lungs, and soon it became evident that the brilliant Leonora Lyons would die of a "galloping consumption." And die she did, with remorse in her heart and anguish on her face. The Spirit never returned; and death found her unprepared to meet her Judge. But go she must.

"O, that ball, that ball!" she faintly exclaimed. "It was MY REIN!"

And her great dark eyes rolled fearfully from side to side, in their sockets, and her short, hard breathing, and of mental distress as well as of bodily suffering.

"Take warning! Take warning!" she cried, "and—quench not—the Spirit. For doing so—I—have—come—to this—and must—go—down—to—overlasting—woe."

And she died. Agony and terror were pictured upon her wan and sunken face;—and even after death, the horror manifested in her countenance made it appalling to the beholder.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN NO. 9.

Chorazin and Hanaab and Isaac will range, And Lazarus, too, if you'll not think it strange; Then David, Sennacherib, Israel and Nebo, Darius, Elijah and Xerxes shall stand And tell us the name of the children's good friend, ONE WHO LOVES THE CHILD'S INDEX.

TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

BY LAURA OWEN.

A greeting to the children—
The happy children all
Who hear the sweet bells ringing.

A greeting to the children.
Who come with willing feet,
Up to the pleasant house of God,

The teachers in the Sunday School,
In voices kind and mild,
Will tell the story of the Cross—

They'll tell of that bright city
Where the angels harp and sing
Eternal praises to the Lord,

And guided by the love of God,
Our wayward, human feet,
May pass the city's gates of pearl

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

"WHO THREW THAT DART?"

BY MISS ETHEL.

THERE may be a few of you who do not know exactly what a dart is. It is more like the picture of those bleeding hearts with an arrow stuck through them, which you have seen in your older sister's Valentines, than anything I can think of. A tolerably large needle is stuck half way thro' a chiquepin, and a feather about three inches long put in with the needle at the large end of the chiquepin.

One Sunday morning, after Mr. Neely had gone through with the lessons of his class, he reminded them that they still had to repeat the last half of the Commandments, which they soon did.

"Father," said Robert Neely, "the other Commandments seem very simple, but I have sometimes confused ideas as to the meaning of the ninth."
"I am glad you have told me of it. It means, literally, to lie; but there are many ways of doing so—by making false impressions on the mind in regard to another, or in any way injuring one's character or good name.

The next Saturday, as Mr. Neely was walking down the street with a friend, he saw opposite a dry-goods store window, in two of those inviting loafers' chairs, his son Robert and Jimmy Reeves, a meek, quiet boy whom he had taken as a boarder for Robert's benefit. He saw from the raised position of their arms that they were aiming those famous darts at some object in front of them.

"Come," said he, "I have had just as much of that darting business as I intend to stand, and the next one that tries it upon my goods will get a good shaking."

When Robert had recovered from the first shock, his face assumed the most complacent expression, at the same time looking

from Jimmy to the window, as much as to say, he did it, and even walked across the sidewalk to where the dart was that lay on the ground. It had the effect he intended, for Mr. S. roared out again, pointing to Jimmy.

"You are the guilty one—it was your dart that liked to have broken my window, sir.—Remember what I have said about the next time."
"I made it convenient to step up," said Mr. Neely, in relating the story afterwards, "and pulling one from the goods and taking the other from the ground, held them out in my hand to the boys, saying, 'I see you have gotten into trouble. I think you had better go home and shoot into our soft new piling.' I took particular notice that Robert took the one that was on the ground. I remember, too, to have heard my little daughter say that morning—'Jimmy, your dart won't shoot, because the point has become blunt.' I let them go on a little head of me. When I came into the yard, Robert called out to me—'O, father, my dart has not hit but once in the piling.' Jimmy was not with him. I said 'I have a letter for one of you; go and tell Jimmy to come into the parlor with you.' As I expected, his eyes were red, and he slid into a chair as if he hardly knew what he did. He did not even have the heart to read his mother's letter, but sat turning it over and over—'Why, Jimmy,' said Robert, 'why don't you read your letter?' I know I would not let anybody scare me out of that."

"I had been looking over my papers a few moments. Polding them up, I said—'Boys, I want to find out something about those darts.' I asked for them, and selecting the mischievous one, said, 'Who threw that dart?' Here Robert's face again assumed that exulting expression, saying, in a raised tone, 'Jimmy knows very well who threw it; Mr. S. was looking out of the window at the time.' Poor Jimmy! This was too much—He could contain his grief no longer; and now tears came thick, and convulsive sobs shook his whole frame. I took no notice of him. 'Robert, look at this dart; I did not see who threw it. I ask you?' 'Ask Jimmy, I think that is the best way to find out.'"

"You see he is in no condition to contravert himself enough to speak. I must find out from you. Who threw that dart?' 'Why, father, you won't believe me if I tell you. Let me go up and ask Mr. S., and I will tell you exactly what he says about it.' 'I do not wish, either, to be informed by Mr. S.—Who threw this dart?' A pause. He was at a loss for another refuge. Ah, how often since I had begun this investigation had my thoughts gone back to the cunning conversation of the old Serpent with our Mother in the Garden. You see my poor son had a little piece of conscience left; it would not let him tell a lie, in words, but how many times had he attempted to deceive. First, by the look at Jimmy, when the merchant came to the door; then by walking to the dart which lay on the ground; then by telling me he could not make it strike into the piling; and since by his referring to Mr. S.—Oh, the power of sin, that would hold back the simple word of truth, 'I did.' This time he came a step nearer—'It is my dart.' 'It may be yours, and still you may not have thrown it. Who did?' A pained and rather suppressed expression now came over his face. 'I think I must have done it.' 'I do not wish,' said I, 'to know what you think about it. My son,' said I, taking his hand in mine, 'you know our Father knows; I ask you once more, 'Who threw this dart?' And I thanked God when the broken whisper came, 'I did.' I retired with him, and I had faith to believe that prayer would be heard and answered. The next thing to be done was to ask Jimmy's pardon and to make confession to Mr. S., the merchant, which my poor boy did, hard as was the task.

"The next Sabbath morning the happy faces of my class were again before me.—'Well, boys, have you learned what it is to bear false witness?' Most of them said they had. One was silent. 'Robert, have you?' For I intended as much as was in my power to make it 'as a nail in a sure place.' His manner was calm and subdued, and his voice low but distinct, as he replied, 'Father, I hope I have.' 'It was the beginning of an entire change of heart with him.'"

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURES.

No. 15.—Christ raising to life the son of the widow of Nain. Luke 7: 12.
No. 16.—Christ praying in the Garden of Gethsemane. Matt 26th chapter.
We hope all our young friends will send answers to "Mental Bible Pictures."

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

LITTLE MINNIE.

POPK CO., SEPT. 21, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

THE September number (and our first) found its way to the dying bedside of little Minnie. On seeing it, she said, "Ma, sit down by the side of my bed and read some of the pretty stories to me." Her disease was Typhoid fever. She suffered a great deal, but not a murmur fell from her lips. For four or five days before her death her tongue became palid or stiffened, and it was very affecting to see her try to comfort us and tell us not to grieve for her.

Minnie loved the Saviour in life, and I have no doubt has gone to be with Him in glory.

She made a public profession of religion, and was baptized by her pastor, G. B. Martin, of Cave Spring, in September, 1861, and died Sept. 13, 1863, when nearly fifteen years old. Her remains were taken to the New Prospect Baptist church, and her funeral preached by Bro. Pullen, of Cave Spring. Your sister in Christ, MINNIE'S MOTHER.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

BELMONT, HALIFAX CO., N. C., September 10, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I thought I would write to you to let you know how much I think of your little paper. My sister takes the Child's Index. I am very much pleased with it. I am very sorry that little Jesse has no sweet little sister to play with him now. When one number of the Child's Index comes, I wait most impatiently for the next. I wish it would come every week instead of every month. I have five sisters—four younger than myself. I have one little brother four years old, and one sister older than myself. I am eleven years old. I enclose fifty cents for little Jesse. I found half of the Bible questions, but as I could not find all, I would not write those I did find. My warmest wishes for the Index. Your little reader, AMANDA PITT.

GREENSVILLE, ALA., Oct. 2d, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I have been thinking a long time I would write you and let you know what I think of your little paper. I have been taking it all this year, and am well pleased with it. I believe all the girls and boys about here like it as well as I do. I wish it would come once a week instead of once a month. I am so delighted when I see the Superintendent, the first Sabbath in every month, coming in church with the little package of papers under his arm. I know I will have something to read when I get home. I send one dollar for little Jesse. Your little friend, ELLA.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

WINTERSBORO, Near Alpine, Ala., October 12, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I AM a little girl, eleven years old. I feel a delicacy in writing to one so much more experienced than myself, but I am delighted with the Child's Index, and so are all my schoolmates. I wish it would come every week. I tried to answer the Bible Questions in the last number, and think I have answered them correctly; but if I did not, perhaps some other little girl or boy has. The paper was three weeks later coming than usual, so I could not answer the questions sooner. Yours, with much respect, MARY F. BROOK.

- 1. What is the first song of angels at record? Answer—Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will towards men. Luke 2: 14.
2. Arc words of another song of angels written? Ans.—Yes; Rev. 5: 12.
3. Can you prove that they were appointed to minister to saints on earth? Ans.—Yes; Daniel 6: 22; Acts 5: 19; Heb. 1: 14.
4. Were they ever sent to destroy men? Ans.—They were.
Ans.—On what three memorable occasions? Ans.—The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. Gen. 19: 13. Ex. 12: 29, Slaying of the first-born of Egypt. 2d Kings, 19: 35, Destruction of the Assyrian army under Sennacherib.

- 5. Who were angels sent to deliver from the destruction of a city? Ans.—Lot. Gen. 19: 15.
6. Whose birth did angels announce? Ans.—Jesus Christ's. Luke 2: 11.
7. To whom did they minister in the wilderness? Ans.—The Saviour. Matt. 4: 11.
8. To whom did an angel appear with a drawn sword? Ans.—To Balaam. Num. 22: 31.
9. Can you tell the names of any angels? Ans.—Yes. Gabriel and Michael.
10. Did angels ever fall from their high estate? And what was their punishment? Ans.—Revered in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day. Jude 1: 6.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

From L. Pool; R. A. Harrison; "Julia," Virginia Hall; Florence Pryer; Eddie Dargan; Abbie Maury, Marion, Va.

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURES.

We see a fearful storm at sea; the winds howl dreadfully above the raging waves.—The skies are overcast with dark and jagged clouds that are hurrying across the firmament at a fearful rate. The sea rolls and tosses awfully, and heaves upon its angry bosom a vessel crowded with terror-stricken people. But what are they doing? Crowding to one side of the vessel they centre all their attention in one poor wretch who is completely in their power. In great excitement they raise him aloft and hurl him into the angry, boiling flood, which instantly engulfs him up, while, soon after, the waves subside and a calm follows.

The same sea is visible; but hardly a ripple disturbs its surface. A low and level coast is visible and the waves gently lave its shores. In the distance, mountains clothed in green raise their summits towards heaven. A beautiful blue tint gives splendor to the sky, across which fleecy clouds are floating in serene majesty. All at once a huge luminous torse rises to the surface of the water near the coast, and (amazingly!) suddenly ympts forth a human being, who, as soon as he reaches the dry land and looks around upon the glories of heaven and earth, devoutly kneels and prays to God.

Alone, on the summit of a lofty mountain, stands a man of great valor and distinction; he has been the leader of a powerful nation, which he has left at the foot of the mountain, never to return to them. He is looking upon a beautiful land, rich with all the desirable luxuries of life; but to this beautiful land he cannot go, and he lies all alone, on the summit of the mountain.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

No. 11.

The initials to the answers of the following questions spell a sentence in the Bible.
1. Of whom was it said "A troop shall overcome him, but he shall overcome at last?" Genesis.
2. At whose house was the ark deposited after the death of Uziah?
3. Who judged Israel under a palm tree?
4. Who was the father of Micariah?
5. In what pool did Christ tell the blind man to wash?
6. What flower did Christ speak of while teaching his disciples?
7. What kind of a leaf did the dove bring to Noah?
8. What question lost her grown by disobeying her husband?
9. Who sold his birth-right? NETTIE.

ENIGMA NO. 12.

Who was Moses' father-in-law?
Who was taken to heaven without dying?
What drink was given to Christ while on the Cross?
Who was the iner-dulous apostle?
Where was Joshua when the people of Gilead sent to him for relief?
By whom did Isaac say the child was uncovered?
Who multiplied the widow's oil?
Who was Naomi's husband?
Who refused to give his vineyard, and was stoned in consequence?
The initials of the answers to the above questions form the name of one of the best divines in the South.
MOLLIE STEVENS, Petersburg, Va.

WRITER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

A WAR PICTURE

[FOUNDED ON FACT.]

BY MRS. M. J. MALLORY.

"ISTEN!" exclaimed a boy of sixteen, starting to his feet, as the muffled beat of a drum from a neighboring encampment caught his ear. "Listen to that soul-stirring sound! Oh, how my blood boils when I hear that drum! How I long to meet the cowardly foe! Oh, mother, why cannot I go; when will you let me go?"

The brilliant gas from the hall revealed a manly boy standing on the top step of a handsome veranda, who, with flushed brow and flashing eye, seemed anxiously awaiting an answer. A figure in sable robes robed backwards and forwards at a little distance. Until now, she had seemed lost in some dreamy reverie, but at the same stirring note, she raised her head, and in low muttering tones, began—

"The drum, the drum!"
I hate the drum's discordant sound. Parading round, and round and round. And what does it do, what, but to drown the piercing shrieks of the dying, lest the living should hear and be affrighted?"

Then, in a soft, musical voice, the lady said,
"Did you speak, Frank? That drum aroused my soul, and sent my thoughts in a dark, a gloomy channel. What did you say, my boy?"

Frank had caught the softly spoken words of his mother's soliloquy, and her sad voice somewhat abated his zeal; but still the drum rolled on; and, silencing his upbraiding conscience, he earnestly began:

"Mother, there is music in that drum to me, inspiring music. Oh, if you only knew how I longed to join that company, you would let me go, I know, mother. Uncle James is the captain, and he will watch over me. Let me go, mother. Let me fight for you, that our property be saved, and that this pleasant home be not desecrated by Yankee foe. President Davis calls on the women of the Confederacy to aid in this glorious cause; and will you falter? Duty calls me, mother; may I not heed its voice? Oh, let me go! Say I may go to-night, and make me happy. Let me go, mother, to avenge—yes, to avenge, my sainted father's death; for surely when I think of this, vengeance will nerve my arm to deal many a heavy blow."

As Frank uttered this last sentence, his youthful arm caught the fire of his soul, and his fingers convulsively clatched the locks that clustered upon his manly brow. A sigh was the only response; and though twilight had nearly deepened into night, Frank saw the white hankercchief steal to the eyes; and, as the racking increased almost to violence, he heard a smothered sob. Frank's heart was torn.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed he, "I have distressed you by alluding to this subject again. Surely you have troubles enough without my adding to them; but if you only know, if you could only conceive, how my pulse bounds when that drum beats its evening roll, you would forgive my earnestness."

So saying, Frank walked towards his mother, and seating himself beside her, laid his hand affectionately upon her arm.

"Frank," said Mrs. Lee, throwing her arms around her boy's neck, "without you, I should die. My life seems well nigh spent, and my heart feels buried in that far-off grave; and sometimes when I look upon this black, dismal den, and feel this dreadful aching void within, I am ready to cry out, 'I, too, must die; and suicide—you shudder, my boy—yes, suicide enters my mind with so much force that I have to fly to my closet, and, throwing myself on my knees, plead, 'My God, keep me in the hollow of Thy hand.' Then a sweet peace fills my soul; and the face of my darling boy rises before me, and in gratitude I exclaim, 'I thank thee, my Saviour, that Thou hast stepped me in my madness. Henceforth let me live for Thee and my precious boy.' Tell me, Frank, what good will it do for me to live for you if you die on the battle field, fighting for me? Talk not of vengeance! Your blessed father went to avenge the death of his dearly loved brother. Alas! at what a sacrifice!"

"Mother," said Frank, deeply touched, "I have said but little to you about my father's death; for though I have desired so much to know, yet you have seemed so bowed down with grief, that I felt I ought not

to disturb your melancholy silence. Can you tell me now?"

"I will tell you all I know, my boy; indeed, I should have told you sooner; but when I tried, my tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of my mouth, and I put it off until time shall soothe my feelings a little; but this, alas! will never be. To-night three weeks ago your father died, Frank. He was wounded in a little skirmish. These little skirmishes, as they are called, make many a desolate hearthstone, many a sorrowing heart. He was wounded, but not severely, and he refused to leave his saddle until his men saw that he was fainting from loss of blood. Then they lifted him bodily from his horse; and a friend was detailed to nurse him—one in whom he had every confidence. The regiment went on, pursuing the enemy, feeling assured your father would soon join them; but—"

"Did his wound prove more serious than it at first promised?" asked Frank, unable to bear the dreadful suspense.

"No, Frank."

"My mother, what then?"

"Your father was poisoned, my boy."

"Poisoned!" cried Frank, springing to his feet—"my father poisoned! Oh, did I ever dream of this? Who poisoned my father? Tell me, mother, was it—that that man detailed to nurse him? Did he prove a villain and deceive my father, and did he poison my blessed father?"

"Locain, Frank; sit down; you unnerve me—you shall hear it all. The nurse was indeed a faithful friend; would that I could repay one half his kindness. It was he who called to see me last week; he gave me all the facts, and as they arose, I was glad to hear them from his lips. Your father's wound was not at all dangerous; and he was carried to the nearest village, which was considered decidedly favorable to the Southern cause. He was taken in by a gentleman, and a physician procured, both of whom declared themselves strong secessionists. The wound was dressed with an ointment, but strange to say, it never healed."

"Suspicious were aroused in the minds of both your father and Mr. Chapman, the detailed nurse, that there might be some dark dealing here. But what could they do? Then the food began to look strange, too—mystery seemed to envelope everything. Your poor father became perfectly emaciated for want of food; for he was afraid to eat anything but what Mr. Chapman's own hands prepared. The ladies in the village—ladies, did I say—fiends, I should have called them, for truly they were fiends in human shape—they sent tempting cake; and when they were out, streaks of green, like poison, our vapors, coiled through and through them, ready to strike dead their victim. Your father would have risked the cakes, so hungry was he, but Mr. Chapman seized them from his hand and threw them from him. Oh, my poor husband! what sufferings you must have endured! But worse than this, Frank, your father wrote to let us know his condition, perhaps urging us to fly to his bedside, and ease his sufferings. This letter was never sent. You remember that I received one, that gave me no alarm, but really comforted me, to think that he had found such kind friends. This letter was a forgery. In a short time your father's wound became very painful. The physician seemed to feel quite a trouble to call upon his patient so often, but Mr. Chapman plead with him to some one more—but once more. After going for him three times, the physician, with an oath, started, saying, 'Yes, I'll go once more. I'll give him something that will relieve him.' He went; and, on entering your father's room, mixed a dose, God only knows what, and carrying it to my dear husband, saying, roughly, 'HERE, and eager to be relieved, your father drank, and—"

"Did it kill my father?" whispered the breathless boy.

"Your father called Mr. Chapman to him and, in a whisper, said, 'He has killed me, Chapman—hush! make no noise, or they may kill you, too. Lay me straight, and let me die.' He died, my boy, he died. Oh! for grace to bear this stroke!"

"My blessed, noble father! What, then, mother?"

"The physician, and the man who owned the house, as soon as the dose was administered, went into an adjacent room and began a letter to me. When they had finished, Mr. Chapman heard them read it; and one asked the other 'Will it do?' 'Yes,' replied the other; and so it was sent me. I received it; and in it received a cold, formal message, which I know my dying husband never sent to me. The lock of hair looks like my husband's rich, glossy locks; but I am

afraid to cherish it, lest they may have deceived me, and yet afraid to throw it away. Oh, how delighted they were to think they had killed a Rebel Colonel! They wrote me that they had buried him with the honors due his rank; but Mr. Chapman buried him at night, alone. His horse, his watch, his clothes, his pistols, his money, his all, they kept, leaving me nothing to treasure of my beloved husband. They watched Mr. Chapman so narrowly that he was compelled to steal a horse at midnight and fly; even then they pursued and fired twice at him, but fortunately missed their mark. In the letter they request me to visit my husband's grave, adding that it would give them pleasure to point it out to me. Pleasure! Nay I do not doubt it. Pleasure! Yes, let them enjoy the fact that a widow's heart is desolate; ah, so desolate—that it is robbed of its joy, of its very life; and like a seared, yellow leaf of Autumn, it is quivering, quivering ready to fall to its mother earth and die! Gen. Morgan and his men swore eternal vengeance on that village and its inhabitants, for your father was dearly loved by his comrades in arms; but, alas! poor Morgan! where is he now! Ah, Kentucky, blush for shame! The blood of thy brother orphans to thee from the ground! Let thy blood-drenched earth open wide her mouth and swallow the village of T—, so that not a vestige shall remain to mark a spot so polluted. Oh, my husband, my precious husband! Would to God my hand had smothered that pillow and wiped the death-damp from that noble brow! Would to God I could have had one more kind word, one more kiss! Oh, Frank!"

Mrs. Lee covered her face and wept bitterly.

Poor Frank was dreadfully shocked.—Springing from his chair, he began to pace the veranda in an excited way, muttering to himself and gesturing defiantly. At length his step became slower, his manner more calm, and with a subdued, tender feeling he seated himself beside his widowed mother. Frank seemed ten years older; grief had matured him fast. Throwing his arms protectively around his mother in a trembling voice, he said:

"I will never leave you, my darling, suffering mother. I forgot I was your only boy—your only child. I did want to be a soldier and battle for my country, but, mother, God has opened my eyes to see that my duty is first to you, and, if aught I can do in my feeble way can alleviate your troubles, your sufferings shall soon be relieved. Forgive me, mother, for adding to your grief by urging my own wishes upon you; forgive my exceeding selfishness."

"My noble boy, my darling Frank! Surely the mantle of my sainted husband has fallen upon his son."

"Yes, mother, let me stay by your side—I ask no higher privilege. Let the world ask—Frank Lee, were you a soldier in 1863? I can answer, 'Yes; for have not I fought my own inclinations and battled with my own desires, and have not I this night obtained a complete victory? Let me be your shield, mother, in the hour of peril, and your comfort in your times of suffering. I ask no higher honor, no greater happiness."

"God bless you, my comforter, my protector, my manly boy. You have denied yourself much for me, my child, but you shall not make the only sacrifice. I am a mother, but a patriot, too. I gave my husband—to-night I yield my boy—my ALL, to my country's call. Wait but one year, and you shall go to battle for our freedom. Wait patiently, then, and, with measured tread, you, too, shall march to the music of the drum. So good a son must make a valiant soldier. God shield and bless my precious child."

As this blessing was pronounced, the moon peeped from behind her casement of dark clouds to witness a scene so heavenly, while her beams danced lovingly around the sadly lumpy pair. So, poor stricken one, may the sunbeams of heaven burst through the dark night of sorrow, displaying grace like rich dew-drops, pendant from leaf and flower.

A bright little girl, to the common inquiry of all children, "What are we made of?" was told, in the words of the Bible, that "God made man out of the dust of the earth." Shortly after, while walking in a high wind, which lifted the pulverized soil in eddies, she exclaimed:

"See! there is dust enough scattered to make several people."

Seek to be good children.

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

BAPTISM.

(Concluded.)

ESSE WATERER—And is this all which baptism shows? Mr. C.—No. These verses, which you have read, teach us, I think, that baptism is a representation—a picture—that is an easier word—of the burial and resurrection of Christ.

As a person who is baptized is laid under the water, so Christ was laid in the tomb; as the person is raised up out of the water, so Christ was raised from the dead, to suffer and die no more; and some persons think the scriptures teach that baptism was intended also to be a representation, a picture, of the resurrection of our bodies at the last day.

Yes, see, then, that baptism is a glorious ordinance, or appointment of Christ. You should never think nor speak lightly of it; this would be a great sin.

Martha Jane.—Father, will no other way do but to bury persons all over in the water? Some persons sprinkle water on a person, or pour water, and call it baptism, do they not?

Mr. C.—Yes, my daughter, but I do not understand that this is taught in the word of God. Have you ever seen anything like it in those places which speak of baptism?

Martha Jane.—No, father, but I did not know that what older and wiser persons had found it.

Mr. C.—No, never. They have thought so; but, as for myself, I am certain they have been mistaken. Very good people, you know, often make mistakes. Christ, we read, was baptized in the river Jordan. John baptized in Enon, near to Salem, because there was much water there. Philip and the Eunuch went down into the water, and then the Eunuch was baptized, and they came up out of the water. These things do not look much like sprinkling or pouring.—We are bidden with Christ in baptism. Now, if baptism is intended to be a picture or representation of a burial, you know sprinkling or pouring could not answer the purpose. But I desire you all, children, to read and study the word of God for yourselves.

Martha Jane.—May I ask you another question? Who have a right to be baptized?

Mr. C.—None, my child, but those who repent of sin, and believe truly in Jesus Christ. John the Baptist baptized those who confessed their sins. Christ said, he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. Peter said, on the day of Pentecost, repent and be baptized every one of you. Philip said to the Eunuch, who requested to be baptized, if thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. Many people think that little infants ought to be baptized; but I can find no more scripture for infants being baptized, than I do for sprinkling being baptism. Baptism is "not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God." Little infants, you know, can have no conscience about anything.

Miss Mercer.—Father, I saw you baptize a little girl the other day, who was not older than I am. Did she love Christ. Was she a Christian?

Mr. C.—I trust she was. She had seen herself a lost sinner; she prayed to Christ for pardon, and she felt that she had been made to love the Lord and his people, and that God had pardoned her sins. Her father and mother think she is a changed child, a true, consistent Christian; and if this be so, certainly she had a right to be baptized. O, children, I wish you all loved and feared the Lord, and were prepared to follow him. Seek the Saviour now, in your early days. I love those, says the Lord, that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me.

"We have the most religious home," said a little girl, "that ever you saw. They never drink the least bit of water, without looking up to the sky, between every swallow, I suppose to thank God. I am sure such here are an example to us all."

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.