



PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY SAMUEL BOYKIN, MACON, GEORGIA, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, FOR SINGLE COPIES



CONSTANTINOPLE

BY THE EDITOR.

WE present our young readers, this month, with a picture of the great city of *Constantinople*, the capital of Turkey. There the Sultan of Turkey lives with his many wives and rules with despotic sway. It is situated on the Sea of Marmora, and at the Southwest opening of the Bosphorus, which separates Europe from Asia. It contains nearly one million of inhabitants, most of whom are Turks, who believe in Mahomet and hate Christians. The city proper is eleven or twelve miles in circumference, but, including all its suburbs, it is about fifty-five miles in circuit. It stands upon a range of mountains; and from the water, presents a most noble and magnificent appearance, rising up grandly in the

shape of a half-moon, like a mighty amphitheatre, and containing many splendid mosques and palaces, whose numerous towers and minarets, pointing to heaven, give it a most picturesque appearance. But really the city is mean and squalid; its streets are narrow, dirty and steep; and its houses are mostly low and built of mud and wood, and sometimes many of them get burnt by one fire.

The large dome you see in the picture is that of the Mosque of Saint Sophia, which no one who is not a Mussulman can enter without permission from the Sultan. Besides this there are about 500 mosques in the city; but God is not truly worshipped in them. Let us pray that the time will soon come when the praises of Jesus will resound from one to the other, and go up as sweet incense to heaven from this famous city.

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced thro' their heads,
And mama in her 'koshieff and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out in the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter;
Away to the window I flew like a snail,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sail.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whispered and shouted and called them by name:
"Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer I now Vixen!
On Comet on Cupid! on Dunder! on Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As the leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the couriers they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too:
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof,

So I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the Chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot!
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack:
His eyes, how they twinkled, his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath,
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly—
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a white thistle,
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

THE FAT OLD LADY ON THE CAR.

GOOD many years ago, when our beautiful city of Charleston was not dreaming of rude war, Mrs. Sherwood and three children took the cars for that place. Towards night most of the passengers began making sleeping arrangements for the night. It was not long before all heads were out of sight. The shrill whistle giving warning that another train was approaching, up popped one to see if they were to have an addition to their number. This was Hugh's, the eldest child and at present the only protector of Mrs. Sherwood. He was a fine looking lad, and had a certain manliness of manner that was uncommon at his age. The farther door opened and the Conductor ushered in the very fattest old lady Hugh thought he had ever seen or heard of. He could distinguish a carpet-bag hanging from one arm, while in the other she bore something like a bundle, but which Hugh guessed must be a baby. She came very slowly down the aisle, peering into the seats right and left, until she got against our group. She passed but a step beyond them; Hugh caught the words, "It looks like I will have to stand up again." This meant, he thought, that she had been standing in the cars she had left. The first thought he had was to give her his seat, but the next instant he was not like to wake up and find such a monster for her neighbor, and then she is such a tease, she will ever after call her my fat old lady, and I can't stand that."

uncle was soon aboard, telling them the carriage was in waiting to take them to his house. Our old lady began to move—she seemed to be trying to read the names of the omnibuses, but made nothing out of it.— Hugh was wondering what would become of her, it was so dark outside and no one came in for her. She turned and saw him.
"Could my little gentleman just tell me which Bus will take me to the Ocean House?"
Stepping up and telling his uncle to wait at the carriage a moment for him, he took her bag and told her to follow him. They pushed along till the right "Bus" was found. He could not keep back a smile at the thought of helping his charge up the high steps.
"My little gentleman, I'll just stand Johnny down by you to keep the folks from pushing him down, and climb up by myself."
This was done at last. Hugh handed in Johnny and the bag. He then went round and spoke to the driver; went to the door and even got up on the steps, for there was no one else waiting.
"The driver will take you where you want to go. I hope you will get along now without any trouble. Good night, ma'am."
"Oh, stop, stop!" said the old lady, "and do you think I'm going to let you go without so much as a 'thanksee'? Are you going to live here?"
Hugh told her yes, but he did not know where yet.
"Well, I was going to tell you where I lived, but never mind. A little gentleman like you wouldn't come to see an old creature in an old, common house; but come here a moment and give me your hand."
She kissed it, and raising her trembling hand laid it on his shoulder.
"I want to tell you I saw all you did when you thought I was asleep. Remember this, my little gentleman, you will never lose anything by politeness, even to a poor old woman like me."
Hugh didn't know what else to say, but thank you ma'am, something about his being no trouble at all, and a good night, again.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE BOY WHAT GOD MADE.

AN instructor of some exceedingly ignorant children was desirous that they should make a good appearance before visitors who were expected. She, therefore, placed them in a row, and taught them by rote the answers to a few questions, so arranging them that each one could answer correctly only the interrogatory that was addressed to himself. Time did not admit of anything more, and she supposed them sufficiently drilled for the occasion. The questions were very simple and direct, beginning with "Who made you?" "Of what were you made?" &c.
The company arrived. The class was marshalled. The first question—"Who made you?"—was put, and the reply given at the top of the voice:
"Out of the dust of the earth."
Observing the teacher's disconcerted look, the boy hastened to explain.
"Ma'am! ma'am! I'm the second boy, and was to say, 'out of the dust of the earth.' The boy what God made, ain't here. He wasn't well, he said, and so run'd home."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

The following verified paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer has been set to music in England:
Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer:
Thy name be hallowed everywhere:
Thy kingdom come; thy perfect will
In earth, as heaven, let us fulfill!
Give this day's bread that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;
Help us temptation to withstand:
From evil shield us by thy hand:
Now and forever unto thee,
The kingdom, power and glory be.
Amen.

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

THE CHILD'S INDEX TO THE LITTLE PATRONS, ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

One year has passed, dear little friends,
Since you and I first met;
I trust you've never thought of our
Acquaintance with regret.
Twelve pleasant visits I have made
Your happy homes this year;
Twelve times I've brought you something new,
Your passing hours to cheer.

I've travelled many thousand miles,
In bright and stormy weather,
By rail-road car and rough old stage,
That we might be together;
I've brought you sweet and pleasant rhymes,
And stories good and true,
And brilliant pictures I've displayed,
Kind words of counsel too.

I've told you good and wholesome truths
Of your great duties here;
I've told you of the Eternal One,
Whom you must love and fear;
I've bid you tread the narrow path
Which the dear Saviour trod,
That through his blood you may appear
Spotless before your God.

A new year now, dear little friends,
Dawns both on you and me;
Let us strive each to set our part,
Kindly and faithfully;
And treasure deep within your hearts
The lessons I have given;
They'll guide you thro' this world of sin,
To a bright home in heaven.

THE EDITOR TO THE CHILDREN.

If you had a nice kite, would you not like to have all the boys in the neighborhood see it fly? If you had a beautiful doll, would you not be twice as happy if your playmates could see it and share your pleasure? Even plays are a great deal more pleasant when enjoyed with little friends. And is it not so with more valuable things? Have you not taken pleasure in reading articles in the Child's Index to other children, or in showing them the pictures, or in lending them the paper? There is a way in which you can do even better than this. You can get all the children around you to subscribe for the Child's Index, and they will thank you for your trouble. Every month, after you send their subscriptions, we shall go to them, and sit down in the chimney corner, and tell you precious truths, that they and you ought to learn. Will you do it?

This is the first number for the new year. All the subscriptions which began with January of last year stop now, unless they are renewed, and the money sent for another year. So, if our young friends want our visits for 1864, they will please let us know it. And if they want the Child's Index to go to the families all around them, they should move promptly, that we may not disappoint our friends. A great many subscribers last year could not be supplied with back numbers.

Have you thought what a beautiful book may be made of the numbers of the Child's Index? Keep all the numbers neat and clean, and in two years you will have a nice volume that you may prize through life.

We need hardly remind parents, teachers and other adult readers, of the importance of strenuous efforts, at this season when we begin a new year and a new volume, to introduce the Child's Index into all the families they can influence, not already sufficiently provided with such a helper in training the youthful mind for usefulness and for heaven.

Our hearts are with the children. Our best efforts are pledged to provide safe, healthful moral and religious instruction for them. May the Holy Spirit guide our pen, and bless the truth that falls from it on the tender minds of the children.

NEW YEAR'S WISHES TO THE CHILDREN.

WISH you a happy new year.—
How thick and fast the wishes fly
All over the land, when the new year
comes in; and if wishes could make
us happy, how happy should we be!
But wishes are not enough. Some
have new year's presents with their
new year's wishes: are they happy? Your
parents please you a little while, but if done
not last; and the question is asked again,
and again, "What is the true secret of being
happy?"

We will tell you what a little girl said once
to her mama. "Mama," said she, laying her
hand on her mother's shoulder, and whisper-
ing softly in her ear, "I wish I could tell
everybody how happy it makes us to give
our hearts to God." This was the sweet ex-
perience of a child who for many months
had loved the Saviour. Once she was apt
to be ill-humored, and willful, and wished
to have her own way; now she was gentle and
obedient like a lamb.

What a dear friend Jesus Christ is to
children! How often are they disobedient,
willful, angry, making themselves unhappy,
and every one around them. Their parents
can correct and instruct them, and pray for
them; but their parents cannot give them a
better spirit. The children themselves feel
ashamed and sorry, and wish they had no
such wrong feelings rising up in their bos-
oms, and making them behave so; and with
tears they often say, "O dear, I wish I was
better." Dear child, there is One who can
make you what you should wish to be. It is
just what Jesus Christ can do for you; he
can give you a new heart. In the Bible it
is sometimes called being "born again." Je-
sus said, "Except a man be born again, he
cannot see the kingdom of God." To be
"born again," is to have a new heart and
a right spirit. Jesus can take away your
naughty spirit, and give you a spirit like his
own, obedient, meek, forgiving and loving,
so that you will be choosing and striving to
be good and do good. Then it will be easy
to be good; while now you often find your-
self choosing to give way to wrong feelings,
although you know how sorry you shall be
for it, and what a sting they will leave be-
hind.

This little girl had found out the secret:
to be happy, one must be good. Again we
wish you, dear children, "a happy new year."

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.

MAMA," said a little girl,
dear mamma, do come here and
look at God." The mother
started with surprise, not know-
ing what had called forth this
exclamation from her child; but
on advancing toward the win-
dow to which she had climbed, she perceived
the full moon slowly rising in the east. This
was a sight altogether new and unexpected
to the child, and in the arbor of her admi-
ration, she supposed it to be nothing less than
the great Creator himself, whom she had
always been told was a very glorious Being.
Her mother kindly corrected her mistake—
taking this opportunity to impress upon her
young mind the truth, that God is invisible,
and never to be perceived by mortal eyes.—
The child listened at first, with feelings of
disappointment, if not of incredulity, but at
last seemed to obtain a correct idea of the
subject, and with it a distinctness of impres-
sion, which mere argument could never have
produced. It was Sabbath evening, and this
incident afforded a happy occasion for direct-
ing her attention to the nature of the Supreme
Being. As she was about to offer up her
nightly prayer,

"My dear," said her mother, "you are now
going to pray to God, and you must remem-
ber that you cannot see him, but he can see
you. He is not in any particular place, as
you see the moon is; he is not in the sky,
nor out of doors, nor in heaven, any more
than he is here. He is in this room, is he
not?"

"Yes, mama," returned the child, "I feel
now as if he was; though always when I
have said my prayers before, it seemed as if
he was somewhere a great way above me,
but now I believe he is much nearer to me
than the moon is."

With these feelings she offered her pray-
er, happy in the thought that God could
hear her, and if she was a good child, would
hear her; and thus a childish mistake, a
blunder, at which some injudicious mothers
might have only smiled, was made the founda-
tion of a lesson which happily modified all
her subsequent views of the unseen but see-
ing One.

REMARKABLE MONUMENT.

BY MRS. MARY A. WOODRUM.

PEOPLE erect monuments to the mem-
ory of great and good men, and praise-
worthy events, in order that they
may not be forgotten. For instance,
were you to go to Savannah, you
would see a beautiful marble shaft, in
a public part of the city; and, on
inquiring what it was for, you would be told
it was a monument to the memory of Gen-
erals Greene and Pulaski. This would lead
you to ask who were Greene and Pulaski—
"Men who fought for our liberties," would
be the reply. "Fought whom and when?"
you would again inquire; and in this way
you would learn something of the history of
these distinguished Generals, as well as that
of our country; and that might induce you
to read some interesting histories in order to
learn more about them. So you see the use
of monuments, don't you?

I am now going to tell you about two very
remarkable ones, of which you have never
heard, perhaps, because they have not made
much noise in the world, though the circum-
stances they commemorate are worthy to be
held in perpetual remembrance. The first is
in Lichfield, England, and is in honor of
a man who tried to atone for an act of disobe-
dience to his father, fifty years after the of-
fense was committed, and long after his fa-
ther was dead. This was Doctor Samuel
Johnson, one of the most learned and gifted
men the world has ever produced.

But I must tell you about the monument,
and the act it was intended to honor. When
an old man, Dr. Johnson went occasionally
to visit Lichfield, his native town. The citi-
zens of Lichfield were always proud to have
this great man visit them, and did every-
thing in their power to render his stay com-
fortable and pleasant. One morning, during
the last visit he ever made them, he was ab-
sent from the breakfast table, at the house
where he was stopping. On making inquiry
of the servants, it was found that he had
started from Lichfield very early in the morn-
ing without telling any one where he was
going. This excited some surprise, and as
the day wore away and he did not return,
the people with whom he was staying began
to be uneasy about him.

At last, just before supper, the door was
opened and in walked the Doctor. No one
dared to ask the cause of his strange ab-
sence, and as all were anxious to know, an
awkward silence ensued. After a few min-
utes, he explained his absence by addressing
the lady of the house in the following lan-
guage:

"I beg your pardon, madam, for the
abruptness of my departure from your house
this morning, but I was constrained to it by
my conscience. Fifty years ago to-day I
disobeyed my father—a sin which has ever
since lain heavily on my mind, and to-day I
have tried to expiate it. My father, you
recollect, was a book-seller, and had long
been in the habit of attending the market
at Uttoxeter, (pronounced Yuto-oxeter) and
opening a stall for his books on market days.
This time fifty years ago, he was confined to
his bed by sickness, and requested me to
visit the market and attend the stall in his
place. But, my pride prevented me from
doing so, and I gave my father a refusal. I
went away with the sin of this disobedience
to-day in a post-chaise to Uttoxeter, and
going into the market at the time of high
business, uncovered my head, and stood with
it bare an hour before the stall which my fa-
ther had formerly used. During this time
I was exposed to the inclemency of the weath-
er and the sneers of the bystanders; but
the penance, I trust, has propitiated Heav-
en for the only instance I remember of dis-
respect towards my father."

The people of Lichfield have erected an
immense statue of Dr. Johnson, at the foot
of which are small figures representing dif-
ferent scenes in his life, and among them
his act of penance for the sin of disobe-
dience to his father.

The readers of the Child's Index, know,
of course, that penance cannot atone for sin.
They knew that the blood of Christ alone
can cleanse from sin, but there is something
so beautiful and touching in the great Dr.
Johnson's remembering for fifty years one
act of disobedience to his father, I could not
refrain from telling them about it. What a
lesson for young people! Probably Samuel
Johnson thought but little of this sin while
he was young and his father still living; he
looked upon it doubtless as a small affair;—
but when that father was laid in the tomb,
and the shades of age began to settle upon
his own brow, the wickedness and unkind-

ness of that little act returned to him with
redoubled force. Should every act of disobe-
dience to your parents return to haunt
you in old age, would you decline of life
be happy? Think of this now, dear friends,
pray God to forgive you for your former acts
of disobedience, and see to it that you com-
mit no more.

But I promised to tell you about another
"remarkable monument." That is even
more strange than this, but it is a long
story, you must wait for it till next month.

THE BIRTH OF GEORGIA.

It is very pleasant to know who our fore-
fathers were, especially if they were
good men, and worthy of imitation.—
It is this which leads us to make the
acquaintance of General James Ogle-
thorpe, the father and founder of
Georgia. It is not for his wealth or
his rank that we esteem him, but for some-
thing better than these, as we shall soon see.

About the year 1738 he was appointed to
visit the jails of England, and ascertain their
condition, and his heart bled at the sights
he saw in many of them. A great many
prisoners had been put in for debt, and while
locked up there, of course there was no op-
portunity of earning any money to pay their
debts; and so, many a poor man had been
kept in, year after year, until his head was
gray, and people without had almost forgot-
ten that he ever lived; and then, if released,
he came out friendless and penniless. Pov-
erty was considered a crime. Oglethorpe
pitied the poor debtors with all his heart,
but he did more than to pity, he determined
to befriended them; and he started the plan
of a colony for them somewhere in Amer-
ica, where poverty was not reproach. More
than this, he determined to make it also an
asylum for poor persecuted Christians, driven
from their homes in Europe by wicked rul-
ers.

Among those who suffered cruel treat-
ment on account of their religion, were the
pious Moravians. Gen. Oglethorpe soon in-
terested a great many benevolent people in
behalf of his plan. George II. gave him a
tract of land between the Savannah and Al-
tamaha rivers, which received the name of
Georgia, in honor of the king. The colony
was placed under the care of trustees, who
held it in "trust for the poor."

The General himself came over with the
emigrants, one hundred and twenty in num-
ber; and while they were landing, he went
up the river to pick out a site for the new
settlement. He selected the high bluff up-
on which Savannah now stands, and under
four beautiful pines pitched his tent. This
was in 1738. Near by was a small Indian
village, whose chief soon paid Oglethorpe a
visit. "Here is a little present," said the
red man, offering a buffalo skin painted on
the inside with the head and feathers of an
eagle: "the eagle's feathers are soft, and
signify love; the buffalo skin is warm, and
is the emblem of protection; therefore love
and protect our little families." The Gener-
al proved a kind friend to the Indians, and
sent ministers of the gospel to tell them of
their God and Saviour; and as friendliness
begets friendship, the Indians were always
true and kind to him and his little colony.

The next reinforcement was a company
of pious Moravians, who though poor in this
world's goods, came well supplied with Bi-
bles and hymn books, and what is better,
they had treasure laid up in heaven. Ogle-
thorpe received them gladly. They made a
little settlement and called it "Ebenezer,"
and they raised a column of stone, in token
of their gratitude to God, who had brought
them safely to these ends of the earth.—
"Gen. Oglethorpe bears a great love to the
servants and children of God," wrote the
pastor of Ebenezer to his friends. Good
men from England visited this peaceful lit-
tle colony, and loved its interests. Wesley
came over, and for two years lived and la-
bored here; and it was the headquarters of
many a band of missionaries, who went forth
to the savage tribes, and told the story of the
Saviour's love in the wigwags of the forest.

It was also blessed by the preaching and la-
bor of Whitfield; and here he founded an
asylum for poor orphans, in whose welfare
good people both in England and America
took a deep interest, and helped it with their
money. Whitfield loved his orphans, and
perhaps among all his homes there was no
spot dearer to him than Savannah.

Such was the birth of Georgia: it had a
truly Christian birth. May her children
not prove unworthy of their pious and noble
ancestry.

Don't fail to read the "Christmas Gift"
story. Then go and do like little Nellie.



THE LION: KING OF BEASTS.
BY MRS. L. N. BOYKIN.

OW would you like, my little readers, to be the subjects of such a "King" as stands savagely looking at you from the picture? Perhaps you would like to know who his subjects are—what his name—how he rules, and in what country he holds his sway. His name is *King Leo*. He rules in the forest, and all the beasts of the field are his subjects. He is no merciful King, ruling those inferior to him by kindness and clemency; but he walks majestic through the forest, knowing that his power exists in the strength of his muscular paw, the sharpness of his teeth and the terror of his voice. Hence weaker animals flee before his presence. They leave him undisputed lord of the forest, for resistance to such a foe would be sure destruction. He makes his home in the best climate of the torrid zone, and in the tangled wildwoods and arid deserts of Africa and Asia he reigns supreme. His strength is remarkable. He can lift his paw and with a single stroke break the back of an ox.—With his teeth he tears the flesh, and devours the huge animal at a meal. A poor little lamb would be but a dainty little morsel for this mighty gourmand.

Man alone dares to wage war against this King and attack him in his haunts. But the intrepid Lion boldly faces so civilized an antagonist. He lifts his mighty head, shakes his shaggy mane, knits his eyebrows, and thundering forth a terrific roar, rushes upon his prey. And they are most generally vanquished, unless by an adroit aim, a ball of lead or a poisoned arrow is lodged in his brain.

The Scriptures give us a wonderful account of an encounter Samson had with a Lion. He was going down to Timnath, when a Lion, it is said, "roared upon him," and with the marvellous strength of a giant, he opened the jaws of the animal and rent him in twain. The Bible, tells us, too, that David, when he was a young shepherd in Israel, rushed up to a Lion, and extricated from his jaws a lamb which had been seized from the flock.

Historians tell a story of Alexander the Great slaying a Lion with a single blow from his hand, but it is difficult to conceive of human strength accomplishing so much.—We would rather turn and flee before his angry frow.

The Bible compares the great enemy of our souls to a roaring Lion going about seeking whom he may devour. Like this terrible animal he lurks in hidden places and seizes his prey unawares. He deals destruction and death wherever he goes, and conscious of his power, mocks the puny resistance of his weaker foes.

SAVINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES

A little boy being asked in Sunday school "What is the chief end of man?" answered, "The end what's got the head on."

Gusy coming in the house one day with his pants very much worn at the knees, was reprimanded by his mother, but escaped punishment by saying:

"Why, ma, you see, I *worsh*'em out-saying my prayers in the back-yard."

A little fellow about four years old, was one day receiving a reprimand from his mother for some delinquency, when he turned, and, with all Young America condensed in his look and tone, reminded her that she was "nothing but a female!"

Mr. B.—had a bright little daughter of some five summers. Now, he was in the habit of taking a "wee drap" before each meal, saying that it was "good for the appetite." On one occasion his little daughter observing him busily engaged in looking for

something, asked, "Pa, what are you looking for—the appetite?"

Little Etta one day made some remark about getting married. "Why, Et," said her older sister, "you should not be thinking about getting married; you're only four." Etta's face and voice at once assumed a serious gravity worthy of a Judge pronouncing a death-sentence, as she responded,—"Why, Lisie, I thought of it when I was two."

Little Edgar F.—is a blue-eyed boy of about three summers. Brought up strictly in the "Old School," he is of course familiar with the answers to such questions as: "Who was the first man?"—"What is the fourth commandment?"—"Who made you," etc. *Originality*, however, being one of the characteristics of our little friend, he soon grew tired of the orthodox responses. On one occasion, his grand-mother having very solemnly asked "Who made you, Edgar?" Master E. quickly and rather unexpectedly replied, "God made me a little, and I grew the rest myself!"

A mother was telling her little son, who was rather opposed to learning, about the advantages of education, etc., closing by saying, "Now, my son, you must study hard, for in a few years I want you to go to college."

"Upon this he looked up quite indignantly, exclaiming, "I won't go to college, to plague little boys, I know! for if I should go, I should call to see the girls, and they would say to their little brothers when I came in, 'It is time for you to go to bed, my darling.' (As he said this he cast a sly glance at his sister, as if he thought she fully understood him.) No, mother, I wouldn't do so mean; so I shall not go to college, and I think I've been to school about long enough."

CHARLIE, OR THE BLOSSOM AND THE FRUIT.

"OTHER," said a little boy, coming up to her one day, and looking curiously into her face, "what does it mean to give God your heart?"

"Charlie," said she, putting down her sewing, "do you love anybody?"

"I love you," answered the child, with a look of surprise; "I love my father, and my sister and Henry."

"Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, and me. It means, to love us; and giving your heart to God, means to love him. The child's face looked bright with a new thought, as his mother spoke. "And you ought to love God best, because God gave you your father, and mother, and brother, and sister, and everything you have; and he gave you his dear son, Jesus Christ, to die for you, and make you a good boy."

Though Charlie was only a little more than three years old, his little mind loved to light upon subjects like these, as if it were feeling its way after God and heavenly things. "I do want to give my heart to God, mother," said the child; "how shall I do it?" And then his mother taught him a little prayer expressive of his wants, when the child knelt down, beside a chair, and clasping his small hands together, prayed in tones so heartfelt, that the mother felt that out of the mouths of babes and sucklings there might go forth acceptable worship. "From that good hour," she now says, "I believe Charles became a child of God." His child-life did not disappoint her hopes. He was always trying to live like Jesus. Charles is now a man, one of the best of men; and he says he had one of the best of mothers.

THE YOUNG CHILD'S PRAYER FOR SUNDAY

Suffer me not, O Lord, to waste this thy day in sin and idly; but let me worship thee with much delight. Teach me to know more of thee, and to serve thee better than ever I have done before, that I may be made fit to dwell in heaven, where thy worship and service will be everlasting, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A WARNING

We warn those Sunday schools that subscribed for one only that they will get no more papers until they remit, in accordance with our present terms.

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURES.

No. 20. The dove returning to the ark. Genesis 8: 9.

FROM THE LETTER QUIN

FAYETTEVILLE, Nov. 7, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin: SEND you \$1.00 which I want you to send to little Jesse Hartwell. I am very sorry that little Carrie is dead.—My brother, who is in the army, gave me fifty cents of this money, and I made the other myself.

I like your paper very much, why it does not come often enough. I hope that when the war stops, you will send it every week. I intended to send this money to you for your little paper, but Aunt Ellen said if I would send it to Jesse, she would send for me.

Your little friend,
MILTON BATTLE PAUL.

FORT VALLEY, Nov. 23, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I write you a few lines to tell you I am delighted with your little paper, the Child's Index. I find it a very pleasant Sunday companion, and think every little boy and girl ought to take it. I only regret that it comes so seldom. I would like so much to have a new one to read every Sunday. I have a little brother nearly nine months old, and I am going to sew my papers together as I get them, and save them for little brother to read when he gets old enough. I think they will make quite a nice and interesting book.

I feel very much for little Jesse, and enclose fifty cents for him.

Your little friend,
LAURA F. CARNES.

MONROE CO., Nov. 10, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I write to you to let you know how much I like your little paper; I am very much pleased with it. When I get it I never stop till I read it through. I carried it to school with me and showed it to my little school-mates, and they liked it very much. I have got three more subscribers for your little Index. I am a little girl of ten years old. I send fifty cents for little Jesse.

Your little friend,
MATTIE BUTLER.

PUNNAM, CO., Nov. 10, 1863.

Samuel Boykin: My Dear Friend.—I saw in your little Index that several of the little boys and girls had written letters to you, and I felt like I wanted to let you know how much I thought of your good little paper.

It is a dear companion of mine. I intend doing all the good I can. I will send you one dollar for the Hartwell children, and hope you will send it to them.

Your little friend,
MARY A. KING.

FOREST GROVE, GA., Dec. 9, 1863.

My Dear Mr. Boykin: I received the December number of the Index yesterday, and have answered the Bible picture, and send you the Key, which is the dove returning to the ark. Gen. 8: 9.

I am very much pleased with this number. Please give my thanks to Mrs. M. A. McGinnison for her beautiful piece of poetry about Santa Claus.

Farewell, Mr. Boykin, I wish you a happy Christmas.
R. A. H.

DARLINGTON, S. C., Dec. 10, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I write to tell you about our Sunday school. It is composed chiefly of poor children who cannot walk to church now the weather is so cold; therefore ours is not an evargreen Sunday school. I send an Enigma, too. I am almost ashamed to send it, but I see other little boys are sending them, too. Enclosed please find one dollar for little Jesse.

Yours, truly,
EDDIE DARGAN.

THOMSON, Columbia County, S. C., Dec. 13, 1863.

Mr. Boykin: I suppose the Child's Index has come for the last time for 1863. As I think it a good little paper for little boys and girls, I must take it again for 1864. The Editor seems to take delight in pleasing and instructing us little folks with pretty pieces and pictures. We ought to encourage the Editor to continue them. We like the poetry—"Thou, God, best me"—and the piece on Santa Claus. Santa was very sparing with his good things last Christmas, but we don't ex-

pect much from him while the war lasts.—Candy and toys are too high for Santa. He will raise the blockade some of these days, if the Yankees are not so smart for him.—You will find enclosed two dollars for the paper, hoping the Lord will spare the Editor and little readers. You may hear from me and my little sister again.
O. J. & JUSTIN M. REES.

ENIGMA NO. 12.

1. Where did Jonah go after he fled from the presence of the Lord? Jonah, 1: 8.
 2. Who was the mother of John the Baptist? Luke, 1.
 3. Who was captain of the host of Jabon, king of Canaan? Judges, 4: 2.
 4. In whose reign did Amos prophesy?—Amos, 1: 1.
 5. How many times did Elisha tell Naaman to wash in Jordan? 2d Kings, 5: 10.
 6. Who carried tidings of Abimelech's death to David? 2d Samuel, 18: 31.
 7. Where did Moses see the burning bush? Ex. 3: 1, 2.
 8. Who was the wife of Isaac? Gen. 24: 68.
 9. Who was the 5th son of Jacob and Leah? Gen. 20: 7-18.
 10. Who was stoned for his love for Christ? Acts, 7: 59.
 11. Who first discovered the art of working metals? Gen. 4: 22.
- The initials of the foregoing spell the name of the sinner's best friend. E. D.

14.

FOREST GROVE, Dec. 5, 1863.

Mr. Editor.—According to your request I have made another Enigma, and send it to you. In this one, the 1st, 3d and final letters spell the name of a people, and a captain, and a woman who lent her child to the Lord.

1. What prophet said unto Isaiah, "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live"? 2d Kings.
2. To what city did Elisha lead the blind Syrians? 2d Kings.
3. What does the Lord say to the sinner: Come, now, and let us do together I sa. 1.
4. Of what people was Sennacherib king? 2d Kings.
5. What place does the river Hiddekel go towards? Gen. 2.
6. Who was Jacob's first wife? Gen. R. A. H.

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

21.

A company of rude looking people are sitting around a fire. A dignified man of small stature is placing a bundle of sticks on the fire; and while doing so a serpent clings to his hand and bites him; but he coolly shakes it off into the flames. [Acts.]

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

Julia.—Your poetry is received. Did you write it yourself?

Sarah F. E.—Thank you for your letter, and hope you will soon be able to read the Child's Index by yourself. Remember us to little Ellen.

Abbie M.—That question was a misprint. Enigmas must always be accompanied by the answers plainly written.

RECEIVED FOR "LITTLE JESSE"

From Alice Fryer	\$3 25
" Mary McLaurin	1 00
" Mary A. King	50
" The Welch Neck S. School, Society Hill, S. C.,	13 00
" Mary N. Fears	50
" Ada Fears	50
" Charlie Bailey	50
" Willie Bailey	50
" Julia T. Chester	25
" Sarah F. Evans	1 00
" Ellen Evans	1 00
" E. G. Herndon	1 00
" Ella Fuller	1 00
" Abbie Maury	1 00

For the sake of new subscribers we will state that little Jesse is the son of a Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell who went from the South as missionaries to China, several years since.—Mr. Hartwell was from Louisiana, and Mrs. Hartwell was from Macon, Ga. We proposed to the children to support little Jesse; and the money they are sending us is for that purpose. We turn it over to our Missionary Board at Richmond, Va.

LETTER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.
"LET ME BE HEARD."
TREASURER'S OFFICE,
PETERSBURG R. R. COMPANY,
Petersburg, Va., Oct. 16, 1863.

Mr. Samuel Boykin:
Sir—I enclose below an extract taken from an old paper, (and handed me by one of the teachers of the Washington Street Sunday School) for publication, if you think it would add anything to your interesting little sheet. I am, very truly,

D. G. PORTS.

"Little Ella B—, aged 13 years, was dying. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling, she said softly—'Lift me higher—lift me higher.'"
Her parents immediately balotered her up with pillows. She said—"Not that, but there!" again looking earnestly towards heaven, whither her pure soul soon after took its flight."

LETTERS ON THE ABOVE; BY THE EDITOR.

Young Ella lay upon her snow-white couch; The film of death obscured her orbs of sight, And marble paleness shrouded all her face. The gentle gasps that heaved her bosom pure, Alone gave sign that life was not extinct.

In speechless grief dear ones looked on and wept— A father's form with strong emotion shook, While gazing sadly on his lovely child. Serenely breathing out her pure young life, Low sobs of grief from Missie's heaving breast,

Bemoaning thus the fate of sister dear, Alone disturbed the stillness of the room. A mother's arm sustained the falling head— A mother's eye beamed each gasping breath— A mother's heart with painful anguish throbb'd,

At losing thus the object of its love. Too full to speak, with quivering lids she gazed

Upon her darling child, while silent tears Each other chased adown her velvet cheeks. A sudden smile, bright as the glow that lights

The Eastern sky when opens the gates of morn, Now beams upon the face of her whose life Is slowly ebbing out.

Her gaze turns upward, and the listening ear, Can barely catch the softly murmured words, O lift me higher! Lift me higher!

Quick hands and tender gently raise her frame, And prop it up with pillows soft as down. Not that, she says, Not that, but there, O see! They're angels come to bear me homie to heav'n.

They hover 'er my bed and sweetly smile. Aft, I see the pearly gates ajar— My Saviour's there—dear Carrie's there, and there

I see bright throngs with crowns upon their heads, And in their hands they bear sweet harps of gold.

What songs of joy! How brightly shine those streets! O lift me higher still, ye angels fair, And let my longing spirit bathe itself In that sweet sea of bliss!

With full-orbed eyes one piercing glance she gave, Her soul all centered in one longing look, As though, indeed, she saw the joys of heav'n.

And then, a dimness crept upon her eyes— A pallor took possession of her face— Expression all was gone.

Her soul had taken flight and angels fair, With swiftly moving wings, were bearing it To realms of everlasting bliss on high.

TEN COMMANDMENTS.

- "Have no other God but me;
Unto no image bow the knee;
Take not the name of God in vain;
Do not the Sabbath day profane;
Honor thy father and mother too,
And see that thou no murder do;
From vice adultery keep thou clean;
And steal not, tho' thy state be mean;
Bear not false witness—speak that blot
What is thy neighbor's evel not."

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Be present at our table, Lord!
Be here and everywhere adored.
Thy creature bless; and grant that we
May feast in paradise with thee.

A young lady who was perfectly thunder-struck by hearing of her friend's engagement, has since been provided with a lightning rod.

LETTER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.
CHRISTMAS GIFT!
BY MRS. M. J. G.

(Concluded.)

IN the suburbs of the same city where Mr. Barron lives, is a poor dingy looking house—the abode of poverty. No smoke curls gracefully above its roof, and to all appearance it is tenantless. The cold North wind whistles through the broken panes, and the rain beats in mercilessly through the gaping roof. No costly carpet covers the floor, but a rough made floor; no beautiful pictures decorate the room; no brightly burning fire light the grim old walls. See those little awkward children, as they draw closer and closer around the little flickering blaze! And look how they gather their thin, torn clothes about them, so as if to induce them to warm their half-frozen limbs! One speaks; half!

"Mother, ain't this Christmas?"
"Yes, my child, it is."
"Mother, ain't we going to have just a little Christmas this time?"
Poor woman, how she sighs!

"What's the reason Santa Claus don't come to our house like he comes to some of the children's houses? I think he might—Don't you, Nannie?"
"Yes, I do. We ain't got anything nice like some little children, and that ain't right, neither. I wish I was Nellie Barron. I know she got a heap of nice things to-day."
"Nannie," said John, the oldest child, a kind, dutiful son, "don't you know there ain't no such a somebody as Santa Claus, but just our mothers and fathers put the good things in our stockings, and you know father is away off yonder in Virginia in the army, and mother has to work mighty hard to get us this little fire and a little food to eat! When father comes back we'll have a nice Christmas then, sure, but we can't have one now. Oh, me! I wish he would come right now, that I do!"

Poor Mrs. Lane had been bustling about the room to hide the tears that were falling fast from her eyes. How heartily did she join in John's wish that "father would come." Oh, how she prayed to heaven to preserve that precious life, and how she prayed that she might live passive in his kind hands, and know no will but his. Then, when the curse of oil seemed about to fail, how she prayed that no murmur might escape her lips; but with the eye of faith lifted upward she prayed that she might be able to stand the buffeting of the storm and morn safely in the heavenly harbor! On Christmas Eve, as she bowed in prayer over her sleeping children, she seemed to hear a sweet comforting whisper, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and her soul was filled with heavenly peace. Until this moment no repining thought had yet intruded into the secret chamber of her soul, but these little childish, thoughtless words, how they touched the mother's heart and made it bleed afresh! With a prayer for renewed strength she brushed away the fast gathering tear-drops, and cheerfully said:

"Come, little children, maybe we will have a pleasant Christmas yet. We are not so bad off as some poor people, for we have got a little food, and a few chips to keep us warm; and then you all have such a good father, and he loves you so much. Some little children haven't any father or mother, and you have both. Come, John, run down to the Post-office and see if there is not a letter for us from father. Ask the Post-master please to look good, and if we get a letter, that will be a nice Christmas present for us all."

"Mother," said John, "youder is somebody coming here."

"Who can it be?" said Mrs. Lane, "I undled up in that nice cloak of furs. What can the little lady be coming here for, on this cold morning?"

"Good morning, Mrs. Lane," said a gentle voice.

"Why, Miss Nellie, what on earth has brought you out this cold morning? My little children were just speaking of you and saying what a nice time you must be having to-day!"

"Yes, ma'am, I have had a nice time, and I thought maybe Ginnie, and Nannie and little Jimmie here, might like some Christmas, too, so I brought some of mine down to them."

"Bless your kind heart! Oh, children, what do you say to Miss Nellie?"
Nellie did not wait for thanks, however, but, with sweet smiles, produced her veritable Santa Claus stocking, and, thrusting her tiny hand in, produced its treasures. Here

was a candy rabbit for Jimmie, a beautiful doll for Ginnie, a drawing slate of Nannie, and ever so many beautiful things. Then out rolled some golden oranges, some rosy-checked apples, and so many sugar plums—it was scandaous what a long stocking it was.

How happy those three little smiling faces, and what a world of happiness was reflected in sweet little Nellie's! The children could not believe their own eyes, and often asked—

"Are they ours to have, Miss Nellie?"
When assured they were, what a jumping up there was to show mother.

Mrs. Lane looked on with tearful delight, and thanked God for the joy that beamed in their little eyes.

After the stocking was turned inside out, and the last sugar plum shaken out, Nellie approached Mrs. Lane, and slipping something in her hand, said:

"Mrs. Lane, I brought you a little present, too. Papa gave it to me, and I want you to have it."

In some surprise, Mrs. Lane opened her hand, and there lay Nellie's TEN DOLLARS, her father's morning gift!

"No, no! Miss Nellie! I cannot think of taking it. Why, it is ten dollars—you didn't know it was that much, but it is. No, Miss Nellie, you made me a nice Christmas present when you made my poor little ones so happy; I do not wish for any more."

"Yes, Mrs. Lane," said Nellie, blushing at her own earnestness, "I knew it was ten dollars, but I do not wish it, indeed I do not; it will do me no good to spend it. Papa told me to lay it out as I pleased, and my wish is for you to have it. So take it, if you please."

Mrs. Lane burst into tears, and Nellie cried too; but think you they were tears of sorrow? Nay, little reader, Nellie was supremely happy. The bill was no longer refused, for Mrs. Lane felt that God had indeed sent an angel in human form to answer her prayers, and assure her that the crusar of oil should never fail, nor the barrel of meal become empty.

But to return to Mr. Barron's.

As soon as breakfast was over, Mrs. Barron saw Nellie put on her cloak and bonnet, and, with a gentle "I'll be back directly, mother," she started out. There was something mysterious about the whole affair, and Mrs. B. determined to put on her bonnet and follow Nellie unperceived. This she did, and reached the door just as Nellie was emptying the contents of her stocking into the laps of the eager little children. Mrs. Barron saw, too, the present of the money, and heard the little angel lips as they pleaded for its acceptance. Mrs. B. hurried home to ponder on what she had seen, and to weep over her own thoughtless selfishness; for though a christian; still she did not always seek to do good, but rather waited to be sought. Pretty soon, Nellie, all unconscious of having been observed, came in.

"Did you have a pleasant walk, my darling?" Mrs. Barron tenderly inquired.

"Oh, yes, mama, I have had a delightful time," and Nellie's face beamed with an un-earthly radiance.

When Mr. Barron returned to dinner, Mrs. B. approached him, and laying her hand affectionately on his arm, said:

"Husband, you haven't given me my Christmas gift, yet!"

"Your Christmas gift, hey? Why, Christmas presents are over at dinner time; ain't they, Robbie?"

"Yes, sir," said Robbie, who was appearing around the room, twirling his new circus, "it's too late to catch Christmas gifts, now, mama."

"But, husband, I am in earnest. I want a Christmas present. You have made money by the thousands since this war commenced, and I want a trifle this morning—Give me one hundred dollars; you will never miss it."

There was something about Mr. Barron's manner that could not be resisted, and Mr. B. ever indulgent as husband and father, took out the note and laid it in his wife's hand.

"What makes you look so serious, wife? What do you want with the money?"

Mrs. Barron then described the touching scene she had that morning witnessed; how their precious child had denied herself her treasures to make other hearts happy; how she had faced lighted up with joy at the sight of the mine of wealth in the stocking, and how the poor woman wept with joy as Nellie so modestly, so sweetly, and yet so urgently insisted on her receiving the little scumpled bill. Mrs. Barron then added:

"What a lesson my angel-child has taught

me! Would that I could equal her in my self-denial; but I can only try to follow in her precious footsteps. Oh! when I saw her in that miserable cold room, like some ministering angel, I almost feared she might vanish from my sight, so radiantly beautiful and heavenly did her sweet face seem."

Mr. Barron started to his feet, and pulling his pocket book out again, said:

"Miss it! No! I shall never miss it!—Here, take another hundred, with one hundred dollars in nothing in such times as these. What if I do miss it? I ought to feel its loss for waiting for my darling child to teach me this lesson. I wonder if the poor woman needs any wood: it is very cold out, bitter cold."

"She had some chips on the fire while I was there. I did not see any wood."

"Chips, did you say, wife, chips such weather as this! George! George! harness your horses to your drag, right away, and take Mrs. Lane a cord of wood. Do you hear, George?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take it right away—a cord, do you hear, George? Yes, two cords—two cords, I say, and tell her when this gives out to let me know."

It was a happy night, that Christmas night, at Mrs. Lane's. The bright fire leaped upwards as if in very joy, while happy faces beamed in its ruddy light. What a nice warm room, and what warm little hearts in it! Mrs. Lane was silent, but the tears would trickle down her care-worn cheeks; for in one hand she held a long letter from her precious husband, and in the other a note from Mrs. Barron, asking her to accept the enclosed \$200, calling it "a small sum for such pressing times."

"Children," said Mrs. Lane, with a trembling voice, "we must not forget that it is God who has given us such bountiful blessings; let us kneel down and thank Him for our happy Christmas."

Every little knee bowed in prayer, and the humble, fervent petition that ascended to heaven, was sweet incense before the throne of God.

Little reader, is there no little heart you can make glad this Christmas? Are there no poor children around you, for you to aid in these dark, stormy times? You may not be able to help as much as sweet little Nellie did, but if you can only do a little, that little, like the widow's mite, will not be despised in heaven. Do you live in Macon, or in any city or large town, then surely you have a wide field for usefulness; for many a little mouth will be hungry, and many little feet will be nearly frozen this coming Christmas. Do you live in the country?—There are poor there, too, and many an empty greasy, unan empty purse. Go abroad! Seek to do good. You will not find an opportunity if you sit still around your own warm fireside. Nellie had a happy Christmas, so will you have, if you follow in her footsteps. Her many will respond to her call? Remember it is so much more blessed to give than to receive.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR CHILDREN.

God is so good that he will bear
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear
To what the youngest child can say.
His own most holy book declares
He loves good little children still,
And that he listens to their prayers,
Just as a tender father will.

He loves to hear an infant tongue
Thank him for all his mercies given;
And, when by babes his praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs are heard in heaven.

Come, then, dear children, trust his word,
And seek him for your friend and guide;
Your little voices will be heard,
And you shall never be denied.

TERMS OF THE CHILD'S INDEX.

- Single copy six months.....\$1 00
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