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FORT MOULTRIE IN 1776.

BY THE EDITOR.

More than half a year our wicked and cruel enemies, the Yankees, have been trying to take the city of Charleston, in South Carolina. They have sent many thousand men with muskets, and many great ships of war, and many terrible gunboats covered all over with iron and carrying very large and tremendous cannon. And these great ships and gunboats have for long months been hovering around the beautiful city of Charleston; and although they have taken some of our batteries, and knocked glorious old Fort Sumter all to pieces with their big guns, yet they have not been able to enter the harbor and take the city. Gen. Beauregard, with his brave troops and guns and big guns, continues to hold them at bay, and all the oranges! Yankees can do is to stand off at the distance of five or six miles and shoot great iron shells filled with powder, into the city, in hopes of setting it on fire and burning it up. Is not this mean and cruel?

Well, this gallant defence of Charleston reminds us of a battle that took place in the same harbor eighty-seven and a half years ago, when we were first fighting for independence, against the British. It was on the 28th of June, 1776, six days before the celebrated Declaration of Independence, about which you must ask your parents.

The British under the command of Sir Henry Clinton, the English General, were trying to get possession of Charleston, just as the Yankees are trying to do now. And in order to do this the fleet, under Admiral Sir Peter Parker, attacked Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island. It was not called Fort Moultrie then, but was called Sums, in honor of Col. Moultrie, its brave commander; and it is called so yet.

Soon in the morning the enemy began to fire big bomb-shells at the Fort, and at 11 o'clock the ships, which were right from England and manned by brave and proud crews, dropped anchor right in front of the Fort, and opened a furious fire, which they kept up for more than nine hours. But Colonel Moultrie with his gallant troops from North and South Carolina and Virginia—five hundred in all—replied with the greatest coolness and bravery. The Fort was built of earth and Palmetto logs which do not split or break into splinters. The cannon balls could make holes in these logs, but could not knock them down. The Fort had only twenty-six cannon, while one sin-

gle ship of the enemy, the Experiment, had fifty guns.

During the hottest part of the battle a cannon ball cut down the flag of the Fort, and it fell outside on the ground! Sergeant Jasper sprang over the parapet, seized the flag and raised it again on another staff, amid a perfect shower of balls. This is the act represented in the picture we give, and it was rewarded by Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, who presented his own sword to the fearless Sergeant.

The battle raged till after night. One hundred and seventy-five British were killed and nearly as many wounded; while the loss of the Southeners was only ten killed and twenty-two wounded.

Well, the British were defeated. They set fire to one of their ships, the Acteon, and retreated during the night, and in a few days sailed Northward with their shattered fleet.

May the present defenders of Charleston prove as successful, as they have already proved as brave and determined. All honor to them!

W. M. BROWN.

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

POLITENESS:

OR, THE FAT OLD LADY ON THE CARS.

BY MISS ESTREL.

(Continued.)

When Hugh got to the carriage he was very glad to find they were not busy chatting to ask him any questions, so he jumped up by the driver. I do not wish to give an impression that Hugh was really ashamed of having done right.— He would have done the same thing again, but somehow the old lady's manner made him feel just a little sad, and he did not care to tell what he had done himself; and, maybe, as one of us are perfect, he might have thought of that teasing sister inside of the carriage.

The next morning while dressing, the events of the past night came into his mind, but he had so much to see and hear of his new home that he thought of none of them for several days.

The next week he entered a high school, with his new cousin, and was soon much engaged in his studies.

One day, about two or three months after this, he took a notion to turn down a new street and go another way home, being anxious to see all he could of the city. He was walking slowly along, looking on both sides of the street, when a voice broke out, "Oh! there he is! 't is him! 't is him!"

"I knew I should see him again! My blessed little gentleman," &c.

Hugh knew the voice, and, turning to look, there was his old friend coming out of a neat little cottage as fast as she could get along. He told her he was very glad to see her again; asked how her health was and how was the little grand-child; but she didn't answer a question except by asking as many more, and kept on looking into his face and patting him on the back, and even wiped away a tear with the corner of her ample white apron. This went on for some time, when Hugh told her he would be late at school and must go on, but not till he had promised to come that way occasionally, even though it was out of his way.

"Mother," said Bessie, Hugh's sister, and

day, having pulled him into the room by his coat-tails, to where their mother sat sewing, "it is very strange, but every week or two this boy comes home eating something good. Week before last, I noticed his pockets sticking way out yonder, and when I crept up peeped into them there were two great yellow oranges, and this moment his mouth is full of ground-pee candy; and if I live, here's a pair of new knit gloves in his hat! When I ask him where he gets them, he just divides with me, as he always does, and says—'Never mind where, so I do not forget to save some for you.' I am afraid he has either become a highway robber or left school and gone to clerking in Mr. Cassie's Confectionary."

Hugh had to confess; and Bessie would never be satisfied until he had carried her, one day, to see his Lady Bountiful. When she came home she told her mother she was a very nice fat old lady, but she was as much taken up with brother as if he hadn't seen him in a year, and didn't notice her much.

Her hero had grown so tall he must enter college. One of the last things he did before leaving was to bid his old friend goodbye; but he need not give the particulars.

For weeks before his Junior Commencement he had applied himself so closely, so his teachers thought, it brought on, first, a loss of appetite, then slow fever. The very idea of being sick at a boarding house, after all his friends had left for home, was so terrible to him that he determined as soon as his fever went off the next time to slip away from the Doctor and go home, so as to get home, if possible, before his mother left on her usual summer trip.

Just before getting into Charleston he learned that she had left the day before.— Where should he go? Who would nurse him? For he knew he was far from well.— Trying to make up his mind whether to go to a particular friend of his mother's or to the hotel, he thought came into his mind, why not go to my old friend's; and at that horrible door he was put out. There were no lights to be seen, and it took most of his strength to make noise enough to be heard. Of course the old lady wasn't going to let a body in at that hour unless she found out all about them; but when she found it was her own dear little gentleman, the door flew open, and in a moment he was warm and snug in her best room. He told her all; and she seemed to think he had done her a favor by coming to her poor little house.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

QUESTIONS TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

This is very interesting and useful to keep up a correspondence between your school and your friends in the army.— Stir them up to write to you, either by private letter or by having a committee appointed to address such as they think proper, and request them to write. But, welcome letters from any who choose to send them, and appoint some teacher or scholar to reply to every one. Many schools are finding this very pleasant. Try it in your school.

A great deal can be done even without Question books. Some teachers of advanced classes prepare questions in writing, and get them copied by the class before-hand. Many ask questions at the time of recitation. In those great Bible classes which the Jewish teachers used to hold, and one of which Jesus attended when he was twelve years old, they had nothing at all but the Old Testament. The teachers asked questions, and the pupils asked questions too. Question books are very useful, and we hope shortly to see some very good ones ready for circulation among our Sunday schools, but they are not indispensable. I heard the other day of a school in which some large classes have been kept up for months, with undiminished interest, without any Question books. It was in the country, and the teachers were ladies.

It is very important to commit to memory large portions of Scripture, and many hymns. Don't think, dear young friend, that this is beneath your dignity, or useless. You will rejoice over it if you live to middle age.— But do not commit and recite and then think no more about it. Review frequently and regularly, and try to fix the precious truths in your memory as a permanent possession. In every way cultivate your memory. It is one of the noblest of our faculties, and it likes to be made much of and trusted.

Children can be taught to read without Spelling-book or Primer. I knew an eminent scholar and Professor who always taught his children to read, himself, and began, without saying anything about the letters, at the beginning of Genesis, just teaching them to know the words. Others have tried the same plan, even when Spelling-books abounded, and found it work exceedingly well.

Greenville, S. C.

J. A. B.

TRUE RICHES.

LITTLE boy sat by his mother.— He looked long into the fire, and was silent. Then, as the deep thought passed away, his eye brightened, and he spoke: "Mother I will be rich."

"Why do you wish to be rich, my son?" And the child said, "Every one praises the rich. Every one asks after the rich. The stranger at our table yesterday, asked who was the richest man in the village."

"At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He cannot well say his lesson. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the other children do not blame him, for they say he is a wealthy* boy."

Then the mother said that her child was in danger of thinking that wealth might stand in the place of goodness, or be an excuse for indolence, or cause them to be held in honor who led evil lives.

So she said, "What is it to be rich?"— And he answered, "I do not know. Tell me what I must do to become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me."

The mother replied, "To become rich, is to get money. For this you must wait until you are a man. Then the boy looked sorrowful, and said, "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

"She answered, "The gain of money is not the only, nor the true wealth. Fire may burn it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away. Nothing and rust waste it, and the robber make it his prey."

"Men are wearied with the toil of getting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die and carry nothing away. The soul of the richest prince goeth forth like that of the wayside beggar, without a garment."

"There is another kind of riches, which is not kept in the purse, but in the heart.— Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of God."

Then said the boy, "May I begin to gather this kind of riches now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?" The mother laid her hand upon his little head, and said, "To-day, if you will hear his voice; for He hath promised, those who seek early, shall find."

And the child said earnestly, "Teach me how I may become rich before God."— Then she looked tenderly in his face, and said, "Kneel down, every night and morning, and ask that the love of the dear Saviour may dwell in your heart. Obey his word, and strive all the days of your life to be good—and to do good to all. So, if you are poor in this world you shall be rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom of heaven."

*Frightful.
 †Dreadful.
 ‡Wicked words where cannon are played.
 §Keep them off.
 ¶Warlike.
 **A company of ships of war.
 ††A ship's company.
 †††A heavy iron to hold up.

*Wealthy, rich.
 †Indolence, idleness.
 ‡A moth, an insect that breeds in woolen garments, and eats holes in them.
 ††(pre.) plunder, something stolen, or taken by force.
 †††(nothing) nothing.

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

DEAR CHILDREN,

Just at the time when the printer was at work on this number of your paper, a military order came that took the printer and put him in camp and stopped the work on the Child's Index for several days. And, in addition to this, just at the same time, when the paper demanded the editorial efforts of your friend who now addresses you, he was taken sick and confined to his bed with pneumonia. These circumstances have united in causing a delay in publishing the paper this month. So if you get a little impatient, remember, when you read this, how the delay was caused, and don't be angry with

YOUR EDITOR.

CHAT WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS.

WELL, children, you have another number of the Index before you, and we hope you are glad to see it. In it we have tried blend[ing] instruction and amusement. Grandpa's Story is completed in this number, and in it you will find how an anxious inquirer was led to be a Baptist.

"A Happy New Year" was intended for the January number, but came a little too late; and, as we thought it too good to be left out altogether, we publish it now.

Be sure and read about the old lady, for in our next paper you will see how Hugh's politeness will be rewarded. Don't you think "Miss Ethel" has a happy style of writing—just such as you can understand and as will interest you? Well, she will write again, and you will learn to love her as you do Mrs. Mullary and Mrs. M'Crimmon.

You will find the "Christmas Tree" sketch very interesting; and we hope "Winnna" will let you hear from him again. Just that is not the first time we have heard of a Sunday school Christmas Tree. A little more than a year ago, we saw just such a one, got up by the Superintendent and teachers of the Baptist Sunday school in Columbus, Georgia, where your Editor was himself a scholar, for many years. That is a good school, and the children belonging to it can say they "have a good Sunday school and a good pastor," just like those in Greenville, Washington and Raleigh. We reckon there are other good schools in the South, but we have not heard from them yet.

We give you another pretty letter from Dora. She speaks of "knitting socks for the soldiers," and we like that. We do not think children can do anything better for the country than knit socks for our brave soldiers. Just to think how they must suffer in the cold, cold nights with no socks! And very few of them have any. Ah, yes, knit them socks. And that is not all. Go to see their families like Nellie Barron did, and comfort them by presents and kind words. Little children can do a great deal for their country in this way. And they can do more—they can carry delicacies to the sick soldiers in the hospitals, and they can make presents of old caps and socks and plates to the WARRING SOLDIERS.

We have introduced a new feature into the Child's Index this number—and that is to explain the meaning of some hard words. This will teach you the meaning of words you did not understand before and make you that much wiser. How will you ever learn new words, if you never see them and have them explained to you? We fear our paper won't be very improving to your minds if we adapt it altogether to children six or eight years old.

Have you noticed the PRIZE OFFER in this number? Well, read about it; and try to see if you can't be one of six to gain a prize.

*blend—mix.
*Winnna—name of a child.
*blend—mix.
*Winnna—name of a child.
*blend—mix.

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

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. E. A. M'CRIMMON.

"**H**APPY New Year, mamma," cried Ida and Minnie Somers, as they came dancing into their mother's room on the first morning in January.

"I sincerely hope it may be a happy one to us all," she replied, kissing them.

"That is more than I expect, so far as I am concerned," Arthur said, looking soberly into the fire.

"And why is it, my son?" Mrs. Somers inquired.

"Because papa is in the army, and I have no pleasure at school when Tom Dobbs is there; he is quarrelsome," was the reply.

"And have you made up your mind to be miserable?" Ida asked, with astonishment in her eyes.

"No, not exactly, at least I do not desire to be miserable, though I don't see much chance of avoiding it," he answered rather sadly.

"For my part, I don't count on anything but happiness," shaking her pretty curls, "I am trying to keep in a good humor all day, too, because Susan says if I get angry to-day I will be angry every day this year, and that would make me dreadful cross. Don't any of you try to tease me, (do you hear, Minnie!) because I don't want to be vexed to-day, and what's more, I am not going to be."

"I am going to be a good little girl to-day, mamma," Minnie said, as she climbed into a chair, "so I will be good all the year, and when papa comes home he will say I am the best, won't he, mamma."

"Of course, he will," her mother replied with a smile. "You and Ida have made good resolutions for the new year. What are yours, Arthur, for you must not allow your sisters to surpass you?"

"Something will be sure to happen to vex me more than usual, if I make any resolves about being good, so I had best think but little about it, and do the best I can," Arthur replied.

"Suppose you determine not to be vexed to-day, but to make it a happy new year."

"How can I make it happy if things won't go to please me?"

"No one is ever happy who waits for everything to please him; but we can be happy without having things exactly as we would wish."

"I would like to know how?"

"We often want things which would be an injury to us, just as your little brother did when he cried for the candle last night. Suppose I had given him the candle, would it have made him happy?"

"Of course not, for it would have burned his hand."

"In the same way many glittering things which we ignorantly prize for would prove a snore to our souls. Our Heavenly Father knows much better than we do, what is for our real good, and we should be willing to abide by his decision. In this way alone we can be happy."

"I don't see," Arthur replied, after some moments of reflection, "how it can be for my good to have my father in the army, or to be tormented and annoyed as I am by Tom Dobbs."

"Your not being able to see it does not prevent it from being true," Mrs. Somers replied kindly. "Your father's absence, painful though it is to us all, may serve to develop your energies, and make us more dependent on God. Your disagreeable school-mate may be of service to you, in teaching you self-control. You will have to encounter many unpleasant people and circumstances through life, and it may be well for you to learn to bear them patiently in childhood."

"I have often tried to take things easily and not to be grieved or vexed at what I can't help, but I don't see that my trying does any good," Arthur replied.

"You can do nothing good in your own strength," his mother returned, "but God will help you, if you ask him in sincerity."

Breakfast was by this time over, and Arthur went out to spend the morning with some of his companions, while Ida and Minnie were called to the nursery to receive some visitors of their own age.

At dinner the little family again met together without the presence of company, when Mrs. Somers asked her children how they had spent the morning, and how they had succeeded in keeping their good resolutions.

"I shut my mouth tight and kept the cry

back when Susan washed my face," Minnie answered quickly.

Ida hung her head and said she could not help getting vexed when her cousin tore her pretty doll dress, but she did not stay angry long.

Arthur told, with a beaming countenance, how Tom Dobbs had tried to tease him by throwing his arrows in the pond, but he did not notice him, and, after a while, Tom let him alone. He then went on to give a glowing description of the fine sport he had hunting ducks; and they were all enjoying themselves finely, when the door bell rang.

"Somebody is coming to interrupt us when we are having such a pleasant time," Ida said, as Susan went to admit the visitor.

"I wonder who it can be?"

"Happy new year to you all!" exclaimed a well-known voice, and Mr. Somers stood before them.

Such a burst of joy as went up from the little group you never heard. Each one cried "Papa! papa! oh, I am so glad papa has come!" and some clung to his hands, and some to his knees, while Mrs. Somers hung weeping for joy upon his neck.

"It is a happy new year, sure enough," Arthur said, when all were seated.

"Yes, and I have been the best little girl you ever did see," Minnie said as she scrambled upon her father's knee.

"And I think papa will be at home every day this year," Ida added playfully, "and then it will be a HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

LITTLE CARRIE SHUCK.

RV. J. L. Shuck, was one of the first missionaries sent by American Baptists to China. In Alexandria, Va., he had been a member of a Sunday school class, taught by a Bro. Spait, about twelve of whose scholars became ministers of the gospel. Are there not numerous other instances of Sabbath school teachers who have been specially blessed in this way? Let any one, knowing of such a case, write a brief account of it for the Child's Index, in order to illustrate one of the many ways in which Sunday schools do good, and to encourage the hearts of all teachers.

Bro. Shuck was very useful for many years in China, and afterwards in California. At the breaking out of the war he returned to the Atlantic States and settled in Barnwell District, S. C., where he died, last August. Last Spring, his little daughter Carrie had died, at the age of three years. She was the only child of the wife who now survives him; and her devoted father, endeavored perhaps by a painful disease from which he had long suffered, was so prostrated by her death that his health gradually gave way, until he died—died of grief for the loss of his little Carrie. Ah! children, you do not know how much your parents love you.

Little Carrie had some money that was her own—five dollars—and recently her sorrowing mother handed it to the Secretary of the Sunday School Board, to be used for the Sunday School cause. May it be blessed of the Lord as the means of doing good to children who are still living!

J. A. B.

Greenville, S. C.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

Wm. JONES.—Your pretty letter with answers, is received, and we hope to hear from you often.

MARY LANE.—Thank you for your letter and good opinion.

A. C. FELDER.—Your nice letter deserves a longer notice than we have space for—hope you will write again.

W. J. P.—Glad to hear yours is an "ever-green Sunday school." Hope to visit it some day. Thank you for your kind letter.

JOHN DUCKETT.—We know you must be a good little Sunday school scholar, and that you repay the kindness of your instructors; and we are glad that you appear to have much of the missionary spirit. Poor Cousin Annie! You must try to meet her in heaven.

"How did you like the theatre," said a father to his little boy six years old, as they returned home one night.

"I don't like it, father; I would rather go to heaven."

A PRIZE! A PRIZE!

To increase our list of subscribers we offer a prize to each of the six young readers of the Child's Index who sends us the greatest number of subscribers by the first of July. Let all try to send new subscribers with the money, and to the six who send us the greatest number, we will give a complete issue of the Child's Index for 1863, nicely bound.

Six little boys or girls have a chance, now, to get the first volume of the Child's Index bound, with their names put on it. Let them go to work to get the subscribers, and be sure to tell us they are trying for a prize.

RECEIVED FOR "LITTLE JESSE."

Carey D. Grubbs	\$1 00
Mary Kempton	1 00
Evelyn Rice	1 00
Mary A. Hensley	1 00
Johanna and Florence McMeekin	1 00
Davis and Willie Whately	0 00
Mary Phipps	1 00
Bobbie Dyson	1 00
Donny Dyson	1 00
William Cox	1 00
Lizzie Cox	1 00
Nannie Cox	1 00
Tommie Cox	1 00
Eunna Cox	50
George Patterson	25
Sallie Patterson	50
Harrie Patterson	50
Jennie Patterson	25

In addition to the above, we have received for Little Jesse, but never acknowledged, \$125 00

Now in our hands..... \$144 00
Already paid over to J. B. Taylor..... 143 00

Total received by us..... \$287 00

Our young friends are requested to continue to send. Little Jesse will get the money whether their names appear in print or not. By the bye, we will tell the young folks a secret—Jesse has another little sister they ought to help support her.

EDITOR.

TWELVE RULES

FOR LITTLE SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

1. I must always mind the Superintendent and all the Teachers.
2. I must come every Sabbath, and be here when School begins.
3. I must go to my seat as soon as I come in.
4. I must have my lessons learned when I come to school.
5. I must try to understand what I learn.
6. I must be still.
7. I must not leave my seat till School is closed.
8. When I go home I must tell my parents what I have learned at School.
9. I must not play on the Sabbath.
10. I must go to church every Sabbath.
11. I must read the Bible and pray every day.
12. I must get as many children as I can to attend school, and set them a good example.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA NO. 18.

- Joppa—Jonah 1: 3.
 - Elizabeth—Luke 1.
 - Sisera—Judges 4: 3.
 - Uzziah—Amos 1: 1.
 - Seven—2d Kings 5: 10.
 - Cushi—2d Samuel 18: 31.
 - Horeb—Exodus 8: 12.
 - Rebekah—Genesis 24: 68.
 - Isaiah—Genesis 30: 18.
 - Stephen—Acts 7: 50.
 - Tubal Cain—Gen. 4: 22.
- JESUS CHRIST—the sinner's best friend.
LOULA WHITCHARD.

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

No. 21.
Paul and company entertained by the barbarians. Acts 28: 2, 3, 4.
LOULA WHITCHARD.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

From John Dockett, Mary A. Prather, Maria and Annie Perry, and Fannie M.

A word of one syllable, easy and short, Spells backwards and forwards the same, It shows a reflection warm from the heart, Please come now, and tell me its name.



WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

It is the wish of the Editor of the Child's Index to instruct his little readers in everything profitable and agreeable. He wishes you to learn of religion, morality, history, biography and poetry. These sound like prodigious subjects to cram into the brains of little folks, but the youngest reader of the paper can learn something of each, if it is simply and properly presented to him.

We see above the picture of an old two-storied house with a thatched roof and corner windows. We know you think it a very ordinary looking building, and wonder if a prettier picture could not be found.—But this is no ordinary house. It is the birth-place of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the greatest poet England ever produced.

In the town of Stratford-on-Avon, on the 23d of April, 1564—three hundred years ago—Shakespeare was born. He was not the petted child of fortune. Born in the rustic old house you see in the picture, his parents were poor working people, and he had not the privilege of going to the best schools and reading the best books. But he was the pet of Nature by being endowed with such genius and poetic talents as have crowned his head with fame's immortal wreath.

Shakespeare studied men more than books; and while other little boys of his age were learning Latin verbs, we presume young Shakespeare was quietly observing human nature—noticing the actions and criticizing the motives of his play-fellows. So you see it is not always acquirements that make men great. You know a great poet has said "the proper study of mankind is man," and children who closely observe men and things, are at the same time savoring away thoughts in their little heads. Little did the plain mother of William Shakespeare imagine that the little babe who looked so thoughtfully into her face, would become famous through so many ages. But so Providence appointed. He became a great poet and author, and in Westminster Abbey, in London, an immense church where the illustrious dead are buried, his bones lie amid the ashes of Kings and Queens and the great of the Earth. And a proud monument has been erected there to honor his memory; but his proudest monument is his works, which will live and cast a halo of splendor around his name as long as the English language exists.

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

A mother was hugging and kissing a bright four year old, when she exclaimed—"What does make you so sweet?"

Charlie thought a moment, and having been taught that he was made out of the dust of the ground, replied with a rosy smile, "I think, mother, God must have put a little thugger in the dust, don't you?"

Charlie, a four year old chap, rambling in the woods with 'Pa,' saw a tree torn up by the roots, and asked, "Who cut it down?"

He was told "God did it." Presently they came to one recently felled by the woodman's axe, when the little fellow exclaimed: "God did not cut that tree down!" "How do you know?" "He don't make chips," was the reply.

A lady once had two children and but one kitten. In order to save trouble as to who owned the kitten, she gave the tail to the boy, the body to the girl and kept the head herself. One day she heard the lit-

ten scream, and calling to her little boy, she said:

"There, now, sir, haven't you hurt my part of the kitten?"

"No, ma," the boy replied; "I only stepped on my part and your part squalled."

A CHILD'S IDEA.—Two little boys sat listening eagerly while their grand mother was telling them the Bible story of Elijah going to heaven in a whirlwind with a chariot of fire, when little Willie interrupted her with:

"O, Sammy, wouldn't you have been afraid?"

Sammy hesitated a moment, and then replied:

"No, not if I had the Lord to drive."

"O! how it rains," said a very young child. "The birds will be so wet. I'll get umbrellas for them, little umbrellas, such as they can carry in their own jaws."

The fervor of the child was not more striking than the ludicrous idea, of the denizens of the air, passing on their trackless way, or seated upon their nests, amid their young, with small parasols over their heads.

"Don't worry, child; God knows about the poor beetle, when we do, and will take care of them."

"Yes, father," said his little daughter;—"but don't be send them God and clothing by us!"

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

WASHINGTON, GA., Dec. 21, 1863.

My Dear Mr. Boykin:

I have been very busy lately knitting socks for our soldiers, or I would have written to you before, for you remember I said in my last letter that I would write again and tell you about the beautiful sermons which our pastor preaches to the young folks every Sabbath afternoon. Oh, Mr. Boykin, you do not know what a nice time we have, for then it is all of the little children in town meet at our church to hear a sermon which is especially for them; and I cannot help wishing that all the boys and girls for a hundred miles around could be with us just to hear them. One of the best things about it is this—he never uses any big words that we cannot understand, and that is one reason why I think the sermons are so very good, for when I cannot understand a sermon I think it is a very poor one.

Last Sunday he spoke to us about Rebecca at the well; and I never knew before what a kind and lovely maiden she was, but it made me feel very sad to think how she acted after she grew older. Perhaps she would have been a better woman had she never accepted those little trinkets we read about, for I dare say they made her very vain and foolish. I cannot help thinking that earrings and bracelets look quite pretty some times, but am assured that "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" is far more to be desired.

Besides these nice sermons every Sabbath afternoon, there is another time we all look forward to with almost as much pleasure. I allude to the first Sabbath in May—our anniversary. On that morning, bright, very bright, I think, are the eyes of more than one little girl as she comes hurrying into the school and wondering, no doubt, what kind of a book she will receive, for you must know, Mr. Boykin, that on that day every member of our school is presented with a book. To you think I am wrong, then, when I say that "ours is one of the nicest schools in the country." Before this God war came on we had a great many out door celebrations, when the children of the other Sabbath schools were invited to join with us and make more merry this gala day. Then we would have songs and speeches, besides a nice long table covered with refreshments. O, dear me, I wonder if those good times will ever come back again. Could my beloved country gain her independence, I am sure I would not grieve to be deprived even of these very pleasant celebrations. Some who use to be with us then are now far away in their country's service, for you know the war has made grown up men of some who, but a few years ago, were but little boys in our Sabbath school.

Now, can you tell me, Mr. Boykin, whether anybody sends the little Index to any company or regiment in the army? I see that the "Herald," "Index," "Banner" and the rest of the grown-up papers are sent, and I cannot understand why some friend or

"Board" (I think that is what you call it,) cannot send our little paper. There are Sabbath schools in the army which, I dare say, would enjoy reading it as much as the schools at home.

But it is time I was bringing my letter to a close, as my paper is almost out. I would like to write to you often, but paper is so very scarce my only chance now is, to come across an old blank copy book, at which time you may hear from me again.

I remain yours affectionately,

DORA.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

We have been thinking for some time we would write you and let you know how much we think of your dear little paper. We are always so glad when the first of the month comes, for then we are sure to get it, and we love so much to read the pretty stories and to hear about little Jesse. We were very sorry when he lost his little sister; but we hope she is in heaven with the good Saviour.

We go to Sabbath school regularly, and we love our teacher dearly, and we have one of the best of Superintendents. All we children love him—love him dearly. We have a very full school, and we intend to keep an evergreen Sabbath school, like we read of in your last paper.

Oh, I like to have forgotten to tell you that we used to live in your State, in the beautiful city of Savannah. We had not been living there but one year when the Yankees attacked and captured Port Royal in South Carolina, and papa, being sick with typhoid fever, and not able to help defend Savannah, if it was attacked, the Doctors told mama to leave the city as soon as she could with him, and mama did so, and brought us all back to our grand parent's house, in this city. But I want very much to go back to our dear home in Savannah, for we left many dear little friends behind that we want to see again.

But I must stop; I am making our little letter too long. We send you the Key to Mental Bible Picture in your last paper.—We find them every month, but have neglected to send them until now. We cannot make out all the Knigmas, so we will not send any answer to what we have made out. We are going to keep trying till we understand them well, and then we can send you answers every month. My sister is nine and I am nearly eleven years old. I will now stop. Your little friends,

MARIA AND ANNIE PERRY.

*We are glad to hear by a letter received from China that little Jesse has got another little sister, in the place of Carrie, who died.

EDITOR.

FAYETTE CO., GA., Dec. 23, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I send you two dollars to pay for the Child's Index. It is such a lovely little sheet that I can't do without it.

I am a poor crippled girl, and never walk ed a step in my life, but my parents taught me my letters, and by hard study I have learned to read, and I take great delight in reading. My books and papers are all the company that I can have, so please send the Index to my address.

LOU WALLS,

Fayetteville, Georgia.

WASHINGTON CO., Dec. 15, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I am a little girl, almost too small to write to grown persons, but you requested Sabbath school scholars to write and tell you about their progress and size of the school, and as I feel so deeply interested in mine, I will write you all about it.

Our school is in the country and can't have as many scholars as most of the schools written to you about. We sometimes have twenty scholars, but most of the time only fifteen. Miss Alice Pennell is our teacher. We have some little songs which she has learned us, and when we meet we all sing as loud as we can, and our dear teachers says it is so sweet—much sweeter than grown persons' singing, because it is innocent.

Miss Alice has a class she calls "Miscellaneous." We all recite as one voice. She has learned us what the Bible is; who Christ is; who wrote the commandments; and the Ten Commandments; the number of books in each Testament; the longest and shortest chapters in the Bible; the "Golden Rule"; the Lord's Prayer; and many other things;

also many pieces of beautiful poetry. We all love this class. We will try to get the whole school to subscribe for your little paper, which we all have read and love; if Miss Alice comes back. She has gone to her home, and our school will close until she comes back. We are very sorry, for we love our Sabbath school. May God bless the children's friend.

Your little friend,
MARY DUGGAN.

GILES CO., VA., Dec. 21, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

It is with pleasure that I take my seat to write to you to let you know how we are getting along out here. I am now ten years old; but I tell you it is pretty bad to have no Sunday school here. We had a very good one during the summer, but our Superintendent had to go into the army, and nobody would take his place, so it went to nothing. I love to go to Sunday school, and I wish it had been kept up all the time. We do not have any preaching here either.—There are three preachers living within one mile and a half of the church. One of them is a Methodist and the other two are Baptists. One of the Baptists is a missionary and the other a chaplain, and I hope they are doing as much good there as they would do here.

I am a reader of your noble little paper, and I wish it would come one week instead of once a month. We got eight of them the last time. I liked the "War Picture" very much. The Yankees ought to be every one killed. I would like to see your picture very much.

Kacuse bad writing and a short letter.
Yours, truly,

ANN.

P. S.—In this you will find fifty cents. Please send it to Jesse Hartwell.

ENIGMA NO. 15.

1. Who was justifiable in telling a falsehood? Josh. 2: 1-4.

2. Name one of the kings that was on the other side of Jordan when the Lord dried up the waters of the Red Sea? Josh. 2: 10.

3. Who brought Balaam to the high place of Baal? Num. 22: 41.

4. Who judged Israel ten years? Judges 12: 11.

5. To whom did Abraham's servant give jewels of silver and gold? Gen. 24: 53.

6. Who was an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron? Gen. 4: 22.

7. Whom did the children of Israel serve eighteen years? Judges 3: 14.

8. Who was the first one named in the Bible that had two wives? Gen. 4.

9. Who obtained favor in the sight of all them that looked upon her? Eath 2.

10. At what brook was it that the children of Israel cut down a cluster of grapes? Num. 13: 24.

The initials of the answers to the above questions compose the name of one of the greatest Generals of modern times. S. C.

Marion, Va.

16.

1. Who was buried by the Lord? Dent.

2. Who averted the anger of David from her husband, and afterwards became his wife? 1st Samuel.

3. To what great city was the first foreign missionary sent? Jonah.

4. Who sacrificed his own children to heathen gods? 2d Chron.

5. Who found a kingdom when seeking asses? 1 Samuel.

6. Who was killed with a tent pin by a woman? Judges.

7. What is the place called where the Lord miraculously delivered the Israelites from an enemy? 1 Samuel.

8. Who caused a long war by cutting off half the beard and clothing of a king's messengers? 2 Samuel.

The initials of the above spell the name of a tribe of Israel.

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

22.

Three men are sitting at a table partaking of a fragrant repast. They appear to be travelers, dusty and weary. One of them wears a most noble and benign aspect, his hair falling in graceful curls on each side of his face, and his full beard gives dignity to his appearance. Taking bread in his hands he appears to look up with devoutness as if uttering a short prayer. He then breaks the bread and hands it to the other two, and then suddenly vanishes from sight. They look at each other in amazement, and, hastily rising, depart.—[John.

A LESSON OF LOVE.

Little children, love each other; Kind, and good, and gentle be; Brothers should be kind to brother; Sisters should in love agree; Love your playmates, try to please them; Let nothing be said or done Which would hurt, or vex, or tease them, Or would injure any one. Quarrel not, but love each other, And be ready to forgive; Let each sister and each brother Suck in love and peace to live. Not in word or tongue love merely, But in deed, with heart and mind; Show you love them truly, dearly Both in word and not be kind. Little children, love each other; Show true love to great and small; Love your father and your mother, And love God the most of all. God is love; and he has told you If you try to live in love, Then will he with love behold you, And will bless you from above.

GRANDPA'S STORY, OR JULIA THORNTON. BY UNCLE DATTON. (Concluded.)

THE child was right. I saw it must be so. I wondered I had not thought of it before. How could it be otherwise? God is all-wise. He knew what he wished to tell and he knew how to tell it. He surely could make it plain if he chose to do so. God is infinitely good; He cannot tattle with His people; He would not give any command and require it to be obeyed, and yet leave it doubtful what he meant for them to do. He surely would make it plain if he could. I said, then, I will go to the Bible for myself; I will "search the Scriptures"—I will see what God says.

"But, grandpa," exclaimed Lucy, "it seems to me the Bible must be on both sides, or else it must be very hard to understand, for if it was all on one side and all very plain, good people would understand it all alike, and would be all of one way."

"It does look so, my child; but in that case you must see that God, not man, is to blame for all the disagreement among what are called good people. We must believe that God either could not or would not make the Bible plain, or else that he made some parts of it to favor one way and some parts to favor another. Now, it is a great deal easier to think that men are wrong than that God has done such a thing as that. Don't you see that if a Bible as in one place teaches that the Methodists are right, and then in another place teaches that the Presbyterians are right in the things in which they are opposed to the Methodists, it must contradict itself? It must say in one place that certain things are true, and in another that the same things are not true. If it teaches that the Baptists are right and then teaches that those are right who oppose the Baptists, it can't be true. If it is not true it is not God's book. But we know it is God's book and must be true. And so we know it can't teach that all these different and contending sects are right. If he established the Baptist church and commanded his people all to unite with it, it is certain he did not establish the Presbyterian or the Methodist, or the Episcopal church, and command his people to unite with any one of them. If he established the Methodist he did not establish the Baptist church. If he established the Episcopal he did not establish the Presbyterian. If he put anyone of all these different churches in the Bible as his own church, it is certain he did not put any one of the others in it as his church, and much more certain that he did not put all of them in. If he did, he made the Bible contradict itself in just as many things as these different churches differ from and are opposed to each other."

"But, grandpa, how does it happen, then, that good people, and even some of the preachers, say that they are all right, and thank God that there are different denominations so that every person can suit himself by joining the one he likes the best."

"If they are really good people, my child, they do not think, or they would not talk in this foolish way. The Lord Jesus prayed that his people might all be one; and the Bible says they are to have 'one Lord, one faith and one baptism.' There is in the Bible no mention of more than one denomination of Christians. There were many things said to urge them to all keep together in one,

to be all of one mind and all speak the same things. If any person departed from the order which was plainly laid down, he was to be noted and disowned as a church member."

"Then where did all the denominations come from, grandpa? If they are not in the Bible how did they come to be here at all?"

"They were started by men, my child, and in most cases we can easily learn from history just who began them and when and where they were begun. The Methodists, for example, began with Mr. John Wesley, in England, comparatively a few years ago. No such people were known before his time. They tell us themselves in the first part of their Book of Discipline. The Episcopal church came out of the Roman Catholic church, in the time and by the authority of King Henry the Eighth, of England.—The Presbyterian goes back to John Calvin, of Geneva. The Lutheran began with Martin Luther, in Germany. None of them goes back to the Bible times—none of them was established by Christ and the apostles."

"But, grandpa, when and where did the Baptist church begin? Do we read anything about the Baptists in the Bible?"

"That is what I was going to tell you.—My little earth-angel, had never looked for any church in the Bible. She was a little child and never felt that she must join a church. But it was different with me. And she could see how proper it was for me to seek and find the church which God had ordained for all his people. So she, in her simplicity, bade me look for it in the Bible and not in the world. I went to the Bible; I found a people there who were collected into churches and who, in some sense, were called "the Churches of Christ and of God." Who were these people? How had they been made members of this church? These were questions I must find answered in the Bible. The first of them, I found, were a people prepared by John the Baptist. He received them on profession of their repentance; and then they were all baptized by him in the river of Jordan. These were men and women, and not little babes. They came for themselves and were not carried by parents or sponsors. This I found in the 3d chapter of Matthew, and in every other place where the baptism of John was spoken of. Then I found in the Acts, that when the Ethiopian Eunuch desired to be made a Christian, he was told that he could only be baptized when he went down into the water, and after the eunuch came up out of the water, which would not have been needful for sprinkling. Then I read in Romans and Colossians how the members of these churches were baptized when they were baptized, and not sprinkled. I gathered from this that the Bible church was a Baptist church, so far as regards the ordinance of baptism. The Baptists baptize like John in the river. They go down into the water like the Eunuch, and they are buried in baptism like the Romans and Colossians. I could easily find their baptism in the Bible; but I could not find that of the Methodists, or the Presbyterians, or Episcopalians, or any of the other so-called churches that are around me.

Then I desired to know how it was about the persons who were baptized by them.—Were they professing believers, or were they little babes? First, I found that those whom John baptized confessed their sins, which little children could not do. Then those who were baptized by the apostles "received the word with gladness," and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ. I could easily find this in more places than one; but I looked all through the book in vain for one single place where any one was commanded to baptize a babe, or where any babe was said to be baptized. There is not one word about infant baptism in the Bible. So I found the Baptists were in the Book in regard to this practice, also, while all the others were left out. This was enough. I decided that the Baptist church was the Bible church; I went next Sabbath day and joined it. Every year has made me stronger in my belief and convinced me more and more of the folly, not to say the wickedness, of those who so pervert the Word of God as to make it teach that all the different contradictory and opposing sects of so-called Christians are in the Bible.

Mourn not for the child from thy tenderness given, Ere stain on its purity fall! To thy questioning heart, lo! an answer from heaven: "Is it well with the child?" It is well.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL CHRISTMAS TREE.

WHY shouldn't Sunday schools have all sorts of pretty and pleasant things? And yet I never heard of one having a Christmas tree till the other day. But the Superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school at Greenville, S. C., seems to be always trying to think of something that will give the children pleasure and do them good; and instead of wearing out and running dry because he has been at it for twenty-five years, here comes every year to do better. I really think the two greatest blessings children can have, outside of their own home, are a good pastor and a good Sunday school. Happy are you, dear children, that have them both!

So on Christmas night we had a Christmas Tree. And a famous one it was, to be sure. Expectation was raised high, and was surpassed by the reality. Teachers had been at work, and it is wonderful what loving teachers can do. Just think of it! There we all sat, waiting for the bright gas-light, and looking at a great curtain that was stretched all around the region of the Lecture Room pulpit. We talked and laughed, and squeezed into crowded pews, and wondered what the Tree would look like.—Presently the lights flashed out over the room, and flashed back from hundreds of bright eyes—brighter than any mirror. And then we sang sweet Sunday school songs, and the pastor prayed, and the Superintendent gave one of those beautiful descriptions he knows how to give, of the shepherds watching their flocks, and the angels' song, and the babe at Bethlehem; and we sang again, and while we were singing, men were moving behind the great curtain, and you could see many little lights, as if they might be little wax tapers, beginning to shine out here and there, though still dim through the curtain; and the song stopped, and in a moment the curtain fell to the floor, and O! what a beautiful sight! There was a great Holly tree, spreading all around the pulpit, and reaching from floor to ceiling, and it was bright with tapers, and hanging all over with candy horns, and cakes, and great red apples, and many other presents. What a stir there was—what a hum of pleasure all over the room, mingled with low exclamations of delight from young and old! It was really grand.

After a little, the gentleman began to take down the presents, one by one, and the Superintendent would read out the names and make the person, whose name was called, answer, "Here," and stand up to get the present. Now it would be a little, shrill, childish voice, and a little chap of four years old, from the Infant Class, standing as tall as possible, but not as high as the back of the bench before him—now a bright-eyed girl of fourteen, who did not know whether she was expected to act as a child or not—now a dignified Professor, hugely delighted, and trying to look very much at his ease, but not succeeding. Various teachers had presents, and the Superintendent several; and as to the pastor and his wife and children, they had ever so many—nice articles of clothing, for example, and a lumbering barrel of flour rolling across the floor, and a check for fifteen hundred dollars, a present which some of the members had made up, to help out in these hard times, and which they took that opportunity to give him—so that the pastor had to say "Here" and get up a great many times. And Col. Ellord, the Superintendent, kept saying funny things as he would give out presents to different people, and every time anything funny was said or done we would all laugh, young folks and old folks, just as merrily. O! it was a nice time!

All this while there hung the big apples, with their round cheeks as rosy as any of the children's cheeks, and the cakes and the candy horns. And when the other presents had been given out, then they gave every child in the school an apple, a cake and a candy horn. But where did they get candy? Well, I believe some of the ladies made it, partly out of home-made molasses, and partly out of old-fashioned molasses, and partly out of sugar, perhaps; and, maybe, some of it was bought. Anyhow, it looked and tasted very nice; and I saw a gentleman there who is getting right old, at any rate older than he used to be, and who writes a good deal for the Child's Index, who went about talking very hoarse, and telling his young friends he had a bad cold, and when any of them offered him a stick of candy he looked like that was just what he had been after. Who doesn't like sweet things—sweet candy, and sweet flowers, and sweet

music, sweet smiles, and sweet kisses, and sweet tempers—I like them all.

As far as is known to outsiders, this delightful affair did not meet a great deal of approval; and no man can estimate the pleasure it gave to young and old. Our school is flourishing, and what is best, a good many of the scholars have recently been converted. This is the great point; we try to make the dear children happy, to make them love the Sunday school, and especially we try to bring them to believe in Jesus that they may be saved.

Now, little folks, you'll remember about the Christmas tree, and, maybe, next Christmas you can get up one at your school. If you do, I hope you'll enjoy it as much as we all did at Greenville. And may this new year be a great year for Sunday schools, all over the land. WEDDINA.

A GENTLEMAN.

"Be very gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. Butler, as she tied on her little girl's bonnet, and sent her out to play with her elder brother.

They had not been out very long before a cry was heard, and presently Julius came in and threw down his hat, saying, "I hate playing with girls! There's no fun with them; they cry in a minute."

"What have you been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel walk; you have torn her frock and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution* to be gentle."

"Gentle! Boys can't be gentle, mother; it's their nature to be rough. They are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It's very hard to talk of a gentle girl, but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous; I should be ready to knock a fellow down for calling me so."

"And yet, Julius, you would be very angry, a few years hence, if any one were to say you were not a gentle man."

"A gentle man. I never thought of dividing the word in that way before. Being gentle always seems to me to be weak and womanish."

"This is so far from being the case, my son, that you will always find that the bravest men are the most gentle. The spirit of chivalry, that you so much admire, was a spirit of the noblest courage and the utmost gentleness combined. Still, I dare say you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy?"

"Yes, indeed, mother."

"Well, then, my son, it is my greatest wish that you should endeavor to unite the two. Show yourself manly, when you are exposed to danger or see others in peril; be manly when called on to speak the truth, though the speaking of it may bring reproach upon you; be manly when you are in sickness and pain. At the same time be gentle, whether you be with females or with men; be gentle towards all men. By putting the two qualities together, you will deserve a name which, perhaps, you will not so greatly object to."

"I see what you mean, dear mother, and I will endeavor to be what you wish—a gentlemanly boy."

*Don't, indeed, warning. Still die a lion, causing teacher. Show all thy (shut at 7), military glory. Remember, indeed together. Then draw or, to try.

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