



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



THE MARTYR'S TREE.

Present to the young readers of the Child's Index a picture of a venerable Elm tree that stands near the little town of Brentwood, England.

It is called "The Martyr's Tree," because, about three hundred years ago, a little boy was burnt at the stake, just because he loved to read the Bible, and would not give up doing so, but continued to love it, and to cling to its truths. His name was William Hunter. This occurred during the reign of Queen Mary, called *Bloody Mary*. She it was who let so many Protestants be put to death because they did not choose to be Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholic priests, when they were then called, caught William reading the Bible, and the Bishop threatened him, and tried to make him quit reading the Bible. But he would not, and for this *great crime*, poor William was arrested and placed in the stocks till morning, and then taken to the Popish Bishop, Hunter.

At first the Bishop spoke kindly to him, and tried to induce him to give up the Bible, offering to make him steward in his palace, and to give him money, which, to a poor boy, was a great temptation; but nothing could move the pious lad from his steadfastness in the Gospel. He was then sent to a prison in London, loaded with chains, and harshly used, which he endured for nine months. But his faith did not fail; nor did the Lord forsake him. At the end of this time, he was sent back to his native village to suffer death. His mother sought him with tears, and blessed him in the name of the Saviour when they both loved. So did his pious father.

"For my little pain which I shall suffer," he said to his mother, "Christ hath procured for me a crown of joy."

They bound him to the stake, and kindled the flames about him. His brother said to him:

"William, think on the sufferings of Christ, and be not afraid."

"I am not afraid," said the young martyr. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And the soul of William Hunter ascended on wings of faith and of fire to the paradise of God.

The young readers of the Child's Index are not called upon to suffer as William Hunter did for reading the Bible. But they are often, by their devotion to God's word, and by their zeal in religion, subjected to what is unpleasant. In such times of trial, when mocked or laughed at, or even persecuted, they must continue steadfast in their devotion to God. Then, like William Hunter, they will gain an everlasting crown of glory in heaven.

A boy was asked what mockers was. He thought for a moment, and said, "Block-niggers gives smooth answers to rough questions."

When angry, always count ten before you speak.

WRITER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

POLITENESS:

OR, THE FAT OLD LADY ON THE GAIT.

BY MISS ETHEL.

(Concluded.)

THE next day proved that the day's fatigue had been too much—his pulse was high and strong, and the Doctor seemed much concerned. His friends soon found out where he was and nursed him day and night until his mother and sister were sent for. "What cooling drinks and warm teas, and nice delicacies, the old lady prepared for him with her own hands. Even after his mother came she would permit no one else to give him a dose of medicine.— Fixing it up, she would take the dose to him. "My little gentleman will take this now, won't he?" But though he got well enough to move home, at last, he had got to feeling so much at home in the neat little room, that he almost sighed when he saw the carriage full of pillows through the window.

Hugh Sherwood became a lawyer, and fondly his mother gazed on his manly form as she pictured his future greatness. One day he received a note at his office, written in such a weak, scratchy sort of a hand that, lawyer as he was, he could hardly read it; but he made out that he must come round at such an hour to see his old friend on business.

The old lady showed him into the parlor. "My little gentleman, I have sent for you to write my will," if you will, please, sit at this table while I bring the writing things."

Hugh thought this would be short work as he was sure she must be quite poor.

When sent for by him she began to enumerate her worldly goods, going over each several times and making him read it to her over and over, to be sure it was all right.— She owned the house and lot she then lived on, a range of new brick store-rooms in the most business part of the city, and stock in several rail-roads. This was all fixed up to her satisfaction.

"Now the name of your legate, if you please?"

She took off her glasses and looked up into his face. "Well, I call him 'my little gentleman,' but I believe his name is HUGH L. SHERWOOD."

"Oh," said Hugh, "this must not be; I cannot accept it. It is too kind, and I have done nothing at all to deserve it. Do name another."

"Do not name another," she said. "When I came into the cave alone at night, so weak and faint from nursing my poor daughter that I liked to have dropped, and a young boy, like you were then, got up and gave me his seat! And then giving that wretched one a cup of water! how it went to my heart! How could I ever have found anybody to have taken me to a hotel? And when I came to pay the driver he just went on and said, 'All right.' But the best thing yet was stopping so often to ask how I was, when other boys wanted to know why you were wasting your time on that old 'Mother Bunch' for; and then, last of all, coming to my house to let me nurse you. Why, I never wanted to be rich before. I am ashamed to give you so little for it all. I am getting too old to live any longer alone, and am going to spend the rest of my days with my brother. My grand-child has enough, for her mother married rich, and she is the nearest kin I have."

Hugh really felt unwilling to put his name down, but thinking a will without witnesses would never do much harm, he folded it up and laid it aside. But where there is a will there is a way to get them; and his old friend now walked to the window and called over to Mr. B.—, the next neighbor, and told him to please step over, and call Mr. Somebody else to come over just a little minute; and soon it was a bona fide will.

Now she went on when they had gone— "I may never see you again, and must tell you good-bye. I will not be here many days longer. There is one other thing you must promise to do for me. If I know when my time comes and I send you word, I want you, my little gentleman, to come and close my eyes. Won't you come, just to humor an old lady's whim—will you?"

She did not see, until she looked up, that Hugh could not answer her.

"You haven't given me your word, that is," Hugh said "yes"; but I am just as sure that you will come as if I saw your blessed form by my bedside."

My young readers, which, think you, gave Hugh most pleasure, the property the old lady willed to him, or the thought that he had done something to make her old age happier? So much for politeness on the cars.

WRITER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

LITTLE MOSES AND HIS SISTER.

BY "SWEET AUNTIE."

WHAT an interesting scene that must have been of putting the infant Moses in the ark of bulrushes, by the river Nile! Let us imagine how it was. Early one bright morning, a mother and her daughter are seen making their way to this river.

The mother bears in her arms a tender babe only three months old. What makes her look so troubled and anxious as she hugs it more closely to her bosom? Alas! the babe's parents will be obliged to buy and hide it, and she must hide it. The daughter carries a kind of basket-ornate, woven with something resembling our reed, and well damped with pitch and lime, to keep water out. When they reach the bank this is put among the flags, and the child placed in it.

Now, the Bible tells us this was "a goodly child," which means uncommonly beautiful. Indeed, it was said to be "exceeding fair." How sweet it must have looked lying there gazing up into the blue sky, or watching the waving trees and flowers around—so unconscious of danger! No doubt as the water tugged its covering about it, large drops ran down her cheeks to think the horrid crocodile might make a mouthful of her precious innocent. Another kiss—no more look at its smiling face, and she tears herself away. The loving sister cannot leave the little brother all alone—she stands afar off to watch. Just then a richly dressed woman, for she is a princess, comes down to the very spot to bathe. She sees the basket and sends one of her maids to bring it to her. How surprised to find in it a living child! But the strange faces bending over it frighten it—it cries. Then the sister comes near, and, hearing them say "It is a Hebrew child," she asks if she shall not find a Hebrew nurse for it. How glad we are to read that she brought the best nurse in her world for a baby—its own mother.

We can learn two lessons from this picture. Moses' sister, Miriam, loved and was very kind to her little brother. "Love one another." The other is, the parents of Moses were told, "hid him by faith." An Abraham remembered God's promise to his people when he prepared Isaac for the sacrifice, so did they when leaving their child in his hands. Ah, no cruel monster of the deep—not even the wicked rage of man—could harm that helpless infant, for God took care of it!

Let the children now read the first ten verses of the 2nd chapter of Exodus.]

A little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after maternal correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offense had been passion—Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed him to the door of his room. In hissing accents she heard him ask to be made better and never to be angry again, and then, with childish simplicity, he added, "Lord, make Ma's temper better, too."

MY MOTHER.

I ought to love my mother;  
She loved me long ago;  
There is on earth no other  
That ever loved me so.  
When a weak babe, much trial  
I caused her, and much care;  
For me no self-denial,  
No labor did she spare.

When in my cradle lying,  
Or on her loving breast,  
She gently hushed my crying,  
And rocked her babe to rest.  
When anything has ailed me,  
To her I've told my grief;  
Her fond love never failed me,  
In finding some relief.

What sight is that which, near me,  
Makes home a happy place,  
And has such power to cheer me—  
It is my mother's face.  
What sound is that which ever  
Makes my young heart rejoice,  
What tones that tire me never?—  
It is my mother's voice.

My mother! dearest mother!  
She loved me long ago;  
There is on earth no other  
That ever loved me so.  
I ought to try to please her,  
And all her words to mind;  
And never vex or tease her  
Nor speak a word unkind.

When she is ill, to tend her  
My daily care shall be;  
Such help as I can render,  
Will all be joy to me.  
Though I can ne'er repay her  
For all her tender care,  
I'll honor and obey her,  
While God our lives shall spare.

A SHERWOOD CHILD.

A young child, belonging to a Sunday school class, was attentive to the instructions of his teacher, and often asked questions of pertinence and ingenuity. On one occasion, the disobedience of Lat's wife, and her consequent punishment, had been a subject of conversation.

"Was she turned into a pillar of salt for looking behind her?"

On being again assured of the fact, he asked with great quickness:

"Somebody else must have looked behind, to see her 'pillar of salt.' What became of them?"

PICTURE TEACHING—A HINT.

One day, a little boy was permitted to look at the pictures in a large Bible, by which he was greatly entertained. Suddenly, he exclaimed with much emphasis:

"Mother, mother, the Bible don't tell the truth."

"How can you say so, my child?"

"Why, did you not read to me that when Daniel was cast into the den of lions, God shut their mouths? Here they are with their mouths wide open."

That which addressed the eyes was to him more forcible and convincing than what entered the ear. A hint may thus be gained on the efficiency of picture teaching to the young mind.

"NONE MEETING."

A boy of two and a half years old, was told by his mother that he might attend public worship with his nurse, if he would keep entirely still. He made the promise, and went, sitting as immovable as a statue. At the close of the services, when the audience dispersed, he testified no disposition to move. Being lifted on the seat for the adjustment of his apparel, he began to cry out and moan, vociferating a desire for "more meeting! more meeting!"

\*Immovable, still.  
†Dispersed, separated.  
‡Vociferating, shouting out.

# The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

THE LAWTON FAMILY.

Third Sabbath Night Continued.

**W**UR last article concerning the Lawton family was published in the December number, and we fear our young readers have forgotten all about them and their Bible class. They were talking about the churches and had learned from the Bible that the first churches, which should be our model, were all separate and distinct from each other, and not combined together in one great organization overruled by a Pope, or a Bishop, or a Synod or a Conference.—We will now take up the thread of our narrative once more:

When Mr. Stevens had reached this point in the conversation the party were suddenly aroused by little Bettie falling from her chair upon the floor. Each one sprang to raise her up, thinking she had fainted; but the poor little thing had only fallen asleep and tumbled from her chair. When this was understood they all began to laugh and to accuse Mr. S. of being very dry in his remarks.

"I admit," said he, "that the subject is not likely to interest young children; but I hope you, at least, Charles, have understood me."

"Oh, yes, sir. I was very much interested. I want to know what the Bible teaches about churches and church matters; for I wish to know if the Baptists are right in regard to the organization and government of their churches."

"Well," replied Mr. Stevens, "as it is late, and Bettie seems so sleepy, suppose you tell me what we have found out to-night from the Bible."

"I'd rather hear you tell," replied Charles. "I think, then," said Mr. Stevens, "that we have found out that, in the days of the apostles, several of our Christians, living near each other, united together in one assembly for the purpose of worshipping God, and celebrating the Lord's Supper. And when thus united they called themselves a church. The Christians in one city, as the city of Antioch, would form themselves into a church, and that church would be called the church at Antioch. The Christians of Ephesus would form themselves into a body and worship together, and call themselves the church of Ephesus. The Christians at Sardis did the same and were called the church at Sardis. Whenever an assembly of Christians united together for the purpose of engaging in religious duties and exercises, they were called a church. And each church was separate from every other.—Each church was distinct from every other. No one church had the right to control or govern any other church. But each church governed itself—that is, each church exercised discipline over its own members, and required each one to live according to the precepts of the Saviour. They made the will of Christ, as explained by the apostles or made known by the Holy Ghost, their rule of action.

There was no such thing as a great many churches uniting in one great big church. Nor did all the churches in any one country unite and form one religious body to be governed by a Conference, or Bishop, or Synod. This did not occur till many years after the death of Christ. But we have talked enough to-night. Be sure and come next Sunday night, all of you."

### TO THE LITTLE ONES.

**JOHNIE G. JUSTICE.**—We were much amused at little David's pictures and the figures of horses, and dogs and goats and toys cut in paper. They are remarkable, and we hope he will cultivate his talent and become a great painter.

**GEORGIA C. LAMBERT.**—Much obliged to you for your pretty letter, and hope you will be strangers no more. Your answer to Enigma 18 was right; and the money came safely.

**V. G. HUNLEY.**—We hope you will give us a call as you pass through Georgia, and also that you will write again.

**PERSON B. BELL.**—of Mississippi, sends us bad money—such as will do us no good, and we do not send the paper.

### MISSIONS.

**W**E have tried to make the little readers of the Child's Index missionaries at heart; that is, we have tried to interest them so much in the cause of missions, that they will be willing to give their money to help sustain those who have gone to preach the gospel to the heathen. Every little boy and girl who does that is a missionary at heart. We want all our young friends to be missionaries at heart; and we hope that some time or other some of them will go away over the ocean on purpose to preach the gospel to the heathen who do not know God, and to teach them and their children how to read God's blessed Book.—What a glorious work that is! Judson, the Baptist missionary, if he were only an humble missionary, was a much greater man than Napoleon Bonaparte, for he was the means of saving many souls. And throughout all eternity he will be loved and praised in heaven by those persons; but it is doubtful if a single soul will ever bless Napoleon Bonaparte for its salvation.

Christians are commended by the Saviour to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." And when they cannot go they must help to send some one else. Well, this great work of sending people to preach to the heathen is called missions. In sending money to us for the support of Mrs. Hartwell's children, our young subscribers are helping the cause of missions, and becoming themselves missionaries at heart.

Now read the following interesting letter from Rev. J. B. Taylor, the Secretary of our Foreign Missionary Board.

### THE PERISHING HEATHEN.

To the young readers of the Child's Index:

**DEAR CHILDREN.**—I have been glad to receive from many of you the proof that you think of the thousands of children in heathen lands, who are perishing in their sins. Mr. Boykin, who is making for you such a good and pretty paper, has sent me, several times, the money which you have given for the support of the missionaries. In a letter which I received from Bro. Phillips, he tells me that many children were once poor blinded heathen, are now lovers of Jesus. They sing sweet hymns of praise, and bow down to pray to the living God. They are all the time thankful that the gospel was ever sent to them, and they are now trying all they can to bring the other children to love the Saviour. God is thus showing how ready he is to bless those who try to do good to the heathen.—Will you not, dear children, still send your money to help in this blessed work, and especially, will you not love and serve Jesus your Saviour, that you may be useful and happy while you live, and be with Jesus forever when you pass away from the earth.

J. B. TAYLOR, Secretary.

### SABBATH SCHOOLS.

**W**ARM weather is near, and we hope all the little ones will soon be gathered into Sabbath schools in Jarn about the Saviour and of the way of salvation through him. We know our dear young friends desire this; and when their parents and older friends fail to form Sunday schools, the children must remind them of it, and not be satisfied until a school is organized and all the little ones in the neighborhood are invited to attend.

There will be a good many excellent catechisms printed soon, and even now Testaments may be had. If Superintendent-desire Testaments, let them write to B. B. Davis, Montgomery, Ala.; F. M. Haysgood, Macon, Ga.; J. A. Brundus, Greenville, S. C.; W. J. Palmer, Raleigh, N. C.; or A. E. Dickinson, Richmond, Va. And we reckon these brethren will be able to procure Catechisms, soon to be published by the Sunday School Board. F. M. Haysgood, Macon, Ga. will soon have a supply of the *Child's Scripture Questions*, a reprint of the book of the American Sunday School Convention, and orders may be sent to him, accompanied by the cash.

The Child's Index urges Superintendents to arouse with the Spring, and offer premiums to those children who will bring new scholars. Let them institute singing; and get in the habit of making short and interesting speeches; or doing whatever they think best to enlarge the schools and give them attractions for the young people. Especially, as books are scarce, let them subscribe largely for the Child's Index.

### NOTICE.

**THE** Editor of the Child's Index announces that he cannot be responsible for the miscarriage of the mail, after he has sent the paper from his office. He takes the risk of remittance of money by mail, and when money miscarries or is lost, he nevertheless gives the party sending it credit for the amount; and when he uses great care in mailing, as he always does, he thinks it no more than just that the loss of papers by miscarriage in the mail, should fall on the subscribers. He cannot take both risks—namely, that of money failing to reach him, and that of papers failing to reach the subscribers, after they are sent. He, therefore, announces that he cannot duplicate lost packages; for he does not consider that any blame attaches to him on account of the loss of the papers, after he has mailed them.

This announcement is made for two reasons—1, justice to himself; and, 2, to satisfy those few who have not received the duplicate supply of papers for which they wrote—their regular papers having been lost in the mail.

### AN ARAB.

**I**N the 21st chapter of Genesis you can read how Abraham sent away Hagar and her child. Her child was named Ishmael. When he grew up he joined the Arabian nation and adopted their habits. They were a wild and rude set of people,—living mostly in tents in the deserts of Arabia, and wandering from one place to another. They still live in that country—a wild, lawless, fierce people—their hands are against every man and every man's hand is against them. They are the same kind of people now that they were when the Bible was written. They live in tents, keep flocks, ride swift horses, change their places of residence often, sell travellers, and do so precisely as they used to do in ancient days.—The picture shows an Arab with a gun and two daggers. How fierce he looks! Swarth\* son of the desert that he is, one may justly be afraid of him. Arabia is South of Palestine, or the Holy Land; and many Arabs like this fellow may be seen in Palestine.—These dwellers in tents are sometimes called Ishmaelites, or descendants of Ishmael, the son of Hagar; but they are all really Arabians.

\*Swarthy, of a dark color.

### RECEIVED FOR "LITTLE JESSE."

From Mr. J., \$1; Hannah Maxwell, \$1; S. Marlon, \$1; M. S. Maury, 50 cts; C. D. Brant, \$1; E. M. Tagley, 50 cts; Annie, 50 cts; B. Turner, 25 cts; M. Fryer, 50 cts; H. M. Fryer, \$1; A. Friend, 85; J. A. Knibb, 50 cts; J. D. Knibb, R. 1; Knibb, 80 cts; C. P. H., 82; two children, \$1; E. J. Minter, 50 cts; M. H. Holland, \$1; O. Cobb, 50 cts; H. Hider, \$1; A. C. Mason, \$1; J. E. Morecock, 88; Alma, 50 cts; H. U. Howel, 50 cts; Julia Lawton, \$1; Milton Gaines, 50 cts; Mary Phillips, 50 cts.	
Previously acknowledged	8291 00
Total received	8321 75
Amount paid J. B. Taylor	8297 00
Now in our hands	32 75

**RECEIPT**  
Macon, Feb. 22, 1864. Received of Rev. S. Boykin one hundred and fifty dollars, collections of children, to aid in the support of the Hartwell family in China.  
JAS. B. TAYLOR, Cor. Sec.

### 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 send 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 set of the *Child's Index* for 1864, a 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.

### HEAVEN AND HELL.

There is, beyond the sky,  
A heaven of joy and love;  
And holy children, when they die,  
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,  
And overlasting pains;  
There sinners must forever dwell,  
In darkness, and dim chains.

Can such a wretch as I  
Escape this dreadful end?  
And may I hope, whene'er I die,  
I shall to heaven ascend?

Then will I read and pray  
While I have life and breath;  
Lest I should be cut off to-day,  
And sent to endless death.

### NEW SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

To encourage the formation of Sunday schools, the Editor of the Child's Index agrees to furnish gratis, twelve copies of the *Child's Index* for one year to the first ten new schools that are organized between the present time and the first of May.

Superintendents or teachers must write and let him know and he will grant the premiums, not according to the date of organization, but to the first ten of whose formation he has knowledge.

The only condition he prescribes is that the school is intended to continue through the summer, at least, and shall have not fewer than ten scholars. 24

### EDITORIAL ITEMS.

**W**E are glad to find that several of our young friends have begun to contend\* for the prize of a bound volume of the *Child's Index*, and wish them all good luck in the contest.

All those who write to us must not expect us to notice or reply to their letters. We get too many kind letters for that: we can publish only a few and notice only a few—but we feel very grateful to all those who have written us such pleasant letters, and will try to return the favor, by publishing as good a child's paper as we can.

We hope those who have sent us articles for the *Child's Index* will not think hard of us if those articles have not appeared: we print what we think most suitable and most likely to interest and benefit our young friends.

Hereafter we will acknowledge the amount received monthly for little Jesse and his new sister, without publishing the names of the donors, unless the amount happens to be large or unless the interest accompanying the money happens to be very interesting. In one year the young subscribers to the Index sent up for little Jesse about \$200. We hope this will do better this year.

Some of our young correspondents speak so very kind and lovingly of their dear mothers? Oh, how we do like that! It shows a grateful heart. If there is any one whom a child ought to love and honor it is—mother. Children, love and obey your mother: she is your best friend. "Honor thy father and thy mother that it may be well with thee?"

\*Contend, strive.  
†Accompanying, that comes with.  
‡Those who write to us.

### GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

O Lord, I beseech thee, give thy blessing with what thy mercy has here provided me with, that whether I eat or drink, or whatsoever I do, I may do all to thy glory and praise, through Jesus Christ my Lord—Amen.

### TERMS OF THE CHILD'S INDEX.

Single copy six months	\$1 00
Single copy one year	2 00
Five copies, one year	5 00
Ten copies, one year	10 00
Twenty copies, one year	20 00
Fifty copies, one year	50 00
One hundred copies, one year	100 00

The high price of paper has forced us to raise the price of the *Child's Index*; and all credits are given in accordance with the above terms. Superintendents must take due notice of this. Address

S. BOYKIN, Macon, Ga.

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

THE MOON.

A gentleman addicted to careless joking told a little girl who was going with admiration at the moon, that it was made of green cheese. This she refused to admit, but persisted in the assertion. Having been taught very early to read, she hastened to the Bible as her refuge in difficulty, and perused attentively the account of the work of creation Retaining triumphantly to the charge, she said:

"It is not so, for I have read all about how God made the sun, and the moon, and the stars."

"Very well," he answered, "but does it say the moon was not made of green cheese? You have no proof at all to bring in the question."

"Yes, I have, for this was in the beginning before any animals were made. And if there were no owls, nor goats, nor milk-giving creature, how could there be cheese?"

THE SOUL.

A mother, while endeavoring to instruct a very young daughter about the nature of the soul, desired, fearing she might not interest, or should possibly do harm. Soon after, she was happily convinced of having been more successful than she had anticipated.

The little girl, talking with her favorite cat, was overheard to say:

"Kitty, you like milk and so do I. When you are tired you go to sleep, so do I. You talk in your way, so can I. You can cry, and so can I. But in one thing we are different: mamma says I have a soul. What does that mean? Why, I can smile, and you cannot. So, Kitty dear, the soul is a smile."

The delighted mother, wishing still to guide the newly awakened thought, asked:

"Do you smile when you are not happy?"

"No, dearest mamma."

"Are you happy when you are not good?"

"Ah, no, mamma."

"Then my little daughter must always try to remember, that her soul cannot be a smile, when she is feeling or doing wrong."

The precept founded on this first abstract lesson, seemed to sink deep into the tender heart, and help to regulate it.

HONOR YOUR PARENTS.

A boy of three years old, dining at the house of a relative, without his parents, was presented with a fine peach. Though particularly fond of that fruit, he steadfastly declined. Other tempting articles were offered him, all of which he refused, with the remark, "Mamma said I must not take any desert." Perceiving how firm was his principle of obedience, a gentleman who sat near him, remarked he had never before been taught such a lesson of self-denial.

The same child, being afterward ill, objected to some unpalatable medicine. But understanding that his mother desired him to take it, called to his nurse:

"Bring it to me, give it to me; the Bible says I must honor my parents."

GOD COUNTS.

A brother and sister were playing in the dining-room, when their mother set a basket of cakes on the tea-table, and went out.

"How nice they look," said the boy, reaching to take one. His sister earnestly objected, and even drew back his hand, repeating that it was against their mother's direction.

"She did not count them," said he.

"But perhaps God did," answered the sister.

So he withdrew from the temptation, and sitting down, seemed to meditate.

"You are right," replied he, looking at her with a cheerful, yet serious air: "God does count. For the Bible says, that the hairs of our head are all numbered."

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

GOOD good many little boys have written to you who are, perhaps, no older than myself, and as I go to Sabbath school, and you like to hear of them, maybe my information will do you and others good to know we are not forgetful of Him who made us.

I go to the same Sabbath school with my sister. We have had no man to preach, pray, or teach us; but our dear loved teacher has taken the responsibility on herself and has taught us many things we did not know before.

We meet at 10 o'clock Sunday mornings, with our lessons well learned, and voices clear to give praise to God. We study the Union Bible Question Book, and our teacher explains everything to us, so that we can all understand everything we are reading about. She has us to read three chapters in the Bible, every morning. We have read through the New Testament. We have learned a good many of Solomon's Proverbs to recite in our "miscellaneous class." All who visit the school pronounce this class an excellent thing. It is an invention of Miss Alice; and could all children hear us recite, they would think it a beautiful sight—so many of us speaking together and reciting those Biblical sentences and holy truths, readily and promptly, is indeed nice.

I regret our school closing; now we will have no school until Miss Alice returns, if God spare us and her to do so.

I love to read the Child's Index, and have wished a thousand times it were a weekly instead of a monthly paper.

Your little friend,

CHARLIE DUGGAN.

MONTICELLO, Fla., Dec. 8, 1863.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I see that so many little boys and girls have written to you that I feel encouraged to do the same.

Mr. Boykin, I will let you know that I am one of the readers of that pretty little paper, the Child's Index. It is a beautiful paper. I wish that I could get it once a week instead of once a month. I will now tell you about Christmas. Three Christmases ago, old Santa Claus gave me a little village; he gave me a church and school-house, dwelling houses, houses, cattle, dogs and hogs; and then the next Christmas he gave me a little china tea-set. Then the next Christmas he gave me a beautiful new pin cushion, with little white ribbon bows on every corner, with MARY written on it with new pins.

Mr. Boykin, you must excuse such bad writing, for I am a little girl ten years old.

I have a little orphan nephew; he is two years and a half old. His father was killed in the battle of Richmond, in 1862. I expect old Santa Claus will bring us both something this Christmas. I must now close.

Your affectionate little friend,

MARY SMITH FULLER.

PLEASANT HILL, Ga., Jan. 13, '64.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I have had the pleasure of reading one of your little papers called the Child's Index. You will no doubt be surprised at my having one of your little papers when I tell you I have never been a subscriber. But I will tell you in a few words how came me by it. In last April my mother attended a Baptist Convention held in Griffin, Ga., and it was her rule, when she left home, on her return to always bring me some little present of some kind or other—Yankee candy or Yankee toys, but this time when she got home the first thing was, "Ma, what did you bring me?"

She looked at me and smiled, and drew from her reticule a nice little paper and told me, "Here, Griggie, here is your present;" and I must confess that I was sadly disappointed, for I thought that newspapers were so common that ma would have brought me something nice.

Ma, seeing my disappointment, took off her bonnet and took a seat, and told me to get my little chair and come and sit by her. I went. She took the little paper and began to read, and as she read she would talk with me, and I was perfectly delighted with it; and when she got to a piece that told about Willie and the apples, I could not sit still any longer. I kissed her, and thanked her time and again for the nice present, and I told her that I thought more of it than of all the Yankee candy or toys she had ever brought me; and I have been wanting to send for it ever since. And now a new year has come in I must have it.

I am a little orphan of nine summers—My father died and left me when I was only three years old. It has pleased God to spare me my good ma, and she loves to read the Child's Index, and can read it to my little negroes, for they love to hear it.

Enclosed you will find one dollar. You will please send the paper to me at Pleasant Hill, Ga. Your little friend,

ORIGAS T. OLIVE.

SUNNY SIDE, Feb. 8, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I am so glad that my kind mother has sent for your pretty little paper for me and

my brothers to read. We read your January number, and were delighted with it—We could not help crying when we read the piece about Mrs. Lane and her poor little children. It made us think of the Christmases after our dear papa died. Oh, what a dark and dreadful time it was, and we felt like we never could be happy any more. No kind Santa Claus came to us with his shower of good and pretty things, as he had done every Christmas before. But God has been very good to us since then, and given us a dear, kind uncle to stay with us and love us, and take care of us. But though we have many kind uncles and aunts, we never can forget our dear, loving papa.

I intend to try to get some more subscribers for your paper. I want all of my little friends to read it.

I am a little girl ten years old—have two brothers and a sweet little black-eyed sister. I want to tell you a heap about her and my little playmates, but my mother says my letter is long enough. So good-bye.

I am your little friend,

ALICE COOKE.

DIENNIS P. O., Putnam Co., Ga., }  
January 8th, 1864. }

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I am a little girl ten years old. My Sabbath school teacher gave me your little paper last year to read, but now she is dead. She was such a good young lady; she never disappointed us, but came every Sabbath to teach us. I want to read your little paper, and try to be as good as I think she was. I have three little sisters and a brother. I will read the paper to them, too. I send two dollars for the Child's Index, and fifty cents for little Jesse.

Your little friend,

MARY PHILLIS.

TEMPLE OF HEALTH, S. C., }  
Feb. 12th, 1864. }

Dear Mr. Boykin:

As other children were writing to you, I thought I would write. My letter though, may not be as interesting as some others, and may be a little difficult for you to read; but I hope you will look over all mistakes, and excuse my bad writing, as I am just learning to write. Ma says she must not assist me, for I will learn to write better if I depend on myself.

I am nine years old. I do not go to school. Ma teaches me and a brother and sister younger than myself, at home.

There has been no Sunday school near here lately, but we will have one near enough for us to go to soon.

I am very much pleased with your little paper. When we have peace and everything is cheaper, I hope you will send it weekly.

I send answers to the two Enigmas in the last paper. I think the word of one syllable, you spoke of, must be Sir.

Enclosed you will find fifty cents for little Jesse, and also ten cents for his little baby-sister. Good-bye.

Your friend,

MILTON GAISES.

"Our young friend is mistaken. The word is not Sis, but EVE. It reads backward and forward the same, and shows the feelings of the heart by its expression."

ALEXANDRIA, S. C., Feb. 13, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I thought (if I could write to you and tell you how much I like your little paper. I think it is very interesting, and I wish that we could get it more frequently than we do. We get the papers on Sunday instead of on Wednesday, and I think I prefer getting them on Sunday, because then on Sunday we have something to do!

We have a nice little Sunday school, with about twenty-five scholars. Our Superintendent is Mr. W—; and we have a gentleman who teaches us to sing. We know a great many little songs in "The Sunday School Bell."

In this letter you will find a dollar. Please send it to Jesse Hurtwell. I am glad to hear that Jesse has a little sister.

I remember seeing you once on the cars, and you gave my sisters and myself some very nice parched groundnuts. I am a little girl twelve years old.

I remain your little friend,

JULIA LAWTON.

"I doubt whether he will ever find the way to heaven who desires to go alone."—Are you seeking to load some one there?"

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

- 1. Who said "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord?" Josh. 24.
- 2. Who uttered a parable to David that caused him to pass sentence of death against himself? 2d Sam. 12.
- 3. By what name did Christ say Simon Peter should be called? St. John.
- 4. Who preserved the hundred prophets from the persecution of Jezebel? 1 Kings.
- 5. What man was slain while he lay on his bed at noon? 2 Sam.
- 6. Which of Paul's converts was a seller of purple? Acts.

The initials of the answers in the above questions spell the name of a preacher.

- 1. Where was Samuel buried? 1 Sam. 31.
- 2. Who was the father of Methuselah?—Gen.
- 3. What queen was dethroned for disobeying the king? Esther.
- 4. What was the name of Saul's eldest daughter? 1 Samuel.
- 5. Where had Elimelech been previous to his going into the country of Moab? Ruth.
- 6. From the mouth of what did Jacob roll the stone that he might water the flock of Laban? Gen. 29.
- 7. To what did king Solomon say "As thou didst deal with David with my father, even so deal with me?" 2d Chron.
- 8. What was the name of Nabal's wife. 1st Sam.
- 9. In what was the host of Pharaoh drowned? Exodus.
- 10. Who was the oldest son of Issachar? 1 Chron. 7.
- 11. Who was the grandfather of David? Ruth 4.
- 12. Who was the first born of Lamech? Gen. 5.

The initials of the foregoing spell the name of one of the most promising young ministers in Virginia.

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

A company of eleven persons are assembled, when suddenly a man of commanding mien appears in their presence, although the door was locked. The company manifest intense surprise and fear, but he extends his hands towards them, and then joy seems to take possession of them and they exhibit signs of the greatest gladness at seeing him. [John.]

24. A beautiful river, on the banks of which hundreds of spectators are standing and gazing on two men in the midst of the stream. One of the two gazing up to heaven, utters a few words and then immutes the other beneath the waves. Afterwards they walk slowly to the banks, and as they issue from the water, the heavens seem to open and beams of dazzling light dart down upon him who has been immersed. In the midst of these beams of light a glory in the form of a dove appears and lights upon him. With countenance glowing with rapture he stands with hands folded on his breast, while amazed wonder is depicted upon the countenance of all the beholders, who appear startled as though they heard a voice from the skies.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

- No. 15.
- Rahab—Joshua 2: 1-4.
- Og—Joshua 2: 10.
- Balaak—Num. 22: 41.
- Balaak—Judges 12: 11.
- Rebecca—Gen. 24: 59.
- Tubal Cain—Gen. 4: 22.
- Balaak—Judges 3: 14.
- Lamech—Gen. 4: 19.
- Ester—Ester 2.
- Esheel—Num. 13: 24.
- Robert E. Lee.

Lizzie Cox, Wilkes county, Feb. 14, 1864.

- 1. Moses—Leviticus 24: 1-7.
- 2. Abigail—1 Sam. 25: 14-36.
- 3. Niveel—Jonah 1: 2.
- 4. A-haz—2 Chron. 28: 3.
- 5. Saul—1 Sam. 10th chapter.
- 6. Sisera—Judges 4: 17-21.
- 7. Balaak—1 Sam. 7: 12.
- 8. Hannun—2 Sam. 10: 4.

VIVIAN G. HUNDLEY.

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

22. Jesus and the two disciples at Emmaus, after the Resurrection. Luke 24th chapter 13-25 verses. [By mistake this was referred to John, last month.]

HOW TO BE SAVED.

I am a sinful child,  
My nature is depraved,  
My father is guilty and defiled;  
Oh, how can I be saved?

The Bible shows the way—  
I must repent of sin;  
And ask the Lord to take away  
Thine evil heart within.

To Jesus, God's dear son,  
For pardon I must fly;  
He died for sins that I have done,  
And now he reigns on high.

He will my sins forgive,  
And a new heart bestow,  
That I may to his glory live,  
And serve him here below.

And when this body dies,  
My soul to heaven shall soar,  
To dwell with Christ above the skies,  
Where I shall sin no more.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

"ANGEL ROSE."

BY THE EDITOR.

Mrs. Hall was not a Christian. He cared little for the laws of God. He had no reverence for the Sabbath, no love for the Bible, nor any respect for the sanctuary. All he desired was to support his family and enjoy the pleasures of this life. If in that state of mind and heart he had died, he would now be in torment, and like the rich man in the parable, crying for just one drop of water to cool his parched tongue. But he did not die in that state, for God was pleased to save him, though at a fearful cost.

He had a sweet—a noble wife. Her name was Alice, and she loved her husband, oh, how tenderly! But though a Christian herself, she could not induce her husband to embrace religion. He loved the pleasures of the world and the gratifications of sense too much. Yet Mr. and Mrs. Hall lived happily together. They had two beautiful little daughters, named Rose and Mary, and Mrs. Hall exerted her utmost powers to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Rose, who was twelve years old, did indeed become a Christian and join the church. She loved the Sabbath school, and, as is the case with all good children, she loved to read the Bible. But her wicked father would not let her read the Bible to him as she often wished to do. Still she could pray for him, and this she did every day.

"Papa," she said one morning, "I am always begging Jesus to make you a Christian."

Just at that time our present war broke out. The South took up arms to repel the cruel invasion of the Yankees, who determined to conquer us and make us stay in the old Union, although we did not want to do so. We knew if we did that the North would rule over us and impose on us, and injure us very much, because the abolitionists—the enemies of the South—had elected their President, and could, therefore, govern us as they pleased. Rather than submit, the South separated from the North. But the North thought she could soon whip us back into the Union. And to prevent that, the South raised an army. Mr. Hall joined the army, and was wounded in the right knee at the glorious battle of Manassas, on the 21st of July, 1861, and the Surgeons, in order to save his life, had to cut his leg off. As soon as he could travel, he returned to his home in the State of Georgia.

My young readers may be sure that sweet Alice and her daughters were most sorrowful when he arrived home. His wife fell on his neck, and sobbed piteously; and Rose and Mary shed many bitter tears.

"Cheer up, wife," said he, "it was done in defence of my country; and I am willing to die rather than see her conquered." And like many others of the noble women of our land, Alice took comfort. But her heart was, nevertheless, very sad.

For many days Mr. Hall had to spend most of his time in bed, being able to hobble about only occasionally, on crutches. Little Rose now found to her delight that her father was willing to listen when she read the Bible to him. And every day she would come and sit by his bedside and read about the blessed Saviour and the way of salvation.

One day she was reading in the 6th chapter of the Gospel by John, when she came

to this passage—"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

"Read that again," he said, rising up in bed.



Rose read it again, when he said aloud, "Can I believe that? Can I trust him?—But, then, I am such a sinner—such a sinner! There can be no mercy—no forgiveness for me!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Hall, who entered the room just then, "the Bible says, 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy on him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'"

"But I have been such a great sinner," he repeated.

"But listen to this blessed declaration," said his earnest, tender-hearted wife, as she took a seat on the bed. "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief of sinners! There can be but one chief sinner, and if Christ can save him he can save you."

"But how?"

"By the merits of his own death and obedience: only trust in them. 'He that believeth shall be saved!'"

"I see it—I see it all now. Thank God for such an able Saviour! I submit to be saved by Jesus. Rejoice with me, my dear wife, for I feel that my sins are forgiven for Christ's sake!"

With a swelling heart Alice leaned upon his breast and wept, but her tears were tears of joy. And when she had released herself from his warm embraces, she strained the little Rose to her bosom, saying,—"Through the kindness of God, I owe this blessing to you, my child."

Rose, too, was weeping for joy. Her father took her upon the bed and lavished upon her the most tender caresses, and ever since he has called her his "Angel Rose."

Thus, my little readers, may you learn to do good.

By doing no more than reading the Bible to a sick friend, you may be the means of saving a soul.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

REMARKABLE MONUMENTS.

BY MRS. M. A. M'CRIMMON.

THE other monument of which I promised to tell you is in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and was erected to the memory of a boy eight years old, who was whipped to death; because he persisted in telling the truth. It is a very sad story, but as it is true, and may serve to teach you a useful lesson, I will not shrink from the painful task of relating it to you.

The boy was named Emanuel Dunbar, and was the seventh child of poor but good parents, who came to Wisconsin from England about twenty years ago. His parents both died soon after they arrived in that country, leaving their little children in a strange city, without money or friends. A kind and benevolent gentleman took care of little Emanuel for a short time, but unfortunately he died, and then the poor boy had to be taken to the Poor-house.

A Poor-house, you know, is a place where children and poor people who are not able to support themselves, are taken care of. Here our young hero remained until he was taken out by a man named Samuel Norton, who had no children of his own, and wanted Emanuel for an errand boy. Mr. Norton had taken a little orphan girl for the same purpose, who was two years older than Emanuel, but being not quite six when Mr. Norton took him.

Emanuel was a lovely child, with bright blue eyes and gentle, winning manners, and although he could not do much work, he

did what he could as cheerfully, no one could help loving him, except the cruel people who had given him a home. He remembered the instruction his good mother gave him before she died, and though so very young, he tried to observe it in all his actions. With her last words she had told him "always to speak the truth," and he never forgot it. He prayed night and morning that he might be a good and truthful boy, so that he might meet his dear parents in heaven, and his prayers were doubtless heard.

When about eight years old, he accidentally discovered Mrs. Norton committing a wicked and criminal act. This he communicated to the little girl, and she told her wicked parents, (as she was taught to call the Nortons.) Mrs. Norton succeeded in convincing her husband that Emanuel had told a falsehood, and insisted that he should be whipped until he confessed it.

Accordingly Mr. Norton got six tough switches four feet in length, and, taking the poor little boy up into a loft, stripped him and tied his hands up to a rafter, so that his feet could barely touch the floor. In this condition he whipped him for about two hours, trying all the time to get him to say he had told a lie; but the brave and noble boy invariably replied—"Pa, I told the truth.—I did not lie."

Then the cruel wretch would whip him again, until the poor boy's back was a solid scar, with the warm blood dripping down to the floor. He knew that the punishment would cease as soon as he said what his tormenter wanted; but, though his sufferings were so great he sometimes flinched away, he scorned to tell a lie. "Pa, I told the truth," he still sounded above his wails of anguish. When at last the brutal Yankee took him down, the noble, heroic boy dropped his head upon the monster's shoulder, and saying,—"Oh, pa, it is so cold," he died.

Alas, what a cruel fate for one so lovely and so young! But ah, could you have seen the beautiful angels that hovered around him then—how they folded him in their snowy wings and bore him through the pure, sweet air to heaven, your pity would have turned to joy. And when he reached that far, bright world, could you have seen him pressed to his own dear mother's bosom, with his father smiling into his raptured eyes, while the Saviour placed a crown upon his brow and gave him a golden harp, you would have exclaimed, "Oh, let me die such a death as poor little Emanuel, rather than miss the joys of heaven!"

Mr. and Mrs. Norton were tried in court for causing the poor boy's death, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the State Penitentiary. That time has long since expired, and if Norton is alive, he is probably among those who have left their homes to subdue the South. I hope none of you may ever fall into the hands of such a man.

A monument was erected to little Emanuel's memory by the Sunday school scholars in that county. He is worthy of a thousand monuments, and I hope his name and noble heroism may be engraven on the memory of every boy and girl throughout the land. Think of him whenever you are tempted to vary from the truth, and endeavor to imitate his example.

Would you like to hear of some more "Remarkable Monuments?" If so, I can tell you of several others which would probably interest you.

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

ONE of the most populous cities of New England, a few years since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. The sleigh was a very large and splendid one, drawn by six gray horses.

On the day following the ride, as the teacher entered the schoolroom, he found his pupils in high merriment, as they clattered about the fun and frolic of their excursion. In answer to some inquiries which he made about the matter, one of the lads volunteered to give an account of the trip and its various incidents.

As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "O, sir! there was one little circumstance that I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw ahead of us a queer-looking affair in the road. It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road."

"Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snow-balls and a good hurrah!—They produced the right effect, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow,

and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

"As we passed, some one gave the old pilot of a horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snow-balls pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by."

"With that, an old fellow in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out,—"Why do you frighten my horse?—Why don't you turn out, then?" says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers more. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost enspized the old creature—and so we left him."

"Well, boys," replied the instructor, "take your seats, and I will take my turn and tell you a story, and all about a sleigh-ride, too. Yesterday afternoon, a very venerable old clergyman was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the residue of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the spring, he took with him his wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon."

"His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted by age, and he was proceeding very slowly and quietly, for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reverted to the scenes of his youth—of his manhood, and of his riper years. Almost forgetting himself in the multitude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified, by loud hurrahs from behind, and by furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon."

"In his indignation he dropped his reins, and as his aged and feeble hands were quite unskilled with cold, he could not gather them up, and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh drawn by six horses. "Turn out! turn out, old fellow!—Give us the road, old boy!—What will you take for your pony, old daddy?—Go it, frozen nose!—What's the price of oats?" were the various cries that met his ear.

"I pray do not frighten my horse!" exclaimed the infirm driver. "Turn out, then! turn out!" was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the "grand sleigh," with showers of snow balls, and three tremendous hurrahs from the boys who were in it. The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the imminent danger of his life. He contrived, however, to secure the reins, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

"A short distance brought him to his journey's end, the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for. That son, boys, is your instructor; that old fellow, and old boy, (who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whole road, had he heard your approach) that old daddy and old frozen-nose, was your master's father!"

Some of the boys buried their heads behind their desks; some cried; and many hastened to the teacher with apologies and regrets without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil, for the future, to inoffensive travellers, and more respectful to the aged and infirm.

- \* Excursion (eks ker shun,) going abroad; a journey.
- † In clement, things which happen.
- ‡ Volley, a large number thrown at one time.
- § Hurrah, a shout of joy, or triumph, or applause.
- || Cap sized, overhaired.
- ¶ Ven er a ble, deserving respect on account of age.
- § Rec i due, the reminder.
- || No vert ed, turned back.
- †† Trip i da tion, a travelling of the limbs from fear.
- \*\* Infirm, (in form) weak.

"Read, read the Bible to me," said a boy too young to speak plain. "Read it loud, after I lie down in my little bed: Then shall I be wise. And a wise man maketh a glad father."

The Christian Index.

PUBLISHED BY S. BAYNE, MACON, GEORGIA. A BAPTIST FAMILY RELIGIOUS PAPER, devoted to moral and religious culture, an aid to the pastor, a guide to the Christian, and a friend to the sinner. It contains a weekly summary of secular news, his interesting correspondence, and endeavors to call for its readers all matters of religious and denominational interest. Terms, \$10 per annum, always in advance.