

THE CHILD'S INDEX.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1864.

NO. 4.

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



A MURDER QUELLED.

GEN. ANDREW JACKSON was a great man—great in courage—great in firmness—great in patriotism—great as a soldier—and great in natural abilities.

The above picture represents a scene in his life where he showed his greatness. It took place in Alabama, during the Creek Indian war of 1813 and 1814. The Creek or Muscogee Indians had been aroused by the great orator and warrior, Tecumseh, to rise against the Americans; and when the war of 1812 with Great Britain broke out, the Indians took sides with the British, who supplied them with arms.

Creek warriors who had been supplied with guns and ammunition by the British at Pensacola, Florida, rushed into Fort Mims, on Lake Tensaw, in Southern Alabama, and killed four hundred white men, women and children. Upon the wings of the wind the news flew; and a panic seized everybody in Alabama. They fled to the forts, leaving houses, crops, horses and negroes. Indians roamed all over the country, burning and destroying—laying waste the plantations, and stealing and destroying the cattle. Then it was that Tennessee aroused. Jackson, with an army of raw militia and volunteers, hastened to meet the Indians who were making their way towards Tennessee. He met Gen. Coffin, on the 23d of November, at Tallushatchee, where he destroyed a band of 200 Indian warriors and took 80 prisoners. At Talladega he defeated 1,000 Indians who were besieging that place, killing about 300 of them.

But now starvation attacked his own troops; for they were in a wilderness and had consumed all their food, and could get no more. Supplies failed to come, and the men mutinied; and threatened to march back home; and some of them did not out. He showed great firmness and resolution by bringing them back.

In the scene represented in the above picture, you see, he followed them very quickly with some faithful soldiers; and while these pressed on behind he cut across the woods and got in front of the deserters, in the middle of the road. He rode up in front of them on horseback and ordered them to halt; and there, all alone, without a very few persons to support him in his daring, and they some distance off, with his left arm in a sling, because it was wounded—with nothing but a musket in his hands, he spoke to them in terrible tones, saying

- *Panic—extreme fear.
- †Wilderness—wild country, where no one lives.
- ‡Mutinied—resisted the authority of the commander.
- §Subordination—disobedience.
- ||Time of enlistment—time they had engaged to serve in the army.
- ¶Volunteered—entered the army of their own accord.
- |||Militia—men ordered out to fight in times of great danger; not regular soldiers.

he would shoot the first man who advanced a single step, and ordering them all to return: Alarmed by his determined manner, flashing eye and terrible voice, the men returned to duty. But the best of it all, it was the musket he had in his hand was out of order and could not shoot if he had tried. Food came at last, but the spirit of insubordination was not checked; and, under the plea that their time of enlistment ended on the 10th of December, those who had volunteered prepared on the 9th to leave for home. Learning of this state of affairs, Jackson ordered the officers and soldiers to parade, and await orders. He had loaded cannon placed in their front and rear, and stationed the militia in front of the mutinous men and addressed them eloquently. He praised them, and told them what a *disgrace* it would be to desert the cause in which they were engaged; and ended by telling them that they never should depart except over his dead body.

And then he asked them what they would do. No one answered, no one moved. He then sternly ordered the artillerymen to be ready to fire their cannon. The men now began to whisper among themselves; and at length the officers stepped forward and said they had agreed to remain longer.

Gen. Jackson dismissed them and told them to return to their quarters. He had triumphed over them again by his boldness and firmness.

On the 27th day of March following Gen. Jackson gained the great victory of Horse Shoe Bend, where he killed a great many Indians and completely broke their power; and that victory ended the war.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

WILLIE'S REBUKE.

BY MRS. M. DODD, OF MACON, GA.

"**OW** I love you, mamma," said Willie Clark to his mother, throwing his arms around her neck and kissing her again and again. "I love you better than anybody else except God, who is so good to give me my sweet mamma."

"God is indeed good to you, my son, but are you quite sure there is no one else you love better than me?"

The boy's dark eyes opened wonderingly, as he asked—"What do you mean, mamma? I love Sis Emma next to you; but why do you think I love her better?"

"I did not say you did. I only asked if you were sure you loved me best—better than any one else in the world."

"Don't you know I do?"

"I am not certain that you do, my son."

"Mamma, you possie me; I cannot tell what you mean."

Mrs. Clark smiled, but made no other reply. The boy's curiosity was fairly aroused—"I can never guess who it is. You must tell me," he said.

"Not now, Willie," replied Mrs. Clark.

"When will you let me know, mamma?"

"I cannot say when, Willie."

"But you will tell me some time," urged he.

"Yes."

"Mamma," said Willie, after a short silence, "I have been thinking about what you said, and I am very sure you have made a great mistake."

"Perhaps," said Willie, but we will see.—You had better go and play now. My son take your little sister out in the air and amuse her while I attend to some household matters."

"But I would prefer to stay with you, mamma."

"And I would rather my little boy would obey his mother."

Willie demurred no longer, but carried his little sister out on the green, where they were both soon absorbed in the childish pursuit of chasing the gay butterflies, or gathering the wild flowers that skirted the plain.

The next day, while the children were amusing themselves in their mother's room, she called them to her and displayed to their delighted gaze a child's picture book, filled with gay prints of birds and flowers.

"Emma wants it; give it to Emma, mamma," said the little girl, stretching out her tiny hands for the beautiful toy.

"It is for you; you shall not have it," exclaimed Willie, snatching it and running across the room; he held it high above his head, the child pursuing him in the vain attempt to reach it, crying piteously the while.

"Bring me the book, Willie," said Mrs. Clark.

"Wait till I look at it, mamma."

"Willie!" said she, in a tone of command, "give me the book instantly."

Willie burst into loud crying, but he dared not disobey, so he reluctantly resigned the book into his mother's hands.

"Nurse," said she to the maid who entered, attracted by the children's cries, "take Emma away a short time, as I wish to speak to Willie in private."

"Now, my son," said she, when they were left alone, "I am ready to tell you who the quite dark, and she was more frightened and began to think of her wickedness. She then knelt down and prayed to God that he would forgive her for disobeying her mother, and that he would take care of her and send her safely back home. God answered her prayer. After she had prayed a boat came near her, and she begged them to take her in and carry her home, which they did. She reached home safely, and asked her mother to forgive her disobeying her, which her mother readily did. This was a lesson to Lucine, and she was always after this an obedient daughter."

Willie had by this time dried his tears, and was looking up into his mother's face with deep interest.

"Who is it, mamma?" asked he.

"It is a little boy whose name is Willie."

"Do you mean me, mamma?" he enquired after a moment's pause, and his countenance fell.

"I do, my son. If you love me as much as you say, you would always obey me without a moment's hesitation, but when I see you caring more for yourself and your own pleasures than for the rights and happiness of others, do I not speak truly in saying you love Willie best?"

"Yes, mamma," said the boy, in a humble tone.

"And is it manly or noble, Willie, to profane yourself to your lady-sister, who is not old enough to understand what is right, as you are?"

"Oh, mamma," said the boy, sadly, "I see how wickedly I have been. Give the book to Emma; I do not want it now. I will try hard to do better; will pray every day that God may give me a new nature, and help me to put away this naughty one, which is always making me do wrong, and at last I may learn to love everybody as well, or even better, than myself."

The rebuke thus kindly and pointedly given was never forgotten by the boy, nor did he remind him many occasions in after life to remind him of his fault.

Reader, is self-love your fault, as it was Willie's? Then suffer this reproof to sink into your heart, as it did into his, that you may be purged of this sin, even as he was.

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LUCINE.

BY MARY BELL FICHEROR.

THERE was a little girl whose name was Lucine. Lucine was a very pretty little girl about eight years old. She was very good but would disobey her mothersometimes. Near her mother's house was a river. Lucine's father would often take her to ride in a little boat of his, named the Swan. The Swan was tied to a large tree and lay by the edge of the water. One afternoon as Lucine's mother was tying on her bonnet to go out to spend the evening with a neighbor, Lucine came running to her and said:

"O mother, please let me go to walk this evening and gather some wild flowers."

Her mother replied—"Very well, Lucine, but be sure and do not go near the river."

"No, mother, I will not."

After kissing her mother good-bye, she tied on her bonnet and cap and started for the woods. She spent some time picking flowers near the house. After a while she became tired of this and sat down under a tree. As she sat there wondering what to do to amuse herself, a beautiful butterfly came and rested on the flowers in her basket, which was by her side. She reached out her hand to catch it, but away flew the butterfly, and Lucine after it. She chased it for some time. At length she became very tired, for she had run a long way, and she looked around her and saw a small boat near the river, she saw very near her the river, and her father's boat lying on the edge of the water. She forgot the promise made to her mother and went down to the boat. She said to herself—"I am so tired, I will get down in the boat a little while and rest. I cannot fall in, and no one will know it."

Her conscience whispered, "God will know it." But she would not listen and jumped quickly into the boat. The boat had become untied, and when she jumped in, it moved off. She was very much frightened and began to scream and cry, but no one heard her, and the boat went on. It became quite dark, and she was more frightened and began to think of her wickedness. She then knelt down and prayed to God that he would forgive her for disobeying her mother, and that he would take care of her and send her safely back home. God answered her prayer. After she had prayed a boat came near her, and she begged them to take her in and carry her home, which they did. She reached home safely, and asked her mother to forgive her disobeying her, which her mother readily did. This was a lesson to Lucine, and she was always after this an obedient daughter.

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Remember thy Creator.

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

A BIT OF BAPTIST HISTORY.

OUR young readers will, some time or other, hear a great deal of ROGER WILLIAMS, who is sometimes called the Apostle of Religious Liberty.

He was born in Wales, in the South of England, in the year 1590, and became a minister in the (Episcopal) Church of England; but he soon found that he could not agree with that church, in religious opinions.

Well, the English Bishops, by persecution, made England too hot a place for such a liberal minded man as Roger Williams.

At length, he, with five others who had fled with him, settled in Rhode Island, (as it is now called) and named the place Providence. This was in 1639.

Now, we reckon you desire to know if all the Baptist churches in America sprang from Roger Williams' church, and whether or not he was the father of the Baptist denomination in this country.

Neither of these is true. The next Baptist church was formed in 1644, at Newport, Rhode Island, by John Clarke, a Baptist preacher, and that church has continued till this day.

If Roger Williams had known it, there were Baptist preachers in the country at that time who could have baptized him properly.

But it does not make much difference, as no Baptist church in America now owes its

origin to his church. They were all formed by regular Baptists in a regular way. In 1708 there were 28 churches. Sixty years afterwards there were 187 churches. In 1790 there were 573 churches, 722 ordained and 440 unordained ministers, with 64,974 members. In 1812 there were 2638 churches and 204,185 members.

"EVERGREEN SUNDAY SCHOOLS."

THIS phrase has taken with our young readers! They seem to understand the idea exactly—that of a Sunday school which flourishes all the year round, and, indeed, never dies. What a good thing it would be if every Sunday school was an "evergreen school."

Each season has now come when all the young people should be gathered into the Sabbath schools and taught about the Saviour, and about how to be good and kind and amiable.

Each church should have its Sabbath school, though there is a great want of Sabbath school books; yet where there is a will there is a way.

When the experiment of a school is fairly made, we do not doubt but that very great success will follow, even with limited appliances.

We are glad to announce that our new school has claimed our premium of twelve copies of the Child's Index; and the papers will be sent.

LITTLE JESSE'S SISTER.

WE are glad to announce that our new school has claimed our premium of twelve copies of the Child's Index; and the papers will be sent.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

From S. C. Bunckley, Josie Leggett, Sallie Kemp, Georgia C. Lambert, M. M. H., Orangeburg, M. E. Arkold, A. J. Forgan, Lela, Shady Dale, Ga., T. M., Augusta, Ga., M. A. P., Auburn, Ala., Lela Pool.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

IN this number, dear children, you will see a good deal that teaches you to be loving and obedient to your parents;—and we hope that nothing need be added by us to impress this lesson on your hearts.

Then again your parents have always been so kind and loving to you—should you not be kind and loving to them? Surely you should.

But if you do not honor them, when they are dead and gone forever, your heart will feel so sad—so, sad; and you will weep over your unkindness to them, but it will be too late.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

C. BUNCKLEY.—Your answers were right. So you like the story of the fat old woman better than say other? Well, it was a good story; and we hope Miss Ethel will write you another soon.

NAOMI S. MAURY.—We think with you that the "Christmas Gift" was an excellent story, and we hope many little girls will imitate Nellie's example in doing good and being kind to the needy.

J. H. HITEK.—Let us hear from you again. Your communications are very acceptable. The money all came safely to hand.

EMMA GRANBURY.—We are glad to hear from you, and glad you like the paper, and hope you will write again.

M. M. H.—The money came safely. We hope you will write again.

MATTIE.—Bless you for your sweet letter. We know you did your best, and will be rejoiced to hear from you again.

MARY C. ROGERS.—Your 50 cents shall be sent to little Jesse. Hope you have got the other subscribers.

S. C. CLIFTON.—How sorry we are for you; but your brothers were noble fellows for joining the army.

JENNIE THOMPSON, Marion, says, "We have a flourishing Sabbath school—teachers and scholars seem to be in the spirit. We like your paper very much—indeed we could not do without it."

MARY F. J., we are sure is a good little daughter, and we hope her father, in the Savannah hospital, has got well.

A FABLE.

The Turkey, the Cranes, and the Stork.

THE turkey, by chance, drawn into company with some cranes; who were just setting out on a party of pleasure, as they called it, which was, in truth, to rob the fish-ponds of a fitter who lived near.

The cranes having been old offenders, had but very little to say for themselves, and were soon killed; but the stork pleaded hard for life.

"Our love and virtue," said the farmer, "may, for aught I know, be great; but your being in company with thieves makes it very doubtful; and you must, therefore, submit to share the same fate with your companions."

MORAL.—Those who keep bad company must often expect to suffer for the errors of their associates.

*Fables are these stories, common in all ages, which have been invented by the wise to convey good lessons to mankind, without giving offense by personalities. In them, beasts, birds, and even things, are represented as conversing and moralizing.

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

COMMIE, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little fellow of four years, was quietly enjoying lunch, when his attention was attracted by the musical sound of some green wood just placed on the fire.

"Sing, fire, sing, and I will give you a piece of bread and meat."

"Sing, fire, sing, and I will give you a—a dollar!"

"Money was irresistible. Fire tuned his harp, greatly to the surprise of little Tommie, who cried,

"Stop! fire, stop! I was just joking—Stop, stop, fire, stop!"

CONGRATULATION.—After Emily, the widow of the late Rev. Dr. Judson, had left Calcutta, on her voyage to America, a sense of bereavement and desolation came over her affectionate heart, which it was impossible wholly to repress.

"Though I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, yet there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." Is that true, mamma?

It was the little son of her departed husband—six years old—who thus pointed his spirit to the source of all consolation: that spirit, which, since these lines were first written, has arisen where it shall sorrow no more.

THE KENTUCKY.—Two little sisters had been taught to play pleasantly together, and never to contend. Some associates came one afternoon to visit them, who had not learned the same lesson.

The warring elements were lushed. The little, earnest preacher had prevailed.

A GOOD GIRL.—A very young child was cumbering a cracker at the table, when her father said:

"Will you not save those pieces for some poor girl or boy?"

She quickly replied, "No, I'll give them something better,

"Of bread and butter, large and nice," quoting from some little book which she had read.

The same dear little girl, on being asked by her mother what was the best way to make her obey, answered with the most beautiful and tender expression of face,

"Lace me."

FERMENT.—A precocious child was ambitious of keeping up with older classes at school, and was in some respects successful.

"Spell the word ferment, tell its meaning, and place it accurately in some sentence or phrase."

"Taking pride in always answering without hesitation, she replied rapidly:

"Fer-ment; ferment is to work; I like to ferment in the garden."

"Little Bob, when three years old, was taken by his mother to dine with a friend.

There was a large turkey for dinner, which unfortunately proved to be rather tough.—The "dram stick" was given to Bob.

He pulled away at it right eagerly for some time; then laying it on his plate, he said, with a deep-drawn sigh, as if quite out of breath:

"Lay dar, dobler, till I wess myself a shille!"

A little girl, two years old, was asked by her father, on her return from church, what the preacher talked about.

"Jesus," was the sweet reply.

Dear child! Doubtless a sermon about Jesus was sweeter to her than any other.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

MT. LAUREL, VA., Feb. 18, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

GET the Index every month and ma reads it to me and tells me about little Jesse Hartwell. I made one dollar last summer pulling up weeds in the yard; I send it to you for little Jesse. I have seen one Chinaman. His name was Moh San. He came with Uncle C. from China, several years ago. He stayed at our house a long time, and I loved him, he was so good and kind to the little children. He could sew, and made me a nice little coat. He used to sing Happy Land in Chinese, and learned us little children to count in Chinese. He went back to China before the war; I wish I could see him again. Uncle C. was in China seven or eight years. When he came back he had a little son five or six years old. He sang and talked in Chinese. He was older than I, and used to tell me so many nice stories about what they did in Shanghai and about crossing the ocean in a big ship, and a heap of things; but we had some things here he didn't know about. I tell you: One day mamma had Sally picking cotton, and told me I might have the seed to plant two a cotton patch. I put them in a box to save. When mamma had Sally picking the burs from wool, Cousin A. picked them up and was putting them away. Mamma asked him what he was doing? He said he was going to save these wool-aced and plant him a wool patch. Wasn't that funny? He had never seen any sheep, and thought wool grow like cotton.

I raised nine head of cabbage last year. I sold four for one dollar, and send you that dollar for Jesse's little sister.

WILLIE S. ADKINS.

RICHMOND, VA., Feb. 20, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

According to your request, one of your little readers, aged ten years, has come to the conclusion to write to you in reference to our Sunday school. In an issue of your dear little paper, before Christmas, you desired that a member of each Sunday school would give you a correct report of its interest and progress. I have waited for some one older and more experienced than I am to do this for me, but I will try and report as correctly as possible.

The Sunday school with which I am connected (Grace street Baptist church) has been recently greatly blessed by the outpouring of the Holy Spirit—forty of its members having given good evidence that they have turned aside from the paths of sin and folly and found peace and joy in believing. Upwards of one hundred have united with Grace street church.

We have in our Sunday school 40 officers and teachers and 250 scholars, on an average. There is great interest and great zeal manifested by all our officers and teachers, and the scholars seem to drink in the word of Life. I wish you, yet, I wish every one could visit our dear Sunday school and see with what zeal the Superintendent and teachers perform their vocation.

I am not a subscriber to your good little paper, but my dear teacher, Mrs. Prichard, brings it to me regularly.

I have not commenced going to school yet, but mamma will send me as soon as Spring opens.

Your true little friend,
L. HOONES FARLEY.

PARSONAGE,
KING AND QUEEN CO., VA.,
February 20, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I am so much interested in the letters from your little correspondents that I have concluded to write you one myself. I know I am a long way off, but if you feel so much regard for the heathen children, away across the wide ocean, I am sure you will be glad to hear from a little boy—a Sunday school scholar, in our own beloved Confederacy.—We have been taking your paper at Mattaponi for more than twelve months, and I just wish you could see the many happy faces as Grandpa, our Superintendent, comes along with the bundle under his arm; I know you would conclude "it is more blessed to give than receive." Our school has been in operation for more than twenty-five years, and for a country church, with the greatest success—varying from 60 to 100 scholars. We have an infant class, and one of grown up children. We have also a "missionary box," and every Sunday the children would contribute something, no matter how little;

and once a year we would send it to Mr. Taylor, in Richmond, for the heathen children. Before the war we used to have Sunday school picnics, and oh, so many good things, it makes my mouth water now just to think of them; and one of the dear boys would make us a speech on Sunday schools. Oh! wasn't it a nice time? We want to try the "Christmas trees" this year.

I have been going to Sunday school ever since I was four years old; now I am ten, and am more in favor of it now than I ever was in my life. Grandpa has been our Superintendent all the time, and he wants to know if you don't think it is time for him to retire and let some of the younger ones take it? I think as he has been so long at it, he ought to know how better than the rest.

Enclosed please find \$1 for little Jesse. Your little friend,
THOMAS P. BAGLEY.

[Tommy sends an interesting letter, and almost makes us long to be a Sunday school scholar again.]

We give his school much credit, and by no means think "Grandpa" ought to "retire." What a capital Superintendent he must be!

We hope, Dear Tommy, you will use your good opportunity of learning the "the way of Life," and that you will live to be a good and a happy man.

PUTNAM CO., Feb. 22, 1864.

My Dear Mr. Boykin:

Although I am almost unacquainted to writing letters to grown persons, I feel it my duty to write to you to let you know how highly I prize the Child's Index. I was very impatient at the delay of my last number. I thought you had forgotten me. I was very much pleased with the picture of the battle of Fort Moultrie. I hope our present defenders of Charleston may prove as successful as those did in the old Revolution. Oh, Mr. Boykin, I like to have forgotten to tell you my brother came home about the middle of January, on furlough. He had been gone almost three years. Oh, how I wish we were free from Yankee trouble, and what peace, sweet peace, could be.

I am very glad to hear that Jesse has another little sister in the place of Carrie who died.

I will bring my letter to a close by telling you to give my thanks to Miss Ethel, for her pretty story about the fat old lady on the cars. Excuse bad writing.

Yours, truly,
MARY E. ARNOLD.

FEB'Y, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I am always so glad when the first of the month comes, because then I get my little Index, which I do love to read. We have a very good Sunday school, with I do not know exactly how many scholars. When the war began it took the most of our male members off. We have a very good Bible class, of which I am a member. Mr. E. S. Walker is our teacher; and we have our Superintendent, old Uncle Ned, we all call him. The pastor of our church (I guess you know him) is Rev. W. N. Chauldon.—We all think a great deal of him. We have preaching at our church three times a month. Our church is Pine Bluff, I have one brother in the army; I hope you will pray for him. I must now close for this time. From your little friend,

LAVINIA G. REYNOLDS.

P. S.—Enclosed you will find 75 cents, which please send to our little friend Jesse, you tell us about so much.

MONTE, March 7th, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

As I see a great many little boys and girls are writing to you, I thought I would send you a few lines, telling you how much I am pleased with your little paper, and how much I thank you for the beautiful pictures written in it. I am a member of the Mobile Baptist Sunday school; and our Superintendent is Mr. Edward E. Sheffer. On account of the Yankees, a great many of our number have left the city; but I hope the Yankees will not come, and maybe, our scholars will return to us, and I hope we will then have a firmly established Evergreen Sunday school. Excuse a stranger's writing.

Enclosed you will find \$1. Please send it to little Jesse.

I am your little friend,
MARTHA ANN LEE.

LOUISA CO., VA., Feb. 28, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

As there are a great many little children writing to you and telling you about their Sunday schools, I suppose you would like to hear something about ours. It is near the middle of the neighborhood, and is called the Heres Sunday school, has five teachers and forty-four scholars, and sometimes more. Our school is conducted by a lady at her own house, and we all love her very much. We could not consent that our school should be anything but an Evergreen, so we kept it up all winter. We love to read your little paper and think it very interesting. Our school is as nice and interesting as you often see in the country. We sometimes have addresses delivered to us by ministers, to which we listen very attentively.

I hope it will not be long before our paper will come again. Good-bye.
From a Sunday school scholar,
M.

MADISON, GA., Feb. 21, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I am sorry you did not get my letter I wrote on my birth-day. I send \$1 for my little sister Alice, and \$1 for myself, for little Jesse. I hope you will have a great deal of money sent to little Jesse. I am eight years old. Like your paper very much—there are so many pretty stories in it. My father sent your paper to me as a reward for learning. Please send my paper to this place, care of Dr. Boatwright, Blackie Hospital. The dollar I send now and the one I sent before, was my own money. Good-bye, Mr. Boykin, Your little friend,
B. P. BOATWRIGHT.

RECEIVED FOR "LITTLE JESSE."

During the past month \$84.25. [We cannot make out separate acknowledgments as the names are too numerous. We hope, however, that the "little ones" will send something for Jesse and Carrie every time they write, and when the letter is a pretty one we will publish it.]

A REQUEST.

We would be thankful if parents and sisters could contribute to our mission, by sending some one, from which indications of character may be drawn, or from which lessons for the government of children may be adduced.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

- 1. What is supposed to be the enigmatical name of Solomon? Prov. 31.
2. Where did Job dwell? Job 1.
3. Whose was the first Gentile convert? Acts 10.
4. Whose grandfather, father and mother died on the day of his birth? 1 Sam. 4.
5. Who fell dead while conducting the ark from Kirjath-jarim towards Jerusalem? 2 Sam. 6.
6. Who was the first son of Adam after the death of Abel? Gen. 4.
7. Who was Ham's eldest boy? Gen. 10.
8. Who was Aaron's uncle? Lev. 10.
9. Who was Abraham's father? Gen. 11.
10. Who was the mother of Ishmael? Gen. 16.
11. Whose animal did something that none of his race ever did before and never will do again? Num. 22.
12. Who went to sleep during preaching and fell from a window? Acts 20.
13. Who was constrained to carry the Saviour's cross? Mark 15.
14. What were the names of the two pious sisters who appeared to love the word very much? Rom. 16.
The initials of the answers to the above questions spell the name of my dear, kind pastor. T. M.

20. Who ministered unto the Lord before Eli? 1 Sam. 3.
To whom did Balak offer oxen and sheep? Num. 22.
Who was the mother of Athaliah? 2nd Chron. 22.
How often did the daughters of Israel go to lament the daughter of Jephthah. Jds. 11.
Where did Israel once abide? Judges 11: 17.
In Daniel's vision what kind of teeth had the fourth beast? Dan. 7.
Unto whom did the Lord say "Come thou and all thy house, into the ark"? Gen. 7.
The initials of the answers to the foregoing questions spell the name of the obidren's friend. LOULA WITCHARD.

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE

-25-

A bill sits in Judea, not far from a small village; beside a cave near whose mouth lies a large stone, stand a multitude with every appearance of grief, solemnity and anxious expectation. Dignified forms in long robes are regarding an individual of most majestic and benign but sorrow-stricken aspect, who is weeping silently. Near by stand two women, also weeping. He who appears to be weeping and groaning now raises his hands as though engaged in devout prayer, and afterwards appears to utter some words in a loud voice. Lo! from the dark mouth of the cave comes forth a person all dressed in white, and bandaged from head to foot. A napkin is bound about his face.

Great joy takes possession of all, and they proceed with glad surprise to unloose the bandages so that the person can walk.

20.

A man is on the flat top of an Eastern house asleep—as he sleeps he dreams; and in his dream he sees a great sheet tied together by the four corners, let down from heaven. In the sheet he beholds all kinds of animals—wild beasts, fowls of the air and creeping things. This immense sheet, thus tied together at the four corners, and containing all these various animals, is let down from heaven and drawn up again three different times. It then disappears and the man wakes up.—[Acts.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

No. 17.

- Joshua—Joshua 24.
Nathan—1 Sam. 12.
Cephas—John 1: 42.
O-badiah—1 Kings 18: 4.
I-sh-bosheth—2 Sam. 4: 3.
Lydia—Acts 16: 14.
J. N. Coll, a preacher.

LOULA WITCHARD.

18.

COLUMBUS, March 7, 1864.

- Ramah—1 Sam. 25: 1.
E-noch—Genesis 5: 22.
V-ashti—Esther 1: 10.
Methusalem—Judah—Ruth 1: 1.
W-ell's—Genesis 29: 10.
H-nam—2 Chron. 2: 8.
A-bigail—1 Sam. 25: 3.
H-ed Sea—Ex. 15: 4.
T-ola—1 Chron. 7: 1.
O-keed—Ruth 4: 1.
N-oh—Genesis 5: 29.
Rev. M. M. Wharton, one of the most promising young ministers in Virginia.
Your little friend,

GENSIE.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE.

Your word of one syllable, easy and short, That spells backward and forward the same, And shows a reflection from the heart, I will come now and tell you its name: It can see, can talk, it can cry, And this little something is—EYE.

MARY E. ARNOLD.

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

No. 23.

It was Jesus, when he first appeared to his disciples after his death. The door being locked they were afraid, but when they found out who it was, they were glad. [St. John 20: 26.

No. 24.

It was John baptizing Jesus; and when he came out of the water the Spirit descended upon him in the shape of a dove, and a voice out of heaven cried, saying "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased." [Matt. 3: 16.

Your friend,
LELA POOL.

A PRIZE! A PRIZE!

To increase our list of subscribers we offer for 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 file of the Child's Index for 1868, 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.

WHEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX. FILIAL RESPECT; OR, A COMMANDMENT ILLUSTRATED. AN EVENING SCENE AT THE FURNACE OF MR. RUDOLPH. BY MISS ETHEL.

Y sweet named friend, Jessie, had made me promise to spend the next Friday night with her. I was considered as almost a part of this family and knew how pleasant it would be. It is well for the Index readers that I went, or they never would have known what followed.

Ten being over, we were seated around the bright fire. Mr. Rudolph would just the kind of looking parents you would like to see at the head of such a large family. She had an intelligent, but mild face, and now, having completed her usual nightly rounds, she takes her seat on one side of the lamp-table, with her work. Mr. Rudolph is a man of dignified but very pleasant manners. He has laid aside his big black pipe, and now must have some fun with Nelly, the youngest. But poor little Nell's pleasure must be short to-night.— Her father has thought of something—she is allowed to slide from her happy perch down into her elmir at his feet, and the ink stand and paper are drawn up. She laid her head on his knee in a sort of sad but resigned manner, saying as if to herself, "Papa is always within."

This seemed to touch him. He took her quickly up and soon settled her yellow curls on his arm. Then he trotted her and sang all sorts of funny songs to her until the dimples would come no more into the chubby cheeks, when she was passed over into better hands.

"Now, young ladies and gentlemen, you may have the rest of the evening. Will you have some rousing games in the sitting room, or shall I try to make a story?" A whisper ran through the circle.

"Which had you rather?" Jessie said, as I was the guest I must decide. So I said we would try the story first, but if he was not very entertaining we would take her by violence into the sitting room. He then said, "Very well, but I will wait here before eleven or twelve o'clock at night."

MR. RUDOLPH'S STORY. (MERE THE FIRST.)

You must go with me to a large, neat white Baptist church about ten miles in the country. You can hear the cool dripping water from the spring filling up the pool, which is a beautiful one. A favorite minister is expected, and a number of persons are to be baptized. It is early yet. Groups of men and boys are standing in front of the church. From one of these you hear the exclamation,

"Well, here they come at last.—Mr. and Mrs. Noah!"

From another, "Ain't it a handsome troupe-out!"

"How much you reckon they will take?"

"I speak for the next pic-nic," and many other witticisms.

By this time this curiosity had turned out into the woods to be made fast to a tree.— Another boy who had been watching it very closely, with a smile said:

"Why, if that ain't pa and ma!" and walked out quickly and assisted her out, which indeed required help. As he was coming towards them, Mr. R.— turned to his wife and said:

"Well, that is wonderful—I would not have believed it!"

She merely said—"It does not surprise me at all."

This young man had a heart that delighted to honor his parents.

He told them they might go in; he would attend to the buggy. But he gave them such an enquiring look—his father told him old Deacon Adams insisted on their sending their conveyance home, as he had a buggy and horse they could use while they were there, and it had brought them very safely. Old Deacon Adams said he had raised Mr. R.— and had for a long time been begging him to come out and bring Mrs. R.— and spend several days. Hearing of the intended meeting they thought it a good time to go out to make the visit. Some gentlemen going out had offered their own seat. When the old gentleman brought out the buggy he said it hadn't been to church in fifteen years; he and the old lady somehow preferred to go horse-back to meeting, but they liked to give their friends the best, and they were welcome to use it as much as they chose, visiting round, &c. I am sorry I have not descriptive powers to

do justice to this ancient relic. It did indeed look as if it had run through a long line of ancestry. If it had ever been black of color had entirely disappeared—now it was a light russet-brown. But it was the top which tickled the boys. The rib-arch had grown so rusty they would not allow the top to stretch smoothly out, but begged down between each one. The back curtain was shriveled to about half the length of common curtains, and flapped in and out.— The bottom was considered rather unsafe, and a plank was slipped in across the foot. The leather over the dashboard was partly invisible, while the harness was made up of leather and white cotton raps. When in full sail the top had a sort of bowing motion, and when it first came into view on the brow of the hill, looked very much like a huge, old-fashioned bonnet. Nor was the ox-cart creek wanting—they had warning of its approach. Ah, I guess no one who was there when that buggy drove up has forgotten it to this day. Well, this boy, after showing the hero of the Gordian, untied the last knot, and old Claybank was free from his fetters. The shafts were then properly secured, and his task was done.

This much for filial respect. (To be continued.)

WHEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX. THE BAD BOY, OR, PETER GREY. A STORY OF A WICKED LIFE.

PETER GREY was a small boy living in the town of Brooklyn, New York. His parents were poor, occupying a small log house fronting on a lonely street.

When Peter was but five years old his father died, leaving his mother indebted to a merchant. She not being able to pay the debt their house was sold, leaving them destitute. Peter was then sent to the Asylum, where he remained for nine years. He then went to learn a trade, but he had not remained there long before he stole a sum of money amounting to more than one hundred dollars. He was taken into custody and finally sent to prison for six months. Having been released, his mother wrote to him, very kindly, inviting him home before eleven or twelve o'clock at night.

The farmer being out one day, Peter took his horse and rode to his home. He was caught and sent to prison again.

After he had got out again, a gentleman having compassion on him took him into business with him, thinking that by kind treatment he could induce the boy to turn from his bad habits. Peter was, therefore, bound to this gentleman.

Not many months had elapsed when Peter, hoping to make some money by gambling, was induced to steal from his master. Peter gambled and lost. He took more money and lost again; and finally when his master came to arrest him, he drew a pistol at him and killed him instantly. Peter afterwards closed his career on the gallows.

J. H. H. First Baptist Sunday School, Richmond, Va.

[The above is, indeed, the story—the sad, sad story of a wicked life. And it shows how a little boy may be bad just a little at first, and then keep on doing worse and worse, until he gets so very bad that he has to be hung in order to rid the world of him. Dear children, beware of the first step in wrong doing! Try to do right and be good all the time. For if you do not, you cannot tell to what wicked, miserable end you may come. You will keep on going from worse to worse until you will have to be hung like Peter Grey; for bad people are all the plue growing worse; and all bad people become so by just doing some little wrong thing at first.—Ed. CHILD'S INDEX.]

GOD TAKING CARE.—A little one, just beginning to creep, had been taught to say, "God will take care of baby." It was the only phrase of any length that he knew. Sweetly the hallowed words dwelt upon those innocent lips.

Both parents were seized with a malignant epidemic, and ere their consciousness, the little one was attacked. Intelligence was continually brought to their bedside of the state of the sufferer. Suddenly the fearful tidings came that she was death-struck.—Feeble and agonizing, the father and mother were brought in their beds, and laid down by their darling. Painfully she closed her beautiful eyes, and whispered, with a smile, "God will take care of baby."

WHEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX. THE ICE PALACE. BY MRS. M. A. M'CRIMMON.

It. Boykin says send him another "Remarkable Monument," but I saw a little boy cry so bitterly over the story of poor little Emanuel, last week, that I concluded to tell you something funny this month, by way of a change. It is about a "play house" which the Queen of Russia once had. You never heard of a queen having a play house, did you? You always thought queens were very dignified ladies, with great heavy crowns upon their heads, full of diamonds and other kinds of jewels, and that they never condescend to laugh or play, or be like other people. You guessed very nearly right if this was your opinion, for they have so many cares and public duties to attend to that they scarcely can be said to belong to themselves. But old Queen Catharine, of whom I am going to tell you, was an independent kind of a creature, and generally amused herself just as she pleased. She was not a good woman either, for she did not care how many of her people suffered so she had the means of gratifying her own whims.

But I must tell you about her Ice Palace, which, by the way, might be called a remarkable monument of folly. Russia is a very cold country, as you will naturally suppose, from its being so far North of the Equator, and for three or four months in the year the rivers and lakes, and streams are all solid masses of ice. There is not much travelling in Russia, during these cold months, except what is done in sleighs, which have no wheels but slip easily over the smooth ice and frozen snow without them. The people, therefore, have to amuse themselves mostly within doors during the winter, for fear of freezing.

It was one of the coldest winters which ever blew over the bleak Russian hills, when old Queen Catharine concluded to have her palace built entirely of ice. A palace, you know, is a large and magnificent house, such as kings and queens live in. It would, of course, take an immense amount of ice, vast amount of money to build a palace entirely of ice. It was cold and disagreeable work, too, for the ice had to be cut in large blocks from the river and hauled to the site of the palace; but little old Queen Catharine care, so she had her pleasure, how people had to suffer in order to gain it.

After the blocks of ice were in the right place, they had to be cut smoothly and of exactly the same size. Then the workmen threw water upon them and placed them one upon another, when the freezing of the water converted them into a solid mass. In this way the walls were built, which have been very beautifully described by Comper in the following language:

"Slightly as a dream the fabric rose, No sound of hammer or of saw was there; Ice upon ice, the well adjusted parts Upon ice conjoined, nor other cement ask'd Than winter interposed to make them one."

You can't imagine what a beautiful palace it was when completed. In front was an icy portico with an icy railing around it, while at each wing stood an icy tower, guarded by an icy lion. Tall columns of ice ran along the corridor, while deep bay windows, made to resemble glass, shed a softened light upon the icy walls. A magnificent throne, carved out of ice, stood in one of the largest saloons, while its spacious dining rooms, halls, chambers and ball rooms, were furnished with chairs, tables, foot-stools, sofas, and glittering lamps all made of ice. The walls were hung with garlands, and the icy vases were filled with flowers made by freezing water of different hues, in moulds which resembled different flowers.

When the lamps were lighted, and the glittering walls and icy furniture reflected their thousand lights, it must have been a scene of wondrous loveliness. And when these gorgeous rooms were filled with gay and well dressed people, with jewels glittering in rainbow hues, and music murmuring like the voices of a thousand futes, along its silvery walls, it must have been more exquisitely beautiful than anything that has ever been seen on earth.

Queen Catharine was delighted with her palace, and all the gay and noble of the land resorted there for balls and masquerades, and they had a wonderfully merry time.— At last, however, the flowers along the walls and above the mantles began to melt and

drip down to the floor; the chairs and tables grew gradually smaller; and the columns that upheld the portico and corridor began to tumble down; and by the time summer had breathed her genial air upon the earth, it had all melted away like the baseless fabric of a dream. The ice palace was all gone; the time and money that were spent in building it were also gone, and the foolish queen and the nobles had nothing left to remind them of its splendor but a dirty, disagreeable mud puddle.

If Queen Catharine had spent the money expended on this monument of folly, in relieving the poor around her, or in building schools and churches for their instruction, how much wiser and better woman would she have been! This net would have been a monument to her memory, which time and sunshine could not have destroyed, and for which the latest generation would have called her blessed. As it is, even the little readers of the Child's Index are laughing at her and saying, "Poor old silly creature, didn't she know it would all melt away when summer came?"

But not so fast, my dear young friends; you may be acting equally as foolish. The pleasures of your present life will one day melt away like the glittering ice palace, and then, if you have not made God your friend, you will be as destitute as was that poor old queen upon her dying bed. The religion of Christ alone can endure; this like a house upon the rock, will remain when the fleeting pleasures of youth have passed away like the palace of ice. Learn a lesson from this foolish queen, and endeavor to gain that which alone will be enduring.

Dear Mr. Boykin: OUR beautiful little paper, the Child's Index, was sent to me by a kind friend, in which I saw an interesting letter from Dorra, the dear little girl who had been so busy knitting socks for the soldiers, and being a soldier myself, but one of the boys who have become to be a grown up man, she calls some of us, I was happy to see, that even the little girls took such a deep interest in the welfare of the soldier. And I want the little girls to know, Mr. Boykin, how proud a soldier would be to have his feet protected from the biting cold by socks which they had made, and what a sweet influence it would exert over them. I hope all the little girls who cannot knit, will learn, and do as Dorra has done, and ask their mamma for yarn to knit socks for the soldiers, whose sufferings are often so great for the want of them. I am sure they're not for the little girls, as well as the grown up ones, we would not undergo, so willingly, all the privations we are called upon to bear in camp, on the march and in battle.

Dorra wants to know "whether the soldiers ever get the Index?" An army missionary once distributed some copies to this regiment, and I know all were sorry because it did not come again, for I have low delighted they were to get it to read. I hope the entire army will get this excellent little paper. I believe it will do a great deal of good. Your friend, A SOLDIER.

P. S.—I send two dollars to send the Child's Index, to some soldier. Yours, &c., A SOLDIER IN THE FIELD. One has been sent.—EDITOR.

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