

THE CHILD'S INDEX.



VOL. II.

MAY, 1864.

NO. 5.

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

CHARLES BENTON.

BY MRS. N. J. MALLART.

Poor Mrs. Benton was dead! Her pale lips had been pressed for the last time; and now the sable plumes of the village hearse nodded to the measured tread of the veteran horse, as he bore the loved one to her long home. Three little children were orphans! Many a tear fell that day, as sod after sod rolled upon the hollow-sounding boards. Many a sorrowful exclamation of "Poor little thing," dropped from the lips of sympathizing friends; but none offered them a home—none promised them a mother's love. Poor little orphans! Friend after friend wandered away to more pleasant scenes; and ere the sexton had completed his task, the little ones, with their aged grandfather, remained alone. All nature mourned. The very wind, checking its impetuous rush, gently swept the harp of sorrow and poured forth a mournful strain; and the rocking pines sighed a soft, sad requiem to the departed. Night was fast approaching, but still the loving little hearts clung to the grave, and tears rained fast upon the new-made mound.

"Come, my darlings," said old Mr. Vaughan, in a tender voice, "we must go home now."

"Don't grandpa, don't," said Mary, "I can't go yet. Oh, my precious, precious mother, how can I ever leave you in this cold, this lonely grave?"

"God is a kind father, Mary. He is the orphan's best friend. Try to look to Him, my child, for strength to be resigned to this bitter stroke."

"I can't, grandpa, I can't; I don't believe I ever can feel resigned. Oh," said she, with streaming eyes, "this is so hard to bear. Oh me! what shall I do?"

"God pities our tears, Mary. Jesus is a compassionate Saviour. He himself wept once, at the grave of a loved friend; and our grief is not displeasing to him, if we weep without repining; but come, my dear child, we must go now. Come, little ones, let us go to our desolate, but I trust not forsaken, home."

Home without a mother: Oh who can paint its sorrows! Twilight had ushered in her holy, pensive hour; and gloomier still the old homestead looked, when daylight was fading. Dark was the night without, but doubly dark within. The evening meal was left untouched, for hunger gives place to grief. Closely the little ones drew around the cheerful fire, as if to banish unwelcome thoughts. Brightly the same flashed—merrily it sparkled, as if to chase the darkness far away. Alas! each little heart mourned, that

"Hushed was the lute-string,
Vacant the chair."

Poor little things! Who can fathom the depth of an orphan's woe! Who can count the tears that fall, or tell the sighs that spring from aching hearts, longing for a mother's love!

The old man's head was bowed upon his staff, for he, too, had suffered—his only child was dead. The furrows seemed to gather quickly upon his brow, and sink deeper, still deeper, upon his cheek. Mary's tears had ceased to flow, and now in the anguish of calm despair, she sat gazing into the fire, wrapped in gloomy thoughts. Alice and Charlie sat silently by. Charlie was grave and sad, and not a word had he spoken since his mother's form had been lowered into the grave. Poor little Alice—like some frightened fawn, she started at every sound. Every shadow upon the wall made her eyes grow wondrously big; and every noise made her shudder, and look nervously around. When the wind came whistling through the key-hole, how she started! and when another gust sent an old limb creeping across the house top, it was

too much; and springing from her little chair, she picked it up and seated herself right between the old man's knees. It was but a little act, small in itself, but it seemed to plead, "Grandpa, take care of me!" and with a tender, loving smile, the wrinkled hand smoothed the silken locks, and as he pressed his lips to the sweet young brow, he seemed to say, "Darling, I will."

"Grandpa," said Mary, with a fresh burst of tears.

"What, my child."

"Grandpa, what is to become of us?"

"God will provide, Mary. He does all things right."

"Oh, me; I wish I could think so; but I can't," said Mary, bitterly. "Oh, I am so miserable! This is so hard to bear, I feel as if I could not bear it any longer. You say, God is kind, grandpa? I don't see how he has shown his kindness to us, I'm sure. Oh," continued she, in a hollow whisper, "he has never been kind to us, Grandpa. First, he took father from us, and left my poor mother to struggle for us children, and a hard struggle it was, too; and now my precious, precious mother she's gone too. It was unkind, Grandpa, it was cruel in God to take my mother."

"Hush, child, hush! Don't let such sinful thoughts find a place in your heart. Let me tell you what I was thinking of. I was sitting here thinking how mysterious were the ways of Providence. I was wondering why God took your blessed mother and left her old father to totter on his weary journey home. Yes, why did he not take us, for I am a burden to all, and sometimes a burden to myself; and God knows I do not fear to die. But, then, I thought, we must not question the Almighty, Mary. His ways are past fathoming; and mysterious as they are, our duty is to sit still and let him do what seemeth him good. It is a dark world you have to struggle through, Mary; but dark as it is, there are, now and then, some bright flashes of light. It is a cold, selfish world, too; and yet, there is some love in it. On its benignant face, it bears the impress of a loving hand; and though other streams may fail, remember, there is a fountain of eternal life, whose waters are inexhaustible. But, come, child, little Alice here has laid her head upon my knee, and is fast asleep. Dear little innocent thing! Her dreams are bright, but the morrow will be dark to her loving little heart. You will have to be her mother now, Mary; and Charlie must be a man to help us work; and with God's blessing all will yet be well."

Time flew with rapid wing, and year after year was numbered with the returnless past. A few more furrows had been added to the old man's brow. The strong man had bowed himself, and the grinders had ceased because they were few; those that looked out of the windows had been darkened, and all the daughters of music had been brought low; still, with an unshaken faith, he but waited for the silver cord to be loosed, that the spirit might return unto God who gave it. Dear old man! What a light to that household! Time with ever-changing hand, had touched but lightly the other members of the family. Mary had married, and a baby-blossom blessed her hearthstone. Charlie was a man, and Alice had grown into beautiful womanhood. It was a happy family circle; but alas! happiness can never long remain unalloyed.

The tocin of war sounded. The South had arisen in her might, and Southern sons must go to vindicate her rights. Each village caught the echo, and eagerly our gallant boys had loved ones adieu, and sought the bloody field. The rustic village of Glenwood did not slumber beneath the patriotic call; but her noble sons sallied forth to meet the insolent foe.

"Grandpa," said Charlie, one day, "my country is calling me, and I am going to fight her battles. You must not oppose me,

for I must go. I have to-day joined a cavalry company, and we will start for Virginia day after to-morrow. It is but short notice, I know, but, sister, you and Alice must get me ready at once; for it is duty, and not pleasure I consult."

Mary and Alice were bathed in tears;—but after a moment's pause, old Mr. Vaughan said:

"You are right, my boy, you are right—



and to have you leave us, but your duty is plain—your mission. Next to your God, serve your country. I feel to-night all the fire of my youth burning in my veins; and even now I feel like a hunderd-year-old man, and filling into ranks; but old men like me, Charlie," said he, with a cheerful smile, "could not march in double quick, or retreat very fast, either. Our place is at home, among the women and children; but I tell you what my boy, if the Yankees ever see Glenwood, they shall walk over an old man's dead body before they shall desecrate our home. I can pray for my enemies' souls, as the good book commands; but when they invade our land, I pray, Oh, my God, if blood must flow, let it flow from their veins, and not from ours.—Come, girls, dry your tears, and get your soldier-brother ready."

Love always makes swift fingers; and truly it did in Charlie's case, for long before the time appointed had arrived, his valise was packed with every desirable article.

The hours sped too quickly away, and at last the moment came when Charlie must say "Good-bye." It was a sad hour for all. Mary felt as if she was parting from a child, as well as from a much-loved brother; for since her mother's death, she had loved her sister and brother with a kind of maternal affection and Charlie had been the special object of her solicitude. All was ready, but each dreaded the bitter parting word. At length a company of dismounted cavalrymen were seen approaching, and hastily with moistened eyes, Charlie bade his weeping sisters a silent "good-bye." Not a word broke the painful stillness. All followed Charlie to the gate; and then old Mr. Vaughan, improving the last few moments, began to heap precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. Again Charlie kissed his sobbing sisters, before he mounted old Dapple; and this time poor Mary's grief was so excessive, her husband had to support her fainting form.

As Charlie mounted his horse, old Mr. Vaughan's feelings for the first time overcame him; and, while tears chased each other down his aged cheeks, he said:

"Charlie, you have always been a good boy. Many a time have I thanked my God that he has given us such a boy. But Charlie, though you are good in one sense, you are not a Christian. You are leaving us, without hope, and without God in the world. I may never live to see you return, my boy. Perhaps the first letter you receive will tell you, 'Grandpa is dead—gone home to heaven.' Remember my last words, then, Charlie: Seek first the kingdom of God. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Oh!

that precious soul! Would that your old grandfather could take it in his arms, and lay it in his Saviour's bosom. Remember, child, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not. There are so many temptations in camp, my old heart trembles for you; and yet God will order all things for his own glory, and I must not distrust Him."

"Grandpa," said Charlie, pointing to the village church, while a tear dropped from



his eye, "do you see that spire above those trees? Beyond that church is the church-yard, and in that church-yard is a grass-covered mound, dear to my heart. It is my mother's grave. When all else fails, Grandpa, that mound, grace of my mother's prayers will save me from ruin. Often has my mother clasped my tiny hands in hers, and, with eyes streaming with tears, has she prayed to heaven that I, her only boy, might be saved. Her words, I might forget; but her tears, never. God grant that my mother's prayers may yet be answered."

"Amen," fervently responded the old man.

"Good-bye, grandpa," said Charlie, stooping to embrace the good old man.

"Good-bye, my dear boy. My old eyes may never behold your blessed face again; but God grant that we may meet in that better land where there are no more wars, no more sorrow, no more bitter parting—Good-bye!"

A wave of the hat, and the soldier-boy was gone.

(To be continued.)

SONG FOR MAY MORNING.

It is May, it is May,
And all earth is gay,
For at last old winter is quite away;
He lingered a while on his cloak of snow
To see the delicate primrose blow;
He saw it, and made no longer stay,
And now it is May, it is May.

It is May, it is May,
And we bless the day,
When we first delighted so can say:
April had beams amidst her showers,
Yet here were her garden, and cold her bowers;
And her frown would blight, and her smile betray,
But now it is May, it is May.

It is May, it is May,
And the flowers obey
The beams which move are more bright than they,
And the birds sing thankfully out on high,
For there is not a cloud in the clear blue sky;
The lambs and the cows and the chickens seem,
With my glad heart 'tis May, 'tis May.

THE VOICES OF SPRING.

Spring has come, its buds are bursting:
Forest songsters all abroad
Join their joyous notes of gladness,
'Mid the brightening works of God.

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CAUSE.

TEACHER'S SOLILOQUY.

What is it makes me early rise,
What is it that unseals my eyes,
To meet the Sunday morning skies?
My Class.

When storms and hail around me beat,
What then attracts my willing feet,
To brave the driven snow and sleet?
My Class.

What, when I bend my knees in prayer;
Shall have a warm petition there,
That it may be the Saviour's care?
My Class.

Whose little hearts with transports beat,
Their teacher's eye once more to meet,
And throng around the wooden seat?
My Class.

Whom do I strive to tell the way,
That leads to realms of endless day,
And teach me Jesus' name to pray?
My Class.

Who oft to God in hymns of praise,
Their youthful voices sweetly raise,
And vow to serve him all their days?
My Class.

Whom do I hope to meet above,
If grateful for their school they prove
Saved by an everlasting love?
My Class.

QUESTIONS

For the self-examination of a Sunday school teacher on leaving the school-room:

1. Have I this day particularly prayed for a blessing on my labors in the school?
2. Have I done my utmost this day to show an example of early and punctual attendance?
3. Have the hours I have been in the school this day been fully occupied in my duties as a teacher?
4. Have I this day spoken pointedly and individually to one or more of class respecting the salvation of their immortal souls?
5. If I never again enter these walls, am I clear in the sight of Him who knoweth all things, from neglect of duty towards any child in my class who may perish in sin?
6. Do I leave the school in peace with all my fellow-laborers?
7. Have I allowed a single absence or deficiency to remain unaccounted for, or without investigation on my part?
8. Do I visit my scholars as often and as regularly as possible, thereby endeavoring to secure in some measure the affection and co-operation of their families as well as themselves?

Wm. Vaughan writes us that the Sunday school at Mechenin, N. C., has begun the Summer campaign under favorable circumstances. One difficulty he mentions, however, and that is the indifference of the church members, which we hope will soon be obviated by their taking a great interest in the school; for if parents and teachers are not zealous, we may rely on it the children will soon lose their zeal.

We, therefore, give a hint to church members generally to interest themselves more in the Sunday school, that thus the children may be doubly interested.

Lately in the Macon Baptist Sunday school we saw twenty-five or thirty male and female church members, of various ages, including the pastor and all the deacons of the church, faithfully engaged in instructing the young in the truths of the Gospel. We need not say that the school was large and orderly, nor that the children looked happy and appeared desirous of instruction.

Few churches take as much interest in its Sabbath school as this: and we believe few have been as much blessed by the Almighty. For many years the chief male teachers have been accustomed to hold a Sabbath school prayer-meeting, in the audience chamber above, before going below to enter upon the duties of the school: perhaps this has given them an interest in the school that they would not have otherwise possessed.

It has been said that a church which does not gather its children and give them systematic instruction on the Sabbath would

soon grow wild." How many Baptist churches in the South are in danger of growing wild?

Children who attend Sunday school are much more likely to become converted than those who do not; because they acquire religious knowledge which is essential to piety. Religious knowledge does not produce piety; but it is just as necessary to piety as seed is necessary for producing a crop. Religious knowledge is the seed of piety, sown in the heart; and unless it is sown, there can be no crop of piety.

Now Sunday schools aim to sow this seed when the heart is young and tender and very impressionable, and the seed is most likely to germinate and take root and flourish. And then, there is this advantage in Sunday schools—the sower sows his seed directly in each heart: by personal address he is enabled to impress each heart individually, and plant the seed of divine truth; and this way is far superior to the general instruction given from the pulpit—as may be illustrated in the following manner:

Two men have the same number of bottles to be filled with water. One ranges them all in a row, and then dashes at them bucketsful of water, till after a great while, they are all filled. The other takes a little pitcher, and quietly pours the water into each bottle by itself. It is easy to see which will fill the bottles first, and with the least trouble and waste.

Those desirous of procuring that admirable little Sunday school Catechism, *The Child's Scripture Question Book*, can do so by writing to J. W. Burke, Macon, Ga., and sending the money, at the rate of 25 per dozen.

Few things interest children so much as singing; and each Sabbath school regularly trains its scholars to sing the school songs of Zion.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EVANGELISTS.

The Sunday School Board is appointing agents to travel in each State and encourage, organize and assist Sunday schools—and wherever there is a church which desires the visit of such an agent, they have but to make it known through the State Baptist paper, and soon the agent will make his appearance, with such Sunday school books and papers, and the opportunities of the Board will permit them to obtain. Rev. Wm. E. Hatcher, Manchester, Va., is the Virginia agent; and Rev. E. B. Tinsley, LaGrange, Ga., is the Georgia agent.

This plan, if properly carried out, will soon infuse life and energy into all our Sabbath schools.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

SACRAMENTS.—Your story is received. Is it true or not?

JULIA CHESTER.—It is more difficult to get the pictures than you think; but we are going to do it some of these times. We wrote all we know about Ellen B. in that number of the Index. We hope your sister has got well by this time, and no doubt she is proud of such a good little sister as you are.

WM. BRYAN.—Your puzzles are very interesting; but as ours is a Sunday school paper, we prefer not to put in puzzles that we don't think children ought to study out on God's holy day.

"A SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLAR," in Columbus, sends an Enigma without the answer. The answer must always be sent, written out in full.

EMMA J. PURIFOY.—Your letter, written for the little four year old scholar, was received and amused us; but you did not give her name. Her fifty cents will go to little Jesse.

G. C. P.—Your sweet letter is received, and we hope your Sunday school will flourish this Summer. You did not send the answer to your Enigma. Always write out the answer in full, with the reference to each question plainly given.

ATLANTA FOWLER.—We are very glad to get your letter, and hope you will let us hear from you again. We, too, hope the war will soon be over.

MATTIE BUCHANAN.—Your letter is received, and is a very good letter.



FEMALE HEROISM.

BY THE EDITOR.

WHAT a glory to our country are the noble women who are doing so much for our gallant soldiers!—Why, if it had not been for them, who encouraged the brave fellows by providing clothes and socks and shoes; by scraping lint and making bandages; by cooking food and keeping up the *Wings of Honor*; by nursing the sick soldiers; and, above all, by praying for our country, we don't know but what the Yankees would have whipped us. And when our men saw the women of the South so brave and patriotic,—working with their own hands, and so determined to be free of the Yankees, why, they felt that they never could suffer enough, nor fight hard enough; for they were grateful, and had all their love and pride and manliness aroused. And they determined to die before the Yankees should have the ladies of the South in their power. And even the little girls, by knitting socks, and doing such things as they were able, have encouraged our brave soldiers a great deal.

Our Southern women have always been brave and patriotic; and we wish we had time to tell some of their brave acts during our first Revolution, when we whipped the British and gained our independence. We can give one instance only, just now; and that happened in our last war with England when the British stirred up the Indians all over the West and South to attack our people.

A party of British and Indians attacked a stockade fort of ours, in the Southwest. A stockade fort is made by driving high stakes in the ground—so high that no one can climb over it, and so thick that a musket ball cannot go through. Well, a fort is surrounded by such stakes as these, and the people and soldiers get inside, and shut the gate, and they are safe as long as they have provisions and water.

One of our forts of this kind, that was filled with men and women and children, and defended by some soldiers, was attacked by the British assisted by Indians. But they could not take it. At length, however, the water got out, and those in the fort knew not what to do. Every time a man went out to get water from a stream not far off, he was shot at, and perhaps killed, by the enemy who were in the woods all around the fort. What was to be done? If no water could be got, they would soon perish. (Our brave young woman volunteered to go after water. She marched forth boldly with two buckets and returned safely with both of them full of water. Not a gun was fired at her—the enemy would not shoot at a defenceless girl! Then two or three women also boldly marched forth after water, and they, too, returned safely; for the enemy were too magnanimous to fire at them.)

When this was seen others overcame their fears, and assisted in bringing water. What courage! Any moment the savage Indians might shoot and kill them all!—But no! Providence restrained them. They lay quietly in the woods, although they saw everything that was done. They would not shoot at women who showed so much courage and devotion.

This is the scene represented by our picture. Don't you think these women were very brave? Of course they were.

Well, you desire to know the result. The consequence was that enough water was carried into the fort to last until help came. And the enemy were driven away and all in the fort were saved. So we hope it will be in our case—the devotion of the women to our cause will so encourage the men that they will drive away the invading Yankees and save our country.

WRITER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

RED AND BLACK MARKS.

BY MISS STEEL.



ELLEN sits before an open window. The frost yard is full of beautiful flowers. Singing birds and gay-winged butterflies are flitting before her; but though she is gazing at them, we can see by a certain look of the face that she is not thinking of them. She gets up very suddenly and goes to the next room.

"Mother," says she, "have you got a pencil that will make a black mark?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Davis.

"Hasn't father one that makes red marks?"

"Yes."

"Won't you let me keep them both this week?"

"Perhaps so. Why do you need them both?"

"Please don't make me tell you now. If you will ask me again on Saturday evening I will tell you."

She then rolled them in a bit of paper and locked them up in her work-box. Saturday evening came, and she was reminded of the promise. She looked down and said nothing for awhile; then she slowly opened the box—took the pencils and paper out, and brought them to her mother.

"You know last week," she said, "when Cousin Emma died, I was standing by the bed. She had asked the Doctor if she would get well. He said 'Mother and father will have to give their Emma up.' She just folded her hands, and smiled, oh! so sweetly, and said,

"It is all right."

"Well, I thought I would like to die just that way. Last Monday morning I said to myself, 'I wish to die happy I must live right.' So I determined to make a black mark wherever I did wrong, and a red one when I did anything good. Here are nine black ones but not a single red one! I did not know I was so wicked, and I know I will never meet Cousin Emma in Heaven, as she begged me to do."

Mrs. Davis was very much affected. She drew her weeping child to her bosom.

"And is my Ellen really sorry that she did wrong?"

"Oh, mother! I could not sleep last night for thinking about those dreadful black marks, and I got up more than once and prayed to God to make me better."

"Then, my child, I make a long red mark across them all, as you see. That is what Christ does for poor sinners,—if they will be very sorry for doing wrong and ask Him to give them better hearts. He will make a long red mark with His own blood across these black ones of sin, and call them His children, and take them to heaven when they die."

SECUR LETTERS.

As this we receive frequently, and they are always encouraging:

ATLANTA, April 5, 1864.

Rev. Samuel Boykin:

DEAR SIR—A few weeks ago we gave you money for one hundred copies of the Child's Index. Our school is growing rapidly, and last Sabbath we had but one copy left. You ought to see the children's eyes sparkle when we distribute the paper. I consider it indispensable in a Sabbath school. Enclosed please find fifty dollars, (\$50.) for which you will please send fifty copies more to the First Baptist Church, and oblige

Yours, respectfully,
S. D. NILES, Sup't.

LITTLE JESSE HARTWELL.

ROSA E. V. ROBIN sends \$1 for little Jesse and asks who he is. He is the son of a young Mrs. Hartwell who went from Macon, Ga., with her husband, as missionary to China. We proposed to the young people to support little Jesse and his sister; and the money they send to us for that purpose will be sent to them in China. Jesse's father is the son of Rev. Jesse Hartwell, D. D., formerly of South Carolina, but who moved to Louisiana, where he died.

Another little girl asks if the money she sends can be used in China. We answer no; but it will buy money that can be used in China, and will help pay the debt incurred by Mr. Hartwell who had to borrow to keep little Jesse from starving.

We present our little readers with three fine illustrations this month.

RAILROADS.

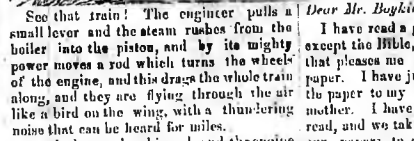
THE first idea of our modern rail-ways—and it is a very simple idea—came from a mine near Newcastle, England. The plan occurred to some one of "laying rails of timber exactly straight and parallel;" and bulky cars were made with four rollers fitting those rails, whereby the "carriage" was made so easy that one horse would draw four or five chaldrons of coal.

This coal was conveyed from the mines to the bank of the river Tyne. This mode was in practice in 1676; how much earlier is not known to us, probably to no one; for though a great idea, it was, like most other great ideas, thought of little account at the time of its origin.

Like Columbus' method of making an egg stand on the big end by jarring it so as to break the yolk, it was thought to be too simple to deserve any praise. Nevertheless, out of this simple idea sprang, one hundred and fifty years afterward, the modern railway.

But it was one hundred years before people thought of using iron rails; and then it was twenty-nine years more before railroads were used to carry men and merchandise.—This was first done successfully in 1825, in England, and the cars were pulled by horses. It was still five years after this, in 1830, before locomotives or steam engines were used on railroads.

It was thought possible that, by the help of a steam engine the cars might run twelve miles an hour! This was only 23 years ago. Now there are tens of thousands of miles of railroads. Nearly all over the world may be heard the whistle of the "iron horse;" and instead of creeping forward, dragged by a couple of horses, at the rate of five or six miles an hour, the mighty train dashes along over hills and dale, thro' tunnels and over great bridges, at a speed varying from twenty to one hundred miles an hour! What a wonderful improvement! What genius in man! What goodness in God to grant this boon to earth!



See that train! The engineer pulls a small lever and the steam rushes from the boiler into the pistons, and by its mighty power moves a rod which turns the wheels of the engine, and this draws the whole train along, and they are flying through the air like a bird on the wing, with a thundering noise that can be heard for miles.

Again he touches his rod, and the engine gradually stops—slower and slower it moves, until it quietly stands still, and the people rush out—for people are always in a hurry on railroads.

Again the engine whistles—the engineer touches his rod—the steam turns the wheels, and off they go—slow at first, then faster—and faster still, until soon they are flying through the air swiftly enough to take away the breath. Such is the railroad. You can eat your breakfast quietly at home, and then step on the cars, and lo! at dinner time you are eating in another city one hundred miles distant!

Our railroads are of great service to us in carrying food to our armies and transporting our troops from one part of the country to another. Indeed were it not for our railroads, it is hard to say how we would carry on the war.

Parallel, lying even or side by side with another thing, and preserving always the same distance.

A child in 36 bushels.

A PUZZLE.

My first comes only once a week— My second teaches high and low— My third you will not have to seek, If to my second you should go. My whole is the young girl or boy, Whom every Sabbath morning brings, With willing feet and face of joy, To where he learns and prays and sings.

By THE EDITOR.

A RIDDLE.

'Tis found in me but not not in you— 'Tis found in men and women too— Twice in ebb moment it appears, Yet only twice 'id twenty years.

JANE.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

TIMMONSVILLE, S. C., }
March 24, 1864. }

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I HAVE heard your excellent paper read, occasionally, ever since it came out. Its articles have always delighted me; but not until a few days ago was my attention directed to dear little Jesse Hartwell. I hope the children have well sustained him; but that does not excuse my illiberality. I must give something; so I send you two dollars, which you will please transmit to him as soon as possible. My prayer is, that Jesse may be a true christian and a successful missionary. But, while I am thinking of one far away, I am reminded of a poor orphan girl, who lives near my mother's door. She can read a little, but has no books;—perhaps the Child's Index might lead her to the Saviour—at least it will do her no harm; therefore I will request you to send a single copy for one year to Miss Rose Melton, Timmonsville, S. C. For the remaining two dollars which you find enclosed, my sister wishes you to send the paper to a poor boy named Sperates Goveon, whose address is Lydia, S. C.

While we give to others we must not neglect to give ourselves to the Saviour. Charity will avail us nothing unless it is produced by the love of Christ. I shall not tell you my name, but will say this: I am determined to take the Child's Index as long as I have any money, or friends to read for me.

This will inform you that I am blind.—Perhaps if many of your readers know this they would imagine me quite unhappy, which is not the case. There is a satisfaction in living for Jesus, though I am deprived of many comforts. If I thought I could interest the readers of the Index, I would delight to tell them of several blind children with whom I have been associated. Your christian friend,

[It will interest them very much for you to do so; and we hope you will.]
EDITOR.]

PENFIELD, GA., }
Feb. 20th, 1864. }

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I have read a great deal in my life, and except the Bible, I can find nothing to read that pleases me so well as your dear little paper. I have just finished reading my little paper to my two little sisters and my mother. I have two other sisters that can read, and we take a great delight in reading our papers to our mother, as she cannot read. I have two brothers and four sisters. My two little sisters very often get the paper and try to read it. One is seven and the other is six years old. Little Laura knows her A B C's, and mother speaks of sending her to school this year; Melron is beginning to say her letters.

Our Sunday school is closed as our teacher had to leave us; but I hope this war may stop soon and let him come home, so we may have the pleasure of meeting in Sunday school once more. Our school numbered forty scholars, and all love to go very much indeed, and all love to read your dear little paper. I like the story of Julia Thornton and the fat old lady very much, and the Lesson of Love and the story of Fort Moultrie. I hope the Yankees may be driven from our land as the British were. I also like your explanation of words, for when I am reading sometimes I have to get the Dictionary.

I will get as many as I can to subscribe for your dear little paper, and see if I can't get one of the prizes.

I think Ida and Minnie's resolution was a very good one, but was very sorry Ida got vexed, but glad she did not stay so long.

Little Laura and Merron send little Jesse 50 cents apiece, and brother Nathan sends the little sister 50 cents, and sister Emma and Edward and brother Jimmie sends 50 cents each.

MARY T. LANKFORD.

OAK GROVE, Grayson Co., Va., }
March 5th, 1864. }

Dear Mr. Boykin:

As I have seen so many letters from the little ones, I thought that I would write to you that I liked your paper very well, and I liked to see it come.

We have a Sunday school here, and a

very nice one too. Nat, Mr. Boykin, we had no Sunday school Christmas tree here; but I hope we will next Christmas.

I have no news to write of importance.— My father is in the army, fighting for his country. I hope that we will succeed and whip the Yankees back, and that the war will end, and that they will all get back home once more. My father was a teacher in the Sunday school, and my brother was one too, but he went to war and died there.

Parowell,
Lucy C. Young.

CHARLESTON, Jan. 14th, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I write you a few lines to let you know how much I like the Child's Index. I like to spend Sunday in reading the paper. I will enclose 25 cents for little Jesse Hartwell. I am just learning to write, so that I can't write very good. The Yankees are shelling the city day and night.

From your friend,
EMILY DONNIN.

MOUNT JEFFERSON, ALABAMA, }
March 18, 1864. }

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I write you again to let you know how happy I am to see the Spring flowers, and to hear the beautiful birds singing so sweetly. It makes me think much of our Saviour, for he gives us so many beautiful things, we ought to think of him all the time. But there are so many more things in Summer to remind us of Him that many of us think most of Him in the Summer— which is saying we are Summer Christians.

We have no Sunday school here yet; but I am going to try to have it opened on the fourth Sunday in this month, as that is our meeting day. I am always very anxious for that day to come; for our pastor always preaches such a good sermon, and it is such a sermon as we all need. I will close.

Yours truly,
MOLLIE BRADFORD.

COLLETS, GA., March 14, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

During the month of February we lost one of our Sabbath school children. She was a sweet child, named Myra Gray. The next the last thing she done before she died was to repeat a portion of the Lord's Prayer, ending with "Thy will be done." We believe she is in heaven.

Our Sabbath school is doing finely now. It has been thin during the winter, but the pretty spring mornings will tempt the little birdies out, and before May we shall be full again. Our Superintendent is always at his post, encouraging us by example to be at our places every Sabbath morning. May we all, Superintendent, teachers and scholars, meet in heaven, is the prayer of
OUR SABBATH SCHOOL CLASS.

STEWART CO., April 4, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I am a little girl eleven years old, and as I think all little girls of my age ought to have something good to read, I send you two dollars for the Child's Index. Please send it to Millard, Ga.

Yours truly,
L. T. GILBERT.

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

27.
A boat full of men is seen floating on a beautiful lake which is surrounded by lofty mountains, all covered with green forests.— The utmost amazement occurs to fill the men for they behold a person who is walking in calm dignity upon the waves, without sinking. One of their number steps into the water and attempts to walk upon the waves; but all at once he begins to sink and in great terror stretches out his hands to the person who is walking on the water. This person takes hold of his hands and keeps him from sinking, at the same time gazing upon him with a reproachful look. They both go up board the vessel. Suddenly they, boat and all, disappear from sight.

Found in Matthew and John.

28.
It is night. A poor and wearied traveller lies far off from any habitation, in the forest, sleeping. A stone is his pillow, the bare earth his bed and for a covering he has only the canopy of heaven. But while he sleeps he sees the heavens open and from its glorious brightness he beholds troops of angels issue forth, and descend and ascend a ladder that appears to stretch from earth to heaven.

Found in Genesis.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAN.

21.
Who began to reign when eight years of age? 2 Chron.
What was the name of the servant whose ear was cut off by Simon Peter? John 18.
From what land was Jacob's wife? Gen.
Who killed Gaddai? Jeremiah.
Of what disease did Elisha cure Naaman? 2 Kings.
Who was Ezra's father? 1 Chron. 27.
Who took the yoke from Jeremiah's neck and broke it? Jer. 28.
Who brought forth Jehoiachin, king of Judah, out of prison? Jer.
Who was saved by faith? Heb. 11.
The initials of the answers to the above questions give the name of a promising young minister. MATTIE BELL.

22.
What birds were never employed as messengers of mercy? 1 Kings.
For whom was a meal prepared by an angel? 1 Kings.
With what was the Ark of the Testimony covered? Exodus.
What Ruler of a Synagogue believed and was baptized after hearing the preaching of St. Paul? Acts 18.

What desolate mother was comforted by an angel? Gen. 21.
Who received and entertained his guests under a tree? Gen.
What word in the 4th Commandment implies that it was no new Commandment? Which of the disciples made a feast for the Saviour? Luke 5.

In what book of the Bible does the name of God nowhere occur?
Who was the first Christian martyr.— Acts.
Who was the father of Simeon? Judges.
What eloquent orator was instructed by two tent makers? Acts.
Where is a pulpit of wood spoken of in the Bible?

What animal destroyed a disobedient prophet? 1 Kings.
When ought you to remember your Creator?
The initials of the answers to these questions spell the name of one who was a Sunday school scholar, a teacher and is now pastor of the same church.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

- No. 19.
Emanuel.—Prov. 31: 10.
Eg.—Job 1: 1.
Cornelius.—Acts 10.
Ehabod.—1 Sam. 4: 19, 20.
T-zah.—2 Sam. 13: 7.
Seth.—Gen. 4: 25.
Cush.—Gen. 10: 6.
U-zziel.—Lev. 10: 4.
T-rah.—Gen. 11: 26.
T-ahgar.—Gen. 16: 15.
Balaah.—Num. 22: 28.
B-uteylus.—Acts 20: 9.
S-imon.—Mark 15: 21.
T-ryphoan and T-ryphoan.—Rom. 16: 12.
Lucius Cathbert.
JOSEPH G. WILBURN.

[*This seems to be an error, as the letter should be an R. Perhaps that question was printed wrong; as it evidently was intended to be, Who was one of the sons of him who was constrained to carry the Saviour's cross? Rufus. Rev. LUCIUS CURTISS is pastor of the Kollock street church, Augusta.
Enron.]

- 20.
Samuel.—Sam. 3: 1.
Balaam.—Num. 22: 40.
Omri.—2 Chron. 22: 2.
Yearly.—Judges 11: 40.
K-adesh.—Judges 11: 17.
Leon.—Dan. 7: 7.
S-abbath.—Gen. 7: 1.
S. Boykin.

GENNIE.

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

- No. 25.
The Resurrection of Lazarus. See Luke 11th chapter. No. 20.
The Dream of Peter. See Acts 11th chapter.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

From Thomas H. Stockton, A Manry, Julia Preston, Susad M. Wilkins F. F. Parham, A. J. Twigg, "A Subscriber."

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

**DILIGENT RESPECT;
OR, A COMMANDMENT ILLUSTRATED.**

AN EVENING STORY AT THE PREREIGN OF MR. RUDOLPH.

BY MISS ETHEL.

(SCENE THE SECOND—IN WHICH MR. RUDOLPH CONTINUES HIS STORY.)

"**T**HIS same boy was going to spend the winter in a city. The night he left, his father said: 'My son, I would be very glad if you would, as soon as possible, join our Sabbath school when you get to M—. It is my opinion we would have no dissipated young men if they would never leave their Sabbath schools. I never wish you to be out of one. Be a scholar until you are grown; then, if you are not employed as a teacher, go still, if for nothing else but to look on.'"

"The first Sabbath morning after arriving at his winter-quarters, as he was coming out of his boarding house, he said to a young man—

"Can you direct me to the Baptist Sabbath school?"

"Certainly, sir; but I don't think you will find anything to interest you there."

"As he got no reply, he went on—it is rather strange that, being a stranger here, you should care to enter a Sunday school; and, besides, it seems to me you are getting rather large for that institution, anyhow; but I wouldn't say anything to keep you from going."

"Oh, that would not be easy to do, sir. I have always belonged to one; but in this case I go by the particular request of my father. And during the conversation, they talked of other things until they parted at the church door."

(We are done with this part of our story.)

(SCENE THE THIRD AND LAST.)

"This evening the mother of this same boy gave me a letter to read which she had just received from him. He says:

"I will omit family matters and begin here. I wrote father last week the particulars of our late brush with the enemy and will try to interest you with something else. One evening last week, about sundown, we came upon a pleasant, comfortable farmhouse, in the Union county of L—, Tennessee. My men and their horses were weary, and, of course, the first thought was to strike our camp for the night. I rode on ahead of them, dismounted, and stood in the porch awhile, admiring the many flowers and vines that bloomed on all sides. It was the first time I had seen anything to remind me so much of home; but pleasant as it was I turned from gazing around me and knocked at the door. Soon a very neat but rather stern-looking lady came out into the hall.

"Mercy on me—you are one of the Confederates, ain't you?"

"I had never heard of this name exactly before, but replied:

"Yes, madam, we may be so called—thinking, however, according to our fare for the last two days she might have had it—Confederates."

"Well, I am a widow, and these are orphans; placing her hand on the head of one who had crept to her side, but I don't expect a Rebel to care for that. I suppose you will do as you please and help yourselves to what you want."

"Madam," I said, "Rebels though we are, we have been trained to honor our mothers; your property shall not be touched, and making her one of the most profound and graceful bows of which I was capable, I left her."

"I was mounting again, when I heard her voice, 'Would you like some fine apples, sir?' And here she and a half grown boy came lugging a large basket between them. I just threw in, too, a batch of sweet cakes—maybe you don't get such things now. Will they pass the basket round?"

"As he came to me to take what remained, I handed the basket back to him, saying in her hearing, 'Willie, take care of your mother.'"

"I motioned to my men—they drew themselves up in a line in front of her—raised their caps—wheeled their horses, and were soon dashing on to join our advance. They thanked me for the good things, but I thought the best being under the sun—my mother."

YOUR SON,

ALEXANDER RUDOLPH."

"Why, pa, was it our brother Aleck?—Now it can't be—please tell us—how you

have fooled us—was it brother Aleck all this time—is it all true?"

"Yes, every bit. I couldn't make a story, you see. He'll tell you more about the old buggy, and the Sabbath school and the Union lady, when he comes home."

What Commandment is illustrated in the three scenes in the life of Capt. Alexander Rudolph?

NATURAL HISTORY. NO. 1.

THE FOX.

"**T**HIS dog is somewhat like the common dog in form, and is of the size of a spaniel. It has a long and straight tail, with the tip white. The Fox has been found perfectly white; but in very northern climates it is often black, and affords a fur of more value than that of almost any other animal."

The skill of the Fox in forming his mansion, ranks him among the higher order of quadrupeds. He burrows under firm earth, and often where the roof of his dwelling is prevented from falling by the roots of trees. His dwelling is generally extensive, and he forms several avenues to it for his safety. Thus he seems to possess all the comforts which belong to a home, and which are justly supposed to show superior skill."

In his winter the Fox often quits his retreat, and basks at full length in the sun. He seeks his prey mostly by night, and often far from his home. He destroys, for his food, various kinds of vermin. Poultry and young lambs fall under his power, where he has secure access to them. Berries, snails, frogs, and even insects, are taken by him. He is fond of grapes, and does great damage to the vineyards. He often hides part of his prey beneath the roots of trees."

The cunning of the Fox has been in all ages proverbial. Its quickness to discern its prey and its enemies is very great. It is a crafty, lively creature, seeking its food rather by fraud and address, than by force; and nothing comes amiss to it. When at a loss for other food, it will attack a nest of wasps or bees, and, in spite of their stings, carry off the combs."

A FOX STORY.

A sober Quaker was one day in a field near a stream where several geese were swimming. Presently he observed one disappear under the water, with a sudden jerk. While he looked for her to rise again, he saw a fox emerge from the water, and trot off to the woods with the unfortunate goose in his mouth."

The fox chanced to go in a direction where it was easy to watch his movements. He carried his burden to a recess under an overhanging rock; here he scratched away a mass of dry leaves, scooped a hole, hid his treasure within, and covered it up very carefully."

Then off he went to the stream again, entered some distance behind the flock of geese, and floated noiselessly along, with merely the tip of his nose visible above the surface. But this time he was not so fortunate in his manoeuvres. The geese, by some accident, took the alarm, and flew away with loud cackling."

The fox, finding himself defeated, walked off in a direction opposite to the place where his victim was buried. The man went to the place, uncovered the hole, put the goose in his basket, replaced the leaves carefully, and stood patiently at a distance to watch further proceedings."

The sly thief was soon seen returning with another fox, that he had apparently invited to dine with him. They trotted along right merrily, swinging their tails, snuffing the air, and smacking their lips in anticipation of a rich repast."

When they arrived under the rock, Reynard's eagerly scratched away the leaves; but, lo! his dinner had disappeared! He looked at his companion, and plainly saw, by his countenance, that he more than mistrusted whether any goose was ever there, or pretended."

His companion evidently considered his friend's hospitality a sham, and himself insulted. His scornful expression was more than the mortified fox could bear. Though conscious of generous intentions, he felt that all assurance to that effect would be regarded as lies."

Appearance were certainly very much against him. His tail slunk between his legs, and he held his head down, looking sideways, with a sneaking glance, at his appointed companion. Indignant at what he supposed to be an attempt to get up a character for generosity on false pretences, the offended geese seized his unfortunate host, and cuffed him most unmercifully."

Poor Reynard bore the infliction with the utmost patience, and sneaked off, as if conscious that he had received no more than might naturally be expected, under the circumstances."

*Accoss, means of approach.
†Address, skill, adroitness.
‡Manoeuvre, trick.
§Anticipation, expectation.
¶Reynard, a nickname for a Fox.
§§Scornful, full of scorn and contempt.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

COUNTING TEN.

"**F**RANK LEWIS was fixing up his box to go hunting. He put his gun of caps on the corner of the door-step, just as his curious little sister Nellie took a notion to come out and see what he was up to. But her skirts brushed off the box, and the caps went rolling all over the ground. This seemed to Frank a terrible calamity, as his company was waiting already at the gate for him. We don't know how in the world at such a time that little line, which was in a late number of the Child's Index, came into his head—"When you are angry count 10 before you speak." But it did; and this was the way he counted: 1, (Just look at Nellie!) 2, (what did you come out here for?) 3, (I believe I'll shake her good!) 4, (girls are always in the way!) 5, (but she seems to be very sorry; 6, (she is picking them up as fast as her little hands can!)) 7, (I ought to have put the top on the box!) 8, (glad I didn't shake her!) 9, (its a good way to do to count ten when you want to shake a body!) 10. (All in.)"

"Well, Nellie, these articles you call hoops sometimes do mischief—for instance when they capsize a fellow's caps. Huddle Frank is going to bring you some birds for helping him pick them up."

So you see, children, it is best to speak a 10-der word be-4 a hasty!

MISS ETHEL.

ISAAC.

(For every little reader.)

"**A**BRAMAM was a good man, who lived a great while ago. He lived in Palestine more than three thousand years ago. When he was a very old man he had a son, whose name was Isaac. The Lord had promised him that he should have a son, and Abramam believed what the Lord said. Abramam and his wife, whose name was Sarah, loved this child very much."

They all lived in tents, and moved about from place to place. They had a great many camels, and cattle, and sheep; and when the animals had eaten up all the grass in one place, then they took away their tents, and lived in other places."

God called Abramam out of doors and made him look at the stars. Then God told Abramam that Isaac's children and his children's children should be as many as the stars. This made Abramam and Sarah think a great deal of Isaac."

One day God called him, and said Abramam! And he said, Behold, here am I. And the Lord said, Take thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and go to a place called Moriah, and offer him for a burnt-offering. That means that he must kill Isaac, and lay him on an altar and burn him up. They used to offer lambs in this way."

O how sorry Abramam was! But he obeyed God. Good people know that whatever God says is right. Abramam took an axe, and loaded him with some wood. Then he took two servants, and his dear son, and went to the place which God had named. It took them more than two days to get there. Abramam made the servants stop, and took Isaac along to the place."

Isaac knew that his father was going to sacrifice something, but he did not know what it was. Isaac carried the wood, and Abramam carried some fire and a knife. Then Isaac wondered what his father was going to offer up; and he said, My father! And Abramam said, Here am I, my son. Isaac said, Here is fire and wood, but where is the lamb that you are going to offer?"

Abramam said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb."

Then Abramam made an altar. He put on the wood. He tied Isaac. He put Isaac on the wood. He took the knife to kill Isaac."

Just then the angel of the Lord called to him out of heaven, and told him not to kill his son."

And Abramam looked up and saw a ram, with his horns fast in the bushes. Abramam offered up the ram, and Isaac was saved."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BOY.

"**W**HAT is that boy doing? He is reading. He is getting his lesson. What book is he reading? It is reading the best of books. It is the Bible. What is he getting a lesson for? To say at the Sunday school, next Lord's day. Does he like to go to Sunday school? O yes, he loves the school. He never stays away. He is always glad when the day comes. He gets a little every day, and so he always knows his lesson perfectly before the Sabbath comes."

Does he get any one to help him? Yes, because there are some things in the book which he does not understand. And then he asks his mother, or his aunt, or his brother, or his sister. This is William Jones. He is a good boy."

Here is little William again. Where is he going? I think he is going to Sunday school. He has his books under his arm. One is his Bible, the other is his hymn-book."

He sets off very early, because he does not wish to come late into school. Does he play by the way? O no, surely not. Good children never play by the way. William remembers that it is the Sabbath day, and that he must keep it holy. If he meets any other little boys, he speaks kindly to them, but he is very quiet. He goes straight to his place in school."

Now you see William in the Sunday school. He is going to say his lesson."

The teacher loves William because he always knows his lesson and because he is so clean and neat. When William sits in school, he listens to everything that is said. Does he whisper with the other children?—No, he knows that is wrong. He is just as still as if he were in church. When they pray, he is very serious. When they sing, William sings too. He loves to sing praises to God, and he gets a hymn by heart every week."

The other children see how well he behaves, and they try to be like him."

Now the school is out. See the boys and girls coming out of the door. Some of them are laughing and playing."

Does William Jones do so? No. That is William who is before the rest."

He has his books in his hand. Where is he going now? He is going home for a little while. Then he will go to church."

Sometimes he has to stay at home and wait on his sick mother. But he reads to her out of good books, and they sing hymns together."

When William grows up he will be a good man."

O, how good it is to work for God all the daytime, and at night to lie down under his smiles."

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