



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



BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

We told our young readers, lately, a story about Gen. Jackson, and now we will tell them another. It will be about the great battle of New Orleans, fought near the city of New Orleans in Louisiana, on the 8th of January, 1815.

The United States were at war with England. And England had sent a fleet of 10,000 men to Louisiana, to capture New Orleans. But Gen. Jackson was there with 6,000, and he determined to give them battle. He dug a long line of entrenchments across the plain of Chalmette, and put 3,200 of his men to defend them.

The British were led by Gen. Packenham and attacked Gen. Jackson's army with great fury. But our men stood behind their breastworks with great bravery, and as soon as the enemy came near enough our cannon began to cut them down in great numbers.

"Stand to your guns," shouted Jackson, as the enemy drew near, "don't waste your ammunition. See that every shot tells."

The British had now approached very close. The order to fire was given. The muskets and rifles along our breastworks flashed forth death and ruin to the enemy. They wavered; their ranks broke. New men were brought up. But nothing could withstand the murderous fire of those deadly rifles. The enemy retired in confusion. But more troops were brought up. And as they marched in beautiful order towards our breastworks, a cloud of smoke curled up from our ranks, and the death-dealing bullets created such fearful havoc among the British that they turned and fled. The battle was gained. General Packenham was killed, and also a great many of his officers. He lost over 2,000 men, while 27 only of our men were killed and wounded on both sides of the Mississippi.

This was a great victory, and closed the war that for three years had been raging between the United States and England. It gave General Jackson the glorious title of Hero of New Orleans.

We give a picture of him as he sat upon his horse behind our entrenchments, directing the fire of his men who are shooting their muskets and aiming their cannons at the enemy. In the distance are the British, who fought

very bravely; but all in vain.

Children, war is a sad thing. We are engaged in a great and terrible war for our independence. But it is a just war on our part; and though we will lose a great many men, yet they die martyrs to liberty—they give their lives for the honor and salvation and freedom of their country.

God bless them for it. And may heaven soon crown their efforts and make us a happy and prosperous people—fearing the Lord and living righteously.

*Entrenchments—breastworks to fight behind.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

A MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THREE years ago, just the first spring of the war, two gentlemen of Greenville, S. C., who were actively engaged in the Sunday school in their own churches,

determined that they would try to get up an afternoon Sunday school a few miles in the country. It was a very destitute neighborhood, though only three miles away, for there was no country church near enough for the people to attend, and they would not go to town. The school was commenced in a tumble-down log school house in an old field. It was a new and strange thing to the children, but the sweet Sunday school songs are always charming to the young, and even more charming is the story of Jesus, and so they began to flock in until the little school house ran over, and some of the classes had to say their lessons out in the broom-grass of the old field. Everybody in the neighborhood, old and young, became interested, and soon they determined to build an arbor in the woods, some distance off, where there was a nice spring. Here the school continued to grow, until there were over sixty scholars, and sometimes every one of them present, besides a number of old people, who came regularly to hear the singing and speaking.

After a little, they began to have preaching sometimes, when the school was over; and the first preacher was told that there were children present, 12 years old, who had never before heard a sermon; and that within three miles of a town, with numerous churches.

So the school went on all summer with unflagging interest, the more intelligent men of the neighborhood frequently declaring that it was the greatest thing that ever had been done for that "settlement." Towards fall, the question arose what they should do in cold weather. As to stopping the school, that was out of the question—it was too interesting, and did too much good to be stopped, even for a while. So they determined to build a church, every man agreeing to give so much lumber, or so much work, and occasionally the whole neighborhood meeting to push on the job together, till a neat weather-boarded house was built, with ample glass

windows, and a good stove, and all finished before Christmas.

Ever since, the Sunday school has gone right on. One of the gentlemen in charge went into the army, but the other kept up the school, summer and winter. Often he has gone out there when it was raining hard, and never failed to find a good attendance, though most of them came on foot through all the rain. Three of the pupils and three of the teachers have, at various times, professed conversion and joined some neighboring church. The school now numbers fifty, and will number seventy this summer. It receives thirty-five copies of the Child's Index, and has recently contributed twenty dollars for the Mattwell children.

To Sunday school workers, men and women, in the various towns and cities of the country, this narrative is especially addressed, with the hope that they will be led to enquire whether it does not lie within their reach to do some similar work.

SHORT STORIES.

THE SECRET OF FAMILY HARMONY.

THE Emperor of China, once making a progress through his dominions, was accidentally entertained in a house in which the master, with his wife, children, daughters-in-law, grandchildren and servants, all lived in perfect peace and harmony. The emperor, struck with admiration at the spectacle, requested the head of the family to inform him what means he employed to preserve quiet among such a number and variety of persons. The old man, taking out a pencil, wrote these three words, *Patience, patience, patience.*

KOSCIUSKO'S BENEVOLENCE.

Gen. Kosciusko, the hero of Poland, was a very benevolent man. He once wished to send a present to a clergyman, and employed a young man named Zeltner to carry it, and desired him to take the horse on which he himself usually rode. Zeltner, on his return, said he never would ride that horse again, unless the General would give him his purse at the same time.

Kosciusko inquiring what he meant, he said, "As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks charity, the horse immediately stands still, and will not stir till something is given to the petitioner; and, as I had no money about me, I was obliged to feign giving something, in order to satisfy the horse."

THE PASSENGER AND THE PILOT.

It had blown a violent storm at sea, and the whole crew of a large vessel were in imminent danger of shipwreck. Gradually, however, the winds abated, and the waves rolled less violently. A passenger who had never been at sea before, having observed the pilot calm and apparently unconcerned, even in their greatest danger, had the curiosity to ask him what death his father had died:

"He perished at sea," answered the pilot, "as my grandfather did before him." "And are you not afraid of trusting yourself to an element that has proved thus fatal to your family?" "Afraid! by no means! Why, we must all die; is not your father dead?" "Yes; but he died in his bed." "And why, then, are you not afraid of trusting yourself to your bed?"

LITTLE TULIE.

CECILIA Matilda Willingham was the child of pious parents. She was born Jan. 7th, 1855, and died Oct. 12th, 1863, being just 8 years, 9 months and 5 days old. She was a lovely child—not in the worldly sense of being beautiful in personal appearance, for this was not the attraction she possessed. In fact, in her infancy she was so unimpressive that her mother said, "It will be no compliment to name her for any one else, so she shall be called by my name." Though she grew to the ordinary size of children of her age, yet as she advanced she showed so much gentleness and such an obliging spirit, that everybody loved her. Whenever her pastor visited the family, his little ones knew they had a friend in little Tulie, she was so attentive to their wants. One of the servants said to his mistress, (alas, poor Frankie soon followed her to the grave,) "Well, Missus, you have lost your best child."

But I must let her speak for herself, as her mother has, fortunately recorded her last words. She heard the cobs and groans of her dear brother and sisters while beholding her racked with excruciating pain, (her disease was Diphtheria,) and said, with her lips quivering with intense emotion, "O do don't cry for me; I'm going to Jesus! I know I can never be happy in this world; but in heaven I will be happy forever. There I will meet my grand pa, whom they never let me see before she was buried. You must try and meet me in heaven."

Her teacher, drew near her bedside. She looked earnestly at her and said—"Miss Martin, I never expect to go to school to you again."

The morning of the day she died she asked for the children. I had them all brought but the two youngest. She soon missed them, and requested that they be sent for. After they had gathered around her, she said: "I am going now to Jesus; I suffer too much in this world. Meet me in heaven!"

I asked how will I do without my dear little Tulie? She replied, instantaneously, "You have nine others."

When I tried to reconcile her to living, she asked me, "If I did not know we all had to die, and why not let me go now; you will come after a while. I want to go to Jesus; I see heaven! I see Jesus!" were her last words before expiring.

Now, my little friends, I want each of you to feel that Tulie's words are addressed to you; for it is God's mercy to you that you are provided with the Child's Index; through which her mother and pastor can send her last message to all her friends.

But I know how it is going to be with some of you. You may bedew this sheet with your tears, and go and tell somebody "what a good child that little girl was; I wish I was like her." And perhaps like some of those little children who knew Tulie, and went to school and Sunday school with her, you may forget all about her beautiful life and happy death. What I want you and all thoughtless children to do, is to begin, before you put away your paper, to try and do like Tulie, and thus be good.—You can't tell how happy you will make your parents, your friends, your Sunday school teacher, and especially your

PASTOR.

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

NOTICE OUR NEW TERMS.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

L. KANE—Rev. E. B. Teague, La-Orange, Ga., is the person to write to if you desire a visit on behalf of Sunday schools.

BOROMIA STAYNES—Charles Hampton is still in bloom. We had hoped we would get through this embryo war safe.

E. B. TYLER—Write to Rev. F. M. Haygood, Macon, Ga., for Calabash. [We are glad to hear that the Willow Swamp Sunday school is an evergreen one.]

MARIA C. MARTIN—Blow you for a sweet girl, who loves the dear soldiers. We sympathize deeply with you in your misfortunes. Let us hear from you again. [Maria says in her letter, "Give my thanks to Mrs. McGrimmon."]

M. J. KNA.—We hope Miss Ethel will do as you say—"I wish that Miss Ethel would write another pretty story like the 'Fat old lady on the cats.' That was a pretty one, sure!"

MARY ANN—"over in Carolina," sends us a welcome letter, and we hope she will write again.

MISS MOLIE BRADFELD sends us another one of her interesting letters. We hope, Molie, you will try to be just such a good girl as you describe. Be just like the 'Fat old lady on the cats.' That was a pretty one, sure!"

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL GIRL.

THERE are three little girls—Where are they going? They are going to Sunday school. They look very happy. O yes, they are always glad when the time for school comes. I wonder whether they know their lesson! I am sure that one in the middle knows her's.

That is Emma. Her father is a very rich man, but Emma is not proud. She loves the two other girls. They are the daughters of a poor widow. They always go to Sunday school together. Emma shows them how to get the hard places in their lesson. Happy, happy, children! They enjoy the Sabbath, for they love to do what is right.

Is that Emma? Yes, and that lady is her Sunday school teacher. The lady is talking to Emma. What is she saying? She is telling Emma that she must love God and keep his commandments. This lady tells Emma something good every Sabbath.

Whenever anything keeps Emma at home, her teacher comes to see what is the matter. Emma thinks a great deal of this good lady, and runs out to meet her whenever she comes to the house. Emma has learned a great deal of the Bible at Sunday school.

Where is Emma going? She is going home from Sunday school. What book is that in her hand? That is the book which she has taken out of the library. Every good Sunday school has a library. When the children are good, each of them takes a book home.

In this way Emma reads fifty books in one year. Sometimes she goes and reads them to the girls in the kitchen. She takes good care of the books. When she has put this book away at home she will go to church. Emma is a dear child, and will be a useful woman, if she lives.

Emma is kneeling down. It is the Sabbath evening. Emma never forgets to pray to God, every morning and every evening. She is going to bed directly; but first she kneels down by herself. Then she thanks God for the good things of the day. Then she asks God to pardon her sins for Christ's sake. Then she begs her heavenly Father to keep her from all evil, and to make her holy.

Emma is happy, because she believes God hears her prayer. She is not afraid in the dark, nor afraid to be herself. She learned these good things at Sunday school.

What a happy thing it is for us that we have a good Sunday school; and ought we not to try to send the same blessing to others?

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ment to study the Bible and seek for pardon and peace, with God, while in the dew of their youth. "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." T. P. LIDE. Darlington, S. C., April, 1864.

CHILDREN'S LETTERS. We try to publish such only as we think the children here written without assistance, as we wish to induce the young fledglings to try their own wings, and develop their natural powers. But we always welcome those letters from parents or sisters which tell us anecdotes or "sayings" of the precious little ones, as they give us material that assists in making the paper instructive and entertaining. Let us receive such letters oftener.

DEVOTION TO PARENTS. NOT a hundred miles from us there lives a lady who, for many years, has devoted her life to her mother's care. Although her home was, of course, rendered sad by the presence of one who, though still very dear to her, had lost almost every vestige of the fine intellect which had once made her the star of an admiring circle, she has sacrificed almost everything, yes, she has sundered ties that almost broke her heart, but of which it does not become me to speak. And when friends have gone to her and begged her, for the sake of her family, to send her mother to some Asylum, that she might have proper medical treatment, and thus relieve herself of a great care, she would tell them, with tears in her eyes, that her mother nursed her in helpless infancy, and made many sacrifices for her, and was instrumental in raising her to the position which she now occupies. And this recalls an incident in Indian character, which I once had related to me by a friend. An Indian was once asked, "If you were rowing your mother and wife across a river, and a storm should arise and you were compelled to throw one out, which would it be?" He meditated awhile, and replied with characteristic earnestness, "Indian would throw wife into river, for man can get another wife, but cannot get another mother."

Such were her feelings. When, at times, she was compelled to leave home for recreation, she would return to find her mother gone, no one knew whither, how great must have been her anguish as she thought of the many dangers into which she might have strayed. And thus it has been, day after day, year after year. But she has borne it all, as only a christian and devoted daughter could. She is the mother of one beautiful daughter—her only child, who, of course, as she grew up, was necessarily deprived of many of the privileges and enjoyments of a young lady. But the kind manner in which she always yielded to her mother's wishes and assisted in taking care of her aged and afflicted grandmother, rendered her dear to all. All her faithfulness and devotion has been rewarded; and she has been united in marriage to one who is every way worthy of her, and therefore renders her life happy.

But at last the weary, tortured spirit has been taken to its long home, where the intellect, which was so sadly blighted on earth, will shine brightly and beautifully around her Maker's throne, for she was emphatically a Christian woman. In the language of this daughter, who will say that "she has done too much for her mother?"

VIOLA.

TAKE NOTICE. If any one, who may have subscribed lately for the Child's Index, receives a less number than he expected, let him know that it is because he sent us five dollar bills which we took at a discount of one third, as is the general practice now. If they want more copies they must send more money.

JESSE NOT JESSIE. Our little correspondents frequently make a mistake in spelling Jesse Hartwell's name. It is Jesse not Jessie. He is a boy, and Jessie is a girl's name. Let them recollect this.

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

OT BLESSED IT?—A little boy was once invited to go home to dinner with a school-fellow. He remarked with innate pleasure, several attractive dishes on the plentiful board: Exercise, and a sharp air, and the proverbial hungrieness of school, had quickened his appetite. A beautiful piece of chicken, with mashed potatoes, and cranberry sauce, were laid upon his plate. He did not at once like those around, parake of it. He was requested not to wait. His companion at his side was eating heartily. At length the lady of the house inquired why he did not take his food: and he sobbed forth his reply, "You have not blessed it! You have not blessed it!"

ZACHARIAS.—Two children conversed about their Sunday school lessons, adding their own remarks and emendations. "I think," said one, "that Zacharias, the father of John, was deaf and dumb." "No," answered the other, who was deprived of speech, for a time, because of unbelief. So, he called for a writing table, and wrote the name that was to be given to his son. What makes you suppose he was deaf, also?" "Because he made signs," was the quick rejoinder.

SITTING CLOSE.—A second mother was introduced to her new home. Earnest desires to fill wisely this responsible station, especially as regarded the one little child committed to her care, inspired her heart, and gave life to her prayers. He was an intelligent boy, full of thought, and love.—He drew near to the new friend who sought his welfare, for there was none to sow prejudice in his innocent mind.

She was once speaking to him of that happy world, where the good are gathered. He had been accustomed to hear it mentioned as the home of his departed mother. "What will we do when we get up there?" said the sweet disciple. "I shall want to be with mamma, and with you some." Then making a moment, he seemed to find a happy thought as a solution of the difficulty, and asked with a radiant smile: "Can't we all sit close up together?"

GOOD NIGHT TO GOD.—The hour had come for retiring, and a sweet little girl was bidding good-night to the family, while her kind nurse stood waiting for her at the parlor door. She climbed her father's knee to tell him how much she loved him, and gave many kisses to the baby. Her mother, as she embraced her, whispered: "You will not forget your prayers." "O no, mamma, dear, I could not sleep without saying good-night to my kind Father in Heaven. I love to say good-night to God."

GOOD PAUL.—Little Paul came to spend an hour with his cousin Ellen. He was usually a good boy. But on this occasion a strange change came over him. Nothing pleased him; and from dissatisfaction, he proceeded to cross words and aggressive measures. He pulled the new doll from his cousin, and threw it angrily on the floor.—He had even his hand raised to strike Ellen, when his aunt came in.

"What! this cannot be the good little Paul, whom we are always so glad to see—Is it not some bad child, wearing his clothes, and calling himself by a wrong name?" Quite crest-fallen, he desired to go home. He felt ashamed that every one should be glad that his visit was over. Some time elapsed ere he repeated it. Then he went directly to his aunt, and said with a very pleasant face: "Good Paul has come to see cousin Ellen. Do not say anything more about the bad Paul. I am not acquainted with him."

FAMILY PRAYER.—A little girl was taken to visit a distant relative. She observed with wonder that there were no family prayers, or blessings supplicated on their behalf. She opened her eyes wide, and waited for these duties, and scarcely refrained from asking why they were withheld.

When she reached home, she said: "Why did not Mr. pray morning and evening, and at the table?" The reply was, that they could not give an explanation; but that their friend, who was an excellent man, might, perhaps, prefer to say his prayers in secret.

"Ah!" said she brightening, as if glad of any shadow of excuse, "like Nicodemus, he comes to Jesus by night."

THERE IS A BEAUTIFUL WORLD.



1. There is a beautiful world, Where angels and angels sing; A world where peace and pleasure reign, And heavenly praises ring.

CHORUS



We'll be there, be there, Oh! yes, we'll be there; Palms of victory, crowns of glory.



We all shall wear: We shall wear glorious crowns, In that beautiful world on high.

2. There is a beautiful world, Where sorrow never comes: A world where tears shall never fall In sighing for our homes. Chorus—We'll be there, &c.

3. There is a beautiful world, Unseen to mortal sight, And darkness never enters there, That home is fair and bright. Chorus—We'll be there, &c.

4. There is a beautiful world, Of harmony and love: Oh! may we safely enter there, And dwell with God above. Chorus—We'll be there, &c.

CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

Around the throne of God in heav'n, Thousands of children stand; Children whose sins are all forgiven, A holy happy band, Singing glory, glory, Glory be to God on high. In flowing robes of spotless white, See every one arrayed; Dwelling in everlasting light, And joys that never fade. Singing, &c. What brought them to that world above? That heaven so bright and fair, Where all is peace, and joy, and love: How came those children there? Singing, &c. Because our Saviour shed his blood, To wash away their sin: Bathed in that pure and precious blood, Behold them bright and clean! Singing, &c. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved his name; So now they see his blessed face, And stand before the Lamb. Singing, &c.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

LIBERTY, BEDFORD CO., VA., April 7th, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I HAVE intended writing to you ever since I commenced taking your interesting little paper, which has been a year. I have subscribed for it another year. The more I read it the better I like it. I think the story of the "Fat old lady on the cars" was very pretty. Please ask Miss Ethel to write another one soon. I am a little girl but ten years old, and have never been to school but little, as I have been sick so much; so please excuse this letter if it is not as good as some others. I go to Sunday school every Sunday, where we learn verses in the Bible, lessons in the Question book, and learn to sing pretty Sabbath school hymns, which Rev. J. A. Davis, our pastor, takes great delight in teaching us. Ours is an evergreen Sunday school now; but about a year ago, when Mr. Davis first came here, we did not have more than 25 scholars. Now, in summer, we have over a hundred; but not so many in winter, as some come from the country. Oh, Mr. Boykin, you don't know how much I love the Sunday school, and good Robert Raikes, too, for first starting Sunday schools, that my teacher told me about the other day. We are going to have a mass meeting of all the Sunday schools in town, the fourth Sunday in this month. Rev. W. E. Hatcher, of Manchester, is going to address us. I expect we will have a very pleasant time. Don't you think they are very interesting? We had one last summer.

Rev. M. B. Wharton (whom I saw an enigma about in the Index) talked to us then and told us a great many pretty and funny stories. My little sister, Sallie, who is four years old, calls him "Bredder Wharton, my sweetheart." I send you, on another piece of paper, the answer to the twentieth enigma, in the last paper, which I picked out and think very pretty. I hope it is right. Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you that I have a sweet little sister named Lillie Belle, about two months old. Don't you think it is a pretty name? Please excuse my bad writing. I will write you again some time, and hope to do better then. From your little friend, MARY W. OVEY.

THE COTTAGE, VA., April 17, '64.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I have been so much interested with the letters from the little children, in the Index, that I have been anxious for some time to try myself to write you one, and let you know how much we prize the paper; but I thought I could not write well enough for you to understand me. She has at last consented for me to try.

We look forward with the greatest anxiety for the first of every month to receive our paper. I had put all I had received up to last Christmas away, to be made into a book for my little sisters to read when they were old enough, hoping they might be as interesting to them as they have been to us, but we had the misfortune to lose our house by fire, and lost them all, with many of my most valuable books.

Our Sunday school at Clark's Neck hasn't commenced this spring, yet, but will very soon. I hope it will be as interesting as it was last summer. The pastor, Mr. John Pollard delivered a very interesting lecture to us twice a month.

Five of us send one dollar each, of our own earnings, to little Jesse and his sister. Yours, truly, RICHARD L. GRISHAM.

SELMA, ALA.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I have read so many letters from the little girls and boys, that I thought I would write one myself. I belong to the Baptist Sabbath school of Selma, and I tell you we have got a very nice school. We have got one of the best pastors that ever was. We all think he is so kind to take so much interest in the children. He preaches to the children, especially, once a month; and we have got one of the best men for

our singing teacher, Mr. Thomas. He is in very bad health. He has hemorrhage of the lungs. We are all devoted to him. We wish so much that we could get the paper once a week, we prize it so highly. I have two little sisters and one brother. We all go to the Sabbath school but the little baby sister. I will close for fear I may make my letter too long. Good-bye. Your little friend, J. E. McMULLEN.

BLACKVILLE, April 4, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

We take your pretty little paper, the Child's Index, in our Sunday school, and I know you would feel paid for the trouble of publishing it if you could see the happy smiles that light every face when the new paper comes. Our Sunday school has been carried on all winter, though it is not as flourishing as in the summer. Our dear superintendent had to leave us and go into camp; we miss him very much. Mr. Shuck preaches for us twice a month. He is a son of the missionary who died last year in Barnwell. We all love him very much—he is such a good man.

Mr. Boykin, please find enclosed \$1.50 for little Jesse, from my two little sisters, Irene, Gertrude and Jesse. We feel very sorry for poor little Jesse and wish we had more to send him.

From your little friend, JULIA HAGOOD.

SHORT PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.

AT NIGHT.

O Lord, thou art my Father in heaven. Help me now to pray aright. I thank thee for life, and health, and food and clothes. I thank thee for home, and friends, and all the blessings of this day. I thank thee for Jesus Christ thy Son.

O Lord, pardon all my sins. Forgive all that I have done wrong this day. Have mercy on me for Christ's sake.

Bless all my dear friends and relations; and bless all the world with thy grace—Keep me from all harm, and all sin this night.

Make me a good child. Make me like the Lord Jesus. Give me thy Holy Spirit, to make me holy. Our Father, which art in heaven, &c.

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN MAY NO.

THE SABBATH comes once in each week, At School both high and low are taught; THE SCHOLAR who doth learning seek, At School is found if there he sought. Sabbath—School—Scholar.

RECEIVED FOR "LITTLE JESSE."

"L." Piney Hill, Va., \$1; Callie Martin, 50 cents; H. Wallace, 70 cents; M. J. Kea, 50 cents; M. W. Ovey, \$1; Claudine Chilton, \$2; Richard L. Grisham, \$5; Julia Hagood, \$1.50. Received also from others, \$112.00.

SCRIPTURAL BRIGMAS.

Whom did Ruth marry? Ruth 4. Who was the first Levitical Priest? Ex. 28. What woman was saved alive when the walls of Jericho fell down? Josh. 6. When Moses turned aside, who called to him out of the midst of the burning bush? Ex. 3. Who came out against the Israelites at Edrie? Num. 21. How did David behave himself when Saul sought to kill him? 1st Sam. 18. The initials of the answers to the above questions spell the name of a Colonel who was killed in the battle of Manassas Plains, July 21st, 1861. SORORITAS.

24.

What fell on 27,000 of the Syrians? 1st Kings 20: 31. What prophet anointed the first King of Israel? 1st Sam. 10.

What distinguished female was the daughter of Bethuel? Gen. 22. By what name was some unknown disciple addressed? Phil. 4: 3.

What was the name of the grandmother of one of the early Evangelists? Tim. 1.

Who was the first man that wore an apron? Who was the eldest son of the first priest of the Lord? Ex.

What celebrated female was Judge of Jerol? Judges.

The initials of the above spell the name of a Chaplain in Gen. Lee's army, and one who loves little children. B. R.

25.

What fault once judged Israel? Judges 4. Who was the wife of Isaac? Gen. 24.

What very wicked woman was Queen of Israel? 1st Kings 21.

What aged prophetess is mentioned in Luke? Luke 2.

What robber was released instead of Christ? Luke 23.

Who said, Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God? Ruth 1.

Who was the grandfather of David? Ruth 4. What prince conspired against his loving father? 2d Sam. 15.

Who was the friend of Jonathan, the son of Saul? 1st Sam. 18.

Who was smitten with leprosy for attempting to burn incense in the temple? 2 Chron. 26.

Who was killed with the nail of a tent while fast asleep? Judges 4.

The initials of the answers to the above questions spell the name of our present kind and faithful pastor. C. 8.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

21.

Jehovah. 2d Chron. 34: 1. Malchus. Job 18: 10. Pánnaran. Gen. 28: 7. Ishmael. Jeremiah 41: 2. Leprosy. 2d Kings 5: 14. Jehu. 1 Chron. 27: 26. Hanaanah. Jeremiah 28: 10. E-wimeroadch. Jeremiah 52: 31. Rahab. Heb. 11: 13. J. M. PRINCE.

22.

Rarens. 1 Kings 17: 1. Elijah. 1 Kings 19: 5. Vail. Ex. 26: 31. Crispus. Acts 18: 8. Hagur. Gen. 21: 17. A-braham. Gen. 18: 4. Remember. Ex. 20: 8. Levi. Luke 5: 29. Feather. Stephen. Acts 7: 60. M-anah. Judges 13: 22. A-pollos. Acts 18: 26. Nebemiah. 8: 4. Lion. 1 Kings 13: 24. V-nuth.

REV. CHARLES MANDY. C. BATTLE IRWIN.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of 19 letters. My 9, 10, 11, 14, 2, 7, is the name of the largest bird in the world.

My 19, 17, 11, 18, 15, 19, was the first Commissioner from the Confederate States to England.

My 12, 13, 17, 4, 5, 6, 16, is an ornament worn alike by lady, gentleman and bird.

My 1, 3, 8, is the name of one of the heavenly bodies.

My whole is that for which a patriot dates to die. J. M. C.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

From Sophronia Stevens; Ella J. Harrisfield; Eliza B. Tyler; F. F. Farham; E. B. C., Richmond, Va.; Mollie J. Wright; Georgia C. Lambert; George Coleman; Lulu Yurley. [There was a mistake.] J. Q. Smith; Alice Bordley.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE SENT BY JANE.

'Tis found in me but not in you, 'Tis found in men and women too: Twice in each moment it appears: Yet only twice in twenty years. It is the letter "E". CHARLES BATTLE IRWIN.

KEY TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

27. Jesus walking on the water. See Mat. 14: 25-33; John 6: 19-21.

28.

Jacob's vision. See Gen. 28: 10-22.

THE SABBATH AT DAWN.
 I'll awake at dawn on the Sabbath day,
 For it's wrong to doze holy sleep away;
 With my lesson learned, this shall be my rule—
 Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

Birds awake betimes; every note they sing;
 Now are they ready, when the woods do ring;
 So when Sunday comes, this shall be my rule—
 Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again,
 They'll call obey—now are they ready then,
 Nor will I forget that it is my rule—
 Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
 And these happy days shall return no more;
 Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule
 Never to be late at the Sabbath school.

CHARLES BENTON.

BY MRS. M. J. L.

My dear Alice, I was a sad home after Charlie left—
 His joy seemed to have departed; its
 light appeared to have set forever.
 Even old Mr. Vaughn sighed now; and
 Alice wandered alone, with heart and
 eyes forever overflowing. For some
 time her affection struggled with
 patriotism: but at length she hushed all
 selfishness, and often at nightfall, when
 tiny flowers glittered with their diamond
 crown, did she sit in the little porch and
 sing—

"But our country called you, loved one;
 Angels guide you now;
 While our Southern boys are fighting,
 We can only pray.
 When you strike for God and Freedom,
 Let all nations see
 How you love our Southern banner—
 Emblem of the free."

Mary wept many bitter tears. The Ra-
 ven of unbelief had, since her mother's
 death, often brooded over her heart; and
 now that another trying hour had come, his
 black wings seemed to be circling her
 whole soul, and his coarse voice forever
 croaking "Never more!" Sometimes, in de-
 spair, she felt that her "soul from out this
 shadow would be lifted never more;" but
 in these moments she flew to a throne of
 grace, feeling that here, and here only, was
 relief. Mary was truly tried now; but
 faith triumphed, and she felt she could
 cheerfully resign her dearly loved brother
 into the hands of her God.

"About a week after Charlie had left,
 the little group were seated together, talking
 as usual about the absent soldier-boy.

"Grandpa," said Mary, "don't you feel
 certain that Charlie will come back?"

"I trust he will, Mary; God will send
 him back, sure, if it is best for him to
 come."

"But, grandpa, somehow I feel confident
 that Charlie will come. It is the burden of
 my prayer, that he may return to us; and
 this morning, as I again tried to pray, it
 seemed to me that a still small voice spoke
 such sweet peace to my soul that I felt it
 was a promise of an answer to my prayer."

"The old man's face was lighted up with a
 kind, loving smile as he said:
 "God is good, Mary. Trust in him. He
 will never leave nor forsake us." Then,
 added he, playfully, as he laid his hand ca-
 resingly on Alice's head, "What is my lit-
 tle Alice thinking about?"

"About Charlie, grandpa. I don't think
 of much else now. I'm really afraid I love
 my darling brother better than I do my poor
 country. Sometimes I excuse myself by
 saying, now if Charlie was a big army, in
 himself, or even some great Goliath, why, I
 would say he ought to go by all means in
 the world; but what can one poor little man
 like Charlie do?" "Oh me!" said she, with
 a heartfelt sigh, "I wish I felt as sister Ma-
 ry does."

"Don't wish to feel as I do, Alice. I am
 like some troubled sea. Sometimes the wa-
 ters are like a serene, placid summer's lake,
 so calm, that I feel I could, with old Peter,
 tread its glassy surface without fear; but
 the next moment the waves dash in fury,
 and threaten to engulf my soul; and then,
 like him, I have to cry, 'Lord, save, or I
 perish.' Let us both wish to be like grandpa;
 he has neither fightings within, nor
 fears without."

matter where I wander, thought flies back
 to home; and the sad farewell of those I
 love, even if I would, I cannot forget."—
 Then, above the strain of address there
 arose a glow of patriotism, and an uncon-
 quenchable desire for freedom. Determined
 to fight to the last, Charlie saw nothing but
 victory ahead. Already he had tested some
 of the bitter of camp life; but, as he said,
 "It would make peace all the sweeter, to have
 felt some of the galling yoke of tyranny,
 and the crushing weight of a despot's heel."
 He had joined Gen. Lee's invincible army,
 and was eager for a fray with the enemy.

Letter after letter arrived, filled with the
 same defiant tone against the "insidious foe";
 urging to privation at home for the cause
 of freedom, and breathing a patriotic spirit
 worthy the sites of '76. Great was the
 anxiety of the family circle when the papers
 announced the battles around Richmond—
 "What an awful suspense they endured! Each
 knew Charlie had fought his first bat-
 tle, and each heart silently felt its dark fore-
 bodings. At length, a letter in the well
 known hand arrived, and a most welcome
 letter it was. Soles chased the tears away,
 as the sun the April showers. It was a ter-
 rible picture Charlie drew of the battle and
 battle field. One had fallen at his feet, un-
 der by his side; but regardless alike of
 the groans of the dying and the ghastly
 faces of the dead, he rushed on, on to meet
 the hated foe. He wrote, "God has re-
 served me. Help me, thank him! I have
 seen enough." Great God! when will this
 awful war close!"

"Let us kneel right down and thank God,"
 said old Mr. Vaughn. Tears of joy and words
 of heartfelt gratitude were the thank-offer-
 ings that night; and surely they were ac-
 cepted.

As months passed by, letters filled with
 descriptions of such scenes became more
 frequent. Skirmishes were an every day
 occurrence; and death ceased to exert a
 comment. Scenes in the hospitals were
 graphically depicted; for, owing to troops
 unnumbered, exposure and short rations, Charlie
 had been an inmate of one of the Richmond
 hospitals for several weeks. Not one com-
 plaining word ever found its way into Char-
 lie's letters; for he knew, when he joined
 the army, a soldier's couch was not a bed of
 roses; nor did he expect it.

When our army began the march of in-
 vasion, Charlie sprang from a sick bed, and
 watched eagerly forward. After the bloody
 battle of Sharpsburg, his letter was one of
 thrilling interest. He wrote:

"Our march into Maryland was one of
 popular interest to us all. As we neared the
 line, the Maryland boys moved with an im-
 petuous quickness that inspired the whole
 army; so impatient were they to tread the
 soil of their suffering State and make her
 free. The moment we touched the shore,
 as if by common consent, they struck up
 that beautiful song—

Maryland, my Maryland!
 Oh, it was a touching, thrilling scene! I
 never heard such pleading earnestness, or
 such tender pathos! I never dreamed it
 could be thrown so eloquently into song—
 Many a General turned his face aside, to
 hide the fast falling tears; and many a soldier
 vowed right there to mingle his blood with
 that of the Maryland boys, to release the
 struggling State. We had hoped to be re-
 ceived with open arms by the citizens; but
 they said they were afraid to speak or set
 too openly, unless our army would promise
 to remain and protect them from violence;
 but this we could not do just then. Poor
 Maryland! My heart bleeds over her wrongs!
 Her soil has been drenched with blood, and
 many of her gallant sons have offered them-
 selves a willing sacrifice upon their coun-
 try's altar. Sharpsburg! What terror clus-
 ters around that name! Oh, it was awful
 in the extreme. Words fail me; I cannot
 describe the dreadful scene I have just wit-
 nessed. We gained the victory; but we
 had to swim through an ocean of blood to
 win it. In the fire of the fight, I forgot all
 else but the hated foe; and on I went, trum-
 phing on the dead and dying, as if they had
 been under me. Poor old Dapple was shot
 from under me; and, snatching a ride from
 a dead man's hand, I rushed forward, hoping
 to capture a horse from the enemy in the
 next charge. As I was hurrying on, I felt
 something seize my foot, and looking down,
 there lay poor Phil Minor, struggling for
 life. "For God's sake water, Charlie," said
 he. "Give me some water, and don't tread
 on me." I hastily unfastened my canteen,
 and placing it by him, buried on it. When
 I returned, poor Phil lay stiff and cold,
 his face indicating great suffering, with his
 hand still clutched my canteen. Poor fel-

low! he too was gone! I could only drop
 a tear to his memory; for we were ordered
 to march immediately on. Friend and foe
 lay together unburied—Generals and priv-
 ates carpeted the field: *It was truly fright-
 ful! History can never recount the awful
 carnage of the battle of Sharpsburg.*

Preserved by an unweakened hand, Charlie
 struggled manfully on, passing through skin-
 diseases, sickness, and narrowly escaping
 death itself, at both Fredericksburg and
 Chancellorsville, until another more formid-
 able invasion brought our army upon the
 soil of Pennsylvania. It was an awful sus-
 pense the home circle endured when the
 telegraph announced the bloody battle of
 Gettysburg. Love has many fears, and of-
 ten indulges in many cruel fancies. At last
 a letter came, but it was not from Charlie.
 It was dated

STRASBURG, VA., July 26, 1863.

MR. VAUGHN:

My Dear Friend.—I write to condole
 with you over your great loss. *Charlie is
 dead!* He fell on the awful field of Get-
 tysburg, pierced through the brain. He fell
 covered with glory; but this, I know, tho'
 gratifying, cannot soften one pang his death
 must occasion. I sympathize with you most
 deeply. Many have fallen from my compa-
 ny, but none so truly beloved as CHARLIE
 BENTON. I feel that I have lost a noble
 young brother—one whose whole campaign
 has been marked with honor. As a soldier,
 he was brave, almost reckless; as a man,
 generous, kind; and pure. What a loss to
 me! and if so great to me, what must it be
 to you, and to your home. Such was his
 conspicuous gallantry at the battle of Sharps-
 burg, that he was, by universal consent,
 promoted to the Lieutenantcy made vacant
 by young Minor's death. When urged to
 accept, he persistently declined, saying—
 "No, Captain, I cannot. I desire to be a
 private, and nothing more, and I will not ac-
 cept the promotion so kindly tendered me.
 Give it to those whose military aspirations
 rise above the hardships of a private's du-
 ties; but not to me. To know I have faith-
 fully discharged my duty, will give me a
 peace above all earthly dignities—a still and
 quiet conscience. Let me be a private; I
 desire no greater honor." They were noble
 words; but alas! poor Charlie has gone, and
 his bright example alone is left us. The
 fatal bullet entered his brain, and he was
 yielding his last breath when we were or-
 dered for. It was impossible to procure his
 body; for we were compelled to hurry without
 delay from the field. It is sad to think he
 has found a grave in a strange land; but
 God has so willed it, and we must submit.

Accompanying this, I send you a copy
 of resolutions passed by his company; and
 another drawn up by the regiment to which
 he belonged, relative to the loss they feel
 they have sustained. You will notice that
 the company have agreed to wear the badge
 of mourning thirty days.

Accept my deepest heartfelt sorrow, and
 believe me
 Yours, &c.,
 CHAR. F. CUX,
 Cap. Cav. Company."

Charlie dead! Oh! how dark the whole
 world seemed! Oh, how dreary home was;
 how desolate each aching heart! Charlie
 gone! Oh, it was a stunning blow! The
 old man's comfort, the sister's hope, all
 gone! Poor Charlie!

"Oh," said the old man, in the gushing
 of pent up sorrow, "my poor boy is dead;
 and it is a bitter, bitter cup; but I could
 give him up, yes, I could drain the bitter cup
 to the dregs, if I only had some little hope,
 that God had received his precious soul—
 Oh, it is awful, awful to die without fur-
 giveness; but, oh, my Saviour, save me
 from a murmuring spirit; let me not nourish
 so as to offend thee."

From this sad moment old Mr. Vaughn
 sank into a rapid decline. His strength
 seemed suddenly to fail; and so prostrate
 was he, that now he never left his room;—
 and soon was unable to rise even from his
 bed. It is a beautiful sight to see a Chris-
 tian ripe for heaven waiting to be carried
 home. Charlie's name was never spoken
 now; for Mary thought she noticed that af-
 ter an allusion to Gettysburg, grandpa al-
 ways was more wakeful and restless. Mary
 and Alice were always pale and tearful now;
 and seemed to feel more closely united than
 ever before.

About two or three months after the pain-
 ful announcement was received, Mary and
 Alice were seated in the little porch. It
 was about the time when they usually re-
 ceived the daily mail, and the thought that
 Charlie had penned his last words to them
 made each doubly silent and sad. A servant
 was seen approaching, bringing a note,

which he handed to Mary. She took it
 mechanically, read and re-read it, and then
 uttering a wild scream, began to sob hyster-
 ically. Alice sprang forward, and seizing
 the note, read and re-read it, and then, like
 her sister, began, to weep most bitterly—
 "What could it be? What new sorrow had
 fallen upon the already deeply afflicted fam-
 ily? Oh! what did the mysterious note
 contain, to occasion such great grief?
 (CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH)

HOW TO BE SAVED.

WHAT is that little girl crying about?
 My dear, she is very much dis-
 tressed. But, mother, what dis-
 tress is her? Why, Francis, she
 is sorry because she has found out
 something about herself. It must
 be something very bad, indeed,
 mother, or she would not weep so. Yes,
 Francis, it is something very bad. Mother,
 pray tell me what she has found out. My
 dear, she has found out that she is a sinner.
 She has been reading in the Bible, and she
 has learned that God is angry with the
 sinner every day. She knows that God is
 angry with her. That is what makes her so-
 rry.

Mother, am I a sinner? Yes, my dear
 Francis, you are a sinner. Have you not
 often done wrong? Yes, mother. Have
 you always obeyed your parents? No, mo-
 ther; sometimes I have been very disobe-
 dient. Francis, have you never done any-
 thing very wicked? I have been a bad
 child, I know, mother. Have you never
 said and thought what was wrong? Yes,
 mother. Then you see you are a sinner—
 You have never loved God with all your
 heart. You love to please yourself more
 than to please God.

Then little Francis looked very sad. He
 went into a room by himself, and thought
 how bad he had been.

Come here, Francis. What have you
 been thinking about in the other room?—
 Mother, I have been thinking about my
 heart. I know that my heart is bad. It
 will not love Christ. Francis, is it not very
 wicked for you not to love Christ? O yes,
 mother; I wonder that the Lord has let me
 live so long, when I have been so thought-
 less and hard-hearted. I am afraid I shall
 never go to heaven. I feel very unhappy.
 O mother, will you pray for me? Then his
 mother knelt down and prayed for Francis.
 She prayed that the Lord would give
 him a new heart, and forgive all his sins.

Then she said to Francis, My dear son, I
 am glad that you think of these things. Do
 you wish to know how to be saved? O yes,
 dear mother, I do indeed. Listen then:—
*Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you
 shall be saved.* Christ has died on the cross
 to save sinners. He is able to save the chief
 of sinners. He is willing to save you. He
 is willing to save you now. Believe this—
 Trust in Christ.

The blood of Christ cleanses from all sin.
 God loves Christ, and hears him. God will
 love you for Christ's sake. Believe this—
 The moment you truly believe, your soul is
 safe.

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