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WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX

WILLIAM PENN.

BY MRS. J. M. BOYKIN.

EXPECT the little readers of the Child's Index can guess the name of the respectable old-fashioned gentleman in the picture. They know him by his broad-brimmed hat, perhaps. If he had his wife by his side, she would be easily recognized by her plain hoopless skirt of drab, and the white handkerchief folded primly across her bosom, and her long and unbecoming bonnet.

Yes, the gentleman is a Quaker, and a very distinguished one, too. You have all read of WILLIAM PENN, in your geography—the Quaker who came over from England and settled the State of Pennsylvania and called it after himself.

Above is his portrait. He was a very good and pious man, and was persecuted in his own country on account of his religion. So he determined to cross across the ocean to this country, which was then a wilderness dotted over with the wigwams of the Savage, and bring with him his colony of Friends or Quakers, and settle them where he might preach and teach his holy religion without molestation.

You have seen in your Geography or History the picture of William Penn preaching to the Indians. He was very kind to the poor red men, and instead of forcibly driving them from the soil, he bought the lands from them, although the King of England had given him the lands in payment of a debt, and then endeavored to teach them to believe in God and a Saviour, instead of the Great Spirit whom they ignorantly worshipped.

A great many people from England, Ireland, Wales and Germany, followed William Penn to America, and very soon they settled the large State of Pennsylvania and laid out the city of Philadelphia, which you know is the second city in size in the United States. This beautiful city is sometimes called the "City of Brotherly Love," because it was first settled by these orderly and peace-loving Quakers.

The Quakers are a very orderly and sober set of people. They never wear a merry countenance, and adhere always to a simple and old-fashioned style of dress that looks queerly on the gay and fashionable streets of Philadelphia.

They believe it is a great sin to wage war. They believe that you disobey and offend that blessed Saviour—who tells you to "love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and

pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you," when you fight and array armies against each other. So there is not a Quaker in the Yankee army. But I suppose the Government will not let them have an account of their property as a war-tax in lieu of their military services. Don't you wish they had another great preacher like William Penn, who could convert the wicked Yankees from the error of their ways and persuade them that they are sinning against God, in their treatment of unoffending Southerners?

The good William Penn, after colonizing Pennsylvania, and spending several years of his life in preaching the Gospel of Christ to the emigrants and Indians, returned to his old home, England, to die.

Though his bones have been mouldering in the grave for more than a hundred years, his name and fame still lives imperishably. His name is preserved not only in the name of the State of which he was the founder, but in the hearts of many of the present inhabitants, who boast that they are descended from so illustrious a man. And as a Christian and a Philanthropist he will always be numbered among the great of the earth.

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

THE FOLLY OF DISOBEDIENCE.

BY AUNT LOUISE.

CHAPTER I.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and Mrs. Lea accused her little Cora and Allie, for their usual half holiday. O! how they laughed and hopped about, in anticipation of the good time they were going to have! Snatching up bonnet and cap, they ran half-way down the lane before thinking to ask permission for they were told not to leave the yard without their mother's consent.

"To the brook, the woods and the green moss beds," shouted Allie, throwing his cap high into the air.

Cora jumped up with a shout, at the happy thought; but not looking where she placed her foot, she struck it against a rock and fell down.

"Do get up, Cora, and let us hurry on. I do not see why you should fall, unless it is just to bother."

"Do be patient, Allie, and wait one minute till my ankle quits paining me. I am afraid it is sprained."

"Now, just listen at that. We never will get down to the brook, where there are lots of violets and spring beauties. John told

me so. Won't mother be delighted with the basket I intend to carry her?"

"Yes," said Cora, "mother does love fresh wild flowers. And now we may go on. My ankle feels quite well again." Then after a moment occupied in tying her sun bonnet, she continued, "but had we not better run back and ask mother? She does not allow us to go far without permission, you know, Allie."

"There, now, just hear the girl talk!—What is the use going all the way to the house to hear mother say 'Yes, my dear?' You know that will be her answer. Come on: I go ever so anxious to see the cunning little fish, and gather wild flowers, and am afraid there will not be time, if you bother us."

"But Allie," persisted his sister, "mother ought to see us and feel uneasy. Besides I shall feel better to get her consent."

"There, it all ends in feeling bad. Cora, I would not be such a baby. Come, you will soon forget your feelings," said Allie, contemptuously.

Then, Cora, who really longed as much as he, to see the little fish, the bright flowers, and sit on the green moss beds, ran along. Inwardly, she called herself foolish to sin against conscience, who would keep whispering in her ear, "You ought not."

On they went—over the old stile—through the field, then ran shouting into the wood. O, what a time they had! The birds sang delightfully; the ground was fairly covered with flowers, and the crown all, two beautiful

the trees. The children crept on their hands in delight. They gathered more flowers than they could carry. They built houses and covered them with their floral treasures. They made tiny leaf boats, loaded them with beads of blue, fragrant violets, and sent them sailing down the sparkling, bubbling brook. They looked at the cunning little fish until they cared to see them no more.—At last, Cora said, with a sigh, for she was not quite happy.

"It is quite time to go home, Allie. See, the sun is almost behind the hills."

"So it is, Cora; but I have just thought how nice it will be to wade a little."

"O, no, Allie, indeed you must not,"—

correctly said the sister. "Come, we must hurry to get home before supper time."

"But just wait one little minute; I am so warm, and the water will feel so good."

"No; I will run off and leave you," replied she, running off, without taking one of the many garlands she had woven purposefully to carry home.

"O, dear mo!" sighed the little fellow, "she is really going. How I would like just to wet my feet. Cora!" called he, "do wait for me!"

Almost in silence they walked homeward. Both felt tired and out of spirits. When they were almost home, Cora said:

"What shall we tell mother? She will be sure to punish us for going without leave."

"Then if you knew we had to be whipped, why did you go? You might, at least, have let me had a good time wading," almost angrily replied Allie.

"There, don't Allie. You may not be whipped after all, but I am sure I ought to be. Maybe something will happen, and mother never know that we have been away."

"Sure enough, there she is at the gate now. We need not tell her."

Secretly had they finished speaking before Mrs. Lea came up and kissed both of them.

"And how have my children spent the afternoon?" she pleasantly inquired.

"O nicely, mother, down in the back yard," said Cora, with a little blush.

"In the back yard! Then why did you not answer when I called? I intended to give you a basket of sweetmeats and let you go to the brook," said Mrs. Lea.

Both children regretted the loss of the nice things they had missed, but dared not

confess they had been to the brook. Cora, feeling that she must say something, said,

"We did not hear."

"It is true," said she to herself, "but mother must never know why we did not hear."

Mrs. Lea was very kind to her little ones, and seemed more so than usual that evening. She had followed them to the wood, and knew all they had done. She wished to see if they had courage enough to confess their sin, so she treated them as if she thought they were innocent.

Allie was rather young to understand fully the nature of his fault. He soon became playful as usual. Cora tried but would not be cheerful. The commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother," would not stay out of her mind. That night she could not sleep for frightful dreams.

The next morning Mr. Lea called both the children to him and selected a text for them to learn. It was—"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."—Pv. xxv. 17.

After they had learned the verse, he told them that, to disobey their parents was to mock or despise them; and showed how much happier they would be if they were always obedient children.

"Have I not mocked my father and despised to obey my mother," thought Cora. She felt very unhappy with her secret unconfessed, yet had not sufficient courage to tell of her disobedience. Very foolish had she been, and she had not even confessed the secret of her fall. Every kind word smote upon her heart like a blow. She wondered how Allie could so soon forgive, and wished she could do so too. Poor Cora suffered much more for her disobedience than many evenings of enjoyment would have balanced.—She felt that it was folly to seek pleasure when the price was disobedience.

(To be continued.)

SHORT PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.

IN THE MORNING.

O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee.—Thou art very great, but I am only a little child. Thou art very holy, but I am a sinner. I have done those things which I ought not to have done, and have left undone those things which I ought to have done.

God be merciful to me a sinner. Forgive all my sins for Christ's sake.

O Lord, give me a new heart. Take away my sin, and make me holy. Be a Father unto me. Teach me what I ought to know, and bless me with thy grace and mercy.—Keep me from all harm this day. Above all, keep me from sin. Lord, bless my relations, (father, mother, brothers and sisters.) Bless my friends.

I thank thee for all my blessings. I thank thee for keeping me safe through the night.

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come.—Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

WHIP UP, BOYS.

Don't lag behind. Study hard. Learn everything you can. Now is the seed-time.—You will want the harvest after a while. Hear what Walter Scott says—"It is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth, that through every part of my literary career I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance, and I would this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

These two lines which look so solemn, Were just here to fill this column.

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

NOTICE OUR NEW TERMS.

LETTERS FROM TIP'S GRANDFATHER.
No. 1.

"BIRD'S NEST, June 21, 1864.

MY DEAR LITTLE FAIRIES:

FEW days ago, I was travelling on the Atlanta train and met Mr. Boykin. He told me that once a month he published a little paper which he called the "Child's Index." "Now," he said, "as you love the little ones so much, suppose you write them a letter occasionally."

"My good friend," I said, "nobody loves the children half so well as I do, but I am a very old woman now; I can hardly hold a pen in my trembling fingers; my eyes, too, are so dim I can scarcely see, and as you remember that it once pleased the Great God to take so many of my own children, I am afraid my letters would be too sad for childish eyes. But if I can interest them I will try."

And so, dear little ones, I am writing to you to-day. I said, as you know that my children were all gone, four little ray boys played around my knees in happiness and beauty, one day, and the next, one was cold and dead. Two weeks later, two others were laid in the grave, and I was left with only one dear son to gladden my eyes and keep my heart from breaking. But God did not forsake me in that dark, sad time, and my Charlie was spared to grow up a pious man and a great blessing to his mother. Just a year ago, my son was obliged to go to Europe for his wife's health. Now, Europe is a great country, on the other side of the ocean, and when I thought how lonely I should be, I begged them not to leave me so desolate, and so they left for me their little son. You may be sure I was glad of this. I just wanted a bright little boy for a companion. I must tell you about him—First, nearly four years old, has bright blue eyes, with little dimples in his cheeks, and wears short stiffen pants. Like, I dare say, some of you do. His father gave him a long, hard name, but he is so very little and such a funny fellow, that nobody calls him by it. He is "little Tip"; and we never remember that he has any other name. We live in a pretty little house, away off in the country, where Tip can have his rabbits and dogs, and play in the shade all the day long. Yesterday I called him to me, and said: "Little Tip, they want me to write to the children in Macoon and all about what must Grand-ma tell them?"

"Oh, Janma," he always calls me Janma, he said, "tell 'em about Red-Ridging-Hood!"

"Oh no, my son, they have heard all that long ago," I said.

"Well, tell 'em about how Johnny Price took his sister Susie's pidgeon and what it up in his mama's work box, and in the morning it was dead!"

"No, they don't care for that, Tip."

"Well, Janma, tell 'em how I am a big boy, what can whistle like the cat, and can pop a pop-gun, all by myself!"

"No, little Tip, I think Grand-ma must tell them about the strawberries."

Poor Tip is such a little boy that he did not know that I was going to tell something very naughty about him, so he clasped his fat little hands and said:

"Tell 'em that, Janma, tell 'em that; but but don't tell that part about putting me into the corner."

One bright, warm day, a few weeks ago, Tip and I were walking in the garden, looking at the pretty flowers and listening to the birds sing. Tip ran along the white walks by my side very happily, laughing and talking and asking questions. All at once he espied the strawberries! How fine they looked! Bright, red and ripe, half hidden under the green leaves. The little boy was highly delighted. He did not know before that they were ripe.

"Oh, Janma," he said, "look, ain't they nice! I mean to eat a million of them."

"No, Tip, there is a lady coming to stay with us to-night, and Grand-ma wants them for tea; then you shall have as many as you like."

"Well, Janma, I am a good boy, I won't take none!"

After a while I went in and took my knitting, and left Tip playing in the grass. I sat there for an hour or two alone, my thoughts very lonely. I sent a servant for my garden-spoon. When he went out he had on a clean calico jacket, and pants, and now his shoes and hands were all stained, and on each side of his linen pants was a red spot, where he had wiped his hands. I know all about it at once. Tip had been eating the strawberries.

"Come here, my son," I said, "what is all that stain on your face and clothes? You have disobeyed Grand-ma, and have been taking the strawberries; haven't you?"

"Tip hung his poor little head, and said—"No, Janma, I ain't took no strawberries."

"Oh, my child, look at me," I said, but Tip could not look up. A little boy who tells a story can never look up. He looked down at the carpet and said:

"A bad boy came in the garden and took 'em. It wasn't Tip."

I took the child on my lap and said, "I am ashamed of my little son; he has told an ugly, ugly story. He is a wicked boy. God saw him take the berries—God heard him tell a lie, and God is very angry with him. You cannot have berries for me, little Tip," and I took the little fellow and set him on a high stool with his face turned to the wall. Presently I heard him sob, and he would wipe his eyes and say—

"Poor little Tip! He ain't got no straw-berries, and God is mad with him."

After a while he was so quiet I found he had cried himself to sleep in his high chair. I took him up very gently and laid him on his little bed. Late in the evening when he had gotten up and his "mummy" had washed and dressed him, he came into the room where I was sitting, and said:

"Take me up into your lap, Janma; I am a good boy now. Little Tip took the straw-berries and told a big story, but now he wants to tell God he didn't do it." So he knelt down and said—"O God! please forgive Tip and make him a good boy, for Christ's sake. Amen."

My children, do you ever tell little stories? Don't do so again. God has said that He will punish those who do not speak truth. He is in the clouds, and that truth that little lie is a beautiful gem, with the Savior's smile upon it.

HOW TO BE A FAIRY.
BY JESSIE.

How I wish that fairies lived on the earth these days! I exclaimed little Ella Brightface, laying down her book, and raising her eyes glowing with childish delight to her mother's tender ones. "I have been reading the sweetest story, mamma, all about a little fairy who used to come and sit in a peacock's wing, whose vine ran around the window of a little lame boy's room. Every day she would be sure to be there, and her glad presence made the peacock and the whole window seem as bright as that it was tinted with the hues of the rainbow, and the poor boy thought it the most beautiful of views. Then at night, and when the little sufferer took his daily naps, she would whisper such pleasing and bright dreams about the birds and flowers, in his ear, that he would wake delighted and happy. In fact his invisible companion almost made him forget that he was lame and could not enjoy himself like other little boys." Here Ella stopped for breath, but soon went on. "You don't wonder, do you, mamma, that I have been sitting right still for the last hour when I have had such nice reading?"

Mamma smiled, for Ella was what grown people call "a fillet," and she had been wondering, what kept her so still. But her child's impetuous, innocent thoughts were flowing again, so mamma quietly listened.

"I say again, it is a pity that fairies don't come down to earth these days. I am sure I often have need of one. I wish I was a fairy!"

"You can be one, my dear," Mrs. Brightface said, smiling.

"Now, ma, you are doing nothing but teasing me for my silly wish," said Ella, with a coy look, "for who ever heard of such a stout, red-faced girl as I am turning into a fairy with wings and rainbow robes?"

live nor do the things imputed to them; but I say again that you can be a kind, benevolent girl, doing so much good and dispensing do much light into sad hearts, that you will appear bright and beautiful as a fairy in the eyes of those you amuse, and be in your heart truly happy."

Ella looked downcast. She was not disappointed at the picture her mother had drawn of the fairy she thought to be, but she knew and felt that she had not been as useful as was her duty. She thought of the many kindnesses which her dear widowed mother, and other kind friends had rendered her since her birth, and then she thought, and seriously too, how little she had done in return. Children, she knew, could not do many very great or extremely useful actions, but then she had never made even an effort at "doing good."

Ella was ten years old, and as far back as she could remember very few good actions stood up to her view. She could see plainly many bad ones; and some not very far back down the vista of time, showed that the little perpetrator was still impudent and did not see the evil of her way. As she sat, silently thinking, this was the way her thoughts ran: "I have been so selfish, and oftentimes a lazy child—more fond of reading a story-book than obeying my mother's orders; preferring to dress dolls and keep them to myself, than kindly letting my friends enjoy them, when they visit me. I don't speak to Jane Bliss, because she wouldn't let me have the seat at the desk next the window, and—oh! so many other naughty things that I am ashamed to think of them. God is so very good to let me live when I have been doing so, I will ask Him to help me to do better."

My little readers, do you ever think thus seriously of your faults? Try and do so, for if you would count them up they may be more than Ella's. To be sorry for our sins is the way to repent, and Christ says we must repent before we can go to heaven.

"What is the matter, my dear," said Mrs. Brightface, just then looking up and seeing a bright tear-drop roll down her little daughter's cheek.

Between smiles and tears, Ella tried to tell her mother how very bad she knew she was, and how much she wanted to do better.

Mrs. Brightface was very much rejoiced to see her little daughter thus, and had at last seen that selfishness does not bring happiness; and, laying aside her sewing, talked kindly to her, and gave her good advice. I will not repeat what she said, for I suspect that the parents of all my little readers have told them the same precious things. Can you not remember much good advice which has been talked to deaf ears, as it were, because you would not think of what you heard? Ella, though she had often listened with a deaf ear before, paid due attention to her mother's counsel this time, and when she had prayed often to her Heavenly Father to help her, let us see what a good girl she became.

"Jane Bliss," said one of Ella's school-mates, a week or two after her talk with her mother, "Jane, I thought you said you would die before you would let Ella Brightface have that seat next the window, and I see she has been sitting there."

"Well, she quarreled with me so much about it at first that I did say that foolish thing, but I have been ashamed of it more than once, since Ella's so good now! She helps me do those bothersome old sums, and gave me that nice bouquet of cherries she brought to school the other morning; besides she invited me to her next tea-party, which she has not done in a long time. And, in fact, Susie, she looks so happy and so much like a fairy, that I thought us these little creatures are said to like the fresh air so much, I'd let her have the window."

Jane's companion laughed at the last part of her speech, but thought she did right, and loved merry Jane Bliss better than ever.

"I hebbler did see de like," said Aunt Dinah, Mrs. Brightface's nurse, who was too old and feeble to work. "I hebbler did see de like ob dat dear child, now-a-days. She fetches her mamma contin nice chry dry, and reads de good book to me obry Sunday. I know she'll make a good 'oman some day or padder. She's what da call a fairy, dat she am."

Ella laughed pleasantly when she heard what Aunt Dinah said about her. She was not vain or foolish enough to believe that she was as beautiful as a fairy, but she thought it very pleasant to try and be good like one, and have people love her. But to make a long story short, Ella left off entirely her selfish and unkind ways, became so beloved by all that she often received the name of "fairy," from loving lips; and her

heart and step were as light as those of any girl.

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

I think, when I read that sweet story of old, While Jesus was here among men, How he call'd little children to him to his fold, I should like to have been with them then. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his love; And if I thus earnestly seek him below I shall see him and hear him above.

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare, For all who are washed and forgiven; And many dear children are gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

THE OSTRICH.

BY MRS. M. A. M'GRIMMON.

THE most of you, I presume, have never seen an Ostrich, which is the largest of all birds, not even excepting the Eagle; though you may have seen his feathers on some fine lady's hat or bonnet. According to the adage that "fine feathers make fine birds," he is a fine old fellow; but still he has some silly ways, which I doubt not will make you laugh.

Though he belongs to the bird family he never flies through the air as most birds do, but depends on his legs, which are long and stout, to carry him through the world. He can travel sixty miles a day with a man on his back, which, you know is as much as the fleetest horse can do. Wouldn't you like to take a ride on an ostrich, with all those beautiful feathers, which tremble so gracefully from ladies' hats, fluttering about you? It would no doubt be a pleasant ride as long as his ostrichship chose to behave himself properly; but should he get in one of his foolish freaks, you would stand a good chance of being lauded over his head into the sea.

I will tell you what he does. When pursued by an enemy, instead of escaping by flight, he runs a little way and hides his head under the sand (for he lives mostly in sandy countries) and thinks he is hid. A silly fellow, don't you think? I think so, too, but I have seen people behave almost as silly. When I see ignorant and vulgar people putting on airs because they have, by chance, got more money than their neighbors, they remind me of the ostrich, with his head hid under the sand. All other kinds of deceit and false pretension act on the same principle. All is not concealed because the heart is hid. Remember that, when you are tempted to see more importance than really belongs to you.

But the ostrich has another bad habit a great deal worse than this. She lays a great many eggs—sometimes over a hundred in one season; and as they are regarded as a great luxury by the people, she has to put herself to some trouble to hide them. This she does by burying them in the warm deep sand along the banks of the Nile. Do you know what river that is?

She does not set upon them as other fowls do, for the heat of the sun causes them to hatch without her assistance; but still she visits them occasionally to see how they are getting on. If she finds, by any marks in the sand, or the absence of some of her eggs, that her nest has been discovered, she flies into a rage, and breaks every one of them with her feet.

"What an ill-tempered old terungant!" I think I hear you exclaim. Yes, she shows more temper than becomes a lady of dignity; and, as people usually do in sudden outbursts of passion, she injures herself worse than any one else. She is strong enough to defend her nest against man or beast were she inclined to stay at home and mind it; but she don't choose to do that, and then gets angry because hungry people help themselves to a few of her eggs. If ladies and lady ostriches won't stay at home and attend to their domestic affairs, do you think they ought to get angry when things go wrong in their absence? I think they ought not.

A hasty temper is not only disagreeable but contemptible, and betrays its possessor into many things they afterwards regret. I knew a man once who got angry with his razor and threw it into the fire; and although he was an intelligent man and a good lawyer, I could never respect him afterwards.

THE WINDS MAY BLOW. Infant Song.



1. Hail, or rain, or wind or snow, To the Sabbath school we go; Summer's heat or winter's cold, Cannot keep us from the fold.

CHORUS.



Winds may blow, and waves may roll, We will go to Sunday school; Winds may blow, waves may roll, We'll go to Sunday school.

When the bell rings off we start, Quake of step, and light of heart, Happy, too, as birds can be, No fair-weather children we. Winds may blow, &c.

How the minutes grow to hours, When these joyful hearts of ours Beat the tune the teacher sings, Like young birds that try their wings. Winds may blow, &c.

In the blessed Sunday school, We are taught the golden rule, Here we sing, and read, and pray, Every holy Sabbath day. Winds may blow, &c.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

WILLIE M. HUCHINGSON writes— "I read the Bible through from beginning to end, in one year, before I was twelve years old, and have read it through twice since; and I want to make it a practice to read it through every year, as I understand its meaning more and more each time I read through it. My father hired me to read it through the first time, with a fine Bible; but now I read it of my own free choice."

Well done for Willie! Which other one of our young readers can say as much for themselves? One who sends us \$2 to pay for the Child's Index for Miss L. Mingus, says of her what we think is very much to her credit, and which we take pleasure in telling our other little readers, in hopes that it may incite them to do something of the same sort. Here it is: "She is a little orphan girl living near by, who has been knitting stockings and made enough to pay for your paper. This is, perhaps, the first and only money she has ever made."

F. F. Parham writes from Union C. H., S. C.— "We have a very good Sunday school now, about twenty-five scholars and several teachers. We have teaching twice a month, by the Rev. Mr. Beverly. We all like for the 2d and 4th Sundays to come, to hear him preach one of his good sermons."

We take the following from an interesting letter written to us for Master James Junius Sutton, of Glen Ellen, Henrico Co., Va. "Wasn't that 'wool patch' a funny idea? If we could raise wool like cotton, all the poor soldiers would have plenty of socks, I am sure."

"My little brother who is only four years and is a dear lover of molasses, and he says he intends to eat about a pint of 'honey seed' this year. This is almost equal to the 'wool seed'. He has been in the habit of eating a great deal of molasses, but now it is so hard to get that he can't have it very often. The other evening, when his bread and milk was given him, he said, 'Ma, I don't want die.' Ma said, 'Why not, my son, that is a very good supper for a little boy?' 'No, ma, I don't want die—I want molasses to eat!' hinting at some very nice molasses, which he knew she had. She then told him of the many little boys and girls that would be glad of bread and milk, and he became very well reconciled to his froggy supper."

SELMA, ALA., April 30, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin: Although I have never experienced the pleasure of a personal introduction to you, I think my acquaintance with you, through the columns of that sweet little paper, the "Index," will justify me in writing to you whom our Sabbath school regards so highly. Once every month we would happily by the reception of that interesting messenger to Sabbath schools, full of words of encouragement to those who strive to be good, and reproof to those who still live regardless of their immortal responsibility. I wish you could see the joy which animates every one when your paper is distributed to them.—Every eye brightens and each paper is received with a smile of pleasure. I frequently see in the Index letters from children, telling of their Sabbath schools, and we have such a good one in Selma, that I thought an account of it might prove interesting to you and your many readers. We have about 126 pupils, and every Sabbath morning a few more are added to our band. Our pastor and superintendent have conspired to render it one of the most interesting

schools in this city. There is no formality or constraint between the children and their teachers. It resembles more really than anything else, an affectionate family whose peace and confidence reign. Every Sabbath morning is hailed by us with delight, and the minutes spent in school pass but too quickly. We have a children's prayer meeting, and for this purpose meet every Sabbath evening.

The pupils of our school, as a general thing, are regular in their attendance at church, both morning and night. Great interest is manifested in religion; quite a number have joined the church. In a few days we are to participate in a pleasant excursion. We anticipate a delightful time, as we are going to have a "May Queen," with all the appointments of regal etiquette. Our kind Superintendent and Chorister is teaching us for another Concert, to be given in June. A few months ago we had a splendid concert, the proceeds of which were devoted to the Orphan Asylum, in process of erection, in Alabama. Thus an interest is ever kept alive by our indefatigable teachers, and the children never tire of their Sunday school. It would give us great pleasure to see you. If you ever pass through Selma do not fail to let us hear from you.

I hope I have given you some idea of our school, but it must necessarily be a faint one, for, in my estimation, the pen cannot do it justice. In conclusion, allow me to present you with the many and warm thanks of our Sabbath school for your untiring efforts to please us; they have met with perfect success. That you may ever be as successful, is the wish of— Your true friend,

TOMMIE KING, [Miss Tommie King's, the Melodionist for the Selma Sunday school—EDITOR.] RICHMOND, April 10, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I see from your dear little paper that you wish a scholar from each Sunday school to write to you and tell you about their school. I am a member of the First Baptist church Sunday school. Before the war we had over five hundred scholars, but now we never have more than three hundred. Many have left the city for fear of the Yankees, and many of its male members are fighting for their country; but nevertheless, ours is an "Evergreen School."

I knew Koh San, whom one of your little writers spoke of. He made me a dress, and taught me how to write my name and count in Chinese. We all loved him dearly, and while he was sewing he would sing for us "Happy Land," and many other pretty little hymns he knew. Rev. Dr. Barrows is our pastor, and on the second Sunday in every month he preaches a sermon to the children. I love dearly to make out the enigmas in your paper, and always read the whole paper through. I have written enough now, so must say, Good-bye. Your little friend,

B. R. SHELBY, N. C., April 16, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin: We have a tolerably flourishing school, varying from twenty to thirty scholars, and eight or nine teachers. Mrs. Love is my teacher; I like her so much. We receive the Index monthly; it is visited slowly for the first time in January. Since that time we have received it regularly. We are always very glad when the first of the month comes, for then we rejoice at the idea of again reading the Index. We often wish that your interesting little paper would visit us more frequently, but I suppose if we were to receive it weekly we would not take as much interest in it as

we do. I had the pleasure of reading the story, the title of which was, "Politozes, or the fat old lady on the care," by Miss Ethel. I liked it very much, and I hope that she will write often for the Index. Enclosed you will find one dollar for little Jesse. Your little friend,

EGENIE F. PARHAM.

ATLANTA, GA., May 31, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin: As you like to hear from the Sunday school scholars and how their Sunday schools progress, I will try and give you a little view of ours. We had a large school, and a growing one, until this great excitement came on about the Yankees coming to Atlanta. Since then several teachers and a great many of the scholars have moved away. I am very sorry to see our school going down so; but I hope that this war will not last always. When peace has again spread her wing over our land, which I hope God will soon send, then we shall have a large school again—when our fathers and brothers come home to stay. Before this school was closed, we had two hundred and twenty scholars. We love our teachers very much; they take so much interest in the school. You will please find enclosed seven dollars—five from one of my classmates, Lillie H., and two from myself, for little Ellen and Jesse, you tell us so much about. I hope that God will take care of them while in a distant land. I must close. God bless your little paper. Good-bye. Your little friend,

FANNIE W.

ALBANY, GA., June 7, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I have read so many letters from the little girls and boys, I thought I would write one myself. I will have to ask sister how to spell some words, for fear they won't be spelt correctly. I like your paper very much; I am always glad when the first of the month comes. I like the story about "Charlie Benton," so well; it makes me think of my brother when he went to the war. He is now a prisoner, and has been ever since the first of last August, at Camp Chase, Ohio, but I hope God will take care of him. Your little friend,

GEORGE C. WATSON.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

- 26. Who was David's first wife? I Sam.
What archer dwelt in the wilderness of Paran? Gen. 21.
Who was Jacob's second son? Gen.
Who was the father of Jair? 1 Chron. 2.
Who was made queen in Nuzhiti's stead? Esther.
Who was Abram's father? Gen.
Who destroyed the brazen serpent? 2 Kings 18.
Who fell from his seat and broke his neck? Same.
Who was the beloved physician? Col.
The initials to the above spell the name of writer for the Child's Index. Puzzle.
27. In what valley did the Philistines camp? Chron. 10.
Where did Israel spread his tent? Gen.
28. What queen refused to obey her king?— Esther 1.

- With what did Saul smite David? 1st Sam. 18.
To what city did Zerah come with chariots? 2 Chron. 14.
What kind of a heart did God give Solomon? 1 Kings 3.
Who was Amnass's mother? 1 Chron. 11.
To what place did Jonah try to flee? Jonah 1.
From whence did Jeremiah come to prophecy? Jer. 10.
The answer to the above is the name of a Baptist minister of Alabama. E. S. H. 28.
Who was the son of Jehonadab? 2 Kings 10.
On which side of Bethel was Ai? Judges 7.
What did Noah plant? Gen. 9.
Who overcame the angel of the Lord?— Gen. 32.
What king had his life lengthened by prayer? Isaiah 38.
To what prophet did Gabriel talk? Daniel 9.
Who fed on the wild? Hosea 12.
In what did Pharaoh bury Joseph? Gen. 41.
What did all Israel do? 1 Chron. 21.
Who was besought to abide at Ephesus? 1 Tim. 1.
Who called Jacob and blessed him?— Gen. 28.
Who cast his mantle on Elijah? 1 Kings 19.
The initials to the above answers spell the name of a prominent Baptist minister. M. C. H.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

- 23.
Dez. Ruth 4: 13.
Aron. Ex. 28: 9.
Rahab. Josh. 6: 25.
The Lord. Ex. 3: 4.
Og. Num. 21: 33.
Wisely. 1 Sam. 18: 5.
Bartow. JOHNNIE WATSON. 24.
W. all. 1 Kings 20: 80.
S. annel. 1 Sam. 10: 1.
R. ebekeh. Gen. 22: 23.
Y. o. follow. Phil. 4: 3.
I. nis. 2 Tim. 1: 5.
A. dum. Gen. 3: 7.
N. adab. Ex. 28: 1.
D. abrah. Judges 4: 4.
W. S. Ryland. MORRIS POWELL. 25.
D. eborah. Judges 4: 4.
R. ebekeh. Gen. 24: 61.
Jerebel. 1 Kings 21: 14.
A. nna. Luke 2: 36.
Barrab. Luke 23: 18.
Ruth. Ruth 1: 17.
Obed. Ruth 4: 17.
A. bsalom. 2 Sam. 15: 12.
David. 1 Sam. 18: 3.
I. ziah. 2 Chron. 26: 19.
S. iera. Judges 4: 21-22.
Dr. J. A. Broadus. M. N. AMIS.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 7, 13, 9, 14, is a boy's name.
My 1, 2, 14, 4, is a girl's name.
My 8, 11, is a preposition.
My 2, 10, 6, is a conjunction.
My 5, 8, 8, 12, 4, is in the imperfect tense.
My whole is commander of the Steamer "Tennessee".

ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN JUNE NO.

My 9, 10, 11, 14, 2, 7, is the largest bird in the world—Condor.
My 19, 17, 11, 18, 15, 19, was the first Commissioner from the Confederate States to England—Yancey.
My 12, 13, 17, 4, 5, 6, 16, is an ornament worn alike by lady, gentleman and bird—Foster.
My 1, 3, 8, is a heavenly body—Sun.
My whole is that for which a patriot dares to die—Southern Confederacy.

THE CHRISTIAN INDEX, PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL BOYKIN, MAON, GEORGIA. A BAPTIST FAMILY RELIGIOUS PAPER, devoted to moral and religious culture, an aid to the pastor, a guide to the christian, and a friend to the sinner. It contains a weekly summary of secular news, has interesting correspondence, and endeavors to call for its readers all matters of religious and doctrinal interest. Terms, \$10 per annum, always in advance.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

CHARLIE BENTON.

BY MRS. M. J. N.

(Concluded.)

OR some time after the mysterious note was received, Mary and Alice wept convulsively, but at length, Alice, in an agony of suspense, exclaimed in a broken whisper—

"Sister, what can it mean? Do explain it. For months I have seen nothing but that pale, cold face before my eyes. When it was night, oh, how I have longed for the morning; and when the morning would dawn, I could only bury my face in my pillow and wish it were night. Oh, do they mean to mock our grief? Speak, sister, say!" said Alice, seizing Mary's arm, "what does it mean? Oh do please stop this dreadful sobbing and tell me!"

Mary removed the handkerchief from her eyes as if determined to check her tumultuous grief, but the reaction had been too much for her overtaxed body, and with a deep-drawn sigh, her head sunk fainting upon her breast. Alice was alarmed, and she had called loudly for help, but with womanly thoughtfulness she checked herself for fear of startling grandpa, and quietly beckoning to a servant, she began to clothe the whitened temples and rub the transparent hands, until the color tinged the cheeks again, and the life-blood bounded through the veins.

"What is the matter?" asked Mary, feebly, as she slowly recovered. Then after a pause, as if awakening from sleep, she continued, "am I dreaming, Alice. Oh tell me if I am. Was it a sweet dream, and must I wake again to weep? I dreamed—I dreamed there was a note. Was there any note sent me, Alice?—do tell me. Surely it was not all a dream," said she, trembling with excitement.

"Yes, sister, there was a note; but pray do not tremble so, you frighten me." "Is it true, Alice. Oh is it true?" exclaimed Mary, clasping her hands with deep emotion. "Oh! thy Saviour, how can such a wretch as I ever thank thee enough. Read the note, Alice, read it quick, and let me weep those blissful tears again."

"Be calm, sister, remember grandpa." "Yes, yes, I will, Alice. My brain seems all on fire, but I must I will be calm, only read those words again."

Alice opened the note and read:

TELEGRAPH OFFICE,
Richmond, Dec. 21st, 1863.

Dear Sister Mary,
I am well, and will be with you on Christmas evening. Yours, &c., CHARLIE BENTON.

"Can it be true, sister. Oh can it be true that my darling brother is still alive?"

"Yes, Alice, I feel it is. Charlie still lives, though I cannot understand the mystery that envelops him. God is so kind, so merciful, how could I ever distrust him; surely I never can again. Oh how glad everything looks!—The very sky looks brighter, the little birds sing sweeter, and the very leaves seem to quiver with excess of joy. Dear Charlie! Oh how long the hours already seem! Four long days to wait, but I must be patient. Yes, I will be patient—the time surely will come at last."

By this time Mary's husband had returned from his store, and was astonished to see eyes sparkling with joy, which sorrow had so long dimmed with tears. The secret was soon told, and he too rejoiced with untold joy. "How shall we tell grandpa," said Mary. "Don't tell him yet," said her husband; let us secure Charlie first, and then we will break the glad news to him very gently."

"Oh no! how can I keep it," exclaimed Alice, her eyes dancing with joy. "I do want to tell grandpa so much. How his dear old eyes would brighten if he only knew our Charlie would be here soon!"

"Be careful, Alice, or grandpa will hear you sure enough," said Mary. "Come, let us go in and sit with him a while; he will think strange of our long absence."

"You go, sister, I can't," said Alice, laughing softly. "I'm not going to stay much with grandpa till Charlie comes, for I should be sure to let the secret out some way. Mind, sister, your eyes are speaking volumes now. You must look mildly solemn and sad, or grandpa will be certain to ask what the good news is. Dear old grandpa, I wish I could tell him."

Mary and her husband went to spend an hour with the old man, while Alice danced about the parlor in joyous and happy, that Ponto barked in amuse.

How warmly the momenta dragged! Would the time never come? How long it seemed, and yet it came at last. Mary's husband went to the depot to meet Charlie, and pretty soon Alice's eager eyes desired face forms approaching. CHARLIE HAD COME! She flew to meet him, and caught him in such a warm embrace and gave him such a shower of kisses, that Charlie was completely overpowered. Mary's joy was painful—it was truly a tender, melting time.

"Do let me see dear old grandpa, sister," said Charlie, after the first burst of joy was over, "I cannot stay away any longer."

"Go, Mary," said her husband, "tell grandpa the lost is found, the dead lives, but break the news gently."

Mary went into the old man's room, sadly perplexed—how know how to perform the difficult task before her. The good old christian

was sitting propped up in his bed, with his Bible open before him. As Mary entered, he looked up with a smile, but in a moment the smile faded, as he discerned the traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"Weeping still, my child!" said he tenderly. "Ah! Mary, what a blessed place Heaven will be. I was just reading of that better land, where all our tears will be wiped away, and where sin and sorrow are never known. Don't grieve so much, my child, you have many blessings left yet."

"Yes, grandpa, that is true. I feel this evening that I have many blessings, and I thank God for them."

"That is right, Mary. I am glad your soul feels stronger to-day. When you feel tempted to murmur at your sad loss, just sit down and count your mercies; and you will find them almost countless."

"Grandpa," said Mary, after a pause, "I have thought of nothing but Charlie all day. Don't you remember I once told you I felt sure he would come back, that I felt certain God would hear my constant pleading for his return?"

"Yes, Mary, I remember it all. Your faith has been sorely tried, my child."

"My faith has been greatly shaken, but grandpa, I cannot still help hoping a little."

The old man shook his head sadly as he replied—

"No, no, Mary, our boy is dead. Do not deceive yourself, my poor child. Charlie will never come back to us again; but oh! I trust to meet him in that blessed place where my weary soul shall soon find rest."

"All things are possible with God, grandpa."

"All things are possible with God," replied the old man.

"Grandpa, Capt. Cox may have been mistaken in the hurry of a retreat." Then after a pause, she continued with a softer voice—

"Grandpa, we have heard from Charlie. He is not dead!"

"Mary!" exclaimed the old man, as he raised his spectacles in wonder, "did you say—tell me again, child; surely my old ears do brought a ray with him. What did you tell me about my boy?"

"Grandpa," said Mary smiling through her tears, "Charlie has come, is in this house, and longs to see you." "Shall I bring him in?"

The old man's head was bowed a moment, then raising his eyes to heaven, with hands uplifted, while a heavenly smile lighted up his wan features, in a voice trembling with emotion, he exclaimed—

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies."

In a moment, Charlie and the old man were wrapped in a long, a loving embrace. Not a word was spoken, for all felt it was a holy scene—a scene that angels might look upon with admiration.

"Is it true, Charlie," said the old man, clasping Charlie to his breast, "is this really my boy come back again. Is this the poor boy we have mourned for so long. I cannot tell you how glad I am to clasp you to my old heart once again before I die." The old man pressed him to his heart once again, and then added, "But sit down, my dear boy, and let me near at once of your miraculous escape from the jaws of death. We can hardly believe it is you, our own dear boy, without you give some good account of yourself."

"Well, grandpa, it is a long story, but I will tell it to you at once and relieve your suspense. Sister Mary says, Capt. Cox wrote you that I was killed on the awful field of Gettysburg, pierced through the brain. I was struck in the forehead, and I do not wonder that he wrote as he did; indeed I myself felt that my hour had come, and so folded my hands across my breast, and composed myself to die. My thoughts flew quickly back to home, and it was a severe struggle to feel I must die, away from all I loved, without a sister's loving hand to wipe the death-dew from my brow, or pillow my dying head upon her bosom. Then, too, the thought that my body would be left a foot-hall for the Yankee foe to kick and curse, was indeed a bitter one. As Captain Cox wrote you, a bullet entered my head, but marvellously strange to say, it entered the right side of my forehead, and glancing around behind the skin and skull, came out at the back of my head. You can see the scar very plainly. It was, as you say, a miraculous escape. I was stunned by the blow, and fell, recovering just in time to see our army retreating. At first I lay willing to die, but as I recovered my strength a little, I raised myself on my elbow to see where I was, and which way I could fly. Our men were gone, but as the enemy did not occupy the field, I could not conjecture the real situation of affairs. Oh! I shudder when I think of that field of blood," said he, putting his hands over his eyes, as if to shut out the sight—

"Would to God I could blot it from my memory, but that I can never do. There was a dying Federal soldier to me, and as I raised my head, it attracted his attention. He muttered several curses at me, from between his clenched teeth, and actually tried to plunge his sword into me. I really believe he would have succeeded, had not death just then paralyzed his arm, so with awful imprecations on his tongue, he appeared before me Maker.

"All night," continued Charlie, "and a part of the next day I lay amongst the dead and dying, and as I listened to the dreadful groans that floated to me, and he as dead. The thought he did not hear that prayer! I tried to crawl away, but found I was too faint to escape. About five o'clock the next day I heard the sound of voices, and looking up again, I discovered a party of Federals approaching. Pretty soon they came near me. At first I thought I would feign death; but then I concluded it would be better to risk my chance as a prisoner in their hands, than to be tumbled into a pit, under a parcel of dead Yankees; so I raised my head and begged piteously for water, for I felt I must die without it."

"Water indeed!" said one of the company, contemptuously. "Oh, yes, I'll give you water. It gives me great pleasure to assist one of you grey-coated gentry!" so saying he raised his rifle, and would have pierced me through with his bayonet, but a humane Surgeon caught his arm, saying—

"Name on you, man, to kill a wounded man! I have no quarrel with you. Take the man prisoner, and send him as a prisoner of war, but for mercy's sake don't use your bayonet so freely."

"You need not look your thanks at me, you grant rebel," he replied. "This chicken-hearted doctor has saved your life, but you are the first that I have allowed to escape me, and I am not very sure that you have escaped me," said he, with a withering scowl and an awful oath.

"The Surgeon gave me water, and had me conveyed safely away, and I was well attended to for a while. Finally, however, we were removed, with many others, among them many residents of Baltimore, to Fort Mifflin."

Here I was placed under a strong guard in a hole not very much larger than a coffin, and I thought I did not die, but God spared my life, I trust for some good purpose. I was delighted to find that the Surgeon who had saved my life was one of the Surgeons of the Fort. He was a humane man, and I, at least have no reason to complain of his treatment. One day, as he paid his daily visit to my cell, he brought a ray with him. It was strange but pleasant to hear a lady's soft voice again, but I could not conjecture why she came. She proved to be a lady from Baltimore, a lady of intelligence and piety. After this, she came frequently to visit the prisoners, as she said, "to try to do them good." She inquired all about my family, for my youthful face seemed to have touched her heart. Oh, how I watched day by day for her kind, gentle face to lighten my cell! She was so good, so kind, so like my own sainted mother, that I soon learned to love her as a son; and in the absence of other loved ones, I opened my heart to her, and told her all my sorrows. She would often visit me, and gently pointed me to the Lamb of God, telling me that here and here alone was comfort. The sacred Bible sounded sweet from her lips, and her words sunk deep into my heart.

"One day she came into my cell, as usual, and after a long and free conversation, she said—

"My young friend, I feel a deep interest in your soul, and if you are willing, I would like to know you and pray with you."

I cheerfully acquiesced, and walked down upon a cold, damp floor, and she poured out her soul to heaven in my behalf. Such a prayer I never heard. My heart followed her through her petition, and as she uttered the words, "Oh, my Father, hear the prayers of this dear boy's mother for his soul! Oh, hear the prayers she sent up to heaven, years ago for his salvation, and like sweet incense let them with their fragrances," my lips and heart fervently exclaimed AMEN. It was my first prayer—the first time I ever really prayed in my life, grandpa, and God heard me and said, "Son, thy sins are all forgiven."

"Thank God," murmured the old man, while every face was bathed in tears.

"Oh," continued Charlie, "the peace that filled my soul was surpassingly sweet. It was a peace tongue can never describe, so joyful, so serene that even my dreary cell looked beautiful, and the sunlight dancing through my gratings, seemed doubly bright. My kind friend felt me rejoicing with joy, unexpressed and full of glory. What if my cell was dark, Christ was my light. What though it be cold and damp, my heart was warm with love—

"What though I hungered, I had the bread of life; though I thirsted, I had the living water; though I was cold, I had the warm blanket; though I was naked, I had the robe of glory. I was happy, grandpa, unexpressably happy, and all night long I sung praises to Him who had bought me with his precious blood, until the heartless guard compelled me to be silent. I hungered, and while he was gone, I prayed that my God would be kind, my precious Saviour my Saviour. I tore the dismal dungeon of Fort Mifflin. There is no gloom within its walls to me."

The story of redeeming love is always a melting one, but in Charlie's case it was doubly so. The old man's face was radiant with happiness, as he continued to exclaim—

"Thank God! I thank thee, my Saviour. Praise the Lord, ye, I will praise him while I have my being. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, since mine eyes have seen thy salvation. This is delightful—delightful, but come, Alice, it is time we were all asleep. Get my Bible and let Charlie

pray with us ere we lay our heads upon our pillows."

Without hesitation Charlie read a Psalm, and kneeling down, prayed most fervently. There were no doubt here, no faithless, un-giving, but, like a little child, the young christian leaned upon his Saviour.

A loving "good-night" was exchanged, and each went to dream of the happy morrow.

The next day among a multiplicity of questions the old man asked—

"When were you exchanged, Charlie?"

"I was not exchanged at all, grandpa," said Charlie, smiling, "escaped."

"Escaped!" exclaimed all in astonishment. "Yes, I escaped," said he laughing merrily. "Do tell us how," said all in a breath.

A long, thrilling story followed, but my little readers must excuse me for not making it public, for Charlie would be very sorry indeed to betray—; but I must be careful myself, lest the secret might slip out anyhow.

Two short weeks Charlie remained at home, and then he returned to his company in Virginia. There, too, welcomed him most warmly as one alive from the dead; and now that the bullets rain like leaden hail again, and the cannon pours forth destruction upon our ranks, we can only pray,

"God shield thee, Charlie, and grant thee a safe return."

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

MONTGOMERY, May 30, 1864.

SEND you two gems for your Child's Index. One of the candidates for baptism, during our revival, is a young girl about twelve years old. Her father told her he thought she was "most too young to join the church."

"Father," was the alacritous and earnest reply, "am I too young to love and serve you? If not, I don't think I am too young to love and serve God."

Truly God has "hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes!"

At another time, a little girl of eight or nine years, came up among those who desired their pastor to converse with and pray for them. Mr. T— was surprised at the manner in which the child expressed her love for her Saviour; and as she stooped to try and get a view of her little face, hid in her bonnet, he said:

"Whose child are you, my dear?"

"The God's child, sir," she replied, with all simplicity and childlike sweet-ness.

A little urchin three years old, one day ran against his aunt while she was knitting, and made her drop a stitch, when his aunt said to him—

"See there, Lanny, you have made me drop a stitch."

The little fellow immediately sprang to the floor and began to search diligently for the lost stitch, but as he could not find it, he rose rather reluctantly and said:

"Auntie, I don't believe you dropped any stitch; I tant find it."

This little fellow is a refugee from Mississippi, and whenever you show him a picture of people travelling, he will say, they are refugees.

Little Bessie wanted to learn in the Catechism, and her sister told her to ask the Superintendent of the Sunday school to give her one. She went up to him and asked him in a very solemn manner, please to give her a "Chismet."

Nettie's/mamma had a Grover & Baker's Sewing machine. One day she was sewing and the thread kept breaking, and Nettie, who was standing by, said:

"Mama, I think that's a Snapper's and Broker's machine; not Grover's and Baker's."

TERMS OF THE CHILD'S INDEX.

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We cannot receive numbers that have been lost after they are sent, as we are very careful in mailing the paper, and do not feel responsible for mail miscarriages.

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