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BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY MRS. H. A. CHAMMON.

NEED not tell you whom the above picture is intended to represent, as you are all familiar, no doubt, with that noble and pleasant countenance.

"Yes," I imagine I hear some little boy or girl exclaim, "That is Benjamin Franklin. I know all about him. How can I help it when I have read about him so often at school? He was a great philosopher, and invented the lightning rod; he was also a statesman, for he went to France in the old revolution to persuade the French king to assist us in our struggle for independence. Being already familiar with his history, I will skip this article, and look for something a little more interesting."

Wait a moment, my friend. I am not going to give you a history of Mr. Franklin as a statesman and philosopher, but as a boy. You can hardly imagine that the sober and dignified old gentleman in the above picture was ever a little boy like you, can you? But he was, and doubtless loved tops, and kites, and warbles as well as any of you. He had but little money, however, to spend for toys, for his father was a poor soap boiler, with a number of children, whom he was unable to educate as he desired.

"What!" you will probably exclaim at this. "The great Dr. Franklin the son of a soap boiler? I always supposed he was so wise and learned because his father spent large sums of money on his education!"

In that you were greatly mistaken. His wisdom and learning were the result of his own unaided efforts; and this reminds me of the stories I promised to tell you. The first money he ever had in his life was a piece of silver which he received as a Christmas gift, when he was a very small boy. You who have been accustomed to getting money, and all sorts of nice things, in your stockings, every Christmas morning, cannot imagine how proud little Benjamin Franklin was on this occasion. He walked about the house feeling almost as rich as a king, and after breakfast went down in town to buy something with his money. A great many apples and oranges and pretty toys were displayed in the shops, to tempt the appetites of boys and girls; but as little Benjamin looked at them, he thought they were not quite so desirable as his beautiful piece of silver, and so passed on.

while at table, and did not like to have one of them absent. No one knew where Benjie was, and when one of his brothers went in search of him, he found him in the kitchen, reading his new book by the light of a pipe knot. He came in to supper as soon as he heard his brother calling him, and oh! how his eyes danced and sparkled as he told his father about his book. As soon as the meal was finished, he returned to his reading; and every day, when he had a moment's leisure, he was found with his book in his hand. Even while he was at work he often talked with his father about what he had been reading about, and asked him questions about things that he did not understand. To these Mr. Franklin replied very kindly and carefully, and they had a pleasant time together.

By the time he had read and digested his first book, he had earned money enough to buy another, and in this way he laid the foundation of that wisdom and learning which we all so much admire.

His father was so well pleased with his industry and love of learning, that he wished to educate him to be a minister; but, not being able to do this, he concluded to make a printer of him. A printing office is a good place for a boy who is fond of reading, and therefore his father put him in one to learn the art from his eldest brother. This occupation pleased young Franklin very well, but he did not like the harsh and tyrannical treatment which he often endured. He bore it, however, as long as he could; but at last, when "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," he gathered up his clothes one night and ran away.

A few days afterwards he landed in Philadelphia, a perfect stranger, in a large city, and only a dollar or two in his pocket. This was rather a bad condition for a boy but sixteen years of age; but Benjamin was a brave boy, and did not despair. Not being able to put up at a hotel, and being quite hungry, he went to a baker's shop and bought two rolls of bread. As he walked on down the street, holding one of his rolls under his arm, and eating the other, a beautiful girl stood on the steps of a fine house and laughed at him. "Never mind, my young lady," he said to himself, "I am going to be a great man some day, and then you will be proud of my acquaintance."

He continued his walk through the thickly crowded streets till he found a printing office, where, after some trouble, he was engaged as a journeyman printer. Here he conducted himself so well he soon commanded respect and high wages. In this way he kept on, studying and living cheaply, that he might save his money, until he got to be a great, learned, and wealthy man. He went to London at one time, and edited a paper there. Afterwards he returned to Philadelphia and married a very beautiful and wealthy young lady; and who do you suppose she was? You can never guess, so I will tell you—the very girl who laughed at him, that time he went through the streets eating his bread. Wasn't that a triumph?

In conclusion, little boys, there is no reason why you should not be such men as Benjamin Franklin, if you will commence to imitate him when a boy. "As the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." So it is impossible for you to become wise and great, if you spend your youth in idleness and folly.

### RIDDLE.

Who of our young readers will solve this riddle?

I am red, I am white, I am black, blue or green;

I'm intended to hide what is meant to be seen.

Like mortals, inflexible, stubborn am I, Till by the tongue softened and brought to comply.

Of promises false I am a fit token, I only am made to be ruined and broken.

DETERMINED FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

### THE FOLLY OF DISOBEDIENCE.

BY AUNT LOUISE.

#### CHAPTER II.

ANOTHER Saturday afternoon came, and with it the half holiday. Cora thought to regain her former happiness by being very good. She went to her room and got out her dolls, thinking to have a quiet time with them, but soon Allie begged her to go with him down the lane.

"Well, then, ask mother," said Cora.

"O yes, to save your feelings," laughed he, and ran to beg his mother's consent.

"Mother, mother, may we go down the lane, Cora and I?"

"Yes, dear, as far as the brook, if you wish; but do not go into the water," was the reply.

"That is a good mother; thank you. Come, Cora, we may go to the brook, if we like."

Light heartedly they ran along for they had their mother's consent. Soon they looked upon the sparkling water as it glistened over its sandy bed. A fur playing awhile, Allie concluded just to dip his toe in the water—the whole foot was soon plunged in, then the other followed, of course. He laughed, and declared it was such capital sport, that Cora could not help pulling off her shoes and joining him.

By-and-by Cora asked:

"Allie, did mother tell you to wade?"

"O, no; but she will never know."

"But, Allie, I felt so bad last week."

"Felt bad—is that all?"

"That was enough. I know it is wrong to do what mother disapproves. It is punishment enough to feel as I did last week. I intend to tell her the truth this time, and let her punish me," replied Cora.

She went directly home, and made a full confession.

She said: "Dear mother, I am very willing to be punished for what I have done."

"You do not need any further punishment, my child. I feel that your conscience has sufficiently upbraided you. You see the folly of not obeying my known commands. Your disobedience caused you to feel very unhappy; it destroyed the little pleasure I had intended to give you. Then to hide one sin you committed another."

"You lied in that; you tried to make me believe you had not left the yard."

"Come, now, Allie, you must be punished; since your conscience is too weak to do this for me, I must let this little red teach you how wrong it is to disobey my commands."

"O, mother, please don't whip me this time," sobbed the disobedient Allie.

Despite his pleadings, his mother punished him severely.

"Pleasure is dear bought," thought the little boy as he mused on the last evening's woe, the whipping, and the anticipated rebuke from his father.

Nor did these children escape thus easily. Both took cold from wading in the water, and were ill a long, long time. After a few weeks Allie, who was a strong child, recovered, and was able to run about again. But poor little Cora's frame was too weak to bear the ravages of disease. She did, indeed, get better, and all fondly hoped would be spared; but she was never strong again. Before the winter winds blew away the sweet violet she rested beneath a bed of their blue fragrance. Sweet and happy were her last hours, except when thoughts of her disobedience brought to her the pang of remorse. Truly she had learned the folly of disobedience.

Little children, be warned in time: Though you may not meet the same fate that Cora did, remember that "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."

AUNT LOUISE.

# The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYHIN, Editor.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILD'S INDEX.  
LETTERS FROM TIP'S GRANDMOTHER.  
No. 2.

BIRD'S NEST, July 1st, 1864.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:

WELL, dear little friends, what shall I write to you about to-day? I dare say some of you live in cities, where there is a constant stir and excitement—where the shrill whistle of the engine can be heard all through the day; where the men are filled with ladies and gentlemen walking and riding; where there is the noise of busy life, and work, and the bustle and hum of business all the while. Now it is not so with Tip and his Grandmother. We are far away from all these things—away off in the country, hidden in the shade of the leaves, like two birds in a nest. And very pretty little nest it is. Every morning the birds sing out of our windows to call us up; and all day the bees gather honey from our sweet flowers, and at night when we take our tea, in the cool sitting-room, in the fair sunset light, the lazy little crickets sing under the hearth, and but in the ivy around the house, and away down at the lake we hear the fat old frogs croak and splash down into the water, as these funny fellows will do. Tip always lays down his fork and knives to mock them, and we laugh at old Mr. Frog's song, and wonder if he thinks it sounds like little Robin Red-Breast's up in the trees. God made the country, my children, and He made it all gloriously beautiful. There are grand old trees, under whose shade we rest, and the squirrels and birds dance and sing in the boughs, and there are pretty flowers and ripe fruits, and green grass, and over all, the fairest blue sky, and above all, and better than all, the Great Kind Father looks down and loves and blesses His happy children. Don't you think it is very strange that all little boys and girls are not good and happy among these pleasant things? But they are ugly and sinful sometimes, as Eve was in the beautiful garden of Paradise. Tip says it is too much trouble to be a good boy; but Tip is only four years old, and don't know that it is always easiest and happiest to do right. He gets into trouble, poor little boy, whenever he does wrong, and is always as sorry for it.

This, you know, children, is what is called in the country, "the harvest time."—This means that now the wheat is ripe in the fields, and the planters have it cut to grind in the mill and make flour, so that little boys and girls can have nice rolls and biscuits and bread to eat. Well, Tip has heard the servants talk about cutting wheat, and he begged me to let him go into the plantation and see the men at work. I told him that the next day they would begin, and that if he was a very good boy he might go out in the wagon, and carry a basket and bring some blackberries, so that he and I could have a picnic for dinner. So Tip was very glad, and told everybody he saw about it, that he was going into the country to see the wheat cut, and was going to find partridge nests, and get his hat full of eggs, and was going to get a heap of blackberries too. He could hardly go to sleep, but kept sitting up in his little bed and talking about his ride. By and by he fell asleep, and dreamed, no doubt, of his pretty partridge eggs and berries.

Early the next morning I got up and went to the window. It was raining quite hard. I had been hearing it for two hours before I dressed. Tip was sleeping soundly; I was sorry for the poor child, and wondered what he would say. I went to his little bed and shook his arm.

"Get up, my dear," I said; "get up and dress for breakfast."

He rubbed his sleepy eyes and said, "He didn't want to."

All at once he remembered his frolic, and jumped up and cried out,

"This is the day! This is the sure enough day to go, ain't it, Janma?"

"Listen, little Tip," Grandma said.

Poor little boy! He heard it rain then, pat, pat, pat, on the roof, and saw the drops drip off the window. He burst out crying, disappointed and very angry.

"Just listen, Janma, listen at that ugly old rain. I will go; I shan't stay in this mean old house! You said God was good and loved little boys, and he ain't, cause he

letted it rain, and I won't say my 'Now I lay me to-night, needer, no I won't; and I don't love you, Janma, cause you want, you want'!"

Tip didn't know what to be mad with me about, and so fell to crying louder than ever. I said nothing then, but let him have his cry out; but after he was dressed I took him into the sitting room and said:

"Little son, do you remember how ill you were last winter?"

He said, "Yes; I know I had the Scurlet Fever, and the doctor gave me some nasty stuff, and you said, if I would drink it, my pa would bring me a Shetland pony."

"Yes, Tip, you were very ill, indeed—Your face was dry and hot, and your little head ached, and you could not rest in your bed, and Grandma took you in her arms and sat by the fire and rocked you in that great arm-chair; but Tip was too sick to sleep, too sick to rest, to sick to eat or drink, and could only lie very still and moan with his poor head. The kind doctor told Grandma that he could do no more for her little boy; that he must die, and be carried to the graveyard and laid by the side of his little uncles who had died long before. Oh, Tip, when the doctor had gone, Grandma was so sad, so sorry to give up her little child. So she knelt down and asked God to be merciful and spare her son. The next day Tip was much better, and in a week he was well."

"Now listen, Tip, I will tell you something else. When your father and mother went to Europe they had to go across the great ocean. After they had been on the water three days, the wind arose and the sky grew black with clouds, and the poor ship tossed and tumbled in the waves. Everybody believed that they would be lost. In the storm they heard another vessel coming towards them, and its captain, who was a good man, by hard work, saved all the poor frightened people and took them to Europe in his vessel."

"Little boy, who sent that vessel, with the good captain, to save your father and mother? And who heard Grandma's prayers and cured Tip when he was sick? My son, it was the good, great God—the same God who takes care of us all the time—who gives us this pretty house, and bread to eat, and clothes to wear—the same God who sent the rain, and oh, Tip, the same God whom you said was not good! If I were a little boy, I should be ashamed to talk so. I should be afraid."

"Janma," broke in Tip, "was you ever a little bad boy like me?"

"Oh, no, but Janma was once a bad little girl. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Oh, yes," said Tip, laughing very heartily. "I want to hear about it. Janma, did your ma whip you? I reckon she set you on a high stool, didn't she?"

"Wait and listen, Tip. A great many years ago, I lived with my father and mother in a pretty town a long way off from here. I was not a very good little girl, and did a great many bad things, but I had a good mother, who taught me and made me obedient, and I thank her for it now. She was very particular about making us quiet and good, on Sundays, as well as at all other times, but we could not romp and play on that day as we did in the week. Now I had a little brother named Jack, who was only two years older than myself. He was not a bad boy, but poor Jack hated to stay in the house all day Sunday, and so did I; and sometimes we used to get so restless and miserable that mother would let us go out into the flower garden and play a little while. One Sunday we were sitting by the window studying a hymn. We had been to church in the morning and were getting our lessons for Sunday school. While we were busy a servant came in and said that our aunt, who lived on the next street, was quite ill, and had sent for mama. So she told us to go out and play until she came back. Well, Jack and I went out, but we could not play; we were tired of the garden and wanted to go into the woods and get some wild flowers."

"Jack," I said, "let's steal off and go; we can get back before mother returns, and we need not say one word about it."

"Well, that's it, that's the very thing," Jack said.

"So off we ran. It was a beautiful day, the sun shone so clear and warm, and the little birds sang over our heads."

"Ain't this nice," I said, "I am so glad I am out of the house now."

"We went along pretty fast until we had gotten out of the town. We wanted to go to a branch where Jack said he had seen a bird's nest. Pretty soon we reached the tree where the nest was. It was built on a

long limb which hung over the water. Jack climbed the tree, and told me to jump up and catch the branch and hold it. So I leaned over to take hold of the bough, but I stood too near the edge of the water, and in a moment my foot had slipped and I was in the branch. It was not deep enough to drown me, but in a little while I was wet to the skin. Jack pulled me out, and I had to walk back to the house, all wet and muddy, through the streets, where the people were coming from church. Oh, Tip, I was so ashamed, and so sorry, I thought I should never do such a wicked thing again. But look over, Tip! See, the clouds are all gone! Look how bright the sun is!"

Tip had been listening with great delight, and now he forgot all about the story and ran clapping his hands and crying:

"Get the wagon! The sun is come out and we can go."

After breakfast, when I was tying on his hat, he said:

"Oh, Janma, God is so good to Tip. He letted the sun come out: Janma, when you says your prayers tell Him I'm sorry I talked so ugly. Janma, I ain't going to do so any more."

My children, I went back into the house with my heart full of love to the great God who not only cleared the clouds from the sky but out of the natural sin, even in a child's heart, had brought the sunshine of repentance and thanksgiving.

TIP'S GRANDMOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.  
AN EVERGREEN SUNDAY SCHOOL.  
GREENVILLE, S. C., July 7, 1864.

Dear Bro. Boykin:

ON last Sunday morning I had the pleasure of meeting Sunday school in York District that is worthy of the name I have given it, and want to tell you and everybody about it, because I keep up a Sunday school in good times when books, primers, tickets, &c., could be got for a song, but now more especially when it is so hard to get them, if they can be got at all; but this school was started nearly three years ago, without any other book except the Bible, and has been ever-green, and more, it has been bearing fruit all times of the year. It was commenced by a lady with about a dozen children, and has been principally conducted by her ever since. The school now numbers about one hundred and fifty scholars, with a good corps of teachers, and in the bright eyes and smiling faces I could distinctly read, "I'm glad I'm in this army." But one of the most prominent features, and one that I should be glad to see in every Sunday school, was a class of old ladies, with one of their number as a teacher. I was more than delighted as I sat listening to hear them talking of Jesus and asking one another questions, while searching for the things that pertain to everlasting life that are found in the word of God. There is also connected with this school a large and flourishing Bible class of young ladies, and I was glad also to see a few young men in the same class that were not old enough to be taken in the war. At the close of preaching in the morning, the pastor gave notice that I had consented to talk to, and sing with the children, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and at that hour the house was full, showing not only the interest of those connected with the school, but also those that were not. After talking and singing for about an hour and a half, we bid each other good by, each thinking and feeling, "I'm glad I'm in this army; yes, I'm glad I'm in this army." And now to all professed christians what are living in reach of as many as a dozen children that are not already in Sunday school, I would recommend the example of this pious working christian lady. Make a start; quit saying I can't, but go to work in earnest, and God will bless your efforts and will fulfill his promise, that "In due season ye shall reap if ye wait not."

J. J.

PRIZES.

C. A. W. Young, Hodges Depot, S. C.  
Louie Craddock, Black Walnut, Va.  
Miss S. Willingham, Allendale, S. C.  
Mary A. Baker, Easton, Ga.  
Laura Tunnel, Greensboro', Ga.  
P. S. Turner, Waugetown, N. C.

The above named young persons have won prizes according to our offered terms, by securing the six highest number of subscribers by the first of July last.

The Child's Index, for 1863, will be bound and sent to each one as soon as we can get the work done.

## A VISIT TO FATHER.

Thomas was about three years old. He was very little, but he could run about and talk very well. His mother said to him, "Thomas, do not you wish to go and see your father in the field? Yes said he, I want to see father. Then his mother said to his sister Susan, "Take the child into the field to see his dear father. And be sure to take the little basket with his father's dinner."

So Susan put Thomas' hat on his head, and tied a handkerchief round his neck, and took him by the hand, and led him out into the field. Thomas was glad to go out in the fresh air.

When Thomas had walked a little way, he looked very glad, and said, "O there is my father." And, sure enough, there was his father under a large oak tree, splitting a log. His father said, "Well, Thomas, I am pleased to see you. Come here, and kiss me."

It is twelve o'clock, and I am tired with work. I have been splitting this big log into rails. I hope you have been a good boy. What have you got in that basket?"

It is your dinner, father.

Thomas sat down on the end of a large log; by his father, while he ate his dinner. His father said to him, "Thomas, who gives us all these good things to eat?"

Thomas looked up in his face, and said, "It is God."

"Yes, my son, and ought we not to love God?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does God love little children?"

"Yes, sir, and Christ loves little children too."

"Very well, and what must children do to show that they love God?"

"They must trust in God, and do what He says."

"Who died for sinners?"

"The Lord Jesus Christ died for sinners."

Then his father said, "I am glad that you remember what I taught you. Now, when you go home, you must learn your lesson in the book. And when you know how to read, you will be able to learn about the Lord Jesus Christ. The Bible tells us about the Lord Jesus."

The Bible is the best book in the world. All good people love the Bible. Good-by, my dear Thomas. Go home, and when it is dark I will come home too. Remember all I have told you."

## TO THE LITTLE ONES.

MATTIE BUSELL.—Only one of your answers were right. You had better remit your subscription at once.

ELLY WHITZ, (and others who sent Enigmas with no answers to them written out in full)—We can't take the trouble to discover and write out answers. If they do not come with the enigmas, we throw the enigmas away.

MARIA MARTIN.—Miss Ethel will soon send another one of her pretty stories.

IDA V. THOMAS.—We hope your brother will return from his Yankee prison in good time, or escape, as Charlie Benton did.

MOLLIE GRAYSON, and friends.—If we can gratify you, we will.

ELVIE MILFORD, Anderson, S. C.—Your interesting letter, and money for Jesse is received.

W. J. PALMER.—Your account of the anniversary we intended to publish, but mislaid it. Send another.

S. VEAY, Forestville, N. C.—Let them not be uneasy. The ten copies will be sent.

C. T. WIGGIN.—We don't set words to music.

CLIFFE HAYWOOD.—You will see by the answer in the July number that the Bartow enigma was correct. You failed to work it out right.

## RECEIVED FOR "LITTLE JESSE."

Wm. S. Banton, 15 cents; Jos. McGrady, 25 cents; Sallie, Beaufort District, S. C., 25; Thomas B. Evans, Jr., 85; according to the letter, from "Mollie"; Ida V. Thomas, 50 cents; Mary Tribble, 25 cents; Annie Scarlett and her little sisters, \$1.50; M. J. Davidson, \$1.50.

Making 811 15

Besides this we have received from various young persons for Jesse and his little sister, since our last acknowledgment 35 00

Total 846 15

Already acknowledged and now in our hands 8124 00

Total in our hands 8170 15

Our young friends must continue to send money for little Jesse and his sister, Ellen, and we will send it all to them.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

McKENNELL COUNTY, N. C.,  
May 10th, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

HAVE read the Index since last September, and think it the nicest Sabbath school paper in the Confederacy. If all the little boys and girls in the country will read the Index now, then when they are grown and we are no independent nation, they will never make war against other innocent nations, and fight them like the Yankees are fighting us.

I am going to Sabbath school now. Our school was organized by our kind pastor, and for a country church, it opens auspiciously, with more than forty pupils attending. Our superintendent is B. P. Simmons. He is just the man for superintending, as he has the confidence of the entire school. There has never been a Sabbath school at this place until this Spring. We are trying it as an experiment and hope it may prove successful, though we can hardly expect to have an Evergreen school yet.

I like the stories by Miss Ethel, more than any others in the Index. She must be a dear, lovely lady. Mr. Boykin, I hope your interesting little paper will never be suspended for want of patronage. It would be a shame for so useful a little sheet to go down for the want of a little energy among its friends in getting subscribers.

I have two brothers in service, fighting for our country. I hope this war will soon be over and they will return, doubly endeared to all the "loved ones at home."

I send one dollar for little Ellen Hartwell, and hope she may be as good as her dear missionary mother in China.

Your friend,  
JENNIE.

CHARLOTTEVILLE, VA., April 29, '64.

Rec. Mr. Boykin:

As you like to hear of evergreen Sunday schools, I will tell you about the one which I attend. The Sunday schools attached to the Charlottesville Baptist Church has, from its beginning in 1850, thirty-four years ago, been "evergreen" and flourishing, and although the cruel war that the enemy is waging against our happy Southern homes, has greatly lessened its numbers, yet even now we count 175 or more, 20 teachers and 155 scholars. From 1852 to 1860, the number was 300 or more. Among that number we had several who went out as wayside teachers or Sunday school missionaries, in adjacent neighborhoods. By these means many were taught to read and hear Bible truths, who would otherwise have remained idle at their own homes. Our school has had the aid of a great many pious young men who resorted to the University of Virginia to complete their education, and by this means some of the highest intellects and most finished scholars have given their aid and influence to our Sunday schools; and from it have gone forth to preach Christ crucified several who are now faithfully and zealously at work in the Master's field, among the people, in the hospitals, and among the soldiers in the army. At one time—in the summer of 1860—a full work of our number were ordained to the four work of the gospel ministry, two as missionaries to Japan, one to China, and one for home work; at another time, one who had been our Superintendent was ordained, and is now laboring as pastor of the African church in this place; several others, who were ordained, are usefully employed in their Master's vineyard. Is not this good good fruit from our evergreen? One of the earlier Superintendents of our school—Mr. Bonj. Mosby—died several years ago, after laboring zealously and efficiently in the cause, from the first establishment of the school. Do you know our Superintendent, Mr. A. P. Abell? If you did you would love him. All the scholars love him; he is heart and soul in the Sunday school cause, and there are hundreds, ay, thousands, of his former pupils, all over the Southern Confederacy, some in Georgia, some in Charleston, S. C., some in Tennessee, some on James River, and in various other portions of the army, who love him as well as we all do, who see and hear him every Sunday. He teaches us to sing the many pretty hymns in the Confederate Sunday School Hymn Book. I wish you could hear us how cheerfully and how willingly we sing, "Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army," and "I'll awake at dawn" and "Shining Shore." Oh! how sweetly and melodiously does the music fall upon the ears of the listeners, and it would delight you, I know, to hear us, and see the earnestness of all who engage in it, especially of the smaller children. Don't you think the angels like to look upon such scenes? We have Bible classes, composed of young ladies; one of them is taught by Mr. John Hart, who has obtained license to preach since he became a teacher in this school. Before the war we had similar classes for young men, taught by such men as Rev. J. A. Broadus, D. D., (he is one of the best of evergreens,) Rev. T. G. Jones, Rev. A. D. Brown, Rev. C. H. Toy, Rev. J. L. Johnson, Rev. A. E. Dickinson, and other equally good and great men. We have a class of very small children—infant class. On some pleasant Sundays 25 of them are present, who cluster around their teacher, and look very smilingly in his face, while she reads to them a pretty story. Sometimes they sing with her, and then how happy they all look, Mr. Boykin! Perhaps one of these days, when they grow up and you become an old man, you may see some of them engaged in preaching the gospel. Our Secretary, (who was a Sunday school boy, upwards of forty-nine years ago,) read to me last summer a statement of the record of our school for the past year. He said there were 175 belonging to it, 148 were the highest number present on any one Sunday, and 30 the lowest, and the average attendance during the year was 105; there had been twelve conversions and five deaths, one of those who died, B. W. Sneed, Esq., had for several years previously been a faithful teacher in our school, and one of the last acts of his life was to attend the prayer meeting and utter his petition for the spread of the gospel. His voice was shortly afterwards hushed in death. He died with the harness on. Another of our teachers, Lieut. French S. Bibb, received his death wound at the battle of Chancellorsville, to May last. One of our former scholars, Lt. Wm. B. L. Telford, sacrificed his life at Gettysburg last July. Of the two other deaths, one was a young lady belonging to the Bible class, and the other a boy of six summers. The pastor of the church, Rev. William E. Broadus, D. D., visited the school forty-two Sundays during the year; sickness and absence from town prevented his being present on the few Sundays of his absence. He is, Mr. Boykin, a good specimen of an evergreen, is he not? And he is no idler, for he talks to us and tells us whenever we do wrong, and shows us how we may all be happy here and hereafter. Our Secretary also told me there were 41 fair Sundays out of the 52 during the year ending April 10; seven cloudy, two with slight fall of rain and only two rainy Sundays. On the whole, the year just ended has been the most prosperous of any enjoyed by our school since the breaking out of the war, and with our evergreen pastor and Superintendent, aided by their faithful labors and teachings, and with two score of energetic and punctual teachers, may we not hope that we shall continue to prosper and grow and flourish in days and years to come? I had almost forgot to say that the "Child's Index" is a most welcome visitor, and all in the school are eager to get it to read.

Enclosed I send \$5 for little Jesse, \$1 for sister Nannie, \$1 for myself, and \$1 each for our little nephews Olan, James and Sheldon, who live in Mississippi, where no Sunday school is near them. MOLLIE.

HAMILTON, HARRIS CO., GA.,  
July 11, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

Since my last letter to you a sad change has come over our "home circle." We have been called to mourn the loss of our darling little brother. He was just three years three months and six days old, and was a bright and beautiful little boy, the idol of the household. O, it was hard to part with him, although we knew our loss was his great gain. I know that he is happy with his angel plumage on. But my heart is very desolate to think that he is gone.

Like David we can say, he can never come back to us, but we can go to him. I must tell you about our Sabbath school. There was no church near enough for us to attend Sabbath school, so the people of this settlement met at our house and organized a Sabbath school. We have all met together three Sabbaths, and have a very nice and pleasant school. I hope it will continue so all the year.

My three little sisters wish to be remembered to you. They all can read the Index and are as anxious for it to come as I am. Enclosed is one dollar for little Jesse. Good bye, dear Mr. Boykin.  
Your little friend,  
ELIJA VARDEMAN.

RALEIGH, June 7, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I have seen in your nice paper that so many boys and girls are writing to you, I thought I would try to write you a short letter. I belong to the Raleigh Baptist Sabbath school. You don't know how much we prize your nice little paper. You ought to see the children's faces brighten up when our Superintendent, Mr. Palmer, brings in the packages of the "Child's Index." You ought to have been here at our Sunday School Anniversary. I tell you we had a very nice time indeed. Our school numbers about two hundred scholars and about thirty-two regular teachers. Our school is an evergreen one. Let rain or what come there are always some children there. Rev. Mr. Pritchard is our pastor; he preaches to us children once every month when his health will admit of it. We wish your paper would come once a week, instead of every month. I must bring my letter to a close, as I think I have written enough.

Mr. Boykin, please find enclosed \$1, which I send to little Jesse. Please excuse bad writing.

Yours, truly,  
MOSES N. AMIS.

MIDDLESEX CO., VA., June 30, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I have seen a great many letters written by boys and girls, and I thought I would write too, to tell you how well I loved your little paper. I like the story of Charles Benton very much, and think it very interesting. I have two brothers in the army, therefore I feel sorry for all that have any dear ones there. I hope this cruel war may end soon, and let all of our dear soldiers come home. Oh! what a nice time that will be! We have been interrupted a great many times with reports of the Yankees coming, but they have never been to this place but once, and I hope they never will come here again, for I assure you I could live very well without ever seeing one of them again. As I was writing about the Yankees, I came very near forgetting to tell you about our Sunday school. We have a very interesting school. I believe there are about forty scholars. Our Superintendent, Mr. Graham, is a very nice man, and manages the school very well. Excuse me, Mr. Boykin, for writing you such a long and uninteresting letter, but I hope my next will be better.

With my best wishes for the "Child's Index," I subscribe myself,  
Your little friend,  
M.

ORION, ALA., May 16, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

The little folks of Orion Baptist Sunday school turned, on last Sabbath, a missionary organization which they named the "Ellen Missionary Society." They took up a contribution (which they expect to repeat every month) of Thirteen \$3-100 dollars—which sum you will find enclosed. Please transmit it to the support of little Jesse and his sister Ellen.

Yours, fraternally,  
J. T. S. PARK.

[The amount will be forwarded with the balance received by us for the same purpose. This particular example we commend to other schools as worthy of imitation.—EDITOR.]

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.  
29.

- Who loved David as he loved his own son? 1 Sam.
- Who lived nine hundred and five years? Gen.
- What was brought of all trees unto the house of the Lord? Nehemiah.
- With what was the land of Egypt covered? Exodus.
- In what country was there not a house where there was not one dead? Ex. 12.
- Where was there a voice heard? Mat. 2.
- What king came out and took all the fenced cities of Judah? Isaiah.
- Who saw an angel and hid himself? 1st Chron. 21.
- Who was Jahshiel's father? 1 Chron. 7.
- In what plain was an image of gold sixty cubits high set up? Daniel.
- Whom sons offered strange fire before the Lord? Lev. 10.
- Who was Samuel's oldest son? 1 Chron.
- Who is an empty vine? Hosea 10.
- Who bewitched the people of Samaria? Acts 8.

The initials of the foregoing spell the name of the greatest patriot of modern times.  
JENNIE GRAYSON.

80.

The initials of the answers to the following questions spell the name of the pastor of a church in Athens.

Who said to Paul, "When I have a convenient season I will call for thee?" Acts 24.

What is before honor? Prov. 15.

To what nation did Joseph's brethren sell him? Gen. 37.

Who lost her royal estate by disobeying a king? Esther.

How often did the daughters of Israel go to lament the death of the daughter of Jeptha? Judges 11.

PUZZLE.

I am composed of twenty letters.  
My 4, 2, 7, 17, 16 was a wicked king.  
My 15; 14, 1, 8, is the name of the mother of Jesus.

My 14, 6, 12, 1, 20, 9, was one of the Apostles.

My 5, 9, 20, is the mother of the human race.

My 15, 17, 17, 6, is the name of one of the heavenly bodies.

My 18, 14, 4, 10, 16, was one of the most distinguished characters in Scripture.

My 19, 17, 18, is the name of the Supreme Being.

My 11, 8, 18, 13, 14 was one who was converted under Paul's ministry.

My 2, 12, 10, was one of the high priests of Israel.

My 5, 19, 12, 17, 6, was king of Moab.

My whole is the name of one of the most popular and eminent divines in Virginia.

E. E. P., Lynchburg, Va.

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

30.

It is midday and yet all is dark and gloomy. The sun has disappeared and the whole heavens are clouded in blackness.—The earth is shaking. Graves are opening and the dead are rising from them. A multitude stand on a hill near a great city, among them many soldiers, and all seem filled with consternation and awe. On the summit of the hill three persons are nailed to three crosses and they hang in agony.—Near the middle cross, upon which hangs a man of most noble mien, stand several women who regard him with great love and reverence. All at once he appears to utter an exclamation—his head then droops and he appears to die. Smiling their breasts in great sorrow and dismay, the multitude returns to the city.

[Found in New Testament.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

- 1. Michael. 1 Samuel 18: 27.
- 2. Ishmael. Genesis 21: 21.
- 3. Simeon. 1 Chronicles 2: 1.
- 4. Segub. 1 Chronicles 2: 22.
- 5. Esther. Esther 2: 17.
- 6. Terah. Genesis 11: 26.
- 7. Hezekiah. 2d Kings 1: 4.
- 8. E. H. 1 Samuel 4: 18.
- 9. Luke. Colossians 4: 14.
- 10. Miss Ethel. WALTER L. LANE.
- 11. Re-phaim. 1 Chron. 14: 9. (Not 16, as in Enigma.)
- 12. E-dar. Gen. 35: 21.
- 13. V-ashu. Esther 1: 12.
- 14. J-avelin. 1 Sam. 18: 11.
- 15. M-ureshah. 2 Chron. 14: 9.
- 16. W-isc. 1 Kings 3: 12.
- 17. A-bignul. 2 Sam. 17: 25. (Wrong in Enigma.)
- 18. T-arushish. Jonah 1: 3.
- 19. T-ophet. Jer. 19: 14.
- 20. Rev. J. M. Watt. KATE COLLINS.
- 21. Porry, Ga., July 12, 1864.
- 22. Reehab. 2 Kings 10: 15.
- 23. West. Judges 7.
- 24. V-ineyard. Genesis 9: 20.
- 25. J-acob. Genesis 32: 24.
- 26. H-ezekiah. Isaiah 38: 6.
- 27. D-aniel. Daniel 9: 22.
- 28. E-phraim. Hosea 12: 1.
- 29. V-estures of fine linen. Gen. 41: 42.
- 30. O-ffered willingly. 1 Chron. 20: 6.
- 31. T-imothy. 1st Tim. 1: 3.
- 32. I-lanoe. Gen. 28: 1.
- 33. E-lisba. 1 Kings 10: 19.
- 34. Rev. J. H. DeVotie.

LETTERS.

Very many letters have been sent us by our young friends; but it was impossible for us to answer or to publish all of them. We thank them and hope they will continue to write for the Child's Index and to work for it.

LETTER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

I.—THE FIRST CHILD.

WHAT a beautiful creature! Often enough Adam and Eve had seen pretty little lambs, and all sorts of young animals; but what had they ever seen that was half as pretty as this? I expect Eve told Adam it was exactly like him. I reckon they would both gaze on it together, and call it all sorts of sweet little names. And very likely, as soon as it began to try to talk, and would speak its little broken pieces of words, they talked "baby-talk" to it. O what a sweet little thing it was! And to this day it is true that there isn't anything as sweet and pretty as a dear little baby. Don't you think so?

How they did love it! Then first awakened the holy mystery of parental love. Ah! children, you can't understand how much your father and mother love you. Just take it on trust, on other people's say-so, and try to love them more in return. I wish I had been more loving and more obedient to my parents.

After a while, this first child had a little baby brother. And no doubt Eve used to feel very happy as they grew bigger, and she would see the older one, he was named Cain, leading his little brother Abel about, and playing with him, and taking care of him. Suppose some dark spirit of evil had come to her one day, and said, "O woman, mother of a mighty and sinful race, the time is coming when that sweet, playful boy will kill his brother." She could not have believed it. She knew there was sin, dark and terrible sin in her nature, and that she and her husband and all their offspring must die; but she had doubtless seen plainly enough in Cain already, that he was disposed to do wrong, that he was passionate and revengeful, and self-willed; but that he should ever kill his own brother Abel—it could not be. Alas! she lived to see it so. She lived to wish that child of hers had never been born. Now, children, shall this ever happen with any of you? Your parents loved you just as dearly when you were babes, as Adam and Eve loved little Cain; for the love of parents doesn't wear out as the world grows older: it is like the sun, which shows this morning as freshly, newly bright, as when he first shone on Eden. Shall your parents live to see you guilty of some great crime, and wish their child had never been born?

Well, notice how Cain came to this. The beginning was, and the root of all the mischief, that he would not believe God. They were to offer sacrifices, God had said, and the main sacrifice must be of some living thing, whose blood they would shed; just as the great sacrifice consisted, long afterwards, in shedding the blood of the Lamb of God. But Cain didn't raise sheep, as Abel did, and Cain said he didn't see why the things he raised, grain and fruit and vegetables, would not do just as well for his sacrifice, as Abel's lambs for his.—Whether he understood it or not, he ought to have believed what God said, and to have done what God told him; but he would go his own way, and from this came all the ruin. If a person will not believe God, and love and obey him, there is no knowing what he may come to.

And because God showed that he was pleased with Abel for believing and obeying him, Cain got envious of his brother; and this envy grew into bitter hatred, and the hatred led to murder.—Bad feelings, if we keep them in our hearts, are sure to lead to bad actions. We may think there is no great harm in just keeping a wrong feeling away inside of us, where no one knows anything about it; but as sure as a seed that is hid under the ground will sprout and grow, and bear fruit, so sure will the bad feelings come out at last in wicked conduct. So when you have sinful feelings, try to get rid of them; pray that

God would send his Holy Spirit to take them away from your heart; and to help you to feel right, and then you will do right too.

Don't you think it was very foolish in Cain, as well as very wicked, when he had killed his brother, and God asked him about it, to try to deny it, and pretend that he did not know what had become of Abel? Why, he might have known he could not deceive God. He ought to have confessed it at once. Very true. And, dear young reader, remember that you cannot deceive God either. He knows all the wrong you do and say, and think and feel. When you have sinned, don't try to hide it in your heart, as if God did not know; but confess it to him, just as it was, and ask him for Christ's sake to please to forgive you. It is a terrible thing to sin against God; but "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us."

What a pity this is such a sad story, and about the first child that ever was born. I had much rather have told a pretty, bright story about Cain, if there had been one to tell. But it is sin that makes so many dreadful things happen, like Cain's murdering his brother, and we had better think about it, and try to keep from sin. The way of transgressors is hard, but religion's ways are ways of pleasantness. B.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

"Little Mary has been such a good girl," said aunt Lucy as she came into the room where Mrs. Ellis sat reading. She led a little girl by the hand.

"Has she? I am very glad," replied the mother, laying her book upon the table, and kissing Mary tenderly, while her face was lit up with smiles. "It makes me feel happy when my children are good."

"Mary is always a good girl when I take her out," said aunt Lucy. "I love to have her with me."

It was a beautiful afternoon in summer, the sun had nearly gone down, and the air was still and sweet with the odors from a thousand blossoms.

"Come, dear," said the mother, after Mary had laid off her bonnet. "Let us take a seat near the window, and look out upon the garden, and fields, and woods;" and she led the little girl out into the porch, and placed her upon her lap.

"The Lord will love me if I am good," said Mary, looking up at her mother, after they had taken a seat in the porch.

"Yes, my dear, the Lord loves us all very much when we do what is right. Why did aunt Lucy say you were good?"

"Because I did everything she wanted me to do, and never worried her at all. If she said 'don't go too near the water,' or 'don't step on the flower beds,' when we were in Mrs. Wilson's garden, or said anything else to me, I minded her."

"That was right; little girls and boys should always mind what is said to them; it makes both themselves and every one around them happier."

"And makes their mothers happier," said Mary.

"Yes, my dear, a great deal happier. If little children would only think of this, and try to be obedient, because it makes their mothers so much happier, what a good thing it would be! I know some mothers whose little boys and girls make them very unhappy; they do not mind what is said to them, and quarrel and dispute among themselves sadly. Instead of loving one another, and preferring one another, like good children, they seem to be jealous of each other, and try to make each other as uncomfortable as possible."

"If I am kind to dear little brother, it will make you feel happy?"

"O, yes, very happy."

"I will be kind to him, and as good as I can be, because it will make you happy," said Mary.

"Yes; and because it will make everybody else around you happy. And there is still another and a better reason, my dear, because the Lord, who gives you a mother, to love you wishes you to be good." "It would be wicked for me to do anything that the Lord doesn't wish me to do."

"Yes, Mary, very wicked." "He does not wish me to disobey my parents."

"No; it is sinful to disobey them."

"I will try never to disobey you, if I can help it. I am sorry that I have ever done so."

Little Mary then put her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her. After that Mrs. Ellis sat for a long time in the sweet summer evening, talking to her dear little girl about heaven, and all that was innocent and good. She was a happy mother, for she had a good child. My dear little children, it will be easy for you to make your mothers happy also. Will you not try? I am sure you will.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MASS MEETING.

Dear Bro. Boykin:

Please allow space to give your readers of "The Child's Index" a brief account of a Sunday school mass meeting, recently held in the Baptist church in this place. The Sunday school agent of this State—Rev. Wm. K. Hatcher—some months ago permitted to make our Sunday school a visit soon after he entered upon his labors. We had all looked forward to the occasion with great interest, and had kindly invited the other Sunday schools of the town to meet with us. On last Tuesday night the meeting came off, and we were all so much delighted that we wish all the world—and the rest of mankind—to know of our joy. At an early hour the children began to assemble, and the pleasant smiles which beamed from the large number of bright eyes and sweet faces present gave evidence that all expected a happy time. A large number of persons not connected with either of the Sunday schools represented attended to witness the exercises, which were opened by singing, accompanied with the sweet tones of the melodeon, the beautiful hymn,

"O, we love to come to our Sabbath home."

The 19th Psalm was then repeated by a portion of the scholars, in concert, in a most solemn and impressive manner, and again united in singing another hymn, after which an appropriate prayer was offered by the pastor of the Presbyterian church.

Still another hymn was sung, and then came the earnest, lively and soul-stirring address of our beloved agent. He began his remarks by alluding to the pleasure it afforded him to meet such a large assembly in his native county, and to address them on a subject of so much importance. His principal theme was, "The means best adapted to sustain Sabbath schools," and the deep interest which he manifested in the subject showed that his heart was in his work. Many persons regretted that he should close his remarks at the end of one hour, while some expressed the wish that his speech could have continued half the night.

The brief limits of an article like this will not permit the writer to give even an outline of this eminently practical address. Suffice it to say, that in our humble judgment the Sunday School Board has been fortunate in securing the services of such an efficient evangelist, and that we regard the Sunday school in our State, that does not secure from brother H. a visit, most unfortunate.

At the close of the address the children, with much spirit, sang the hymn commencing thus:

"The Sabbath school's a place of prayer."

No doubt each one who joined in singing that chorus, "I love to go to Sabbath school," &c., felt prouder than ever of being a Sabbath school scholar. A closing hymn was then sung, and all quietly returned to their respective homes.

"With joyful spirits glad and free."

J. A. DAVIS,

Pastor of Baptist Church.

Liberty, Bedford County, Va., May 5, 1864.

BEREAVEMENT.

The word bereavement is derived from two Latin words—bere and facio—meaning to do well, or to do good. There are a great many ways to do good, by helping the poor, and also by relieving the distressed and encouraging and laboring for our brave soldiers.

We should always do all the good that is in our power; if we have the means we should be willing to help others who are not so fortunate; if we have health we should be willing to do for those who are sick; if we have neither means nor health, we can certainly give kind words of encouragement, which often help the distressed more than gold or silver.

God tells us to love one another; yes, we are told to love everybody, and those we love we are always willing to assist.

Love opens the heart to deeds of charity. We should try each day of our lives to do some good. WILLIE A. SHORTER.

SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

LITTLE Georgie, a refugee from a polity where he had never seen hogs and pigs take possession of the streets, was so struck in his new home with the strange and dirty acquaintances that constantly saluted him with a "grunt," that with a feeling of disgust earnestly asked, "Don't you think, papa, that God must have been very angry when he made a hog?"

This same little Georgie, while hard at work on a reading lesson that he could not well master, suddenly jumped up and exclaimed, "O, Autty, I must study this hard, for I want men to respect me when I am grown a big man."

A little negro girl who was admiring the heavens, one night, which was particularly bright, with every star shining with brilliant splendor, in an ecstasy of delight exclaimed, "O do look and see all the angels' eyes; they are looking right down on me."

Beautiful thought, though expressed by one of Africa's children!

A dear little curly headed boy who was very fond of singing, "The Sabbath school's a place of prayer," but could not pronounce as well as he desired, changed the words to suit himself, and would lustily sing, "The Sunny school's a place of pray; I love to cut my teachers there."

I have a dear little black-eyed niece who often steals up quietly and throws her fat, white arms around my neck and imprints many kisses on my cheeks; then with a thoughtful expression, says, "Auntty, kisses ain't love—but obedience, if you love me, keep my commandments." This beautiful text she has heard from our pastor, who uses it, on every baptismal season. ANNETTE.

Little Willie's mother was telling him about God's being everywhere, and seeing all things, when he asked, "Mother, can God come in here?"

"Yes, Willie, He knows what you are thinking."

"Hush! Don't you hear Him coming now? He is coming. I hear Him talking."

I upon another occasion, when told that God made him of dust, he said:

"Don't God get His hands dirty?"

SHORT PRAYERS FOR CHILDREN.

When in trouble.

"Almighty God, my heavenly Father, I am a sinful child, and I deserve to be in trouble and distress. But, O Lord, forgive my sins for Christ's sake. Be pleased to deliver me out of this evil, for Christ's sake. Nevertheless, not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done. Hear me for Christ's sake. Amen.

Thanksgiving for favors.

O Lord, my heavenly Father: I am a sinful child, and I am not worthy to receive any good thing. I thank thee for this good which thou hast done to me. O forgive my sins, and make me more thankful and more holy, for Christ's sake. Amen.

THE CHRISTIAN INDEX,

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SAMUEL BOYKIN,

MACON, GEORGIA.

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