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LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

BY THE EDITOR.

ON the 22d of July, 1620, a party of men and women went on board a vessel at *Delft-Haven*, Holland. They had for some time been preparing for a long journey across the Atlantic ocean. The parting with their friends was a sad and mournful one. "Sighs, and sobs, and prayers did sound among them; tears did gush from every eye; and pithy speeches pierced each other's hearts, so that sundry Dutch strangers could not refrain from tears."

They went to England, where another vessel joined them, and both set sail. But the other vessel was found to be leaky, so both returned to Dartmouth that the leaky ship might be repaired. Once more they started, but the Captain of the smaller vessel, called the *Speerholt*, declared that his vessel was unfit to go on a voyage across the Atlantic. So they went back to Plymouth, from whence the other vessel, called the *Mayflower*, set sail on the 6th of September, with 100 emigrants on board.

These persons were seeking a home in the new world, far away from despotic power, where they might worship God in their own way. They had endured many persecutions for religion's sake, and they thought if they came to America, and built up a colony of their own, they could worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. They fled from religious tyranny.

In December they reached Massachusetts, and on the 11th of December, now called the 22d, they landed, and called the place *Plymouth*. With solemn prayer and thanksgiving they set foot on land, rejoiced that they had found an asylum, even in the wilderness, where they might exercise their God-given right of religious liberty.

We give a picture of the scene.

These persons were the *Pilgrim Fathers*, as they are called.

From them and from their companions descended the Yankee nation, which is now trying to deprive us not only of our religious liberty, but of every kind of liberty.

They have forgotten what their forefathers suffered for these very rights. They have forgotten that they owe their existence, and happiness, and prosperity, and national honor to that spirit which was determined, at every sacrifice, to be free to read the Bible and worship God as they choose. They have forgotten that for seven years their forefathers fought the British, that they might be free, and they are trying to conquer us and deprive us of liberty.

They refuse to let us have Bibles, prevent our getting them from Europe, and when they can they steal what we do bring. They drag our preachers from our pulpits, and send them to prison.

If our preachers do not offer up such prayers as these Yankee descendants of the Pilgrims like, they are stopped and banished or put in chains and sentenced to hard labor. They deprive us of our churches, and burn them or use them as stables or store-houses. They send preachers of their own to preach wherever they have taken and occupy our towns, and if they conquer us they will take away all our churches, stop the mouths of all our preachers by law, and not even let us pray in our families as we wish. In everything they make us do just as they please, and they will take from us all that we have.

Is not all this wonderful? But it is all owing to the great change that has come over them. They are blinded by fanaticism and infidelity. We ought to pray to God to change their minds again, so that they will come to their senses and let us alone. We ought to try to God to forgive them, for they know not what they do. May God soon enable us to drive their armies from our land, and establish us as a free and independent nation, at peace with all the world, and enjoying all our own rights and liberties.

*Despotic*.—I'llimited, without control.  
*Tyranny*.—Oppression, cruelty.

### DANIEL WEBSTER AS A SCHOOLBOY.

IT is narrated of him that when he first appeared at the academy of Mr. Abbott, his personal appearance in his ill-fitting, home-made, homespun garments, together with his shy, awkward manners, created much merriment among the boys, and many jokes were cracked at his expense. Young Daniel's sensitive nature could not brook this; and, after suffering from it two or three days, he went to the teacher and told him he must go home. The teacher inquired the cause, and Daniel made a clean breast of it. The former bade him not mind it, but keep quietly at his studies, and his turn would come by and by. He obeyed; and at the end of the week he was placed at the head of the class that had ridiculed him. After two months had passed in hard study, the teacher, at the close of the school one day, called him up, in presence of all the scholars, and told him he could not stay there any longer; to go and get his books and hat and leave. Poor Daniel's heart sunk down to his shoes. He had studied hard, bearing patiently the ridicule of his mates, and now to be turned off in disgrace, was more than he could stagger under. The teacher waited a moment to watch the astonishment of the school, and then added, "This is no place for you; go to the higher department." That was probably the proudest moment in Mr. Webster's life. He had triumphed over his companions, and that by outstripping them in their studies.

### WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

**Ralf.** Good morning, Cousin Laura! I have a word to say to you.

**Laura.** Only a word? It is yet half an hour to school time, and I can listen.

**Ralf.** I saw you yesterday speaking to that fellow Sterling—Frank Sterling.

**Laura.** Of course I spoke to Frank. What then? Is he too good to be spoken to?

**Ralf.** Far from it! You must give up his acquaintance.

**Laura.** Indeed, Cousin Ralf! I must give up his acquaintance! On what compulsion? must I?

**Ralf.** If you do not wish to be cut by all the boys of the academy, you must cut Frank.

**Laura.** Cut! What do you mean by cut?

**Ralf.** By cutting, I mean not recognizing individual. When a boy who knows you passes you without speaking or bowing, he cuts you.

**Laura.** I thank you for the explanation, and I am to understand that I must either give up the acquaintance of my friend Frank, or submit to the terrible mortification of being "cut" by Mr. Ralf Burton and his companions.

**Ralf.** Certainly. Frank is a boy of no spirit—in short, a coward.

**Laura.** How has he shown it?

**Ralf.** Why, a dozen boys have dared him to fight, and he refuses to do it.

**Laura.** And is your test of courage a willingness to fight? If so, a bulldog is the most courageous of gentlemen.

**Ralf.** I am serious, Laura; you must give him up. Why, the other day, Tom Harding put a chip on my hat, and dared Frank Sterling to knock it off. But Sterling folded his arms and walked off, while we all groaned and hissed.

**Laura.** You did? You groaned and hissed? O! Ralf, I did not believe you had so little of the true gentleman about you!

**Ralf.** What do you mean? Come, now, I do not like that.

**Laura.** Frank Sterling refused to degrade himself to the level of the brute, and engage in a rough-and-tumble fight, and so you joined in insulting him! Shame upon you, Cousin Ralf!

**Ralf.** O! it is easy to say "shame;" but, if a fellow of my own size dared me to fight him—

**Laura.** You would not have the courage to refuse. And why? Because you are afraid of being hissed. Now, Frank had the manhood to despise your hisses, and value his own self-respect far above the applause of boys silly enough to make fighting the test of courage.

**Ralf.** Cousin Laura, let me suppose a case: You are walking with Frank in a solitary place, when a ruffian comes up and tries to carry you off. Would you have a fighting boy, like Tom Harding, or a fellow like Frank, to stand by you in such a dilemma?

**Laura.** I should have all the more confidence in Frank's readiness to do his best to protect me, because of his refusal to fight without a cause. The truly brave are always the least quarrelsome. They are not in the habit of defying others to knock chips off their hats. They reserve themselves for the right occasions.

**Ralf.** Well, Cousin Laura, I have given you fair warning. So, if the fellows of our academy don't bow to you hereafter, you will know what it means. Good morning.

**Laura.** Good morning! Perhaps time will show which of us has taken the correct view of the matter.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

\* *Compulsion*.—A set of forcing or driving and compelling to do anything.  
† *Not Recognizing*.—Not appear to know.  
‡ *Dilemma*.—A predicament, bad fit, dangerous situation.

### JOYFULLY! JOYFULLY!

Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,  
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;  
Jesus, our Savior, in mercy says, come,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.

Teachers and scholars have passed on before,  
Waiting, they watch us, approaching the shore!

Singing to cheer us, while passing along,  
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to your home.

Death with its arrow may soon lay us low,  
Safe in our Savior, we fear not the blow!  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,  
Joyfully, joyfully, will we go home.

Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,  
Soon to the presence of God we shall go;  
Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,  
Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear.

Bright with the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be conquered, his scepter be gone,  
Then if to Jesus our hearts have been given,  
Joyfully, joyfully, rest we in heav'n.

Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,  
Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come;  
Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

### EVENING PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

Help me, Lord, while I try to pray,  
Forgive the sins I've done this day!  
May I an humble Christian be,  
And love, and serve, and worship Thee.

Teach me the truth always to speak,  
Thy love and mercy ever seek;  
My parents always to obey,  
And from Thy precepts never stray.

### THE YOUNG TOBACCO-CHEWER CURED.

ON board ship, one day, we were stowing away the hammocks,\* when one of the boys came with his hammock on his shoulder, and, as he passed, the first lieutenant perceived that he had a quid of tobacco in his mouth.

"What have you got there?" asked the lieutenant; "a gun-bolt?" Your cheek is much swollen." "No, sir," replied the boy; "there's nothing at all the matter." "O! there *must* be; perhaps it is a bad tooth. Open your mouth, and let me see."

Very reluctantly the boy opened his mouth, which contained a large roll of tobacco-leaf. "I see, I see," said the lieutenant; "poor fellow! how you must suffer! Your mouth wants overhauling, and your teeth cleaning."

"I wish," continued he, "we had a dentist on board; but, as we have not, I will operate as well as I can. Stand the armorer up here with his tools." When the armorer made his appearance with his big tongs, the boy was compelled to open his mouth, while the tobacco was extracted with this rough instrument.

"There now!" said the lieutenant, "I'm sure that you must feel better already; you never could have any appetite with such stuff in your mouth. Now, captain of the after-guard, bring a piece of old canvas and some sand, and clean his teeth nicely."

The captain of the after-guard came forward, and, grinning from ear to ear, put the boy's head between his knees, and scrubbed his teeth well with sand and canvas for two or three minutes.

"There, that will do," said the lieutenant. "Now, my little fellow, take some water and rinse out your mouth, and you will enjoy your breakfast. It was impossible for you to have eaten anything with your mouth in such a filthy state. When you are troubled in the same way again, come to me, and I will be your dentist." The lad was completely cured, by the ridicule of this occurrence, of the habit of tobacco-chewing.

\* *Hammock*.—Swinging-bed.  
† *Armorer*.—One who takes care of the arms.



COME AND WELCOME.

DUETT. 2d TENOR.

O come, children, come to the Saviour to-day! Come, for all things are ready, O haste ye away!

1st TENOR.

CHORUS.

CHORUS—Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, Come and wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, wel - come.

wel - come, Come and wel - come to Je - sus, our long - er de - lay.

He invites you to come, to his words now attend: He calls you in love—He's the children's best Friend. Come and welcome, come and welcome, Come and welcome, welcome, welcome, Come and welcome to Jesus, the children's kind Friend.

He died that the souls of the children might live! He lives now in glory their prayers to receive: Come and welcome, come and welcome, Come and welcome, welcome, welcome, Come and welcome to Jesus, re - pent! and believe!

The Spirit says "Come!" his gentle voice hear! To-day pray for pardon, while Jesus is near: Come and welcome, come and welcome, Come and welcome, welcome, welcome, Come and welcome to Jesus, while he is so near.

**AFFLICTION.**  
Affliction is a blessing from heaven, for if we never have it our hearts would never be purified. We sometimes murmur because we have sickness; it is all for our good, and we should be glad rather than sorry when we think of the benefit we derive from it. We know that our Heavenly Father does everything right, and that it is his desire that we should be good children, and dwell with Him above, where all the holy angels are and our blessed Saviour reigns.  
I often wonder at the wickedness of the world. How can we be so ungrateful to our Heavenly Parent for all His numberless blessings and grateful forbearance towards us in many faults? Therefore we should try to submit to afflictions, however severe, humbly believing that they are mercifully sent by One who does it for our eternal welfare. N. M. S.

**MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.**  
No. 31.

It is night; but in the clear, full moonlight, the ruined walls of a city are distinctly seen. A horseman, followed by a few attendants on foot, issues from one of the gates, and descending into the valley, rides slowly on. He pauses beside a fountain, which vividly reflects the brilliant light of the stars, and he looks upon the scene, which he contemplates with profound and melancholy interest.  
After some time he returns, and following the course of stream which, gleaming like a thread of silver, winds its way into the valley, he re-enters the city by the same gate. [See Nohemiah.]

**SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.**

- 31.
- Who chose the best of all gifts from God? 1st Kings 3.
  - Who died to save sinners? Math. 27.
  - Who was the mother of Joseph? Gen. 29.
  - What did Nebuchadnezzar command the people to worship? Dan. 3.
  - Who restored the young man to life? Acts 20.
  - What did God direct Moses to build for him? Exodus 25.
  - Who was the father of Moremoth? Ex. 8.
  - Who was the son of the wisest man? 2d Chron. 9.
  - What book in the Bible has neither the word Lord nor God in it?
  - What does the initials to the answers to the above questions spell?

**ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.**

- 29.
- Jonathan. 1 Sam. 18: 1.
  - Enoch. Gen. 5: 11.
  - Fruit. Nehemiah 10: 35.
  - Frogs. Exodus 8: 6.
  - Egypt. Exodus 12: 30.
  - Rama. Math. 2: 18.
  - Scamacheria. Isaiah 36: 1.
  - Ornan. 1st Chron. 21: 20.
  - Naphthali. 1st Chron. 7: 13.
  - Dura. Daniel 3: 1.
  - Aaron. Leviticus 10: 1.
  - Yashui. 1st Chron. 6: 28.
  - Israel. Hosea 10: 1.
  - Simon. Acts 8: 9.

JEREMY DAVIS.  
ANNIE O'HANLON,  
Macon, Ga.

30.

- Felix. Act. 24: 25.
  - Humility. Prov. 15: 33.
  - Ismaelites. Gen. 37: 28.
  - Yashui. Esther 1: 19.
  - Yearly. Judges 11: 40.
- F. H. Ivy.

**ANSWER TO PUZZLE IN AUG. NO.**

- 1st, Horod. 6th, David,
  - 2d, Mary. 7th, God.
  - 3d, Andrew. 8th, Lydia.
  - 4th, Eve. 9th, Eli.
  - 5th, Moon. 10th, Eglon.
- Rev. Henry William Dodge.

**ENIGMAS.**

Various enigmas have been received by us—far too many to publish. Those we think worthy we will keep, and publish when convenient. In the mean time, we invite our friends to continue sending them; but they must be written out in full, with the answer also written out in full.

**ANSWERS RECEIVED.**

From Sallie Copeland, Annie E. M. Walker, Mollie George, W. S. Ryland, Milly Rutherford and Capers King, Minnie Faison, Phebe Turner, Virginia Amy Womble, Florence.

**FROM THE LITTLE ONES.**

STARKVILLE, Ga., July 3, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I HAVE read a great deal in your little Index, and I am very much pleased with it. I like to read the pretty pieces of poetry and the letters in them. We have a very good Sabbath School, and I love to go. I wish we could get the Index every Sabbath. We are learning to sing and to read in the Bible and Question Book. Mr. Charles M. Irwin is our pastor, and we all love him very much. Mrs. Irwin and Miss Belle are two of our teachers. I hope we will have an Evergreen Sabbath School.  
My mother died the first day of last May, and I am now both fatherless and motherless. I am eleven years old—have no own sisters or brothers—have one little half sister and three step-sisters. My step-father is in the army. He is in Virginia, belongs to Gen. Longstreet's corps. My dear mother was a Christiana. She was a member of the Baptist Church of this place. I feel sorry for little Jesse Hartwell, and am glad he has another little sister. I am going to take up a collection for them, and I will send it to you to send to them.  
Your little friend,

DORA WATSON.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., July 22, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

As I have never seen anything in your most interesting and much loved paper about our Sabbath School, and thinking perhaps it would be of some interest. I have taken the responsibility of representing it, although I feel incapable of doing it justice. We have now a very flourishing school, consisting of nearly 100 pupils. Our beloved superintendent and pastor does all in their power to make it interesting and instructive to even the smallest. We have two Bible classes—one composed of young men, the other of ladies, all of whom belong to the church, with the exception of one.

Last Sabbath we were visited by that great and good man, Dr. Broadus. In the morning, he preached to a large and attentive congregation; after which the ordination of deacons took place.

In the afternoon he delivered an address to Sabbath Schools, which was very interesting. We only regret that our church was not large enough to accommodate all who came. The exercises were enlivened by little hymns sung by the children.

All seemed delighted, and went home, I trust, feeling in their own hearts that they had indeed spent a pleasant and profitable day. I have tried to give you some faint idea of our beloved Sabbath School; and allow me, in conclusion, to thank you in behalf of our school for your untiring efforts to please and instruct us in the way of life, and may your life be spared long to

continue this good work, so that you may have many stars in your crown of rejoicing at the resurrection morn, is the sincere wish and prayer of your true friend,

MOLLIE G.

LOUISA COUNTY, VA.,  
July 21, 1864.

Rev. Mr. Boykin:

As you take a great deal of interest in Sabbath Schools, I have concluded to write you, and tell you about ours. Mrs. Chewing is our superintendent, and carries the school on at her house. She made up the school herself. We have from thirty to forty members, and we all love her very much. I think she deserves a good deal of credit.

The Federal cavalry made a dash in this neighborhood, and a fight took place, and some of our scholars had to refuge, and have not come back yet, but I reckon everything will soon settle down, and I hope our school will soon be full again. You wrote about Willie Hutchinson's reading of the Bible through before he (or she) was twelve years old. In one year, and asked which other one of your young readers could say as much. I can. I read it through in eight months when I was nine years old, and have read it through three times since. We keep up our school all winter, and if you could see the children's faces brighten when your paper is distributed, you would feel justly compensated for the trouble of writing it. I make out all the enigmas in it, and think it a very beneficial as well as pleasant task.

With many thanks for your efforts to please us, and good wishes for your future success, I remain your true friend,

HENRIE.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

A Sabbath School was organized at Harmony Grove Church this spring, through the exertions of Rev. C. B. Justice, missionary in McDowell county; forty-one in number were present last Sabbath. There is promise of much good being done if it continues, as we expect, till winter. This is the first Sunday School ever at Harmony Grove. A majority of the people here are Free-Baptists. We have much opposition to contend with. Many of our members have been Methodists. Could you send a few extra copies enclosed with the above club to Noho, N. C. I will get more subscribers to the Child's Index; its worth is incalculable. Every young person ought to read it. I read both your Indexes.

Yours, truly,

F. E. G.

LIBERTY, VA., July 18, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I have been thinking of writing you a letter ever since I have been taking your paper. I like to read the children's letters and all the other pieces. I went to Sunday School every Sunday at Liberty, until the

Yankees came through here; they stole my pony; he was a very little horse. I call him Dogberry. The Yankees treated us very badly.

Mr. Davis, our preacher, takes a great interest in the Sunday School. He preaches twice a month. We are always glad when it is his day; he leaves us a great many pretty songs. I send you some money for little Jesse.

Please excuse this letter. I am very little, and never went to school. I say my lessons to my mother.

Yours, truly,

WILLIE PUGH.

SHELBY, N. C., April 23, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I have had the pleasure of reading your "Index" from January last, and I am much pleased and edified with the matter it contains, especially am I pleased with the good moral principles inculcated in the little stories, so well adapted to the minds of children.

We have a Sunday School in our village at the Baptist Church, under the supervision of Rev. S. R. Gaines, who is also our pastor. The school has so far continued to be one of the "Evergreen" order.  
Oh! how glad would I be if this cruel war was over, so that my dear brothers might be permitted to return home, and fill their places in the Bible class.

I hope all good persons will not neglect offering up prayers in behalf of the dear soldiers on the battle field fighting for our rights.

I will try to write again when I have something good to communicate.

Enclosed you will find fifty cents for little Jesse.

Farewell! Mr. Boykin.

LIZZIE LOGAN.

ALLENDALE, S. C., July 13, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

My sister takes your little paper. I am much pleased with it. I like the story of Charlie Benton very much. I like the story from Tip's grandmother also. I think she must be a very nice old lady. Please ask her to write some more pretty stories. Tip must be a funny little fellow. We have a very interesting Sabbath School, and I am glad to say it is an Evergreen Sabbath School. We have about thirty-five scholars. I am sorry for the little boy who said his house was burnt down. I can sympathize with him, for I know what a large fire is. Our house was burnt down one of the coldest mornings of last January. Little Telio Willingham, who was spoken of so much in the Child's Index, was my dear little cousin. I have four brothers and two sisters—one is a pretty little curly headed girl, named Annie.

Please excuse my letter, as I am only ten years of age.

Your young friend,

ELLIOTT ESTES.

VERSE FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

THE ORPHAN CHILDREN.

BY LILLIE C. S.

"Once on a time, as tales begin, Two orphan children, pale and thin, Scarcely parted with the robe they wore, Hooded shiveringly by tavern door, Their tiny hands, with eager grasp, Held each the other's in its clasp, As if some strengthening message sped Through those clasped hands, from heart and hand and head, In haste, borne o'er affection's wire, To reach each other's hope expire, December's blasts, all cold and bleak, Swept by them with a wintry shriek, And to their orphaned hearts seemed glad To find them there so poor and sad.

"I wonder, sister," spoke the boy, "If in your world of love and joy, Where myriad angels, pure and bright, Are feasting ever with delight— I wonder if it may not be, God has forgotten you and me? I've thought all day, as aids by side We've passed the halls of wealth and pride, And eagerly, and with a trait, Looked up each street and down each lane— I've thought all day, though mother said, 'Raise up a hand to give them bread,' Perhaps God is so glad she's come To live forever in His home, He has forgotten what she said About her orphan and her bread; And so the hand has not yet come To bring us 'e'en the tiniest crumb. But if we keep just where we are, And both look up to yonder star, Perhaps He'll look through heaven's bright floor, And see us by the tavern door. And then the prayer her lips had said Will be remembered, and the bread He may, perchance, himself convey. For surely He must know the way, So, sister, let us wipe our eyes, And fix them on the starry skies; Perchance it may be ours to see Him bring the bread to you and me!"

"Ah! brother, dear, the child replied, "God heard our mother ere she died; And I believe He made the bread, Soon as the feeble prayer was said; And somewhere, ether in the skies, Or on some shelf of earth, it lies; And I think now our feet stands Ready to bear it in his hands. But God keeps back the nice white loaf, Till we shall want it bad enough To ask Him, as our mother said, To give our souls and bodies bread. And though He seems so far away, I'm sure He'll hear the words we say: And then, if our feet stands ready, He'll send us bread this very night. So let us tell Him, brother, now, While by the tavern door we bow; How hungry we have been all day, And ask Him please to bear us pray."

The children bowed their shivering forms— A tiny pair to brave life's storm; And, clasping hands, they whispered low, "Our mother's God some bread bestow; We're very hungry, Lord, indeed, But Thou canst well supply our need: We've heard Thy house is full of bread, And that in heaven Thy table's spread; And we believe, and so we pray, And in Thy storehouse has been laid, And there awaits till we shall pray— Lord, now we try—hear what we say."

With voices hushed, but lifted eyes Still fixed upon the starry skies, The children waited calm and still Till heaven their wishes should fulfill. Close by the door a stranger good, In wonderful surprise there stood, And, with a light and careful tread, Went and procured a loaf of bread; And hastening softly o'er the floor, He laid it by the opened door. He waited—but the lifted eyes Still gazed into the spangled skies; Tears from his own began to flow, And in a voice so soft and low, The startled children thought they heard The still night air by music stirred. The stranger said: "The God above Has heard your prayer, and, in much love, Has doubtless sent me here with bread, And bids me see you clothed and fed. Henceforth, dear orphan children, come, And share my blessings and my home. I have abundance, and to spare, I ask you both to come and share."

Into his arms the children rushed, While from their eyes in torrents gushed, Such grateful drops as only flow When heaven sends joy to banished woe. When quick again they turned their eyes Up to the glistening, spangled skies, And from their hanging lips came words The world's their trembling lips scarce spoke, "We thank Thee, Lord, that thou didst send To such as we this loving friend; Our prayers in faithfulness we said, But here's our answer—here's the bread; We thank Thee, Lord, that thou didst prepare, We thank Thee, Lord, for faith in prayer."

Ask and ye shall receive.



THE SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

IN 1775, about seventy-four years ago, the spirit of liberty which burned so brightly in the bosom of the American people, began to blaze up all over the land. As colonies of Great Britain, the different States of North America owed allegiance to England. But the King of England, by a long series of unjust and tyrannical acts oppressed and affronted the Americans that they determined to throw off the English yoke, and be an independent people. English soldiers were in all the principal towns, and English Governors governed the people, and so many outrages were committed against the inhabitants, and so many of their rights were trampled upon, and so many indignities and burdens were heaped upon them, that they could not stand it.

Their great men and great orators began to address the people and arouse them to resist the English and strike for freedom. The spirit of rebellion grew, and spread all over the land. Preparations for war were made, for it was determined never to submit to the unjust exactions and brutal tyranny of the English King.

Even the boys caught this spirit. In Boston, the boys were in the habit of skating upon a pond and of building houses of snow for their amusement. But the British soldiers would, in a spirit of mischief and meanness, break the ice and tear down these snow-houses, so as to stop the sport of the boys. This aroused the little fellows, and they complained to the officers, but the officers disregarded these complaints. At length the soldiers got so outrageous in their cruel interruptions of the sport of the young people that they determined to stand it no longer. So some of the largest of them were ap-

pointed to go and see General Gage, the Governor of Massachusetts, and demand satisfaction. They went in a body to see him. He received them kindly, and heard what they had to say, and then replied: "What! Have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you here to exhibit it?"

"Nobody sent us," answered the boy-leader, while his eyes flashed with fire of pride and resentment. "We have never injured your troops, but they have trampled down our snow-hills and broken the ice of our skating-pond. We complained and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves if we could. We told the Captain and he laughed at us. Yesterday our works were destroyed for the third time, and we will bear it no longer!" The British General was struck with admiration, and exclaimed: "The very children here draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe."

"Go," said he, "my brave boys, and be assured if my troops trouble you again they shall be punished."

It is a picture of this interview that we give above. By it we wish to animate our Southern boys to resist the aggressions of the soldiers of the descendants of those very Yankee boys, who could see so easily when they were imposed upon, but who can't see when they would deprive us of our rights and liberties. Yes, children, the boys in the above picture are the great grandfathers of the very men who are trying to kill us. Are you not willing to stand up for your rights as much as they were?

- \* Allegiance.—Duty as subjects. † Tyrannical.—Cruel, despotic. ‡ Exactions.—Demands, tributes. § Intemperance.—Mistake. ¶ Aggressions.—Acts of injury.

CHRIST'S GOLDEN RULE.

WHO knows the Golden Rule? You all know it, I hope. You may repeat it: "Whosoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

Our Lord Jesus Christ. Then we may be sure it is a right rule—Have you all got the rule? Have you all got it by heart?

Now, children, what is a rule made for? To make things right by. That is what Christ gave us the Golden Rule for. You have it in your heart, just as the young carpenter had his foot-rule in his pocket. But I am afraid that a great many of you are so foolish that you don't use your Golden Rule: When some playmate, whom perhaps you do not like very well, asks you to do him a favor, and you say, "No, I won't; you won't do anything to chide me, and I won't oblige you," that's not going by the rule. Stop, little boy, little girl, take out your rule; here is something to measure—What does the rule say? "Do as you would be done by." Go by the rule. That's what the rule is for. When some boy strikes you, or calls you names, and you clench your hand to strike him in return—stop. Where is your rule? You would be more foolish than the carpenter's apprentice, if you were to strike back, while all the time you had Christ's Golden Rule in your mind, which tells you to do as you would be done by.

Remember that Christ's Golden Rule is given to you to measure things by. That rule is always right. If you see a man, or a child doing something that is contrary to that rule, you may be sure they are doing wrong. And remember how foolish and how wrong it is for us, who have the rule, to forget all about it, and to disobey it. Let us sit try to make a good use of Christ's Golden Rule.

CHRIST THE DOOR.

MAMMA," said little Charles to his mother, after she had, one Sunday evening, been reading to him the tenth chapter of St. John, "I do not understand a part of what you have been reading."

"What is it, my child, you do not understand?" "It is, mamma, where Jesus says, 'I am the door. How could Jesus be a door? He was a man when he spoke these words, mamma, was he not?'"

"Listen, my son, and I will try and explain it to you, so that you may understand it. A great part of the Bible is written in figurative language—that is, it likens the truth it teaches, to some other well known thing. Thus in the first Psalm, the ungodly people are likened to the chaff which the wind driveth away, because chaff is of no value. And in the 13th chapter of St. Luke, 32d verse, Jesus calls King Herod a fox, because he was in nature like that animal. And, in many places, Jesus speaks of himself in this kind of language, as in the chapter I have now read, where he calls himself the Good Shepherd. Now, my child, you know Jesus was not a Shepherd, but a carpenter, and therefore, he did not mean here that he took care of sheep, but that he was like a good one, because he takes care of those who love and serve him. Pray to God that you may be one of his lambs, my boy."

"So, in like manner he calls himself a door."

"But how is he a door, mamma?" "In this manner, my child: he is the door to heaven. You wish to go there, do you not?" "Yes, mamma."

"Then you can only go through him. The same as to get into this room, you must come in through the door. Some people think they can go into heaven without Jesus, by

doing good works and living good lives. But they are wrong; this is not sufficient; you must love Jesus, and believe in him. And have you not cause, my boy, to love him?—Did he not leave his bright home above, where he was worshipped as a great King, and come down and be born as a little babe and live a life full of sorrow, and, at last, be put to a cruel death that we might be made fit to live with him forever in heaven? For you know, Charles, we very often sin against our good and kind God; and he is a just God, and does not like sin; therefore, we ought justly to be punished; but Jesus has borne our punishment for us and made us fit for heaven. This is how he is the door."

"How must I enter this door, mamma?" "If you believe from your heart that he set out all his sufferings for you, you will love him; and if you love him, you will try to do as he tells you. This is how you may enter."

NATURAL HISTORY—NO. 2.

THE Ape bears a striking resemblance to the human figure; he walks erect; he has no tail; and he can imitate the actions of man with much dexterity. Apes, including baboons and monkeys, form a large tribe of animals. The Large Ape, or Orang-outang, is called the Wild Man of the Woods. It bears the great est likeness to our kind of all others. Its face is almost human, but its eyes are sunk deep in the head. The body is lightly covered with hair, and it walks on its hind feet.

It seeks under shady trees, forms a hut to shelter itself from the heat and rain, and feeds wholly on fruits. When the negroes make fires in the vicinity, it approaches them to warm itself. Whenever it meets any person alone, and unarmed, it seldom shows him any mercy.

It even attacks the elephant with clubs!—and is the only creature, except man, that makes use of arms not its own. It is at once cunning, strong, and cruel.

Buffon speaks of one which was brought to Europe that showed great powers of imitation. It would sit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make use of the spoon and fork, pour out its drink into a glass, take a cup and saucer, and place them on the table, put in sugar, pour out tea, and leave it to cool before drinking—and all this often without being required.

The Baboon is another division of the Ape kind, but it more nearly resembles the brute than man. It has a tail, sharp claws, prominent face, and mostly walks on four feet, tho' capable of walking on two. This kind is naturally mischievous, fierce, and vindictive, though it may be trained to habits of mildness and obedience.

The Monkey is of the Ape kind, and differs from the former in the length of its tail.—There are many species of monkeys. The Green Monkey is about the size of a cat. It is elegant in its form, agile, and inoffensive. It inhabits various parts of Africa. On the banks of the Amazon river is a species very beautiful and elegant, called the Fair Monkey, whose head and ears are of a lively vermilion color, and the hair of the body whiter than any human.

- \* Dexterity, experience, skill with the hand. † Pronounced o-rang-oo-tang. ‡ Vicinity, neighborhood. § Prominent, sticking out, thin neck forth. ¶ Indictive, given to reprove, revengeful. ‡ Agile, nimble, active.

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