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CAIRO, EGYPT.

BY THE EDITOR.

Let the children take a map and look for Africa. In the North Eastern part of Africa, near the Eastern end of Mediterranean Sea, they will find the country of Egypt.

The history of Egypt shows that at least 4,000 years ago its inhabitants were highly civilized. It had its king, its government, its police, its manufactures and its glowing religious rites. They had ships for commerce, knew a great deal about Astronomy, Mechanics, Mathematics, Music, Chemistry, Anatomy, Medicine, Manufactures and Agriculture. They were, on account of their religion, a gloomy people, disliking songs, dances and sports; but they possessed a great degree of industry, good temper and politeness. The Egyptian was very temperate, never drinking wine, but only beer; and public virtue was preserved by a spirit of industry which kept even criminals employed. Justice was administered in a strict and speedy manner. If a man told a lie, his tongue was cut out; if he committed forgery his hand was cut off; and if a man killed another or committed perjury—that is, if he swore falsely—he was put to death.

The king lived in great magnificence;

THE CHILD IS DEAD.

It is hard to believe it: that we shall no more hear the glad voice, nor meet the merry laugh that burst so often from its glad heart.

Child as it was, it was a pleasant child, and to the partial parents there are traits of loveliness that no other eye may see. It was a wise ordering of Providence that we should love our own children as no one else loves them, and we love the children of none besides. And ours was a lovely child.

But the child is dead. You may put away its playthings. Put them where they will be safe. I would not like to have them broken or lost; and you need not lead them to other children when they come to see us. It would pain me to see them in other hands, much as I love to see children happy with their toys.

Her clothes you may lay aside; I shall often look them over, and each of the colors that she wore will remind me of her as she looked when she was here. I shall weep often when I think of her; but there is a luxury* in thinking of the one that is gone, which I would not part with for the world. I think of my child now, a child always, though an angel among angels.

The child is dead. The eye has lost its luster! The hand is still and cold. Its little heart is not beating to me. How pale it looks! Yet the very form is dear to me. Every lock of its hair, every feature of its

and the power of the earliest kings, called Pharaohs, was unlimited: he could take the lowest slave and raise him to the highest office in the kingdom next to himself.—This, our young readers may recollect, was done in the case of Joseph. And yet the will of the king was subject to the power of the priests, who made regulations for even the private life of the king.

They worshipped the Sun and Moon and the river Nile, and even animals, and performed a great many superstitious pagan rites.

It was in this country that the Israelites were kept in captivity four hundred years, and were delivered by the hand of God, through the instrumentality of Moses. Our young readers have learned from the Bible that when Joseph was ruler over Egypt he sent for his father and all the family. But after a long time, when Jacob and Joseph and Pharaoh had been long dead, the Egyptians oppressed the Israelites and made them slaves; and so they remained four hundred years, till God delivered them with many wonders and marvellous miracles.

Alexander the Great conquered the country 332 years before Christ was born, about which time Egypt was at the height of its glory, being ruled over by great and learned kings. Thirty years before Christ was born, or 1804 years ago, the Romans conquered Egypt, in whose power it remained

face, is a treasure that I shall prize the more as the months of my sorrow come and go.

Lay the little one in her coffin. She was never in so cold and hard a bed; but she will feel it not. She would not know it if she had been laid in her cradle, or in her mother's arms. Throw a flower or two by her side: like them she withered.

Carry her out to the grave. Gently. It is a hard road thin to the grave. Every jar seems to disturb the infant sleeper. Here we are at the brink of the sepulcher. Oh, how damp, and dark, and cold! But the dead do not feel it. There is no pain, no fear, no weeping there. Sleep on now, and take your rest!

Fill it up! Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Every clod seems to fall on my heart. Every muffled sound from the grave is saying, Gone, gone, gone! It is full now. Lay the turf gently over the dear child. Plant a myrtle among the sods, and let the little one sleep among the trees and flowers. Our child is not there. Her dust, precious dust, indeed, is there, but our child is in heaven. She is not there: she is risen.

I shall think of the form that is mouldering here among the dead; and it will be a mournful comfort to come, at times, and think of the child that was once the light of our house; and the idol—ah! that I must own the secret of this sorrow—the idol of my heart.

*Luxury—that which causes delight to the senses.

for 670 years. During this time the Christian religion gained a footing in the country, and was accompanied by great enthusiasm. After this it declined gradually into barbarism and weakness, was repeatedly conquered, and about 850 years ago became what it is now, a province of Turkey, governed by a Pasha.

The greatest object of Egypt is the river Nile, which overflows every year and waters the whole country, and makes it rich. Near the mouth of the Nile is Cairo, the capital, a picture of which we give. Cairo is a large city of 200,000 inhabitants and ten miles in circumference. It has many public baths, mosques, (or churches) and enjoys an immense commerce, as it is the centre of communication between Europe, the Mediterranean Sea, Asia and the North of Africa. It is a splendid city, though the streets are irregular and unpared. Its people are composed of Mahomedans or Arabs, Mamelukes, Greeks, Syrians, Armenians, Jews; and the Pasha, or Governor, lives there in a castle. They are nearly all Mahomedans in religion—believe in God but think that Mahomet was his prophet, and call christians "dogs." But the time will come when they and every other people shall bow the knee to Christ and confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE.

NO. II.—THE BEAUTIFUL BABY.

SHIPRAH, bring me the babe, and let me see it. Ah! those cruel soldiers, they will soon come round, and want to kill it! "Yes, and a pity and a shame it is, Jochebed. It's mean and wicked enough to kill any baby, but such a fine, hearty, healthy-looking, handsome little fellow as this—just to think of their throwing him in the river to the crocodiles!"

"Ah! my sweet child, handsome indeed thou art. What a man he would make! I see him now, tall and stately, with that broad forehead and shining black eye, fit to be a leader among men; and I could stand and gaze on him, so pleased and proud, on my grand-looking, manly son. Come here, Mary, look what a beautiful little baby-brother you have. Oh! can I give him up? Maybe I might hide him. It's a fearful risk; for they'll kill us all if they find it out.—But such a beautiful child—I can't let them take him away. Shiprah, I know you'll never tell any of them about it; and little Mary won't tell anybody either, will you, darling?"

So the days and weeks went on; and when Mary would look out of the door, and say that she saw a soldier passing near, the mother's heart would beat, for fear her babe would cry just then. At last, one day her husband said to her, with a grave, sad face, "Jochebed, my wife, I am satisfied we cannot keep the baby. Several times already, in the course of these three months, we have come very near being found out. And now his crying is so loud and strong, dear little fellow, that they'll be sure to hear it. For the sake of our other children, my poor, dear wife, we'll have to give him up."

With a heavy heart the mother agreed that it was so. But she thought she would not let some rude soldier take her babe to the river, and just throw it in, like downing a kitten; she would carry it there herself. So she made a basket, by plaiting strips of the papyrus or paper-plait, like we plait palm-tees—a long, four-square basket, that would be a nice little sleeping place for a baby, and with a pretty top of open-work

that would let in the air. Then she covered the bottom and sides, inside and out, with some sticky substance, that filled all the little holes, and would keep the water out. And she put something soft in the basket, maybe a part of a sheep-skin, just cut to fit it, and laid on it a fine linen sheet, and a pretty little pillow. And now, one morning she put him in the basket, dressed in his prettiest baby clothes, for it was like dressing a babe for its burial—and early, while for were as yet abroad, and moving swiftly along, followed by Mary, she bears it to the river, and puts the little basket in the water, among the coarse grass and rushes that grew near the bank. It floats like a little boat, as she knew it would. And the mother raises the top, and turns down the waru covering she had tucked over her babe, for one last look at his sweet face.—How beautiful he looks in the gray light of dawn, lying so snugly in his little boat-basket, as it floats by the edge of the mighty stream! And the mother was tempted to snatch him up and run back to her home, and keep him at all hazards. But no, what her husband had said was too true. She could see her child no more. Gently, for she would not wake him, she pressed on his little lips a mother's farewell kiss. Yet sad and crushed as her heart was, she felt glad she had brought him here herself. Better this than the rude soldier. Soon the stream would bear the little basket away, or the crocodile would come up to the bank, and seize and overturn it—or maybe, there among the rushes, or afterwards floating down the stream, some one might find it; and if they would only look once at the beautiful face, maybe they would want to save its life. So the mother bade Mary stand a long way off, and watch to see what would happen to the babe, and she herself went back to her now desolate home.

Before long the anxious sister saw several ladies coming from the palace that was not far away, and walking to the river for a morning bath. Her little heart fluttered as she saw them come near where her baby-brother was; and presently one of them went and got the basket, and they all crowded around to see what was in it, while Mary went quickly towards the spot. Not gently, like the mother had done, but with eager curiosity they opened it and drew down the covering, and so the babe waked and cried, and little Mary heard again the cries that had so often made her hot tremble at home.—Then she came nearer, and found it was the king's daughter and her maidens, and they were all praising the child, and saying, "How beautiful it is!" And she heard the princess say something which showed that she knew why the child had been put there, and she was sorry for it, and would like to save its life, it was such a sweet looking babe;—she knew the soldiers would want to kill it, but she could save it, and would, if she could only find a nurse for it. And then Mary, who was a smart, shrewd little girl, came up in a very polite way, and said she thought she could find the princess a nurse for the babe, if that was what she wanted. The princess told her to do so, and when! how fast little Mary did run to tell her mother. And the mother came quickly, before the princess was ready to leave the river, after her bath, and she told her to take this child and nurse it for her, and she would pay her well. And when she had carried it back to her own home, when she felt the joy and gratitude that was in that mother's heart, as she pressed the babe to her bosom, and uplifting her beautiful eyes, thankful to God that He had so strangely preserved her beautiful baby.

"And when she saw him that he was a goodly child." Ex. 2: 5.

"And was exceeding fair." Acts 7: 20. Mary is the same name as Miriam. J. A. B.

Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long.

The Child's Index.

Macon, Georgia.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

LETTERS FROM TIP'S GRANDMOTHER.

No. 3.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:

Have you forgotten Tip and his old Grandmother? I hope not. We have not forgotten you, but every day, as I sit with my knitting, watching Tip at play, I think of the dear little folks who read Mr. Boykin's nice paper; and we talk of you all, and Tip wanders what sort of children you are, and if your Grandmother knits the time, and if your rabbit eat leaves like his do. "Grandma, (he can say Grandma now) did you tell them children that I had the measles? I bet none of them is done had 'em like me."

Yes, children, Tip has been sick; I must tell you about it; and this is the reason I could not write to you last month. I took him on the train to Macon, to visit a nice lady, his mother's aunt, who lives in a beautiful house in that city. She loves little Tip very much, and gave him pretty toys to play with, and good things to eat, and Tip was very happy there, and said he did not want to come home; and before a week or two I told him that I was going to see his dogs and rabbits, and so he laughed and declared he was ready to go that day. Well, we started, and Tip's good aunt fixed up a great basket of good things to eat on the way. It was a bright day, and Tip looked out of the window and saw the trees looking as if they were moving fast away, and the shadow on the ground of the smoke from the engine, and then he looked at the folks inside, and talked to a little girl on the next seat. By and by he grew very tired, and said: "Grandma, what I must do now?"

"Eat your dinner, Tip," I said. He was very glad, of course, and began untying the basket. While he was eating his dinner I noticed a boy who sat near us. He looked pale and thin, and quite young—perhaps not more than fifteen years old—but he wore the army uniform and had a gun. Poor little fellow, he looked so miserable and sick, and every moment he coughed so badly, and his face was red and broken out all over.

"Tip," I said, "got down and ask that poor sick boy if he will eat some of your dinner."

And Tip, who has a kind little heart, jumped down and said—

"Oh, Mr. Soldierman, my Grandma's got a heap of good dinner, and she says won't you eat some?"

The boy said "Yes, I will, for I have eaten no breakfast, and feel so sick and faint."

And little Tip came running back and carried the basket and gave the soldier as much as he could eat. Then he sat by him and talked a long time.

After we had been homo a week or two, one day Tip came in and sat down by me very still for a long time.

"Why don't you play, my dear?" I said. "Cause I don't want to, Grandma," he said, "my head is too hot."

I put my hand on his little white forehead and sure enough it was burning. Tip had a fever and was sick in bed for several days. He was broken out all over like the soldier we saw on the cars, and I knew he had the measles. Poor child, he would cough all night, and sometimes he would say—

"Oh, Jauma, these old measles hurt Tip so bad."

But the doctor gave him medicine and he got well, and now he is very proud of having been sick; and I heard him tell a boy in the street,

"You need not think you're such a big boy cause you can ride that stick horse so fast. You ain't had the measles like me."

He can run as much as he likes now. He hears so much talk of the raiders that he always plays "Yankees coming down the street to burn the depot." A gentleman last week gave him a pistol—a very small one—so little that it cannot shoot, so I am not afraid for him to have it. He was as happy as he could be; but he was so naughty yesterday that I had to take it away from him and keep it all day. This is how it happened: Tip has a great many chickens, and they lay dozens of eggs, so that he can have a nice hot omelette every morning for his breakfast; and he loves it as well as he does strawberries. Well, yesterday after Tip and I had sat down to breakfast, three soldiers

came in and ate with us. Tip was glad to see them and kept looking at them very hard with eating. By and by he said: "I must some omelette now, Jauma." "There is no more, my son," I said, "be a good boy and eat something else." But instead of obeying me he cried and said—

"I tell you I want more; I will have more now—it is my omelette."

I spoke to him and tried to quiet him, but no, he was determined to be ugly and cross, so that after the soldiers left, I made him sit in the parlor alone for an hour, and took away his pistol. This morning he is very sorry, and says—

"Jauma, here is your good boy come for a kiss. Jauma, is I going to cry at the table to-day?"

Little friends, are you ever like Tip and want to have your own way? I reckon you are, sometimes. Well, it looks very bad. Try to be polite and kind to everybody and you'll be much happier.

And now, my children, let me say one word to you. You hear, no doubt, from your parents that the Yankees are in our dear State. This causes your friends great anxiety and trouble. Now, when father and mother are full of cares and so unhappy, I hope the little ones will try to comfort them, and the way to do it is to be obedient, minding every word promptly and carefully; to be gentle with each other, kind and polite to every one, and at night kneel and pray the good God to send our cruel enemies back, and give us peace and happiness once more.

TIP'S GRANDMOTHER.

TO THEE LITTLE ONES.

R. A. WELLS.—Your pretty letter is received, with the answers correct.

M. A. C. GAINES.—The papers are sent.

We desire to commend to our young friends the example of two Sunday schools.

The first is that of the Greenville, S. C. From a letter published in this number it will be seen that it raised \$500 for the Hartwell children, the young American mission children away from in China. It is that school rated \$62.50 and in August \$75 for those little children, whose parents went from here to China to teach the gospel to the poor Chinese.

The other school is that of Monticello, Florida. It has sent us \$20 for little Jesse and his sister, and also \$20 to send the "Index" to the soldiers. It is a small school of not more than twenty scholars.

We hope these and all other Sunday schools will continue to take up their monthly collections for these poor little far distant children and their parents. Perhaps the Sunday schools of the Confederacy can support Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell and their two children. What do you say, children?

All you have to do is to give a little every month. And it all put together will make a large and sufficient sum.

GEORGIA F. S.—Your piece is not thrown under the table, but is on file for publication, waiting its turn. You have a good pastor.

CARRIE WILLINGHAM.—We are proud of your opinion of the Child's Index and thank you for your nice letter.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

CHILDREN, don't you love Sunday schools? Why our earliest recollections are of the Sunday school; and, ever since, it has always been a pleasant place to us. We almost learned to read in the Sunday school. And after that we attended until we went through all the grades of learner, teacher and superintendent. And now we have the pleasure of talking to and amusing and instructing hundreds of different Sunday schools.

We hope every little reader of the Child's Index will be, if they are not now, Sunday school scholars; for there they are obliged to learn a great deal that is good. And perhaps they will learn the way of salvation and become good christians, so that when they die they may go to heaven.

If you are Sunday school scholars we hope you are good ones, learning your lessons well, attending regularly, behaving properly and trying to reap all the advantage you can from such good opportunities. And we hope you will all try to make your school an evergreen school—that is, one that never dies out. How can you do this? By going every Sunday, rain or shine, winter and summer.

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

THE Baptist Sunday school Board has published a good many very appropriate books for Sunday school books. Among them is a PRIMER, Sunday school hymn books, Little lessons for little people, Catechism of Bible doctrine, Child's question book on the four gospels, and Sunday school questions on the four gospels—all good books, suitable for schools, and all to be had at reasonable prices by sending the money to Rev. J. A. Broadus, Greenville, S. C. If Testaments are wanted they can be had, too, very cheaply.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

AN EVERGREEN SCHOOL.

STAUNTON, VA., Sept. 6, 1864.

Dear Bro. Boykin:

HILLE seated in the Sunday school room of the Baptist church, (after sojourning among the churches eleven years as a colporteur,) having had the pleasure of making a little talk to the school, and looking over the Child's Index, just received, and reading about evergreen Sunday schools in different States, I cannot resist the disposition to tell you a little about this evergreen.

I am glad, not only to report this as an evergreen Sunday school, but that it is a large and flourishing one. Last Sabbath we had the pleasure of teaching the Infant class, which was large and interesting—thirty-four in number. It seemed worth the visit of an angel to interest and benefit so many precious immortals for whom Jesus died. But some one will say, Ah, it is no wonder that school prospers as it does when they have the man for their pastor who wrote that beautiful and important "Prize Essay" on Sabbath schools. Well, we grant that he is usually adapted to make them all we might hope for them to be. But we are gratified to have learned from our State paper (The Religious Herald) that that Prize Essay, entitled "Hints for originating and conducting Sunday schools," by Rev. G. B. Taylor, which has been read by so many, and been the means of quickening their zeal, can be obtained out of the Board at Greenville. And we would respectfully suggest that all who have not read it will send on to Rev. J. A. Broadus and get it for themselves, that they may be like the pastor of this Sunday school—workmen who need not be ashamed.

Having met with some who think of closing their school in the country because they have but few teachers, we would call their attention to the Infant class referred to—of thirty-four—and suggest that, if one teacher can manage and teach that number, when so young, how much easier for three or four teachers to divide that number, as the country schools will not average more than this Infant class.

We omitted to state that one hundred copies of the Child's Index are received monthly by this school, and doubtless read and highly appreciated. I am glad to have procured so many new subscribers for the Child's Index, in the past, and hope to send you even more in the future. And beg that every lover of souls will interest himself or herself to secure the visits of your most interesting and useful paper, through the Confederacy.

J. C. CLOFTON.

P. S.—Inclosed please find \$5 from some little girls far away, among the mountains of Virginia, who have heard of the Child's Index and want to see it.

HE FORGOT IT WAS SABBATH.

A little boy was amusing himself with his playthings on the Sabbath.

"Edward," said his mother, "do you not know it is the Sabbath?"

"O!" is it? said he, "I did not remember."

"That is the very command which God has given us," said his mother; "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Children often excuse themselves by saying, I did not think; I forgot; I did not remember. But they ought to think; they ought to remember.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

From Emmet Payne. To Riddle, from Medora P. Denny, Annie W. Zine, Mary Zine, Mollie Sue Haskins, Edward S. Welton, Jennie Lansell, Emma J. Gribben, Charlie J. Mitchell, Genie, Columbus, Ga., Clara, Grace St. Baptist church, Richmond, Loula Witchard, Effie Mol.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

GRACE ST. BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

RICHMOND, VA., Aug. 20, 1864.

Brother Boykin:

THE present you sent our school, by Bro. Jas. B. Taylor, Jr., arrived last Sunday, and our boys are wonderfully pleased at having your picture. I will not say what are the emotions of the girls, as you will doubtless soon receive communications from several of them, I prefer that they shall speak for themselves. In the presentation speech Bro. Taylor (very imprudently) told the school some things that you said about it, which I think excited our vanity considerably, and you may look out for such a shower of letters from us, soon, that you will not have time to read, much less to publish them. I would write you what Brother Taylor said about you, were I not afraid you would charge him with gross fatuity; and that he would not like.

We were pleased to hear of the success his labors in the South, in the Army colporteur cause, met with, and our school will "make a noise" for the object next Sunday, which I trust will be a large one.

Before closing, I will relate, in this connection, an incident which came to my knowledge a few days ago. An officer of one of our Government departments had a son badly wounded and taken prisoner during our last invasion of Maryland. Last week he showed me this son's Testament, through which the bullet had passed before entering his body. It was stained with blood from the wound, and by breaking the force of the ball, was doubtless the means of saving this soldier's life. Numbers of similar instances have occurred during the war, but I mention this as one of recent occurrence that has come to my own knowledge; and does it not appeal to all patriots as well as to christians, to aid the Army Colporteur Board in its efforts to disseminate the Gospel among our brave defenders?

Wishing you much prosperity and success in your laudable labors to interest and instruct the children in the way of life.

I am yours, very truly,

H. L. S.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

FROM AUNT FATTIE.

WELL, little girls, let me tell you what I heard once. There was once a lady that had a very nice little girl; and as she was a very good little girl too, her mother loved her very much. One Sabbath morning she prepared herself and little daughter for church, and when they were putting on their cloaks and bonnets, the little girl became dissatisfied with the cloak or shawl that her mother had provided for her. She therefore begged her mamma to let her have another, saying that one was old and faded. But her mother, wishing her to wear the one she had given her, replied, "My daughter, the shawl looks very nice upon a good girl. Little girls should not be proud."

And what do you think she did? Look very cross and fret? She did no such thing; she wore it with a pleasant face. A lady standing by told me she thought the little girl never looked so well as she did with the old shawl on. So you see, my dear children, we not only feel best when we do right, but appear best to others also.

AUNT FATTIE.

A TASK.

FOR NEW TESTAMENT READERS.

Find out the places where the scenes of the following incidents in the life of Paul occurred:

1. Where Elymas was struck blind.
2. Where John left the apostles and returned to Jerusalem.
3. Where the command of Jesus, found in Matthew 10: 14, was fulfilled.
4. Where the heathen people attempted to worship the apostles.
5. Where Paul was stoned.

ORION, ALA., Aug. 30, 1864.

BRO. BOYKIN.—The raids have interrupted our mail communications, inasmuch that the Index for July was not received until a day or two ago, nor was I able to transmit to you the monthly contribution of the "Ellen Missionary Society," for our little folks. Enclosed find \$20.00—the sum paid in for July and August. The Index delights our Sunday school highly.

Your brother in Christ,
J. T. S. PARK.

OUR GLAD VOICES.

1.—Our glad voices let us raise In a song of love and praise. That we're taught in wisdom's ways, In the Sabbath school.

DUETT. CHORUS.

Teachers there with pleasure smile, Lead our thoughts to heaven the while, Tell us Jesus—once a child—Cares for such as we.....

And they tell us of His love, How he left his home above, Come to earth his grace to prove—
Died on Calvary.
Oh, the precious truths we learn, May we all to Jesus turn, And our hearts within us burn, Burn with love divine.

Then shall we, a blood-washed band, Teachers and dear children stand, In that happy, happy land,
From the Sabbath school.
To the Saviour's feet we bring, Our bright crowns, and then we'll sing; And we'll nink sweet heaven ring, With our grateful song.

And the joyful strain shall be, (Glory, honor, praise to thee, Father, Son, and Spirit Three, Praise for evermore.
Our glad voices let us raise, In a song of love and praise; That we're taught in wisdom's ways, In the Sabbath school.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

MOBILE, ALA., Sept. 8, 1865.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I never see any letters in your little paper coming from children in Mobile, I have come to the conclusion to not an example to my companions by writing you a few lines. The Baptist Sunday school (the one which I attend) although quite flourishing for "war times," cannot boast of one half the scholars we had before the war; and, as for teachers, we have had so few that the large girls had to be called on to supply the place of the absent ones. Notwithstanding all this, our school can always be called "evergreen." Our Superintendent, Mr. E. A. Shuffer, is a model gentleman for a Sunday school superintendent. He always has a smile and a shake of the hand for the large girls and boys, and a pleasant word for each of the little ones. I assure you, Mr. Boykin, we could not get along without him. We have but one Bible class, now, composed of five young ladies, and taught by Judge Cuthbert. All but two of them are members of the church, and one of these two is to be baptized next week. Recently there has been a revival in our church, during which a great many of our scholars united with the church. Our minister, Dr. Ford, is one of the kindest, best, most thoughtful of ministers. We all go to see him sometimes, and always come away feeling happy, after the nice talks we have with him and his truly amiable wife.

You ought to be present at one of our May parties, Mr. Boykin. Such nice times as we do have. It has been so long since May, that I will not describe our party; but just wait until next May, and you'll give you a glowing description of all our fun!

Many that mingled with us in our sports before the war are now far away fighting against our enemies—the desecrators of our soil. Others have gone to their last home. Some have died far away from "the loved ones at home," on the battle field, with no one near to bear the last message home and close the soldier's eyes in death.

I do hope this war will soon end, and no more of our dear ones be slaughtered by our merciless enemies. All the large boys of our school are fighting for our country, and even we girls try to do something in the cause of our loved South.

Mr. Boykin, please send the enclosed to little Jesse Hartwell, with the love and best wishes of a
S. S. SCHOLAR.

PINKLAND HALL, S. C.,
Aug. 26, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I have seen and read so many letters from the young girls and boys of the Confederacy, that it has put me in the notion to try to write one myself, though I know it will not be as interesting as theirs are. I have been taking the Child's Index a year, and love dearly to read it. I wish you could see my dear little brothers and sisters when the paper comes. Two of them are so young that they cannot read, but mother and I read the stories to them.

I know that all the girls and boys wish with me that this cruel war would soon end, so all the noble men of the Confederacy could return to their happy homes. Their

wives and little children, and dear mothers and sisters, have missed them from the front side three years, and oh, how many will miss them evermore. Three months I have been grieving for the sad death of one of my dear ones. He was killed by a Yankee sharpshooter at Petersburg, the 21st of June. He was one of the dearest and best ones in the world, and used to write such long and interesting letters about the war. How very much we miss his letters. He is so much happier in heaven than he was in this wicked world where he had so much hard duty to perform as a soldier, that I think we ought not to grieve so much for him. We know he is in heaven, because he was a good hearted christian and had been a member of the Baptist church for five years. I have five other uncles in service, who are all good and brave soldiers. I hope God will spare all of them to return when the war has ended, and that we will not be so sadly afflicted again. I have no brothers in service—have only two—and they are very small boys. My father died when I was a child.

That was such a pretty and interesting story about Charlie Benton. I hope Miss Ethel will soon write something for us again. I think her sincerely for taking so much pains to interest and instruct us.

I send \$1 for little Jesse. I hope I have not sent up too much of your valuable time.

I am, very truly, your young friend,
HETTIE DAVIS.

ATWENT 250, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

Feeling so interested in your little paper, and wishing to subscribe to it again, I hope you will forgive the liberty I have taken in writing to you; but I see that other little children have been writing to you, therefore I thought I would do so too. I wish this cruel war would end so we could get the paper more regularly, for it is often detained by the Yankees being between us.

I will tell you about my birthday present. What do you think it was? I was a nice rain. We had not had any rain since May worth talking about, and the crops and gardens were suffering very much for the want of it. Everything is looking very much refreshed by the blessing sent to us, for such I consider it. I had been teasing you to give me a cake; but she said she could not afford to give me a cake these times; so when the rain began to fall I told her I was very well satisfied, for I had rather see a good rain than have ten cakes.

Enclosed you will find \$3 to pay for your little paper for another year, for I can't do without it, as I find the stories so very interesting. I think the story about Charlie Benton very interesting. I am glad he was not killed, and hope he may be spared to see the end of this war.

For fear of worrying your patience I will close. Your little friend,
FANNIE A. SEWARD.

ASHVILLE, N. C., Aug. 26, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I thought that I would write you to continue my subscription of the paper through the year. It is such a nice paper that I must take it if the price is raised. I like the little pieces that are in it so much. The story about the fully of disobedience was so sad.

You wrote in one of the numbers that you would like for parents to write the sayings of little children. As my mother has consented for me to write what one of my little sisters said, I will relate the following:

A few days after one of her little sisters died she asked my uncle if she would have wings like the other angels? When told yes, she jumped up and clapped her hands and said, "Oh dear, me will be a little turkey."

A few days afterwards she was taken sick and died. My mother has lost four out of seven children.

I wish your paper would come weekly instead of monthly. You will please find enclosed one dollar for myself, and one for my cousin, Rosa Summey, to keep up our subscriptions for the year.

Your little friend,
GERTRUDE SUMMEY.

BANWELL DISBURGH, S. C.,
Sept. 10, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

As you like to hear from all the Sunday schools I thought I would write you about our little school. We have about twenty-five scholars in the Smith Branch Sabbath school, and take seven copies of the Child's Index. The children are much pleased when the paper comes. My father is superintendent. Our teachers are Miss Lucy and Miss Marietta Courtney. Although we have not a large school we have a good small one.

All my brothers have been killed in the war except one, who is in the service in your State, and I hope God will protect and save the last one from harm.

Enclosed you will find one dollar for little Jesse and his sister Ellen.

Your little friend,
MARY A. WALKER.

[*Take only seven papers for twenty-five scholars for one year.]
SALEM, VA., Aug. 26, 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 much I like your little paper. The story of the fat old lady on the cats was very nice. Tell Miss Ethel she must write another pretty story, sure. There is no Baptist Sunday school here. I go to the Lutheran school. It is a very nice little school of about forty scholars.

I wish Mrs. McTrimmion had continued her story about Benjamin Franklin; it was very interesting.

As you have sent me the paper twice over my subscription I will subscribe again. Enclosed you will find three dollars for the subscription for one year. Yours truly,
WM. LEWIS HARLOWE.

COLUMBUS, Aug. 29, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I send you the answer to the enigma. I like to work them out very much, they are so interesting. They learn us a great deal about the Bible. Our dear Superintendent selects enigmas for us to solve, then we bring them to our teachers to inspect them for us.

When I heard of the Yankees trying to take Mrecon I felt very sorry for you, and was afraid they would destroy the printing office, so that we could not get our dear lit-

tle paper any more; but I hope God is on our side, and He will drive them away. Enclosed please find two dollars for the Child's Index for some poor soldiers to read. Mr. Boykin, I hope you will enjoy fine health next winter, and that the Yankees will never come and disturb you. I like your little paper very much. My sister Emma sends you \$1.75 for little Jesse Hartwell. I remain your friend,
GEMME.

AIKEN, S. C., Sept. 14, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

I am a little girl not quite six years old, so do forgive my bad writing, for I am just learning. I read, all by myself, your nice paper; and I think little Tip must be a funny boy and ought to love his Grandma very much. I hope she will write more about him, for I love to read her pretty stories.

If the Yankees come near you I hope they will not trouble you; if they do, all the little children will cry. I want to go to my own dear home so bad, but they will shell me as they did the little girl in Atlanta, and kill me.

I send one dollar for my namesake, and would like to see him. When I grow a big lady I will think of your kindness to the little folks. Your little friend,
JESSIE BEND.

MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

It is noon. Sheltered from the scorching sun, beneath the shade of a luxurious pavilion, we see a company of royal persons assembled at a banquet. Attendants wait on them with sparkling goblets of wine, and they appear to have already drunk to shameful excess. Suddenly an alarm is heard without, and the royal host turns to his guard and commands them to enforce the cause. [1 Kings 20.]

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

Who gleaned after the reapers in the field of Boaz? Ruth 2.

Who was the father of Samuel? 1 Sam. When Samuel lay down to sleep who called him? 1 Sam.

What prophet lived in the reign of Ahab? 1 Kings.

How long did the children of Israel serve Egypt? Judges. LULIA WHITCHARD.

Who was the mother of the Evangelist Timothy? 2 Tim.

What flower afforded a pattern for much of the ornamental work of the temple? 1 Kings 7.

The appearance of what bird is spoken of as an emblem of Spring? Sol Songs 2.

What river is called in Scripture the great river? Deut. 1.

The giving of what piece of jewelry was the sign of imparting authority? Gen. 1.

Who was the commander-in-chief of David's army? 1 Chron. 11.

What insect was called exceeding wise by an inspired writer? Prov. 30.

What prophetess had her judgment-seat under a palm tree? Judges 4.

Who introduced David to Saul? 1 Sam. 17.

What did John call the Pharisees and Sadducees that came to his baptism? Matt. 3.

Of what was Solomon's throne built? 2 Chron. 9.

Who sent a servant to Nehemiah with an open letter in his hand? Nehemiah 6.

The above initials spell the name of our much loved pastor. C. B. H.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE.

With scuffers green, black, white and blue, I often send my letters true: They hide my thoughts from public sight, But yield to those who have the right To know my feelings and my heart, And let its secrets ne'er depart. Dear wafer friend, may I, like you, Be useful, faithful, firm and true.

ANNETTE.

RECEIVED FOR JESSE AND ELLEN.

Mamie K., \$1; Little Walker, \$1; Carrie Willingham, \$1; Jessie Budd, \$1; from the Greenville, S. C., Sunday school, \$500; Mr. M. A. McCants, \$20, from the Sunday school at Monticello, Fla.; from the "Ellen Missionary society," Orion, Ala., \$26.66.

ANSWER TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

No. 31. Nehemiah viewing the walls of Jerusalem. [Nehemiah 2: 12-14.]

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS.

No. 31. SCRIPTURES.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

MORAL COURAGE

BY MISS NYEHL.

COURAGE simply means bravery. A soldier is courageous when he can stand firm before the red-mouthed cannon under a shower of ball and bullet, and even be shot down rather than yield an inch to the foe.

But courage with the word moral before, means something different. A man can be as brave as Marshall Ney and yet in moral courage he may be a coward. A timid man who would almost faint at the sight of danger may have a great deal of it. It means the courage to do what is right. But I suspect I can make it plainer by illustration. George Weaver is called a fine fellow. He thinks it a disgrace to swear, drink or play cards. He has a great reverence for the Sabbath, for the church, for ministers and all good people. He is smart too—one of the best in his class. To come up to George Weaver is doing well enough. He is a lad of pleasant manners; you would enjoy his company very much—there is nothing little or mean about him. If he were accused of a dishonest act you would see his teeth set firmly together, while the crimson flush mounted to his cheek, for he has all the pride of principle. Moreover, he is a good son and remarkably kind and attentive to his younger brothers and sisters—

His mother, in writing to his uncle soon after his father's death, says: "Though God has taken my husband from me I thank him daily that he has given me such a son. I can say truly he is my greatest earthly comfort." Indeed, unless you were a very close observer and saw him under all circumstances, you would be ready to say he was without a fault. I first noticed him during a revival in his mother's church. There was a sermon preached especially for the young. The minister affectionately urged the youth of the congregation to give their hearts to God. George felt every word of it. He thought he would be willing to give anything in the world to be a christian and sit with his mother around the communion table. The minister invited those who felt inclined to remain a short time after service for prayer and conversation. He wanted to stay; it was as much as he could do to bide his feelings; but somehow it happened that he passed out the door with the rest. And why didn't he stay? Ah, we are finding out this "fine fellow's" weak point. Why, he didn't have the moral courage to do it. He knew very well if he did, those boys sitting around him would have something to say about it the next time they saw him. They would ask him if he felt any better; when he expected to go to preaching; or, if he should get provoked at school and do the least thing wrong, they would tell him he had better get the good folks to pray again for him. Alas! alas! though we may have been praising our hero to the skies, we have to confess that he has sated the coward. Just think of it a moment! He could say to the gentle wooing Spirit, "Go your way;" but couldn't stand a little ridicule! Haven't you heard grown up christians say they were once just that foolish?

Let us follow George to school. One of the boys had come to the conclusion that he was too much of a gentleman to be ruled by a teacher. When he attempted to correct him he resisted and had to be expelled from school. At recess the other boys were loud in Hal's praises. "I would have done the same thing," they said. "Served him right; didn't he, George?" Now, besides George's other fine traits he had a natural sense of right and wrong. He was sure Hal had acted very badly, and wanted to say so, but then it was not popular to be alone in an opinion. They would say directly he was trying to get on the good side of Mr. M.—and so our "fine fellow" caved again—didn't he have the moral courage, you see, to do justice to his teacher, though he loved him very much.

Mrs. Weaver had a good old neighbor by the name of Green. In passing by one morning he saw George over in the orchard, and just stopped a moment to say they seemed to have a nice crop of fruit—it was very scarce—would bring a good price, which would help along in these war times, and advised George to take a lot of it to market the next morning. George waited until the old man got out of hearing, then burst into a loud laugh. "Now don't I see myself trudging through these streets with a great basket of peaches on my arm.—Wouldn't Hal Jones like to have the pleasure of saying 'Ha, George! turned pedler?' He didn't want to be thought rich; he in-

tended to work for a living when he got his education; but that did not require much of the kind of courage we are talking about, for respectable people did that too; and so on account of that weak point in a fine character the rogues and the pigs got most of the fine fruit.

I know we are pretty hard on poor George, but so was Uncle David on Master William Milton, and all because he wanted to cure his faults.

Once more. Mrs. Weaver thought that now she was a widow and had no one to work for them, she must economize. She told George he had better save his best clothes for Sunday wear, and by a little patching and repairing she could fix up his old suits for school. Here was shower-bath number two. If she had told him there was a lion at the door he might have picked up the poker and gone out to meet him; but wear a patch! Anything but that! thought he.—That lion was nothing compared to that terrible smile of ridicule. How Allick Rudolph could face the music of Deacon Adams' creaking old buggy was a mystery to him.

The week before his teacher had allowed his class to debate, instead of barely reading a composition. The question was—"Shall we adopt Gov. Brown's Peace Propositions?" George brought down the house and decided the question negatively by the following:

"Beg for peace! No, Sir, we prefer to fight for it. Tell our fathers and brothers to keep our proud banners aloft until a few more years shall add greater strength to our arms and inches to our statures, and then we, the future hope of our glorious cause, will show the cowardly, thieving dogs that when the noble spirits of our gallant dead left us, the mantle of their pure patriotism fell on our shoulders; and we will never disgrace our noble sires."

Isn't it strange that so much bravery and so little courage can be found in the same breast? Don't you see now how it is possible to stand calmly before a whole Yankee army and turn pale before a look of ridicule! Still we insist upon it that George Weaver is a "fine fellow"—he only needs a little strengthening of the weak nerves of moral courage. To Miss Ethel, at least, there is not a more interesting story than to see such a one struggling against the justish pride of appearances. Of some things you may be ashamed—one thing never—that of doing right. Only be convinced that a thing is honest and right, and though every friend you have should ridicule the act, put your foot down in the resolve to go through with it. You will be astonished to find how easy it will become after a little practice. It, by sending you this piece, I might encourage you in the effort, I shall be most happy.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

GOOD EXAMPLE.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Aug. 29, 1864.

Dear Bro. Boykin:

WRITE to report to you that I have in my hands five hundred dollars, for little Ellen and Jesse Hartwell, being the amount contributed for them by our Sunday school during the past year. Please let me know how I shall forward it to you. This amount has been raised by regular monthly contributions from the various Missionary societies in our school, there being forty such societies, each class forming a society with its own name and motto. A very large portion of the contributions have been made with money which the children have earned themselves, as they are encouraged whenever practicable to procure their missionary money by their own exertions. Some have gathered and sold rags, some old iron, some made brooms, some picked up chips, and in many other little ways (open to almost all children) they have earned the little sums which make up the annual contribution. We have had all the little bills packed together into one five hundred dollar bill, which will be sent you as soon as you tell us how. We intend to do better than this next year. Let me add the report of our school at its last meeting:

Officers present, 6; absent, 0—total 6. Teachers present, 37; absent, 3—total, 40. Scholars present, 241; absent, 62—total, 303. Total number of school \$39. In addition to this, we have about forty scholars and several teachers in the army. We must mention for the encouragement of others that ours is a small inland town, with only three thousand inhabitants, and

that there are three other schools here besides ours. Very truly,
C. J. ELFORD, Supt.

[This seems to be a model Sunday school, and we wish our country had a great many such. As to the money it had better be sent by Express.

WHICH WAS THE COWARD?

(Concluded from last month.)

ALF. Good morning once more, Cousin Laura.

Laura. Good morning! But I thought you did not mean to speak to me again.

Raf. O! the fire of last evening put my resolution all out of my head.

Laura. A terrible fire it was! Were you present?

Raf. I saw Tom Harding were with one of the fire companies, and worked at the engine.

Laura. Did you see that boy go up the ladder?

Raf. Yes; I would like to be in his shoes, for they say the Humane Society are going to give him a gold medal?

Laura. I wish I had been there to see him! How did it happen?

Raf. Why, you see, the firemen thought they had cleared the house of all its inmates; but, all at once, a poor Irish woman began crying out that her sick baby was in bed in the corner room of the third story. "Too late! too late!" said the firemen.

Laura. But why was it too late?

Raf. You shall hear. The only ladder that was long enough to reach up to that window was so burned and charred in the middle, that the men were all afraid to trust their weight to it. When the poor woman learned this she screamed so that you could hear her above all the noise of the engines.

Laura. Poor woman! I do not wonder at it. But why did she not make the attempt herself?

Raf. She had been badly lamed by the fall of a beam, and could not climb. The chief fireman called out, "Is there no boy that will venture up? We men are all too heavy."

Laura. I think I see you and Tom Harding standing in the window, ready to try which will be first to go up the ladder?

Raf. No, you don't see any such thing. Tom and I perceived the danger too clearly. But, all at once, a little fellow, whose face was so black with smoke that nobody knew who he was, darted up the ladder, swift as a monkey. Such a silence ensued. There was no more shouting. Everybody looked intently on the boy. "The ladder will break when he gets to the weak place," whispered one. "No," said another, "he has passed it safely."

And so he had. On he went, and suddenly disappeared through the window—The next moment a burst of flame flashed on him, showing him at the top of the ladder, with the baby swung over his back. "Lush! lush!" said the firemen. Nobody spoke. Down came the boy steadily—down to the weak place—and then—

Laura. It did not break?

Raf. No, but it bent. He passed it, however, and then slid down the rest of the way, and placed the baby in the mother's arms. You should have heard her go on! You should have heard the shouts from the crowd! You should have seen the fellows press to get a sight of the boy! But he slipped away under their arms, and ran off.

Laura. And does nobody know the name of the young hero?

Raf. Nobody that I have heard of. But here is a morning newspaper, which I have not yet opened. Let us unfold it. Here's the account. (Reads.) "Destructive fire last evening—house occupied by Irish fire-ladders." That column is all about the fire.—Here it tells of the Irish woman and the baby.

Laura. How long you are in finding it! Give it to me. (Takes it and reads.) "The infant would, in all probability, have perished, had it not been for the courage of a lad, who, hearing the chief fireman's appeal, darted up the ladder, dashed through a window into a room where the infant was sleeping, bore it out in safety, descended the ladder, and gave the little creature into the arms of its lately despairing but now overjoyed mother."

Raf. Is the boy's name mentioned?

Laura. Ay! Here it is! Here it is!—And who do you think he is?

Raf. Do not keep me in suspense!

Laura. Well, then, he's the boy who was so afraid of knocking a chip off your

hat—Frank Sterling—the coward, as you called him!

Raf. No! Let me see the paper for myself. There's the name, sure enough, printed in capital letters!

Laura. But, cousin, how much more illustrious an achievement it would have been for him to have knocked that chip off! Then he would have stood in no danger of being "out" by Mr. Tom Harding and Mr. Half Burton.

Raf. Don't laugh at me any more, Cousin Laura! I see I have been in the wrong. Frank Sterling is no coward. I'll ask his pardon.

Laura. Will you? My dear cousin, you will in that case show that you do, are not without courage.

WHO LOVES CHILDREN?

JESUS CHRIST loves little children. When he was in this world, he showed how much he loved them.

Once some little children were brought to him, and the people who brought them asked Jesus to put his hands on the children, and pray for them, and bless them. Christ's disciples did not want him to be troubled with these children, and so they told their friends to take them away. But Jesus was very much displeased at this, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Nobody will go to heaven who is not child-like, humble, and gentle. You see how Jesus loves the dear little children. One day Jesus called a dear little child to him, and took it in his arms, and talked about it. He said to the people, You must all be converted, and be like this little child. If you are not humble, like a child, you cannot be saved. If any one loves a child like this, and is good to it for my sake, it is the same as if he were good to me.

Christ looks down from heaven, and sees all the little boys and girls in the world. He loves us as much now as he used to do.—He loves to hear them pray and sing.—He loves to see them do what is right. He wishes them obey their parents, for he sends his Holy Spirit into their hearts. Almighty God loves little children. God is always near them. And their angels see the face of God. Children, mind what I say. You have a Father in heaven. He is better to you than your father or mother. He takes care of you. Not a single hair can fall from your head unless God chooses. God sent his dear Son to die on the cross for little children. When good children die, God sends his angels for them, and takes them to heaven. You need not be afraid, for your heavenly Father is always with you, and all the world cannot hurt you, if God is on your side.

Pious people love little children. Why do they love them? Because God loves them, and because Christ loves them. Jesus says to his people, Feed my lambs; that is, Take care of my little children. Good Christians obey Jesus, and love his little lambs. This is the reason why your friend teaches you at Sunday school. The good teachers love your souls. They wish you to be like Christ, and to go to heaven.

O how careful you ought to be to do what you are taught! Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved. Begin now.

TERMS OF THE CHILD'S INDEX.

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

S. BOYKIN, Macon, Ga.

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