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CHINA.
BY A FRIEND TO CHILDREN.

THE readers of the Index have often heard of the great empire of China. In one of the cities of this vast country live their little missionary friends, JESSE and ELLEN. Perhaps you have read many things in books written about this singular and heathen people. I hope you have; because the more you read of their idolatrous and uncivilized manners the more you will thank the Great Father for his many blessings and sympathies with those who, like the angel who appeared to the Chaldean shepherds, have come to carry glad tidings to this benighted land.

Let me tell you something about China—their customs, manners and its religion, and of these other things as may interest you.

China, you know, is an immense distance from here. The voyager as he steps on board the vessel that is to bear him thither may well feel that he bids a long, perhaps a final farewell to home. The dangers of the sea are great, and unless his resources are large, his journey becomes exceedingly irksome during the one hundred and forty days of the passage. But he gets there at last—lands at Hong-Kong, a coast city of the Celestial Empire. Now, it is customary in this country for men to set as pilots, but there women set in that capacity; and they call their pilot-boats "egg-houses," from their resemblance to an egg "divided in the direction of its longest diameter."

After leaving Hong Kong you may go to Canton, (Kwang-tung) which is a great place for foreign merchants. Among the most notable sights of the city is the English church. Here you see a vast deal of business carried on; and it is really amusing to see how cobblers, tinkers, dentists, confectioners, quack doctors, fortune-tellers, artisans, astronomers, jugglers, gamblers, and dealers in fruits and vegetables, mix up together—all bellowing and gesticulating their way along the narrow streets. In this city, too, there are many very magnificent temples filled with idols—carved, gilded and painted, and about as able to confer a blessing or bestow a blessing as the doll-babies which your kind parents give you to play with.—And it is a fact that in some places you will see sign-boards, with these words—"Big and little gods for sale here."

The above picture represents Pekin, the capital of China, and the residence of the Emperor. It is a large city, situated for in the interior, and but few foreigners have ever visited it. It probably excels all other cities of the empire in point of splendor; it contains a great many magnificent buildings, such as palaces and temples, and is entirely surrounded by a massive wall.

But my space is limited, and I must hurry on; Mr. Boykin will tell me that the

"great length of your article precludes the possibility of publishing it."

Well, here we are at Shanghai. In this city there are several churches erected by Christian foreigners; and here is where little Jesse and Ellen live. Just think for a moment that while you are at home resting under your own vine, going to the Sunday school and enjoying all the blessings of religion, these dear little children are surrounded by an idolatrous and superstitious people whose manners and customs are so very different from your own. I love these two little children, and pray that Our Father will keep and preserve them.

The streets of Shanghai are only about eight feet wide, and are always crowded with human beings. I would like to tell you a great deal about this famous city, but can only give a short summary of its more prominent features. As you pass along the streets you see every variety of trade, occupation and handicraft carried on that is known in our own land, and even others besides. There are makers of scissors and razors, combs, brushes, oiled paper lanterns, horn and glass lanterns, oiled paper umbrellas, artificial flowers, trunk makers, tub and bucket makers, oocle and button makers, hair pencil makers, weavers of ribbon, spinners of sewing silk, makers of fire-works, brokers' shops, tobacco shops, bankers' offices, and a great many other species of traffic, which I may tell you about some other time. These huge masses of humanity ply their vocations in a manner peculiar to themselves, and though they trade with a foreigner and appear friendly towards him, yet they evidently regard him as an outside barbarian, whose presence affords them no pleasure. When he goes among them few rejoice; when he departs still fewer mourn.

The Chinese form of salutation is somewhat different from that observed among us. It consists in each person clasping and slapping his own hands instead of each other's and bowing very low several times. "Have you eaten rice?" If yes, then the questioner takes it for granted that his friend is well. I give you the following as a specimen:

- "What is your honorable name?"
- "My insignificant appellation is Tau."
- "Where is your magnificent place?"
- "My insignificant hut in Sachuan."
- "How many are your illustrious children?"
- "My vile, unworthy brats are five."
- "How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"
- "My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."

Such answers here at home would probably cause the risible faculties of the questioner to expand to a button-breaking extent; but in China they are expected.

In a population of vast as the Chinese the misery of the poorer classes must be almost indescribable. Starvation stalks forth in the street and asserts its power in the humble but its lank-jawed victims fall by the

way and no tear is shed by the teeming multitude passing by. They are taken up, thrown into a rude box and piled one upon another six deep in a trench and there left. No burial rite is performed over them—none to close the eye, smooth the hair, or perform those sacred offices which even our slaves receive at our hands. In some places, as at Shanghai, some benevolent foreigners have established soup-houses, and issue tickets to the poor. These tickets are presented immediately at the proper places and they receive a plate of soup. There have been instances where a famished beggar would receive a ticket, and instead of going to the soup-house, would barter it off for opium. So strongly does the habit of using opium fasten itself upon the appetite that its victim will sell even the last morsel of bread, or the last means of obtaining it, for a portion of this deleterious drug. Beggary is carried on systematically. The adults not only beg themselves but teach their children, even in very early infancy, to hold out their tiny hands to passers-by for a little cash. These beggars have a regular organization, over which a "King" presides. His power is supreme, and his punishment of offenders is often very severe.

But my dear little friends, my pen is absolutely running away. I shall therefore stop here, and maybe, if my kind friend, Mr. Boykin, will permit me, will give you a few more notes next month, on the manners, customs, &c., of the "Celestials," as they are called. Let us pray that the good Lord will send us His subject at its terminus in that far-distant field, to the turning of the heathen from the worship of images to the service of the true God.

(To be continued.)

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.
J. B. HOOD, AMORET AND LULIE.

BY MISS ETHEL.

THESE are the names of my little Amoret's three kittens. I wish you could have seen her when she first came across them, while rummaging in some out of the way place one morning about four months ago.—

- She came running to me saying, "Now guess what I've found!"
- "Dolly's blue dress that's been lost so long."
- "Something prettier than that."
- "Your pin-box?"
- "Something I'd rather have than a pin box!"

I had to give it up after several other trials. Here her hand came down with a hard slap on my shoulder—

"Three kittens!"

If one of those hard-faced fellows we call misers had seen a bright silver dollar shining in his path he could not have danced around in greater glee. She spent much of her time at that hiding place peeping at them, and was even more delighted when they were strong enough to walk alone.—One has real blue eyes. His head and back is a bright orange color, and the rest of the body as white as snow. This one we called J. B. Hood. Another is grey and white spotted. She named this in honor of her most particular friend, Amoret.—The last is grey all over, and this must be Lulie, for her sister Lucy.

Hoodie grew the fastest and was much the prettiest, and I am sorry to say, like the rest of the world, this made us partial to him, while poor little Lulie was never noticed much. They became great pets, however, after a while in the family, and I have dropped my work not a few times to watch their funny ways. When we throw a spoon among them they all crouch around it as you have seen them do when about to spring on

a mouse, and then go rolling and tumbling over each other. If one chanced to get too hard a thump on the floor it marched off whisking its tail as if it didn't like that kind of a play a bit. But I am anxious to tell you why I am writing about these kittens. I told you Hoodie was the favorite at first, but it did not last long. He was particularly fond of jumping up on a chair and then on the bureau and twirling my breast-pin around with his paw as it stuck up in the pin-cushion just in front of the glass. I think the General must have caught a glimpse of his blue eyes and golden hair, as we imagined afterwards he had the same vain look that other Generals have in regimentals. He was a cross fellow too. When taken up he seemed quite insulted and began to growl and scratch, while Amoret and Lulie were always ready for a play. Besides all this he was very greedy. If the old cat brings in a mouse he grabs it up and never offers his sisters a mouthful, so that we had to shut him up in the closet to let them get a share first. Well, it so turned out that our handsome General got all the abusing and his amiable sisters all the petting, and when a neighbor asked for one of them the children concluded they could spare him best.—

That is just the way we are about little boys and girls. They may have violet eyes and sunny tresses, and wear flounced dresses and silk stockings, but unless they are kind and polite in their dispositions no one will love them. I would not be a bit surprised if some of the readers of this very paper have heard of "Grandma Tarver," for she had many relations living in Georgia. Sunday mornings when we used to be primping up before the glass, I remember how the dear old lady would look at a certain little boy and say, "That will do, children, don't fix any more. Handsome is as handsome does." And I have learned it is true from these little kittens that are now playing around me.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.
SABBATH SCHOOLS.

A SABBATH School is a school for the religious instruction of children on the Lord's day. But it was not till the beginning of the Reformation in the sixteenth century that it began to be developed as we now see it. Dr. Sears, in 1827, laid the foundation of schools. The beginning of the present great plan was entirely owing to accident.

Mr. Robert Raikes, one morning going into a city in England where the lowest of the people were, was greatly concerned at seeing a group of ragged children at play in the street. He expressed his regret for their condition, when a woman said—

"Oh, sir, if you could take a view of this part of town on Sunday, you would be shocked indeed."

So he engaged some people to teach on the Sabbath.

In 1680 the first Sabbath school in America was established at Plymouth. Now, all over our land they are free; and all ages—old and rich—old and young. Generally there is a superintendent, who makes rules and appoints teachers for the different classes; and the school is opened by prayer and reading of the Bible, and when the lessons have been recited, books are distributed to the scholars, which are written for Sabbath schools. It is known there have been in Sabbath schools many thousands of children converted to God. There, many children learn to read who cannot afford to pay for their schooling; and it keeps children from idleness and sin. They learn to love public worship, and the Sabbath is no a long day to them.

A Good Answer.

"How can you do most good?" asked a lady of a little girl.

"By being myself as good a girl as I can be," was the reply.

The Child's Index.

Macon, Georgia.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

OLLIE BRADFIELD.—Your letter is received. It was too long to publish.

D. P. Bray.—You must write your enigmas plainer, and send the answers written out in full.

Nessie Williams.—We hope to meet you some of these days.

Mary W. Paschal.—We hope you will soon have a Sabbath school to go to. The ladies can start one and carry it on, if they will.

John Teer.—We are really glad to hear how highly you prize the Sunday school, and hope all the little boys and girls in the Confederacy will soon say of the Sunday school 'it is the place for me.'

M. E. M.—We sympathize with you. Suda Griffin.—Let us hear from you again.

Alice Yongue.—We hope and pray that your Sunday school will be an evergreen one, and think you all ought to thank Mr. Thompson very much.

Mollie N. Dearing.—Your 'first letter' was very nice indeed, and we hope you will try again.

L. B. Pitt.—Don't let the school stop just for cold weather.

Emma Husbey.—We are glad you like the Index, and are very sorry for your brothers who were killed in the war. May God bless you.

Nellie Walker.—We can't tell whether we can ever visit you or not. You must write to Mrs. Mallary to tell you more about Charlie Benton. We reckon she would do it.

L. J. P., Murfreesboro', N. C.—We think all Sunday schools ought to take the Child's Index, and then more good would be done. We are glad that your school is increasing, and hope it will keep on doing so.

The Little Boy who meant to pray more and be better.

EDWIN, a little boy of seven summers, was a child that always seemed to have a love for the Bible, even after he was old enough to know it from any other book, and had always loved to read it since he was four years of age; and though he early seemed to have a sense of right and wrong, he often (like many of our young readers, perhaps) strayed into paths of sin and disobedience, which caused him many moments of bitter sorrow to find repentance, for he wanted to be a good boy, and please and obey the Lord.

It was upon one of these occasions of heartfelt sorrow that Edwin approached his mother, one evening before he retired, and said:

"Ma, I know what has made me so naughty along back; it is because I do not pray as much as I used to do."

"Do you not pray night and morning?" inquired his mother.

"When I go to bed it is so cold I think I will get into bed and say my prayers there; but when I get into it I am so tired I fall asleep before I get through my prayers, and so I do not pray much; but now I mean to pray more, and then I shall not be so wicked?"

As there was not a great many little boys and girls who do as little Edwin did—neglect prayer and are led away into sin? If so, try his resolution, and pray more and become better.

A Child's Reply.

The following answer was once received by a clergyman, who at the close of the school, gave an address on the Omnipresence of the Deity. He began by asking,

"Can any child here tell me where God is not to be found?"

"The questioner paused for a reply. One little girl answered timidly:

"Yes, sir, I can!"

The clergyman said: "Where, my dear? for I do not know where the place is to be found."

The little girl replied, "The Bible says he is not in all the wicked man's thoughts."

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We want to begin the next year with a very large list of subscribers; won't all who see this, if they love the Child's Index, try and get as many new subscribers as they can?

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

THE ORPHAN.

BY VIOLET.

IN an elegant mansion in the town of B—, there lived a family surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could furnish. They seemed happy; but there was one in their midst—a little brown-haired, blue-eyed girl, who seemed to be about ten years old, whose sad face indicated that she is not as happy as the others, who are gathered around that fireside.

Christmas is coming, and the two beautiful children of Mr. M— are discussing the presents that "Santa Claus" will bring them, and the party that mama has promised them, while the lonely little Eva is sitting off, thinking perhaps of the past, when she too had a dear mother and father who lavished gifts upon her, but now they are gone, and though she was not cast upon the cold-oblivions of the world, still she was taken by a wealthy uncle, not that he cared for her welfare, but only to secure the good opinion of the world. And the world considers an orphan thus situated as well off, and wonders that she should ever be unhappy.

But a child ever yearns for sympathy. Circumstances like these would crush the affections of the most loving heart. Eva had once lived in her own home, in the same elegance that she now saw all around her, and was the idol of a fond mother and the pride of a devoted father; but the relentless hand of death had severed those ties, and she had been taken from her home in one short week. Owing to the feeble state of her father's health and his inability to attend to business for some time before his death, his estate became deeply involved, leaving her with scarcely a remnant of her former wealth. Her mother was a christian woman, and early instilled in the heart of her child religious lessons, which she never forgot, and which were her greatest comfort through life. Her aunt was a fashionable woman, the leader of the "ton," and had always left her children to the care of servants, to be brought up in a nursery.

Willie, the elder, was a bright, intelligent lad of fourteen years, who was naturally of a kind, affectionate disposition, but which had been injured by overbearing servants. Florence, the younger, was about the age of Eva—a wild, noisy, high-tempered child, who had always been spoiled and humored by both father and mother. So the little, timid, shrinking Eva found no congenial companions in her cousins. Florence, as some children are prone to do, would taunt her with her poverty and dependence, and thus the noble, proud feelings of the sensitive child were ever kept in subjection. She was used to yield to all the wishes and caprices of her cousins.

Two years passed sadly away with the little orphan, but swiftly with the two happy children. Her aunt and uncle concluded at last that it would be best to send them to school. So one bright, beautiful Monday morning they were sent to the little Academy, that they might there prepare themselves, for a more fashionable school. Eva was happier at school than at home, although her cousin with her friends still teased her. She made many friends and struggled on, her mind expanding, making her intellect the delight of her teachers, who complimented her, until the cousin and companions became jealous, accusing the teachers of partiality. Florence would go home and tell her parents, who concluded to remove her from school. When the decision was made known to her not a murmur escaped her lips, but each day as her little cousin returned from school she would assist them with their lessons. Florence considered it her duty to help her.

Willie returned from college with the first honors, which he said was gained through Eva's kind encouragement when he despaired. He was glad to see that she was now appreciated; and they were indeed a happy family. Her aunt had ceased to be a gay, frivolous woman, and her uncle lost that cold, stately manner.

Now, my dear little children, be thankful to a kind God for giving you parents, and never treat an orphan unkindly, for the word of God teaches us to love the orphan and the widow, and his promises to them are precious.

sent to the College of O—; the girls to the fashionable school of A—, to complete their education. Eva's aunt ushered them into the parlor of Madame D's school, where sat that stately lady. They were sent to their respective apartments. Florence soon let the girls know of her cousin's dependence upon her father, and here the poor girl's troubles newly began, but she became accustomed to it and went on daily with her studies. Her improvement was wonderful. Florence found difficulty in learning, and Eva kindly assisted her. Eva was here, also, the favorite of her teachers; her amiable, gentle manners won their hearts. Florence was to be accomplished; her mother said she didn't care much for the more solid education. The girls remained at school until the age of eighteen, when Florence's mother became impatient to usher her into society.

Vacation drew near—their last term at school was fast drawing to a close. Florence was delighted at the idea of being a young lady; but the poor orphan knew what trials awaited her in her cousin's elegant home. The young ladies were to read compositions at the end of the term, and Eva's was well written, for she concentrated all the powers of her mind on the subject. All said she would win the prize. Florence became disgusted with her repeated efforts to write a composition and called upon Eva to write her one, which she did, but when it was handed to her teachers, they discovered Eva's beautiful style and handed it back to be re-written. The day that the prize was to be awarded dawned at length, and a lovely day it was. All the beauty and fashion of the city were assembled in that spacious and elegant room. The young ladies were gathered on the stage. Eva looked beautifully, her bright eyes beaming with intelligence, her timidity making her appear only the more beautiful. Florence was splendidly dressed, and sat in her usual haughty manner, looking down on all around her. Still, she was extremely beautiful, and her mother and father looked proudly on her; and Willie, who had completed his junior year, was there to see them. All had finished reading except Florence and Eva. The former was called on and approached the desk, looking down on the large crowd like a queen surveying her subjects. She had a fine voice and read well. She finished, was applauded, and returned to the seat. Eva then blushing began; her voice trembled at first, but soon she forgot all around her, and poured her whole soul into it. She finished; the house rang with applause. She won the prize as she well deserved it. Nothing could exceed the anger and mortification of Florence and her parents. Willie said he knew she would win.

They returned home. Florence was ushered into society and became a reigning belle. Willie returned to college. While Florence was fluttering her time away in fashionable amusements Eva turned her attention to literature. She wrote, with no one to encourage her, but prayed for divine assistance in all that she might undertake. She became a distinguished authoress, and was enabled to relieve herself of her dependent situation and to repay her uncle in various ways for the expense he had incurred. Her uncle and aunt seeing that she had no desire to rival their daughter, changed toward her and their kindness exceeded their former treatment. Florence made her her confidant in all her little affairs.

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SAYINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

LITTLE Arie was asked by his mother what was his object in going to church.

"Because," said he, "I want a new heart. I want to be a better boy. I know if the Yankees come here they will maltreat you, and then I'll rush upon them, and they will kill me; and I want to be prepared for them. When I get to heaven I will all the time be asking God to do something for you, and then he'll send me and I'll come down and whisper it to you in a dream. And when you come to heaven I will meet you at the entrance and place a crown of gold on your head."

Is not that sweet for a boy not ten years old?

Again, on one occasion when returning home at night from a neighbor's he said: "Mother, you need not be afraid, for christians have a body guard around them, and no one can hurt them till that body guard is defeated. But as it is sent from God it cannot be overcome, so you need not fear."

It is very rare that a child talks this way. One of our correspondents, away over at Enterprise, Mississippi, tells us a pleasing anecdote of little Jennie:

The weather was pleasant and she was allowed to go to church, and some of the children thought they saw her talking during prayer, and when they went home were talking about it.

"I wasn't talking," said Jennie very boldly, "I was saying 'Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.' It was right funny to be saying that in the day time at church; but it shows that little Jennie is a good girl anyhow."

THE REBUKE.

Two little sisters had been taught to play pleasantly together, and never to contend.—Some associates came one afternoon to visit them, who had not learned the same lesson. There was ill feeling about toys, and snatching, and loud, cross words. One of the sisters looked on in silent amazement. At length her heart was moved, and she said with tenderness:

"Oh, I heard my mama say, it was written in a book, 'Little children, love one another.'"

Her sweet voice arrested the combatants. The warring elements were hushed. The little, earnest preacher had prevailed.

THE CHILD-TRACHER.

A lady who had the charge of young persons not of kindred blood, became on one occasion perplexed with regard to her duty. She retired to her own room to meditate, and being grieved in spirit, laid her head upon a table and went bitterly. She scarcely perceived her little daughter seated quietly in the corner. Unable longer to bear the sight of her mother's distress, she stole softly to her side, and taking her hand in both of her own, said:

"Mama, once you taught me a pretty hymn:

"If e'er you meet with trials, Or troubles on the way, Then cast your cares on Jesus, And don't forget to pray."

The counsel of the little monitor was taken, and relief came. The mother was repaid for rightly training her child, by having her become her own blessed teacher.—"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise."

SWEET FLOWERS.

Little Alice was seen picking up the leaves of a large rose, as it fell to pieces, and trying to put them together again. Frustrated in her attempts, she said, mournfully:

"How much work it is to make but one flower. And there are so many, all over the land. I see the cows eat them. Blue violets hang out of their mouths with the grass-stalks."

Then she asked her mother if the bees did not thank God for the flowers, adding: "I guess the birds do, when they fly up so high to the sky, and sing."

That night she was heard to say in her simple prayer— "Thank you, dear God, for making the flowers, and putting them together, and telling them small sweet to the bees and the birds, as well as to us."

God is angry with the wicked every day. Pa. 7.

WALTER POWER (GOLD'S) COPY.

LITTLE WILLIE.

YOUTHFUL CHILDREN.—Aunt Lou wants to tell you about little Willie. His home is in Athens, Ga. (the seat of learning) situated in the most beautiful part of town known as Cobbham. He is surrounded by the beauties of nature and all the comforts of life; and he has found all the most pleasant things for a little boy—a pony.—But does Willie ride his pony all the while? No, no, he improves his time, attends school, and Aunt Lou learned that he attends school, and none of you, my dear friends, can love it more than Willie. How anxiously he awaits the arrival of the mail that is to bring that sweet little messenger, the "Child's Index." So sadly disappointed is he if the paper is lost, which was the case when Aunt Lou saw him, that she promised to send him another, which she hopes he has received. The contents of the paper were prominent in his conversation. He said he had read about little Jesse; that little children were desired to send money for him; and that he wanted to send some too. Aunt Lou told him more about Jesse. She told him that Jesse's father and mother were missionaries, and worked for the heathen, and we in this country must support them and their children. And Bro. Taylor (the good man who sends the money to them) asked the children of this country to see if they could support these good missionary children.

Aunt Lou also told him that little Jesse's mother used to live in Macon, where this beautiful little paper is published. What did little Willie do? He sent \$5 for little Jesse.

Now, my dear little ones, some of you have done well in sending money to little Jesse. All Aunt Lou asks of you is, to continue to do well; if possible, do more. And if some little girls or boys have not sent anything, will they not pattern after little Willie, and at once send up their contributions? Yes, yes.

Little Willie was puzzled to know why Mr. Boykin, the Editor of your little paper, and the children's dear friend, signed his name so many different ways? Sometimes, said Willie, he has it "S. Boykin," then again "L. N. Boykin." How is it?

Now, for the information of all the dear little readers of this much to be prized little GEM, S. Boykin is Rev. Mr. Boykin, the Editor, and L. N. Boykin is his wife—Mrs. Boykin. So much for Willie's dilemma.

Now, children, will you not learn some important lessons from little Willie? First, improve your time. Second, always keep your lessons. Third, when you read profit thereby; and, fourthly, be benevolent.

That Willie and all the dear little ones may grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, making wise and holy men and women is the heart's desire of your

AUNT LOU.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

CATAWBA, HALIFAX CO., VA.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I WANT to tell you about our Sunday school, for we have got such a good one, and I do love to go to it so much. It is the Catawba Baptist Sunday school, in Halifax, Va. It is the largest school anywhere about here; we have eighty-five regular scholars, and oh, they do sing so pretty. We have learned all the hymns as they came out in the Index, but we knew some of them before. "There is a beautiful world," we all think is a beautiful hymn. Mr. Newbill is our superintendent when he can be with us, but the conscript men pester him so that he is mighty often absent. He would like to be more regular. We all love him very much. Miss Fannie is our leader in singing. In fact I don't think we could get on without her. When Mr. Newbill is away she opens the school, and I do feel so sorry for her then, for her face gets so red and her voice trembles so. My mother calls her Dorcas. I told her about it last Sunday, and she said she was much obliged to my mother, but that she did not deserve such a compliment, and then told me who Dorcas was. She does tell the prettiest Bible stories. I am so anxious to read well so that I may know them all.

I want to thank you for the Index. I read every word of it out loud to the other children, and out all the enigmas and learn all the poetry by heart. Don't you think it is mighty good in Miss Fannie to give us the papers, surely ever keeping a single one?

Mother says you are getting tired of my letter, but I just want to write a little more. My father is in the army and is a brave and good soldier, I know. He did belong to Capt. Poindexter's company, but his dear captain was killed before Petersburg, on the 30th July, while nobly leading his men. My father wrote to my mother, "Never did a company lose a better captain; I feel that my best friend has been taken from me, for I know he was the means in the hands of God of my salvation, and I believe that it is through his prayers and labors that the company was blessed with such a glorious revival. Long will he live in the hearts of his men. He was a brave christian leader, whom we all loved as a brother."

Capt. P. was Miss Fannie's last brother; her other brother was killed the first year of the war. I know you would be sorry for her, she looks so sad now, and she used always to look so bright and happy; but she always has a kind word for the Sunday school scholars. I am trying for a prize now, and do hope I may get it. I can't say whether ours will be an evergreen Sunday school, but you will be glad to hear that it is a fruit-bearing school, as we have had several conversions.

We have preaching two Sundays in the month by Mr. Savage and Mr. Poindexter. I send fifty cents for little Jesse.

Your little friend,

ROSA SMITH.

SCOTTSVILLE, VA., Sept. 10, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin: As usual yesterday I attended the Sabbath school, where we all learn the golden rule, which leads to joys above; and I have seen so many little letters in your nice little paper, from Sunday school scholars, that I thought I would try to write one too whether you accept it or not. The Index is such a good paper that when I get it, which I do every month, I do not rest until I read it through. I hope to get it again for another year, for I don't think I can well do without it.

I always tried to obey my parents and teachers, and I hope to continue to do so.—For the last three years I have been so afflicted that I was no account to myself or any one else, having had White-swellings in every limb but my right arm; but I suppose God saw some good purpose in putting it on me, for I was wild and rude until I was afflicted, and ever since I have determined to try and do good. I would have been like some boys if it had not been for my pious mother, who told me of heaven and hell.

I almost forget my Superintendent; he is a pious gentleman. Mr. Powers is his name. Our school is an evergreen school and numbers some 70 or 80 scholars, and it is delightful to hear them sing some of the Sunday school songs. But I like your paper better than anything else.

Your little friend,

JAMES H. WHITE.

REHOBOTH, Oct. 5, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin: Thinking you would like to hear from our Sabbath school, which is in a flourishing condition, I have concluded to write a few lines this afternoon. Our school was organized last November, nearly a year ago. It has flourished and improved until now it consists of forty-old scholars. We meet the first and fourth Sabbaths in each month.—We have a very interesting Bible class consisting of nine scholars.

We had an addition last Sabbath of four to our church. They were baptized by the Rev. J. Hogan, making fifteen new members this year.

Please find enclosed \$2 for Jesse.

Yours, truly,

M. A. E. H.

GOLDENORO, N. C., Sept 24, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I have seen a great many letters written to you by boys and girls, and I thought I would write too to tell you how well I loved your little paper. I like the story of Charley Benton very much, and think it very interesting. I have two brothers in the army, therefore I feel sorry for those who have any dear ones there. I hope this cruel war may end soon and let all of our dear soldiers come home. Oh! what a nice time that will be. Oh! how I pray for all the Sabbath school scholars to be converted; I want them all to be christians. My mind is calm and happy to-day; my heart overflows with gratitude to God. Oh, that it were ever thus with me! Lord, carry on the work of grace in my heart. May I do all things for thy glory. When I am out of the path of duty I am unhappy and continue so until I

have confessed my sins and found pardon.— Surely the Lord loveth me, or else he would leave me to myself, but he will get me to be happy while I am doing wrong. I know that I love God, yes, with a love to which that which I feel for my earthly friends is not compared. The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

Excuse me, Mr. Boykin, for writing you such a long letter. With my best wishes for the Child's Index, I subscribe myself, Your friend in Christ,

MALVINA PRIVETT.

P. S.—I hope that all the scholars will take my advice and try and become true and faithful christians.

M. P.

MARSHALLVILLE, Sept. 21, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin: As I see many letters in the Child's Index giving accounts of different Sabbath schools, I have concluded to give you an account of ours, which, to use a common-place expression, is "more dead than alive," consequently the description will not be very flattering. Some of the teachers and scholars are so very irregular in their attendance that it is very discouraging to those interested in the school. We have no "Sunday school men," no "singing men," among us. In fact, only one or two male members attend at all. Oh, that we had some of those zealous men that the little boys and girls write about as having charge of their Sunday schools! I do wish some of them would visit us and put some life us. Then again the parents are indifferent about their children attending regularly.

I could write more, but this will do for this time. Now, I want you to write a piece in the Index about parents being negligent in sending their children to Sabbath school. It may do some good.

Yours, respectfully,

R—

WILMINGTON, Sept. 29, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I am a little girl of twelve years old. I am attending Sabbath school in the First Baptist church. Our pastor, the Rev. Mr. Young, is a very nice man, and we all love him dearly. He takes great interest in our Sabbath school, and intends organizing a youth's missionary society for us, and I think this school will take great interest in it. We used to have one in this school before the Yellow fever broke it up. Mr. B. F. Mitchell has been our faithful superintendent for some years, and we are greatly attached to him, and our school is in a flourishing condition.

Now I have told you about our school I wish to say something about our little paper, the Index. We have been taking it here for three months. I like to read it so much, because it tells us of the flourishing condition of other schools. Our last number had a sweet piece in it about the orphan children. I have a sister and little brother. We each take a paper and read it, and send it to our cousins in the country.

I will close, for fear I have written too long a letter for my first. I hope you will often hear from our school. I enclose one dollar for Jesse.

Your little friend,

SIBBIE.

LIBERTY, VA., Sept. 24, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I attend Sabbath school in Liberty, and am much pleased with the exercises there. I think those kind people who attend there so punctually as teachers must love us little children very much—to have so much patience in hearing our lessons (often incorrectly said) and laboring so affectionately to impress them upon our minds and hearts. We certainly owe them a great debt of love. We have many little Sunday school books to read on Sunday evenings. We always hail with joy the approach of the Child's Index. It does me a great deal of good to read the writings of so many good little children. I think they very much resemble in the spirit of their minds that band of happy children in heaven who love God perfectly, and who day and night are engaged in celebrating his praise. Fearing that I have written too much, I must close.

Your affectionate little friend,

LYDIA ALICE FRYER.

COLUMBUS, GA., Oct. 11, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I have very sad news to tell you. My dear Sabbath school teacher, Miss Ella Whitten, died the 25th of Sept., of Diphtheria. She was sick only one week. Her death was quite a shock to all her friends, and especially her class who loved her very much. She was one of the most regular attendants

in the school, and took a great interest in her class. She is gone never to return. I think it is our duty to follow her example and be prepared for death. She is, folded in the arms of the blessed Saviour and is happier in heaven than she would be here on earth. I ever remain

A SUNDAY S. SCHOLAR.

RECEIVED FOR JESSE AND ELLEN.

S. S. Scholar, Mobile, \$1; Hillie Cane, \$1; Mary A. Walker, \$1; Emma, \$1.75; Rosa Smith, 50 cts.; Sibbie, \$1; M. A. E. H., \$2; Maggie E. Mansfield, \$1

Total \$ 0 25
Acknowledged before - - - 50 60
Received by mail - - - 41 60

Total - - - \$101 41

RENEWING.

Parents and Sunday school teachers are invited to renew their subscriptions, as many will close at the end of the year. It will be a pity to let the young folks lose the new year's number as that will be very interesting.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

34.

Who was the wife of Lapidoth? Jdg. 4.
Who succeeded Solomon as king? Kings 11.

Who assisted the Jews in their return to the promised land? Ezra 1.
Whom did Jesus raise from the dead? John 10.

Who was queen to Vashti's stead? Est. 2.
What did they give Jesus to drink when he said, I thirst? John 19.

Who was the mother of the human race? Gen. 3.
Who dwelt in a cave with his two daughters? Gen. 19.

Who was tempted to offer his son for a burnt offering? Gen. 22.

What king does Joramiah say should come and smite the land of Egypt? Jer. 42.

Whom did Darius appoint first president over the princes? Dan. 6.

The initials of the answers to the above questions spell the name of the Superintendent of a flourishing Sabbath school in Dallas county, Alabama, whom we all love very much.

25.

What were the names of Lazarus' sisters? John 11.

What did Christ say if a man should say he shall be in danger of the council? Matt. 5.

In what wilderness did the Israelites camp when they removed from the Red Sea? Num. 33.

Who lived nine hundred and sixty-nine years? Gen. 5.

Who was the father of Hezekiah? 2 Kings 16.

What publican did Jesus call to follow him? Matt. 9.

What city did Christ say was exalted to heaven but should be brought down to hell? Matt. 11.

What did Israel call the third well he dug? Gen. 26.

Who did the angel of the Lord say should be against him and every man against him? Gen. 16.

Who was the father of Sampson? Judges 16.

Who said unto the Levite, "Dwell with me?" Judges 17.

What was the name of Ruth's sister-in-law? Ruth 1.

Who was the father of Japheth? Gen. 6.

The initials of the answers of the above questions spell the name of one of the writers for the Child's Index, and whose pieces I love to read.

MOLLIE.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS.

No. 32.

Ruth. Ruth 2: 3.

Hakanah, 1 Sam. 1.

Lord. 1 Sam. 3.

Elijah. 1 Kings 17: 1.

Eighteen years. Judges 3: 1.

R. E. LEE. No. 88.

Eunice. 2 Timothy 1: 5.

Lily. 1 Kings 7: 22.

Dove. Sol. Song 2: 12.

Raphraes. Deut. 1: 7.

Ring. Gen. 41: 42.

J-oub. 1 Chron. 11: 6.

Ant. Prov. 30: 24, 26.

Deborah. Judg. 4: 5.

A-hner. 1 Sam. 17: 57.

Vesper. Matt. 3: 7.

Ivory. 2 Chron. 9: 17.

Lamballat. Neh. 6: 5.

Elder J. A. Davis. C. B. H.

OUR BABY.

Did you ever see our baby,
I tell you
With her eyes so sparkling bright
And her skin so flly white,
Lips and cheeks of rosy light
And her hair so soft and fine
She is just the sweetest baby
In the lot.
Tel—she is our little darling
And to me,
All her little ways are witty,
When she sings her little ditty,
Every word is just so pretty
As can be.
Not another in the city
Sweet as she.
You don't think so?—never saw her?
With you could
See her with her playthings clattering,
Her little tongue chattering—
Little dancing feet come patterning—
Think you would
Love her just as well as I do—
If you could.

LITTLE MINNIE WHITE.

IN the hill country of Middle Georgia, lies the town of Athens. It is the seat of Franklin College and the Lucy Cobb Institute. Besides the fine buildings connected with these institutions are several churches and many elegant private residences. There are also pleasant streets ornamented with beautiful trees, which furnish many agreeable rides and walks. Among the most charming of all these is Oconee Cemetery. It lies on the banks of Oconee river which winds lovingly around a large portion of it. It is laid out in lanes and lots, and intersected with serpentine carriage ways and shaded with trees. In it are many costly monuments in handsome enclosures, ornamented with rare shrubbery and pretty flowers. Among the multitude who sleep there, none was more lovely in life than little Minnie White.

She was most beautiful and attractive in person. I seem to see her now, with her rosy cheeks, her curling brown hair, her large dark eyes, and her bright, happy face. But it is not because of these that I speak of her, but to tell of the beauty of her character and the excellence of her heart, hoping that some of the dear children who read this may be led to imitate her goodness, and thus, like her, scatter blessings of love and joy in the household to which they belong.

In this pleasant town are many intelligent and cultivated people, among whom are the parents of little Minnie. She had always around her a profusion of sweet flowers, pretty pictures and interesting books.—The father, being much from home, the training of the little ones devolved chiefly upon the mother. She was a lady of gentle, quiet manners, yet firm in her discipline. Home was her little world. With an unaffected piety and prayerful watchfulness she faithfully endeavored to prepare her children for usefulness here and happiness hereafter. If there were more such mothers we might oftener see such children as little Minnie.

A remarkable peculiarity of this child exhibited itself even in infancy: she seldom cried. When only eighteen months she had a spell of illness, and so great was her self-control that though suffering, she did not, like most children, whine and cry, but was so patient and quiet that her physician remarked,

"I never before saw a child that did not cry sometimes, but little Minnie seems above crying."

Her father and mother would frequently say, "Minnie gives us no trouble," but gay, joyous and happy, she fitted about the house, ever ready to make herself useful; and if any article was needed within her reach, all were ready to call upon her—"Please, Minnie, do this," or "Please, Minnie, bring that." She was never happier than when in attendance upon her father in his home duties, even anticipating his wants and performing sundry loving offices with a patience and an assiduity very wonderful in so young a child.

Another trait in little Minnie's character was also very unusual in a child. She was unselfish. If she received presents of fruit, cake, toys or a new book, she was always happy in sharing the pleasure with those around her. If a ride or any other pleasure was proposed in which all could not join, she was ever ready to yield her place to her sisters, thus being more mindful of their enjoyment than her own.

She was a great favorite with her friends and playmates, not only on account of her sprightliness and good sense, but for her good humor. She never pouted, never insisted on having her own way, but was always mild, gentle and loving, seeking not

her own," but ever trying to promote the happiness of her companions.

Among many other interesting traits of character was her ever ready obedience.—She did not, like many children, have frequently to be reminded of her parents' wishes, but was ever watchful to study their desires and to perform them with cheerfulness and alacrity. It was enough for her to know that papa and mama did not approve a thing, and she yielded without a murmuring word.

Instead of attending school she recited her lessons to her mother, and so persevering and faithful was she that, though left to herself to prepare her lessons, she seldom or never came to recite until they were perfectly learned. Indeed, it may be said of her, that whether at work or at play, she did it with her might, and it was well done.—When learning to write, she has been known to spend a whole hour in making one letter over and over, that she might make it equal to the copy.

At the age of six she rejoiced at the birth of a baby-brother, and "the little mother" was more than ever active in all those ministrations of love and tenderness for which she was so remarkable, exhibiting thought and judgment far above her years. Dear little Freddie was a beautiful boy; too beautiful for earth, he was early transplanted to bloom forever in the garden of the Lord.

Little Minnie suffered severely at the loss of this darling brother. Though there was no violent outbreak of sorrow, the silent tear trickling down her cheek as his name was mentioned, or as some toy of his, or article of clothing he had worn, were brought to view, testified to her deep feeling.

Darling child! How little did that happy household dream that she was destined so soon to follow that dear brother, and that a cup more bitter than any and all they had ever before drunk, was preparing for them.

Gradually from this time a change came over her. Naturally timid, shrinking from observation, those not intimate with her did not at once perceive her lovely qualities, but her parents saw and felt that she was rapidly attaining the perfection of childhood.—When not engaged in her studies or little domestic duties, her chief delight was in singing hymns, of which she knew many.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Was one of her favorites, the last verse of which

"Then in a bolder, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor sinner, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave."

She said was "so sweet."

Like the Saviour she so much loved, and of whom she so much loved to hear, "she went about doing good." Relieving her mother or sisters of some duty, teaching a colored child to read, or hearing her little sister's Bible lesson or hymns, were to her pleasant labors. Two days before she died she, together with a sister two years old, formed a plan to teach some poor children who lived near. Their father was in the army, and their mother needed their services to sustain the family; therefore they could not attend school, and their education was quite neglected. The sympathies of these children were enlisted in their behalf, and they begged their mother to allow them to teach them. She, thinking this a missionary spirit that ought to be encouraged, cheerfully gave her approval. They were almost wild with delight, and commenced at once to devise plans as to the time and place of meeting. At last it was settled that the place should be in a lane between the two houses. The next day being the Sabbath it was decided to delay their work of love till Monday.

On the Sabbath, Minnie was in her place in the class, though for the last time. She listened with great attention to the instructions of her teacher, and when the text, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me," was repeated, she said, "What a sweet promise!"

How fondly does the bereaved mother remember that last Sabbath evening spent with her beloved child! With her beautiful face glowing with excitement, as seated by the side of her little sister, but then three years old, earnestly and faithfully teaching her the Bible lesson for the coming Sabbath, she seemed then little less than an angel.

Having finished this duty, she prepared her own lesson, which she recited with great accuracy; then bringing a book to her mother, said,

"Please, mama, read to me."
On looking at the title, "The Youthful Pilgrim," an allegory, she expressed surprise that she should choose such a book as that,

and was more surprised to hear her say, that she loved it and had read it several times. "The Beautiful City," "The Fountain of Life," and a book of Bible stories, were also great favorites.

Sweet child! thyself a little "pilgrim," thy precious spirit had already been bathed in the "Fountain" of the Redeemer's blood, and thy youthful feet were even then at the golden gate of the "Celestial City," which was soon to open and "let the little Traveller in."

The last day of her brief life she arose early, aided her mother in her morning duties, finished her lessons, and then, with her sisters, she asked permission to go and play. This being granted, they hastened to the lane, where their future pupils, themselves greatly interested, had constructed a tent of pine boughs for their school house. In the excitement of making their arrangements, Minnie and her sisters either saw not or heeded not the remains of a fire which the little workmen had made for their comfort in the earlier part of the day. Little Minnie sat at the door of the tent with her back to the fire. The wind being high, a spark was blown upon her dress, which was soon enveloped in flames. She shrieked and called, "Oh, mama!" but when the horror-stricken mother reached the spot it was too late—the fierce flames had done their work but too surely. She was taken tenderly in the arms of a kind neighbor and carried to the house. The physician was summoned, but it was evident her hours were numbered.

God gave the mother strength in that awful hour to suppress her own feelings of agony, and to do all in her power to relieve the sufferings of her dying child, taking her by the hand and leading her to the very entrance of the dark valley.

"My darling child," said she, "we think you can live but a few hours. Are you willing to leave mama and papa, and go and live with Jesus?"

She looked up in surprise. She had not thought of death—life to her had been so joyous and happy—she loved her friends and her home, and at the thought of leaving all, of passing the river of death alone—she shrank back for a moment appalled.

"No, mama, I had rather stay with you."
"But my loved one, Jesus calls you, and you must go. Mama will soon join you in that sweet heaven of peace and rest where you are going."

In a calm tone of voice, her countenance beaming with light and joy, she said,

"Well, mama, pray for me."
At the same time expressing a wish to see her kind pastor whom she dearly loved. He soon came; she looked up and seeing who it was, stretched out her hands and said,

"Dr. Hoyt, please take me," feeling that in his kind and loving arms there must be ease and comfort.

He prayed with the dying child, commending her to the dear Saviour who, when upon earth, loved little children, and who was now about to take her to be forever with him in heaven. She listened to his words with attention and interest. Not a cry—not a moan or word of complaint passed her lips, but calm, peaceful and resigned, she seemed even in that awful hour to forget her own sufferings in her efforts to comfort her friends, saying,

"Don't cry, mama, I feel better now," smiling sweetly, as if to convince her that she was not suffering.

The mother having a few days before cautioned her children about going near fires that were kindled out of doors—her sensitive spirit now seemed to feel something of self-reproach, as if she had been guilty of disobedience, and on her mother speaking to her with tenderness, and calling her my "perfect darling," she said,

"Don't call me your darling, mama, I am the worst child you have."

Her father was a soldier in the army, and her greatest anxiety seemed to be to see him.

"Mama," she said, "I hope I shall live till papa comes. I want to see, him once more."

This ardent desire of the dear child was not realized. Her father came; but not till the cherished form of his loved one was hidden from his view forever.

Just before she died, her mother, perceiving that she was rapidly sinking, said,

"My darling, are you afraid to die?"
"No, mama, not now."
"Are you happy?"
"Yes, mama."
She continued to talk, but her strength was gone and her voice indistinct. But the

words "God" and "heaven" were several times heard, implying that her faith was strong, and that she feared not to cross the dark river with His presence to comfort her.

The dear friends standing by, were awed to silence as they felt that they were in the presence of the loving Jesus who was calling the dear child to rest in his arms.

The gentle spirit passed away without a struggle or a sigh, leaving a sweet smile upon the lovely countenance, after "death had set his seal."

"That life in long which answers a life's great end." Though her days here were few, scarcely more than seven years, she had lived wisely and well. "Her little light shone brightly here, and leaves a train of softened radiance behind." M. L.

YOU KNOW YOU MUST LOVE JESUS.

THESE words fall on my ear with a strange and wonderful power. As I walked by the way I remembered them, and in the quiet hours of the night they were not forgotten. I say they fell on my ears with a strange power, for they were the words of a little girl scarcely five years old, to a younger sister not quite three. A picture was taken of them of your Saviour and mine, dear children, and with her finger raised, pointed to it and said to the younger, in her sweet, childish voice, "You know you must love Jesus." Dear young friends, whoever you are, that may read this, let me say to you as that little girl said—*You know you must love Jesus.* When on earth He it was who, above all others, loved little children best. When many would keep them away He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." Many are the reasons why you should love Jesus. Has He not died for you? Yes, for each one he gave himself to die. The dear one at whose knee you nightly bow in prayer, and with infant lips lip the sweet words, "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c., loves you not half so well as that dear Saviour who died for you, and who would have your young heart given to him in love. O, my dear reader, will you not pray to your Heavenly Father to draw your heart to that dear Friend who above all others well deserves the name of friend. Pray at once, and with earnestness to love Him and be like Him.

"I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak."
"I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met his Father there."
"I want to be like Jesus,
I never, never flee
That he thought persecuted, was
To any one unkind."
Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O! gentle Saviour, send thy grace
And make me like to Thee." G.

Sin is not less dangerous because we are hardened to it.

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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.

THE CHRISTIAN INDEX.

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