

THE CHILD'S INDEX.



VOL. II.

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NO. 12.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY SAMUEL BOYKIN, MACON, GEORGIA, AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, FOR SINGLE COPIES

BEST FOR THE WEARY.

In the Christian's home in Ga-ry, There remains a land of rest, There my Savior's gone before me, To fill my soul's request.

There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary There is rest for you—

On the other side of Jordan, In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you,

He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand, For my stay shall not be transient, In that holy, happy land. There is rest, &c.

Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share, But in that celestial centre, A crown of life shall wear. There is rest, &c.

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory, Shout your triumphs as you go; Zion's gates will open for you, You shall find an entrance through. There is rest, &c.

to take off your hat in the house. At a dinner the dessert is always eaten first.— Their boots and shoes are higher at the toe than at the heel. In drinking the saucer is placed on top of the cup. They kill themselves to be revenged of an enemy. We educate and honor our wives and daughters. They degrade theirs. The young ladies go to the residence of their betrothed to be married, and weep and wail along the route. Nothing of the sort is known here. They have feasting and dancing at funerals. We mourn our dead, and clothe ourselves with the emblems of sorrow. Finally, they relieve the hens from hatching their own eggs, and so skillfully in the operation performed that the old fowls think it all right and the young ones never know the difference.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.
"AS CATCHING AS SMALL FOX"

BY MISS ETOEL.

WHAT is it? **ILLUMOR!** Anna Church came quickly into her mother's room one Saturday morning, saying, "Mamma, I've got my Sabbath school lesson, and now I'm going to dress up my big wax doll and curl over her hair, to take her out this afternoon. We girls are going to have a real doll-party, and I want to have mine look as neat as a pin. Oh, I just know she will be the belle of the evening." "I am perfectly willing for you to do so after a while, my daughter, but Mrs. Andrews is coming to sit with us this morning, and as nurse is completely errand, I wish you to stay with me until she comes back, which will not be long."

Anna's bright smile and high spirits melted away like frost before the sun. She loved her mother too much to object to doing anything for her, but she allowed the catching disease she had mentioned above to take such fast hold of her that she turned sadly away to put Dolly back into her hiding place, two or three big tear drops crept from under her eye lashes and went rolling down her pretty rosy cheeks. As she threw the nursery door open with a bang, Eddy came running up to her "Oh, sister, see what a fine circus-ring you've made with these chairs, Nellie and I are going to be my Shetland ponies, and we'll let you in for nothing if you will fix these reins."

Anna pushed him away from her, "Go along and fix them yourself. I've got to nurse this child."

Poor innocent baby was jerked so roughly from nurse's arms that it began to cry with pain. Mrs. Church hearing its constant fretting, and guessing the cause, could not of course enjoy her visitor's company very much; and Mrs. Andrews soon left, wondering why she was not so entertaining as usual. But the visit was not all Anna's ill-humor spoiled. The ring-master, as Eddy called himself, had not recovered from the push and cross words his sister had given him, (you see he had caught the disease) and complained that his ponies wouldn't work right in the ring, while the ponies declared the driver was too hard to please, and so the grand circus proved a failure and the showmen went moping down stairs.— Miss Dolly shared the general misfortune, for, sad to tell, her ladyship didn't get to the party. Now don't you feel really provoked with Anna? What a pity!

You remember to have worn little kid-skin bags of bella donna or camphor around your necks to prevent your catching Scarlet-fever or Whooping-cough. Well I would advise you, children, to wear a little good-humor in your hearts and faces, if you wish to escape an infection which destroyed a whole day's pleasure.

They tell of a man down East who is so much opposed to capital punishment that he refuses to hang his gate.

CHINA. BY A FRIEND TO CHILDREN. NUMBER II.

The Queue—Mode of carrying money—Small feet; their origin—New Year—The Vegetable Kingdom—Style of Eating—Intoxicating Liquors—Marriage—Printing—Seat of the Intellect—Opposites.

I love to see our little girls With sparkling eyes and sunny curls; In China's realm such things are few, They have blue eyes and wear the queue.

THERE is not a curly-headed person in China. Not one. Think of that. No bright sunny ringlets encircle the necks of China's cowardly daughters. Their heads are as innocent of a curl as a horse's mane. But instead they wear a queue.— When the child is very young its head is shaven all over, save the top, where the hair is allowed to remain. When it becomes long enough it is plaited into two little tufts which stand up like the horns of a cow. As the child grows older these tufts are united and hang down the back; and this queue is the pride and ornament of every Chinaman. To cut it off is considered a most degrading punishment. The wearing of this queue is the most noticeable feature in a Chinaman's appearance, and observable, I believe, in no other people. I am not informed as to the origin of this queer-ious custom.

The Chinese do not carry their money in their pockets, but have it suspended in a purse in front. This may be a safe mode among them; but we opine there are some localities in the world where it would not do. It may be that they are afraid to carry it in any other way, for many of them are such skillful rogues that they can almost steal the butter from off your toast or the sugar from your tea.

You have no doubt heard that the women have very small feet. So they have. When the child is very young the process of compressing the feet it begun. The way is to

turn all the toes except the great one under the foot and then apply tightly a bandage of strong cotton cloth about two yards long and two inches wide. This is never removed except to tighten it or apply a new one. The whole process is so painful that it is a matter of doubt whether they are ever free from pain, and it is a marvel how they afterwards walk at all.

The origin of this singular custom is said to be this: A great many years ago one of the Emperor's daughters was deformed in her feet, and the officers of the court had their daughters' feet compressed till they resembled hers, to save her from mortification. Perhaps this was agreeable to the unfortunate princess, but I much doubt whether the understanding among them was ever perfect.

The Chinese know little or nothing of Christmas; but New Year's day is a great season with them. It is then that all classes of the people assemble in their magnificent temples to pay homage to their idols, offering them costly gifts and bowing before them in adoration. Think of three hundred millions of human beings bowing down to pieces of ivory, porcelain or wood and asking blessings! While little Jesse with his parents are praying their Heavenly Father to bless and preserve them, their next door neighbor is bowing himself before the senseless image of Confucius, and invoking his blessing. So strong is their belief that whatever of good or evil happens to them they consider it is all the work of their patron divinities.

The vegetable kingdom does not vary much from our own. It is said that Irish potatoes are not indigenous to the soil of China, but foreigners have introduced them, and of course the natives will soon get use to them.

Rice is the great national dish, and is eaten by everybody, from the highest to the lowest.

The lordly Shanghai fowl is well attended to. There are several large establishments where eggs are hatched by artificial heat— one of which is said to have as many as sixty thousand eggs undergoing the process at one time.

Fish in great variety abound in the rivers

of China. Shad are highly esteemed. Tur-tles, snails, earth-worms and frogs are highly relished. Cats, rats and dogs are only eaten by those who are unable to procure better.

I imagine it would require a keen appetite and least a partial blindness of vision for you to eat with them at their tables. How would you like to have yourself helped to something from a ladle or spoon which had been wiped slick by the lips of your neighbor at the table? While you are eating if your friend thinks your ladle is not sufficiently clean or nice, he wipes his own by drawing it through his hands, after having sucked it clean, and passes it over to you. Women are never seen at table with men, in families where etiquette is observed. It is, however, different in the humbler circles.

I am glad to say a drunken Chinaman is a rare sight, though many are guilty of the sin of manufacturing intoxicating liquors.

The preliminaries of marriage are attended to by the parents; but as that is a matter in which it is presumed my young readers feel no interest I will only say that the ceremony is not conducted as among us.

Printing is performed entirely without machinery. They have no type, but the letters are cut in very fine wood and impressions taken from that. The only newspaper in China is the "Peking Gazette"—a court journal, issued very irregularly, and contains only the decrees of the Emperor.

The Chinese locate the intellect in the stomach. Where we would say a man is clear-headed, they say he "is very intelligent in the stomach." And so when we speak of a man filling his head with learning, they call it eating a book and hiding it in his stomach.

The Chinese are our opposites in everything. They drink hot water instead of cold. They begin at the end of a book to read. The pupils in school study as loud as they can screech, and recite their lessons with their backs to the teacher. With them the magnetic needle points to the South.— They put the given name, or the title by which you are called, after the surname instead of before it, as for instance, Lee General, instead of General Lee. It is impolite

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

Let all take notice that a RED CROSS MARK after their name, signifies that their time is out and that they must send more money.

APOLOGY.

WELL, children, we have come to see you again after quite a delay. But no doubt you forgave the delay. You know how near the Yankees came to our town; and we suppose you know that such an event would stop all business, and especially all printing. So it did. We thought at one time that our office would be destroyed, and your paper stopped altogether. But such was not the case. God did not let the Yankees take our city, though they tried. As soon as they passed by, we put up our presses, which we had taken down in order to carry them away, and went to work again. We will hurry out the January number, and it will soon follow this. So you will not miss a single number except where the interruption of the mails prevents your getting the paper.

UNFORTUNATE—PARDON ASKED.

We regret to state that our last edition of the Child's Index was too small by several hundred copies, and that, to prevent a good many from getting so many, we took the liberty of diminishing the number sent to several of our subscribers who take a good many copies, putting in some extra copies of an earlier number of the paper.

We ask the pardon of those treated thus; and hope for the sake of those we tried to benefit, that they, who did not obtain all the copies they were entitled to, will not get angry.

We cannot always tell exactly how many copies to print, and when the editor has fifteen thousand, and varying numbers at the end of the year, it is not surprising that, now and then, we should actually print a few hundred copies too few. We will try not to let this occur again; but it is one of those mischances publishers are liable to, and for which we ask the indulgence of our kind friends.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

We visited the Sunday school of the First Baptist church in Montgomery, lately, and were delighted with what we saw. Under its good superintendent's care it is flourishing. We heard the young people sing one of the tunes that appeared in the Child's Index—There is a beautiful world—and we felt repaid for our trouble and expense in publishing it. They sang it beautifully and sweetly, accompanied by the soft, musical notes of a melodion played by their gentle lady chorister.

The school was addressed by several gentlemen, and behaved most decorously and listened most attentively; and all the children looked so happy and beautiful that we could not help loving them. They were so kind as to pass a vote of thanks to us for publishing the tunes we are publishing in the Child's Index—which we appreciate highly.

INTERESTING OCCASION.

We had the pleasure of witnessing a pleasant scene in Montgomery, Ala., not long since. The Alabama Baptist Convention met there; and on Sunday afternoon all the different Sunday schools of the city assembled in the beautiful Presbyterian church to hear addresses delivered especially for their benefit. The Rev. Mr. Tichenor presided; and after that good friend of children, Rev. A. T. Spalding, of Ala., Rev. J. B. Taylor, Jr., of Va., and the Editor of the Child's Index had spoken, the president, Mr. Tichenor, asked the children if they were not glad they came to hear the speeches, and they all replied by rising up, to show that they were glad would be willing to come again. It was a pleasant time; and we believe the young folks of Montgomery enjoyed it very much.

A Western farmer, it is said, declines raising poultry, lest he should get "hen-pecked."

LETTERS FROM TIP'S GRANDMOTHER.

No. 4.

Y' DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS:

I have been thinking of you all a great deal, of late; I think I can see your bright eyes and pretty red cheeks, and hear your happy little feet running around the fire, these cold days. Little folks cannot play out now. The cold winds are blowing, the ground is damp, and Jack Frost has bitten all the pretty green leaves and turned them yellow and red, and many have fallen to the ground. The poor naked houghs are tossed about with the winter winds, and the clouds shut out the bright sun. How cold it is! The children look out at the windows with their fat little faces pressed close against the glass, and watch little Robin-red-breast picking the crumbs from off the kitchen saps. He ain't cold, this brave little bird! not he. Oh, no. The wind blows, and he just folds his wings close to his body and feels warm and nice; and if the frost drops on his little brown head, he just winks his small round eyes, and shakes it off. Oh! no! he ain't cold. He feels like chirping and hopping about, and don't want to sit by the fire, and wear woollen stockings and thick jackets as you do. And Tip's rabbits, they don't care either. They run over the hills and scamper about, and pick up their dinners as they may; and the little squirrels sit on a limb and crack nuts, and are not afraid to be seen now that the cold has driven the boys into the house.

Yes, winter has come sure enough. But just see what a fine warm fire there is in the sitting room, and on the table how many pretty books full of pictures; and papa comes home to sit by the fire these long evenings, and tell you nice stories; and mama is there, too, but she is busy mending the little holes in your clean stockings, to keep the cold from biting your little toes. Now there are your own chairs—draw them up to the fire and sit still, for Tip wants me to tell his little friends something, you will call it a little story, like the stories in the book, but it is all true, and also! very sad. Dear children, the tears gather in my eyes, and my heart aches to think of Tip's first trouble. I believe in my letters I have never told you about Tip's little friend and neighbor, Johnny Greysou. About a year ago the Yankees took Johnny's father's home away from him, and he was obliged to come away and make his home among strangers. They bought a nice cottage near us, and Johnny and Tip became the best of friends. They would roll their little wagons over the yard, and play horse and soldiers, and eat their lunch together every day; and I thought they were the happiest folks in the world. And a kind gentleman in Richmond sent each of them a little blue cap, just alike, and so they looked like little brothers.

Well, Tip and I went to Savannah on a visit, and the night we got home one of our servants met us at the door with a sad countenance and said:

"Um so glad you're come, Johnny is very sick, and his mother is afraid he cannot live."

Oh, how dreadful this sounded to Tip and me! We were so grieved to hear his bad news. I sent Tip to bed, and went in to see Johnny. There he lay on his bed, feeble and weak, and so pale. I felt his little hands and they were burning hot, and his poor mother sat by him with her eyes full of tears and heart almost breaking. But he did not die that night; he lay ill and suffering for several days more. Every day he grew weaker and his little pale face thinner, until one morning his little spirit calmly left his body. Little Johnny, our dear friend, was dead. We laid him out in the quiet parlor, dressed in his nice, clean clothes, with flowers clasped in his white fingers and a soft pillow under his pretty head. He looked so fair and calm, like a little angel-boy, no more to suffer, no more to weep, no more to be suffering and sick. He has gone, and we miss his dear footsteps about the house, but we remember that he is in the everlasting arms of his Saviour, and his sweet voice has joined the shining band of angels around the throne, where there is joy forever more.

I heard Tip's little feet on the stairs after Johnny was dead, and I went to meet him. "My dear child," I said, "the angels have come for Johnny, and he is gone!" "Grandma, are they in there now?" he said, pointing to the room, "and will they take him right to God?" "Yes, darling, they have taken his happy spirit away, but his body lies there; you may come and see him."

I carried him in, and he was full of wonder at Johnny's cold forehead and white hands.

"Grandma, is he singing now in heaven, and has he got little wings?" "Yes, Tip; and he is so happy now he would not come back again."

The next day we buried him. His little grave is where the bright sun lights it all the day, and kind hands spread fresh flowers all over it. There his body rests until the great day. Then those little children who love the Saviour will see little Johnny, a beautiful, bright angel, tuning his golden harp in heaven. Sweet little friends, though you are bright and well now, some time you too must go. Be gentle, be pious, be truthful, and love the blessed Jesus, who loves you so well, and there's nothing to fear;—your death will be only the going home of a happy spirit to rejoice evermore.

Tip misses his little friend and talks of him very often, but he believes Johnny is with God, and he knows he is happy. Once when this dear Saviour was on earth some brought their little ones to see him. The friends of Jesus said, "Take them away and do not let them trouble him." But Jesus said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And now, good night, my friends. Remember all I have told you. Let us repeat it—it is an old woman who tells you, so try and listen carefully—be kind and gentle, obedient and pious; love this dear Saviour, and there's nothing to dread or fear. May God forever bless the little ones—good night.

What we can never catch.

Children, what is it that you can never catch, even if you were to chase after it, as quick as possible, with the swiftest horse in the world?

You can never catch the word that has once gone out from your lips.

Once spoken, it is out of your power; do your best, you can never recall it.

Therefore take care what you say, for—in the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that restraineth his lips is wise." (Prov. x: 13.)

Efficacy of Prayer.

A little girl being indisposed, complained of feeling pain. Her mother said to her—"I will give you some medicine, my love, which will make you quite well to-morrow." Her brother, who was standing by, replied, "O, no, mamma, medicine *above* will not make her well. When I was ill I took a great deal, but it did me no good until I prayed to God to make me well; and then I was better the very next morning, when I thanked God for making me better; and now I am quite well, and so will Ann be, if she prays to God."

Reading.

Boys! read something useful every day—something to reflect upon and talk about while you are at work, or as you pass along the road. Be observant. Notice everything. Converse with the wise and the good. Store your minds early in youth with wisdom.—Crawd in a little every day. Neglect not the Bible. It is the only true chart of life. The ways of that wisdom which it teaches are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Life and Character of the Apostle Paul.
1. What was the birth-place of the Apostle Paul? Acts 22: 3.
2. What was his parentage and tribe?—Romans 11: 1; 2 Cor. 11: 22; Phil. 3: 5.
3. Who was his tutor? Acts 22: 3; see Acts 5: 34.
4. How was he taught and what progress did he make in learning? Acts 22: 3; Gal. 1: 14.
5. What was his trade? Acts 18: 3.
6. To what religion did he belong? Acts 23: 6; Acts 26: 5; Phil. 3: 5.
7. What was his moral character? Phil. 4: 6.
8. How did he show his religious zeal? Acts 22: 3, 4; Acts 26: 9-11; Gal. 1: 13; Phil. 3: 6.
9. Where is the first mention of his name? Acts 7: 58.
(The children must look out the above answers, as they are all that will be given.)

ANSWERS.

We want our young readers to send us answers to our enigmas and questions and Bible pictures, so that we can know that they hunt them up. We will publish some one's answer—generally the one written out most plainly and carefully.

WATCHING LITTLE CHILDREN

Mother, watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, aloof and hall.
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it costs;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother, watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing up the fragrant hay.
Never dare the question ask,
"Why to me this weary task?"
These same little hands may prove
Messengers of light and love.

Mother, watch the little tongue
Prating eloquent and wild;
What he said and what he sung,
By the happy, joyous child.
Catch the word which yet unspoken,
Stop the vow before 'tis broken;
This same tongue may yet proclaim
Blessings on a Saviour's name.

Mother, watch the little heart,
Beating soft and warm for you;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep it keep that young heart true.
Culling out each noxious weed,
Sowing good and precious seed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity.

Puzzle.

I am in the Bible, but not in the leaves,
I am in the black dress, but not in the sleeves;
I am in the bread, but not in the flour,
I am in the bitter things, but not in the sour;
I am in the baker, but not in his eyes,
I am in the rainbow, but not in the skies;
I am in Great Britain, but not in the land,
I am in the body, but not in the hand;
I am in the bad things, but not in the good,
I am in the table, but not in the wood;
This enigma I give as a puzzle for thee,
And when it is guessed, then write one for me.
CHARLES.

NEW STORIES.

We begin two pretty stories for our readers this month—one is the Christian Story by Mrs. McCrimmon, and the other is MARK SIKOLKOV, by Mrs. Cross. All must read them. Next month an interesting Christmas story, by Miss Rittel, will appear.

STORY BOOK.

We are sorry to say that the recent grant by Sherman and his army so interfered with the operations of our Printing House, and renders it so difficult to get printers and paper, that the appearance of the Child's Gift Book will be delayed. Had we expected to publish it yet; and when it does appear, we know the children will be glad to get it.

SUBSCRIBE.

We once more urge upon our Sunday schools to renew their subscriptions. And all our subscribers are informed that the Child's Index will not stop. So they can send on their money, assured that they will get the paper. We hope all our readers will try and get their friends to take the paper.

The Ten Commandments.

1. Thou shalt have no more gods but me;
2. Before no idol bow thy knee;
3. Take not the name of God in vain;
4. Nor dare the Sabbath day profane;
5. Give both thy parents honor due;
6. Take heed that thou no murder do;
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean;
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and weak;
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it;
10. What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.

LETTER.

COLUMBUS, GA., Oct. 21, '64.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

You will find \$4 enclosed for little Jesse and Ellen. I always loved the missionary cause, and now think I love it more than ever.

May the good Shepherd's blessing rest upon all his children, is the prayer of
Your friend, M.

Overdoing.

A Chinese being asked how his countrymen would express the phrase "Overdoing a business," replied: "By a hunchback making a bow."

A little boy having often heard of the Green Mountains, and thinking it very strange that they continued so long in that condition, enquired of his father how long it would be till those mountains were ripe.

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

I'm not a stranger here
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a dreary drear,
Heaven is my home;

What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;

What though the world allure,
Heaven is my home,
Still is the promise sure,
Heaven is my home;

Peace! oh, my troubled soul,
Heaven is my home,
I soon shall reach the goal,
Heaven is my home;

There of my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home;

There are the good and best,
Those I love most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.
MARK SINGLETON.

BY MRS. JANE T. H. CROSS.



ARK SINGLETON was a pretty little boy—no, not pretty, but a quiet, blue-eyed, fine looking fellow, full of mirth, and the mirth was sometimes mingled a little with mischief. Yet there were times when this laughing child would stop suddenly in the midst of his play, and his young face would grow serious, as if he were dreaming of something afar off—then he would dash back his brown curls, and his head would again fly through the air, and his glad shout ring through the enclosure that surrounded his father's beautiful house.

Mark was only six years old, and of course he did not know much at that age. He could read little stories, though sometimes he would come across hard words which he would have to skip over. His mother had taught him several hymns, which he was in the habit of repeating to her at night before he said his prayers. He went to the Sabbath school, and there the teacher used to tell him about God, and Mark asked a great many questions, some of which the teacher could not answer.

On the week days he used to drive two spotted goats in a little carriage, and sometimes, of late, his father would let him ride all alone on a white pony—that was charming! The greatest trouble that Mark ever had was having his playthings sometimes moved. This is not to be wondered at, for at one time he would put them in the middle of the hall, and at another time on the sofa in the parlor.

These were little troubles, and if life could always go on in that way it would be very pleasant; but life does not always go on in that way.

One evening when Mr. Singleton came home he looked very serious and did not talk as much as usual to his little boy, nor to any one. After tea, he sat in his wife's room, and spoke to her in a tone so low that Mark could not hear what he was saying; only once he heard him say, "ruined," and he heard his mother answer, cheerfully, "Oh no." The child could not tell what was the matter, but it seemed to him that everything was not right and comfortable.

A day or two after, his mother called him to her and told him they would be obliged to give up their beautiful place and all the fine furniture, and the carriage and horses. He answered:

"Never mind, mama, you shall ride on Snow-drop."
Her voice trembled as she said: "I am afraid, my child, that we shall have to give up Snow-drop too."
"But I will not," he answered, passionately, "I will not give up Snow-drop to anybody!"

The mother explained to him as well as she could why it was necessary to give up everything, and then she said to him:

"Surely, my son, you would not wish to keep your pony when your father is owing money to others; that would not be honorable nor honest."

The little fellow stood silent for two or three minutes, his face was first red and then pale, but at last he said bravely:

"They may take the pony, mama, I can walk. I will not be such a baby as to cry about it either."

His lip was quivering and his eye looked like a great blue periwinkle glistening with dew-drops. He looked straight forward, and with the courage of a little Caesar kept back the tears. His mother turned aside to hide hers.

The day came when they had to part with everything—horses and furniture, horses and carriage, pony and all. The hardest trial was to part from the servants. All went but Annette and Tom. That was much worse than the case of the pony, and everybody cried.

The cottage which Mr. Singleton took in the country was quite small, but Mark soon became used to that, and was easily consoled for the loss of the fine house to which he had been accustomed. The trees were all in leaf, and the woods were full of joy. Pale blue flowers and white grow up beneath the spreading oak and the tall hickory. Sometimes the child would gather these for his mother, or pick up the cups of the acorns, stopping occasionally to mimic the bustling song of the mocking bird; then he would lift his head and pause to look at the hills, clothed with blue-grass, rolling away in every direction like great waves of emerald. Sometimes he would lie under the oaks and fancy himself "Jack the giant killer." In imagination he would climb the oak and find the giant's house on top. Soon would be heard the terrible voice of the giant:

"Fee fau fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman;
Be he alive, or be he dead,
I'll have his head to eat with my bread."

He, nothing daunted, would hide himself among the leaves until the giant was fast asleep, when he would whip out his sword, cut off the monster's head, and send it tumbling to the ground. His father and mother would come out to see it, and Tom and Annette would come, and they would all wonder how such a little boy as he could kill such a great big giant. Then all the bells would ring, and the people would pour together and make him a prince, and he and his father and mother would live in a palace of gold.

So the days passed away, and Mark thought it a much finer thing to live in the country than in the town. In the evening, the father and mother and child sat down to their comfortable tea-table with ripe, soft peaches and yellow cream and butter and white bread.

One evening Mr. Singleton would take nothing but a cup of tea. He was not well. In the morning he was worse, and the doctor was sent for. The doctor came, and kind neighbors came, but still he grew worse. Life was no longer a holiday to little Mark—a holiday filled with gay dreams; but an ugly thing—a dark cavern, dripping with the tears of his mother, and resounding to the groans of his father.

Mark was the more miserable because he could do nothing. At last, one evening, he crept to the foot of the bed and commenced rubbing his father's feet, praying in his little heart that God might make him well. His father called him, and then the child stood beside the pillow, while his father placed his hand on his head and blessed him, and talked to him a long time. He could not quite understand all that his father said, but he understood that he wished him to be a good boy, to obey God, to be kind to his mother, to take care of her, and to come to him at last in heaven. The child hid his face in the bed clothes and sobbed out:

"Please, papa, don't! don't go!"
His father had him lifted upon the bed beside him, where he wept himself to sleep. He was then taken to an adjoining room and put to bed, but all through the night he would start and sob, and then the angel which watches over children would wrap him again in slumber. Perhaps the angel sighed also.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Little Sparrow.
Glad to see you, little bird,
'Twas your little chirp I heard;
What did you intend to say?
"Give me something this cold day."
That I will, and plenty too;
All these crumbs I saved for you;
Don't be frightened, here's a treat,
I will wait and see you eat.

FROM THE LITTLE ONE.

MOBILE, ALA., Oct. 8, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

IN receiving your much-loved paper last Sabbath, we were very much surprised to find in it a letter from one of the members of our Sunday school. Our superintendent, with whose name you are very well acquainted, has often requested us to write to you; and many times have I, while perusing the dear little letters, which afford me so much pleasure to read, thought that I would write you a letter and give you a description of our Sunday school; but I see that some one has gotten ahead of me, and now it is that I will have to follow the example which has been so kindly set.

Every Sabbath morning when I awake the first thing that comes into my mind is, that beautiful little hymn:

"I'll awake at dawn on the Sabbath day,
For it is wrong to close holy time away," &c.

As you are acquainted with the condition of our school I will tell you something about my happy home. Although there is no fond and gentle mother with me now, and although there is no affectionate father to whom I can go with my little troubles, still there are many loved ones left to make my home pleasant and happy. Not long ago the Angel of Death visited our home and bore away the pet—the flower of the family. Oh, how sad and lonely we were then; every time I looked at the vacant chair of our dear little one; every time I would go into the room where she used so often to play, and every time I would listen for her sweet little voice, and it came not, then it was that my feelings would entirely overcome me and I would give full vent to tears. When I look out upon this busy world and see so many beauties of nature—the beautiful green trees, the flowers which fill the surrounding air with their delightful fragrance, and many other beauties too numerous to mention, I am forced to exclaim, Oh, how happy we would all be if it were not for this cruel war which is raging over our land.

Please send the enclosed to little Jesse Hartwell.
Hoping that my letter is not too long I remain your friend.
ZELLA H.

ANDERSON, Nov. 20, 1864.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

We have a splendid class in our Sunday school. Please, sir, let me tell you about it. There are fifteen of us boys in the class. We study Doctor Boyce's Catechism, say hymns, &c. Our name is the "Young Warriors," and our motto, "Press forward—do right and fear not." We made by our own work over \$10, and gave it in for this month—half for the Hartwells and half for wounded soldiers.

A good many of our class live in the country—some three, some four, and one five miles from the church; but we are coming to Sunday school this winter for all that. We don't mind the walk.

If you will let us some of us will write every now and then, to tell you how we are getting on. Yours truly,
JOE FELTON.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

- 36. After Gideon's death which of his sons slew his brethren? Judges 9.
- Who was the great champion of the Philistines? 1 Sam. 17.
- To whom was the Book of Acts addressed? Acts 1.
- In the days of what king was our Savior born? Matt. 2.
- What king came out against the Israelites at Edrie? Num. 2.
- Who was set over the house of Haman? Esther 8.
- Over what country did Cyrus reign? Ezra 1.
- Who slew six hundred Philistines with an ox-goad? Judges 3.
- Who was the mother of Athalia? 2d Chron. 22.
- Whose vineyard did Abub covet? 1st Kings 21.
- The initials of the answers to the above questions compose the name of a well known and highly esteemed private citizen of Selma that is much beloved by little children.
- 37. What has God granted unto the Gentiles? Acts 11.
- To whom is the gospel of Christ the power of God unto Salvation? Rev. 1.

- What came from heaven to testify of Jesus? Mark 1.
- Who was a servant of God? James 1.
- Why did the angels tell the shepherds not to fear? Luke.
- Why was the Son of man lifted up? John 3.
- What command is given in Job 22, 21? What are all the promises of God? 2d Cor.
- What invitation and promise is given in Isaiah 45?
- What did the apostle exclaim when contemplating the mercy of God? Rev. 11.
- For what did the Son of man give his life? Matt. 20.
- The initials of the answers of the above questions spell the name of a minister of Jesus.

- 38. There is a celebrated mountain mentioned in the Bible:
The first letter of its name is the initial of one of the two wives of one of the patriarchs. L.
- The 2d is the initial of a good man who left the world in a most remarkable manner. E.
- The 3d begins the name of an idol which the Jews themselves sometimes worshipped. B.
- The 4th begins the name of a patriarch who was once about to sacrifice his son. A.
- The 5th begins the name of a mountain in which a great prophet was buried. N.
- The 5th begins the name of a man who took good care of the ark during Israel's oppression. O.
- The 7th begins the name of a patriarch who built a most remarkable structure—wrought many years to do it—was directed by God in it—and mocked by the people for it. N.
- What are the answers to the above questions?

- ANSWER TO ENIGMAS.
No. 34.
Deborah. Judges 4: 4.
Rehoboth. Kings 11: 43.
Cyrus. Ezra 1: 2.
Tamar. John 11: 43-44.
Ester. Ester 2: 16.
Vinegar. John 19: 29.
Eve. Gen. 3: 20.
Lot. Gen. 19: 36.
Abraham. Gen. 22: 8.
Nebuchadnezzar. Jeremiah 46: 13.
Daniel. Daniel 6: 2.
Dr. Cleveland.

- JOSEPHINE YOUNGER.
No. 35.
Mary and Martha. John 11: 2.
Rebecca. Matt. 5: 22.
Sin. Num. 33: 11.
Melchisedek. Gen. 14: 27.
A-haz. 2d Kings 16: 20.
Matthew. Matt. 9: 9.
Capernaum. Matt. 11: 23.
Rehoboth. Gen. 26: 22.
Isahmel. Gen. 16: 11.
Mannah. Judges 16: 31.
Mieah. Judges 17: 10.
Orphan. Ruth 1: 4.
Nash. Gen. 6: 10.
Mrs. M. A. McCrimmon.

- MOLLIE.
MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.
32.
I see a company of armed men ascending a height, and approaching, seemingly with hostile intentions, a man of stern aspect, wrapped in a prophet's rough mantle, who although unarmed and alone, waits them with undimmed and dignified calmness.—As they come near, the leader of the band advances, and kneeling before the prophet, addresses him with beseeching earnestness and reverence. The soldiers stand listening with looks of wonder and awe too deep to be concealed. [See 2 Kings 1 ch.]

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S. BOYKIN, Macon, Ga.

CHRISTMAS AT UNCLE CHARLIE'S. A STORY.

BY MRS. M. A. B'CKINNON.

CHAPTER I.

ON a beautiful Christmas eve, many years ago, I went to Uncle Charlie's to spend the Christmas with my little cousins. My uncle had been absent on a long voyage almost around the world, and so he was expected home that evening, my aunt was making great preparations for the occasion. Turkeys, ducks and chickens had been killed; custards, pies and cakes had been baked; while any quantity of apples, oranges and raisins were artfully stored away in the pantry. According to the old English custom we decked the hall with cedar, interspersed with bright red holly berries—The vases were also filled with mistletoe, winter-pinks and coral, in honor of the coming Christmas. Everything looked very sweet in its Christmas attire; but the most attractive feature in the scene was the Christmas Tree that stood in the centre of the parlor. Around this clustered our fondest hopes, for well know that Uncle Charlie would bring us something nice. What it would be we could not tell; but each one had his or her own preference, and consequently that was what he or she would get. Little Sue said a large wax doll that could open and shut its eyes, would be her "Christmas gift." Tommy sneered a little at her humble desire, and declared that nothing less than an Indian Pony would satisfy him. Carrie said that her father ought to bring her a pearl necklace from the pearl fisheries, which he wrote her mama about; and she had no doubt but he would. Willie said she and Tommy had set their calculations entirely too high and were sure to be disappointed; but for his part he only wanted a little sure enough sword, instead of the tin one which he used at school in drilling his company, and he had no doubt but his hopes would be realized. This drew an animated reply from Tommy and Carrie, and they were in danger of getting into an angry dispute, when Aunt Mary came in and quieted them, as she always did, with a few gentle words. She told them there was no use in disputing about that which was so very uncertain. "Be patient till papa comes and then you will know; and how much better you will enjoy your presents and his company if you have kept in a pleasant frame of mind all day. Nothing disturbs our real enjoyment like ill temper. This can sour our sweetest joys, so my dear children must not let it find a place among them on this day which promises to be so happy."

Her kind words had the desired effect, and peace was once more restored; but still the afternoon passed away rather slowly to our impatient spirits. After a while the tea-bell rang, and still Uncle Charlie had not come. We assembled around the table, hoping he would come before the meal was over, but again we were to be disappointed. After tea we went into the hall where a bright fire was blazing upon the hearth, and some one proposed that we should play to pass away the time. This was agreeable to all, and so we played "What is my thought like?" This was a very nice play and we enjoyed it finely for a little while; but like most children we were fond of change, and soon wanted something else. We then played "The secret word." We liked this better than the other, and enjoyed it a longer time; but we were so anxious for Uncle Charlie to come we could not be pleased with any one thing a great while.

Aunt Mary came in about the time we were getting tired of this, and proposed to play "Nugie Music" for us. This being our favorite amusement we hailed the proposition with delight. Tommy, being the oldest, was appointed to go out first, while his knife was to be the object hid. In a few minutes it was put where we thought he never would find it, and he was called in. Whenever he went towards the knife the music was loud, and when he went from it, it was soft. In this way he soon learned that it was either about Aunt Mary or the piano; and so he commenced hunting under the piano cover, on the sound-board, in Aunt Mary's lap, then in her pocket, under the stool—everywhere that he could think of, but still no knife could he find, though he music was going all the time as loud as it could ring.

Tommy, at this stage of the game, he came somewhat annoyed, and declared we were cheating. We protested that we were

not, and laughed at his perplexity until he became really vexed, and was on the point of crying, when a manly voice cried out at the door—

"A merry Christmas to you all!" It was Uncle Charlie, and such a shout of joy as greeted him you never did hear.— Aunt Mary jumped from the piano and rushed towards him, and as she did so, the knife fell from her head, where it had been concealed in front of her enormous comb. This raised another laugh at Tommy's expense. When we explained the cause of our merriment to Uncle Charlie, he said: "Never mind, Tommy, they will all be envying you before this time to-morrow."

This recalled the subject of our previous thoughts, and we commenced begging him to tell us what he had brought us. But he only laughed and told us to wait till Christmas morning. This we were rather loth to do, but as there was no help for it we had to submit.

Uncle Charlie was now invited to supper, and as it was long after our bed-time, he bade us good night and requested us to go to sleep as early as possible, so that we might wko early in the morning. We were not at all sleepy and would have preferred remaining up, but as Uncle Charlie and Aunt Mary were accustomed to being obeyed at a word, we retired to our rooms, undressed and went to bed.

Long after the rest were sound asleep I lay awake thinking on the events of the day, and wondering what the morrow would bring forth. "Uncle is mistaken in thinking we will all envy Tommy," I thought to myself, "for whatever he may get I will never be envious, for envy is such a hateful thing."

After a while I dropped to sleep and did not wake till the flush of morning was tingling the eastern sky. Then I jumped up and awoke Carrie. We raised the curtain and lo! the earth was covered with snow.— What a beautiful sight it was, and how like a virgin bride the earth appeared in her spotless robe of white! We did not stand long, however, in contemplating its loveliness, but hastily dressing, we descended to the parlor to see what treasures awaited us there. The parlor door was locked, and we were turning away disappointed, when we saw Uncle Charlie approaching us. He had not observed us, and we called out "Christmas gift!" before he was aware of our presence.

"Fairly enough," he replied, giving us both a kiss.

Tommy and Willie now came down, then Aunt Mary and little Sue, when the door was opened and the Christmas Tree, in all its richness, burst upon our view. What a beauty it was! From every bough hung something nice; but the funniest of all was a solemn-faced monkey, that sat perched on one of the topmost limbs. He wore a red jacket and yellow trousers. A card from his neck reached to a blue ribbon, with Tommy's name printed upon it. This then was to be the object which should excite our envy—this grim-faced monkey. I could not help from smiling at the idea. Tommy, however, seemed well pleased, and commenced cultivating the acquaintance of the little savage, who returned his politeness with ill-natured growls.

Willie got a gun, and Carrie a parrot, which could call her name, cry like a baby, mew like a kitten, and do other strange things too numerous to mention. Little Sue received just such a doll as she wished, while I became mistress of a cage containing two beautiful canary birds. This was even better than I had expected, and we were all as happy as happy could be. Willie begged to march up and down the room like a soldier, with his gun pressed against his shoulder. Carrie kept talking and singing to her parrot, while I could not satisfy my eyes with gazing on the tiny forms and delicate feathers of my sweet little birds. I gave them their breakfast, too, and watched them wash their little breasts in their cup of water, and their bill and coo like a pair of turtle doves. At length one of them perched himself on a wire and began to sing deliciously. Like Byron

"My heart was thankful, till my eyes Ran over with the glad surprise."

Tommy, though pleased with his pet, did not get along with him quite as well as we did with ours. Uncle Charlie had to assist in bringing his monkeyship to terms, and when at last Jocko would allow his new master to approach him without growling, Tommy thought he had made rapid progress towards "conquering a peccer," and so repaired to the breakfast room in as fine spirits as any of us.

Aunt Mary sat at the head of the table with a face as bright as a May morning, while we gathered around her a very happy group. Uncle Charlie read a chapter in the Bible before we commenced eating, and then we all knelt and he prayed and returned thanks to God for bringing us all together once more.

After this we did justice to the Christmas cheer, while Uncle Charlie talked to us about the countries he had visited and the many strange things he had seen, which made the hour pass away very rapidly.

After breakfast we again returned to the parlor, but before we reached the door we heard the parrot screaming in great agony. We ran as fast as we could to see what was the matter, and on entering the room we found the monkey holding the parrot close to the cat. Puss was trying her best to catch "poor poll," but every time she sprang towards him the monkey jumped out of her reach, while the parrot screamed in agony.

On seeing us approaching Jocko threw down the parrot and ran up the Christmas tree; and if Uncle Charlie had not rushed forward with his stick, "poor poll" would have been caught. As it was the yellow cat got a hard blow, which made little Sue put up her lip and cry. Carrie was so delighted to see her parrot safe, she caught him up and kissed him, saying: "If that naughty monkey had let the cat get you I would have killed him!"

"No you would not," Tommy cried, in return; "I would not have my monkey killed for fifty parrots and as many cats."

"You had better teach him some manners then, if you think so much of him," Carrie replied hastily.

"You had better—"

"Come, Tommy," my uncle smiled kindly, "don't contend about trifles. Take Sir Jocko into the room and give him some breakfast; I expect he is getting hungry by this time."

"Hardly," Willie replied, after eating all my nuts, he can hardly be hungry, for if he has not eaten them I don't know who has."

"And my raisins, too," I exclaimed, discovering that they were gone. "He is a sad rogue, and I fear will be more trouble than he is worth."

An angry flush mounted to Tommy's face and he was about to reply, when Uncle Charlie said: "You must have patience with the monkey, my dear children; he is a mischievous little fellow, but you must not be hard on him. Remember that he is only a monkey, and cannot be expected to behave like well raised boys and girls. He will afford you a great deal of amusement if you will only have charity for his failings. You see he has never been to school as you have, and cannot be expected to know much of honesty or politeness, though I have known some monkeys to excel genteel boys and girls in the latter quality."

"What! politeness?" we all asked.

"Yes, politeness," my uncle replied pleasantly. "Monkeys have some rules of etiquette as well as other people."

"I would like to know what they are," Carrie answered incredulously.

"I will tell you what they are if you will wait till your mother comes in, and you all get seated; for you know I never like to talk to you unless you are perfectly quiet."

"We will be still," we all exclaimed.

"Well, wait till your mother is here, for you know she is fond of a good story as any of you, so I will not commence in her absence."

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH].

THREE REMARKABLE PRAYERS.

BY REV. F. R. GOULDING.

GENTLEMAN, describing to a friend a terrible storm at sea, concluded his story as follows:

On the third night, about ten o'clock, I went on deck to see how the storm progressed. The surface of the sea was one wild sheet of foam that looked as if it was all on fire. The roar of the wind was so loud that I rarely believe if a small cannon had been fired in the bows of the vessel, it could scarcely have been heard amidst them, where I was.— Up to this time I had not only endured, but enjoyed the storm. Its fierce grandeur was as pleasing to me as it was new. Each long swing of the vessel, as she made her fearful plunge into the trough of the sea, and each blow struck by the billows upon her sides, making her quiver through all her timbers, was only an addition to the pleasure of the scene. But I knew not our danger.

While standing beside the captain, word was brought that our wheel-house had been shattered, and that the vessel was giving other signs of failure. I observed him change countenance. It was evident that death was staring us in the face. I went to my state-room, threw myself into the berth, and struggled hard for ability to say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

Becoming more composed, and beginning at last to feel sleepy, another question arose, "What prayer is that which I should be willing to make my last, supposing that the morning light should find us no more on earth?"

This question was soon answered. Roused in our shattered cradle by that terrible storm, we were like infants, all. I felt that my last words should correspond to my situation. Creeping, therefore, from my berth, and kneeling beside it, as I used to do at my father's knee, I repeated softly, slowly and solemnly,

THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my life to keep; If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take."

With that prayer I went to sleep. I cannot describe to you how sweet it was, except by saying that from that time to the present, I love to kneel down by my bedside at night and repeat it as a part of my evening worship.

This was the gentleman's story. No doubt some will think it strange that a grown up man should continue to use a child's prayer. But it is not strange. In God's sight we are all weak and helpless as children, and it is right that we should come to Him as children do. Indeed, it is reported of a distinguished American statesman that, to the just of a long life, he was in the habit of repeating that same child's prayer before retiring to rest.

There is another prayer for children, quite as simple as the one just given, but not quite so comprehensive, entitled

THE CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.



"Now I awake and see the light, Thy God who kept me through the night; To Him I lift my voice and pray That he would keep me through the day."

But of all prayers in human language, the most perfect and most extensively used by mankind, is that which was taught us by our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and therefore called

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"Our Father which art in Heaven: Hallowed be Thy name. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread.— And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen."

These three prayers are remarkable for one thing, that they may be offered with equal propriety by every man, woman and child, of every age, country and persuasion, who will come to God as a little child comes to his parent. But the Lord's Prayer is unquestionably above the others in this thing (which also shows its divine origin) that short as it is, it asks in substance for every thing that man need to ask of his Heavenly Father.

THE CHRISTIAN INDEX,

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