

# THE CHILD'S INDEX.



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**A CHRISTMAS BALLAD FOR 1864.**

From the Children's Guide.

Mark! hark! what voices do I hear?  
 What sounds are those that greet my ear!  
 List the reverberating strains of mirth,  
 Which swell o'er Judah's hills and plains.

Who art thou, leader of the choir?  
 What makes thee tune thy voice and lyre;  
 And who compose that shining crowd  
 That follow thee in anthem loud?

Gabriel am I, an angel bright,  
 Descending from the world of light!  
 They too came from that distant coast,  
 A squadron of the heavenly host.

A legate from the Sovereign King,  
 Good news to you, to all I bring:  
 In Davids city, this glad morn,  
 A Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born!

To prove my wondrous message true,  
 If straightway you to Bethlehem go,  
 A babe, in swaddling clothes confined,  
 In manger laid, you there shall find.

All glory be to God on high!  
 Loud sounds the chorus of the sky,  
*Gloria in excelsis* still—  
 On earth be peace, to man good will!

With joy and gratitude, we sing  
 Loue carols to the new-born King:  
 To the celestial choir reply,  
 All glory be to God on high!

Since 'Christ' the Prince of Peace, is born,  
 Let Peace with harkson wing return:  
 He shed the horrid cannon's roar,  
 Let wars and fighting be no more!

Since 'Christ' the Prince of Peace, is born,  
 Let Peace with harkson wing return:  
 He shed the horrid cannon's roar,  
 Let wars and fighting be no more!

To thee we cry, great God of Peace,  
 Throughout the earth make wars to cease,  
 Janus his temple close once more,  
 Jesus forever bar the door.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.  
**MARK SINGLETON.**  
 BY MRS. JANET T. H. CROSS.  
(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)

The next morning when Mark awoke, the sun was shining through the yellow leaves of the sugar tree that stood beside his window. The leaves fluttered like golden wings, and everything seemed so happy that he thought his father must be better.

His mother did not come as usual, but he arose and managed to dress without her. Then he went softly to his father's room; all was still. Two of the neighbors sat in the room, but neither spoke. His father lay quiet, covered with a sheet. He walked up to him and turned down the sheet.—The face was terribly still. The breath of the child came thick. Fearfully he placed his hand upon his father's brow and a cold thrill passed through his hand and arm, and seemed to plunge like a spear of ice, into his heart. That little heart can never again be as glad as it has been. That cold touch will be felt again, even in the bright summer days.

Four years passed away, almost without change. Tears had been shed, and wiped away; sighs had been breathed, and had died upon the evening winds; trials had come, but every day trials that nobody takes account of but God. He helps us out of them; and not perhaps in the great day, they will be brought up again, and then we shall see what blessed things they were. Mrs. Singleton's heart grew a little brighter every day as she saw her son—her own good son, growing so tall and handsome.

One day Mark wandered from his mother's cottage into the large park that belonged to their rich neighbor, Mr. Rochester. Mr. Rochester's family had never been at home since Mrs. Singleton had lived in the neighborhood, and Mark had roamed through the park at his pleasure, until he almost felt as if it were his own.

This evening he lay at the foot of an oak and amused himself with a book of fairy tales. The sun was sinking behind the hills,

but he was wrapped in the story of "Prince Darling." As he finished it, he closed the book and raised his eyes. Mark was not a timid boy, but I must confess that he was fairly startled when he saw standing in the path before him a little girl of about eight years. Her dress was the palest blue and white. The light hat fell back from her head, and her auburn hair so mingled with the rays of the setting sun, that each seemed a part of the other. In one hand she held a hoop, and with the other she caressed a fawn that stood beside her.



To the excited imagination of the boy it seemed that the princess of the fairy tale was before him—in her own person, and in that of the old lady, to which she had been transformed. He looked at her wondering. She, too, looked into his face with great brown, smiling eyes. At length she said to him in a clear, merry voice:

"What is the matter with you? Why do you look at me so? Do you take me for a banger-bon?"

He replied slowly—"No; but I thought, maybe, you were a—princess."

"The little girl burst into a laugh. "You are a funny boy. What is your name?"

"My name is Mark."

"O yes, I know Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. You are not Matthew, Mark, Luke or John, though, are you?"

Mark's face grew red as he said: "No, my name is Mark Singleton."

"The little girl noticed the change and said very gently:

"Are you mad with me?"

He answered proudly—"I never get mad with girls."

"O then you will be a nice playmate.—You will help me to hunt bird's nests, won't you? Not to rob, you know; just to watch the young ones. Does your mama ever tell you and your brothers and sisters that pretty verse—

Birds in their little nests agree,  
 And 'tis a shameful sight,  
 When children of one family  
 Fall out, and chide and fight."

"I hate to brothers and sisters."

"No brothers and sisters! How dull it must be! Would you like to be my brother?"

"Yes, I would. Who are you?"

"I am Ida Rochester. My father lives in that big house across the park; but it has been a long time since we were here.—When we left here I was a little teeny-teeny girl, about as big, I reckon, as my little finger. But I remember the deer and the great big buffaloes in the park. Are you afraid of the buffaloes? Cato says they won't hurt you, but uh! they are so ugly! I'll tell you what I think they look like." Here she drew near to him and said in a whisper—"I think they look like the old had man. Papa had a black bear once in the

park, but one day it almost killed the over-icer's little child, and then papa had it shot. I must go home now, because mama told me I must not stay late. To-morrow is Sunday, and we have to go to town to church, but I expect that mama will let us come out here in the evening to walk, and then you will come and walk with us, won't you? You know you have to be my brother."

Mark readily promised, and the two new friends shook hands and parted.

The next evening Mark asked his mother's permission to walk in the park with Mr. Rochester's children. After he had read a chapter in the Bible to her, and had carefully learned his Sabbath school lesson, she let him go.

Monday morning he met Ida at the country school. She sat on the same bench beside him. He assisted her in her lessons, made grape vine swings for her, climbed the trees for hickory nuts, brought her black haws and persimmons, and always carried her lunch basket for her.

She, on the other hand, often saved her orange for him at dinner, took him hot-house flowers, and many a fine story book did she get him from her father's library.

One day Mark was wandering in the park when he saw a woman carrying a basket on her head, and a child in a blue dress following her. The woman was going to live on a big stump by the school house.—The basket ran by the house of Bill Brown's father, and Bill was the worst boy in the neighborhood. When he found that Mark was getting water-cresses he tried to drive him away, but Mark would not be driven away, because the basket ran along the public road and was not on Mr. Brown's land, and besides, he was resolved to get the cresses for Ida.



After a while, Bill commenced throwing stones at him. One of the stones struck him on the brow and cut it so that the blood ran down his face. This was too much for his patience, so gathering up the cresses, he carried them to Ida, and without stopping to answer her frightened questions about the blood, rushed back and gave Bill a reeling blow on the side of his head. Bill, of course, struck back, and the struggle was a hard one, for Bill was the larger. Mark had just got him on the ground, when he heard the school-master's voice say behind him,

"For shame!"

He instantly arose and did look very much ashamed.

The teacher called in the scholars and then told Mark that he must stand an hour in the presence of the school. With a burning cheek Mark took his place in the middle of the floor.

With eyes full of tears, Ida went up to the master and said:

"Mr. Jerrold, if Mark got into a fight it was because he was getting water-cresses for me. I think he ought to have whipped that great big rowdy, Bill Brown, and if you do not forgive him I will stand there by him."

The teacher thought the fault too great to be passed over, so Ida took her place beside Mark, and stood there until the hour of punishment was over.

After the school was dismissed and they

were going home, as he took her lunch-basket, Mark said to her:

"I shall never forget you, Ida."

"O, my standing there was very funny, but I think it was a shame for Mr. Jerrold to make you stand there with the blood running down your face."

Mark's hardest trial was to meet his mother. She was shocked at his appearance, and after his wound was dressed she gave him a sad, quiet lecture—a hard thing to bear—on the evils of wrangling and fighting.

(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)

If you forget God when you are young, God will forget you when you are old.

"MY MOTHER KNOWS BEST."

A PARTY of little girls stood talking beneath his window. Some nice plan was on foot; they were going into the woods, and meant to make a nest of straw, and pick berries. Oh! it was a fine time they meant to have.

"Now," said they to one of their number, "Ellen, you run home and ask mother if you may go. Tell her we are all going, and you must bring with you a basket, a bunnet slipped across the way, and went into the house opposite. She was gone some time. The little girls kept looking up at the windows very impatiently. At length the door opened, and Ellen came down the steps.

She did not seem in a hurry to join her companions, and they cried out, "You got leave I you are going, are you?" Ellen shook her head, and said that her mother could not let her go. "Oh!" cried the children, "it is too bad! Not go! it is really unkind in your mother. Why I would make her let you. O! I would go whether or no!"

"My mother knows best," was Ellen's answer, and it was a beautiful one. Her lips quivered a very little, for I suppose she wanted to go, and was much disappointed not to obtain leave; but she did not look angry or pouting, and her voice was very gentle but very firm, when she said, "My mother knows best."

There are a great many times when mothers do not see fit to give their children leave to go where and do what they wish, and how often they are rebellious and sulky in consequence of it! But this is not the true way, for it is not pleasing to God. The true way is a cheerful compliance with your mother's decision. Trust her, and smooth down your ruffled feelings by the sweet and faithful thought—"My mother knows best." It will save you many tears and much sorrow. It is the gratitude you owe her, who has done and suffered so much for you, and the obedience you owe her in the Lord.

LITTLE BOYS SHOULD PRAY.

A little boy, only four years of age, said to his mother while undressing for sleep:

"Mother, why can't I make a prayer for myself? I think of a great many things, and I want to ask God for, which is not in the little prayer I always say. There is my little cousin William, who is too small to pray for himself; I want to ask God to make him a good boy. There are other things, too, I want to say." What mother would not rejoice to hear this? Parents, however early your children come to God, teach them to ask as early for spiritual blessings.

STEALING.

"Does Harry Pitt steal apples?"

"No! nor anything else. He would as soon cut off his own right hand as to steal. When he was a child his mother taught him this lesson:

"In God's sight it is a sin  
 To steal a penny or a pin."

# 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.

## "UNCLE CHARLES."

CHILDREN, do any of you know the name above? It was the name of a man that great and good man G. D. Mallary wrote a great deal for the special benefit of the young. We have been looking at a little book he wrote many years ago, trying to find something for your Child's Index. It is a little Book called *Simple Rhymes and Familiar Conversations for Children*. It contains many conversations, which "Uncle Charles" supposes to have happened between himself and the children of his friends. You see "Uncle Charles" used to travel and preach a great deal, and he got acquainted with a great many people, and had a great many friends. He used to visit the parents of the Editor of the Child's Index, and in fact lived with them a while, many years ago, in the town of Milledgeville, Georgia.

Well, one of the conversations in the Book he supposes to have occurred in our family. It never really took place, but was such as might have happened. Here is the conversation.

### THE FIRST BURMAN HYMN.

UNCLE CHARLES.—And how do you all do? It is a long time since I have seen you; and children, how you have grown. Francis, you are almost a man; and Samuel, you are not much behind him. How do you like this? Can it be by Thomas Cooper's a good stout lad to be sure. And as for those, whom I knew as little chattering girls—is it possible! they are now young ladies. Time, how it carries us along! But did I not hear you singing as I came in?

Dr. B.—Yes, my children here were trying to make a little noise, but I do not think they succeeded very well.

Mrs. B.—Well, for my part, considering the attention they have given to singing, I think some of them do pretty well.

UNCLE CHARLES.—It delights me much to see young persons cultivating a taste for music, particularly sacred music. Do not let my coming in interrupt you. Sing on.

CHILDREN.—And what shall we sing?  
UNCLE CHARLES.—Any thing you please. Can you sing for us a Burman hymn?

Dr. B.—I think you would have to make Burman English before they could accomplish much.

UNCLE CHARLES.—Here is a Burman hymn, turned into English—not by me—for I know but little more about Burman than I do about the language of the people who lived before the flood. You have all heard and read much about our brother Judsoo. After he had been in Burmah several years, and by his labors and the labors of some other missionaries, several of the heathens had been converted, he composed a little Burman hymn. For many years it was the only hymn in use among the Burman converts. Mrs. Simmons, the wife of one of our beloved missionaries, (now dead, and I trust in a better world,) translated the hymn into English, and sent it over to some of her friends in this country. The following is the translation:

Heaven is a golden country, seek it.  
The happy souls behind the face  
Of Jesus Christ, and forever adore.  
They speak and sing of grace divine.  
Exempt from punishment;  
Sickness, death, old age,  
Entirely banished and destroyed,  
They speak and sing of grace divine.  
Loving with all the heart,  
And possessing everlasting bliss,  
They drink in and enjoy it;  
And speak and sing of grace divine.  
They abide in the divine presence.  
The brilliant rays of the divine glory  
From Jesus Christ overshadow every one.  
They speak and sing of grace divine.

Dr. B.—Now, children, let us hear you sing the Burman hymn.

SARAH.—We will try—let us see—  
What? Why, some how or other, I  
make any thing out of it.

EMILY.—Neither can I—it will not suit common metre, nor long metre, nor any metre that I know of.

SAMUEL.—Do you not see, the lines are very irregular, and look, they do not rhyme. FRANCIS.—But notice; this is only a translation, it was not intended to be sung in its present form.

Dr. B.—I will tell you what to do. Uncle Charles here, as you call him, is a kind of rhyme-maker; now just get him to clip and straighten those lines a little, and then perhaps you can sing them.

UNCLE CHARLES.—That I have already done. Here is a little piece, containing the substance of the Burman hymn, arranged to suit any long metre tune:

O seek ye heaven, a golden land,  
Where happy souls rejoicing stand;  
And over view the Saviour's face,  
And speak and sing of matchless grace.  
Exempt from sin and sorrow's rage,  
From sickness, death and wasting age;  
All suffering banished from the place,  
They speak and sing of matchless grace.  
Love fills their hearts each burning breast,  
Of everlasting bliss possess;  
They quaff with joy the immortal spring;  
Of grace divine they speak and sing.  
God's presence is their dwelling place;  
The glorious and all-glorious face,  
From Jesus' face around them shine;  
They speak and sing of grace divine.

And here is another arrangement of the words, a little different, adapted to the good old tune, Lenox:

Heaven is a golden land,  
O seek the happy place;  
Thou blessed spirit stand,  
And view the Saviour's face.  
Forevermore in light they shine,  
And speak and sing of grace divine.

Exempt from pain we,  
Sickness and death and age,  
No peril there they know,  
Nor three temptations' rage.  
Forevermore in light they shine,  
And speak and sing of grace divine.

Sweet love and peace possess,  
And fill each raptur'd soul;  
The floods of blessing,  
Through glory's narrow roll.  
Forevermore in light they shine,  
And speak and sing of grace divine.

Before the Lord they dwell,  
The pure and diligent rays  
Of his immortal  
Overshadow all the place.  
Forevermore in light they shine,  
And speak and sing of grace divine.

THOMAS COOPER.—Uncle Charles, I intend to learn those verses, and when I get large enough I will try and sing them, with mother and Narcissa and Emily, and my brothers.

UNCLE CHARLES.—O, shall we all meet in heaven, and meet those converted Burmans in heaven, and sing together forever? If we perish at last, the poor ignorant heathen will rise up in judgment against us.

Children, as we read this conversation we felt the tears gathering in our eyes. For we remembered that the good Mr. Mallary had been gathered to his fathers, and was quietly sleeping in his grave near Albany, Georgia. But, ah! his soul has gone to heaven, where he has met "those converted Burmans," where he and they will "sing together forever."

His long and useful life ended as a taper gradually goes out when it is all burned away. He died gently clapping his hands and murmuring, "Sweet—sweet home."

And we shed other tears too, children, for we remembered that our father and mother, called Dr. and Mrs. B. have long since been laid beneath the earth; but we hope too they are singing in heaven. And besides them, "Francis" and "Emily" have finished their earthly course—both put down in the prison of life; but as they were both christians, we believe they too have met their parents, and "Uncle Charles" and these converted Burmans and are singing with them in heaven.

There are six of us left. "Samuel" your friend, and the Editor of two religious papers, sometimes tries to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. "Thomas Cooper" is a preacher also; and all the rest are members of the church. And perhaps through the prayers of the good Mallary, we will all meet in heaven and meet those converted Burmans in heaven and sing together forever. God grant it!

Quarrels would never last long, if the fault were on one side only.

RECEIVED FOR JENCK AND ELLER.  
Willie A. Collis \$2; C. L. Powell \$1;  
Emily P. Newton \$2.

## WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX. A CHRISTMAS PLAY: OR, WHAT WE SHALL WANT. BY MISS ETHEL.

MERRY group of boys and girls had assembled in a cheerfully lighted parlor to spend an evening of the holidays. After a little conversation, Annie Balfour, the hostess, proceeded to do the honors by getting up some games.

"Suppose, instead of 'magical music' and 'stingo' each, we have something a little different. Let's organize ourselves into a new Confederacy, and see what trade or profession each one will choose."

"Here's one that will take a hand in that sort of a game!" said big Hal Jones. "I'm G. T. Beauregard, Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate forces," waving his handkerchief above his head. "We'll show all Lincolnland that we've planted a shoot of the old tree of Liberty in this Southern soil, and that we are ready to water it with our heart's blood, sooner than it shall perish. Hurrah for our new Confederacy—Who'll follow?"

This patriotic appeal was not in vain, for in a moment an eager band had rallied around his standard—each one calling out the name of the hero he represented—Lee, Johnston, Hill, Price, Forrest, Early, Hood, &c.

"Stop, stop," called out Annie, as soon as she could make herself heard, "when we begin to make a thing don't we put the head on first? In other words, we must have a A. I propose the name of Mr. Hugh L. Sherwood as a suitable candidate for that important office. Those in favor of my nominee will please signify it by saying AYE; those opposed, NO."

There being no opposition, that gentleman was waited on by a committee of three and conducted to the Chair of State in the centre of the room. The next thing to be done was the election of representatives from each of the loyal States, that making the suggestion that those "on the fence" be ruled out. The election having passed off, more to the general satisfaction than such affairs commonly do, the member from South Carolina rose:

"Mr. Speaker: As we don't intend to be caught again with nothing to fight with, I propose these gentlemen on my right as a suitable committee on gunboats and ironclads."

"Agreed!" roared out Sam Adams, much complimented by the appointment, "and you won't object either to a sharp '200,' will you, to slip in a little coffee for the old folks at home? 'Yes, we'll melt the church bells and preserving kettles, and turn out a plenty of the big-mouthed cannon. You fellows over there will attend to the small arms."

The Georgia member next moved that, as we had a regular Standing Army, pointing to the General and his staff, who still occupied that position, we now devise ways and means for their support.

Billy Walker got up to say that, as he intended to be a farmer any how, at least until exempt was "played out," they might put him down for corn and fodder.

Ned Harris said he'd furnish bacon sides. John Martin promised flour, if the Government would allow him a little for home consumption.

Henry Stewart thought he could succeed best on sorghum; and so on.

The girls then took up the clothing question:

Julia Thornton and Nancy Harris would spin; Kate Jones and Fanny Walker would weave; two others spoke for the cutting and making of pants and coats; Anna Church and Lucy Adams jumped at socks for their share; and Bessie Sherwood, declaring that it would never do for the dear soldiers to lack for gloves and comforters, took that contract. Here little Matty Balfour, the smallest of the group, got up in a chair so as to be heard, and said that she would make the big cavalry boots!

The President went up before her and made her a low bow, saying it was a most timely suggestion; he was surprised that it had been overlooked so long, and delighted to see that department in such efficient hands.

George Weaver, the member from Alabama, now took the floor, and he always commanded attention:

"Mr. Speaker: I am proud to see the prominence with which our national wants have been met, so far; but you will permit me to say we shall have others of a no less important nature. As we are done forever with 'Yankee notions,' both in and out of

books, we must have our own professors and teachers in our Academic halls and Seminaries of learning. We want Southern Text-books and Primers, Confederate Music teachers, Governors, and Ballad-writers, with as many of the 'contrabands' as the dear freedom-striekers will allow us to keep. When independence in all things has become our motto, I guess we shall have as much intervention' as we wish. With these brave hearts and loving hands (turning gracefully to the spinners, weavers and knitters) we can rear a national fabric compared with which old Rome in her days of splendor is as a twinkling star to the bright effulgence of the meridian sun!"

When the applause succeeding this burst of eloquence had nearly subsided, Mrs. Balfour, who had come to invite them in to supper, and had paused at the door to listen, said:

"Yes, my dear children, it is true, if that time ever comes, we shall have many wants. The wise statesman will be needed, the learned law-giver, the educated instructor of youth, the judicious farmer, and the ingenious mechanic. Is that all? To that great structure which you have already reared in your glowing imaginations Religion must be the corner-stone. Yes, we shall want most of all the faithful Herald of the Cross and the self-sacrificing missionary to heathen lands. I am happy in believing that want will be supplied, for if I am not mistaken there is one here who told his mother or not long since he had rather be Robert McChyne than the Duke of Wellington, and," said she, turning to a certain meek face near her, "there is another one who does not forget little Jesse the first Sabbath in every month, and made what she gives, too, selling strawberries out of her own garden. Strange as it may seem you are now farming the future of our struggling country. God grant that your hands may never be stained with the blood of your fellow-men, but that your adult years may be crowned with all the blessings of peace and prosperity. Come with me, and in a glass of sparkling cold water, let us drink a Christmas toast to the new millennium."

## NEW YEAR.

ELL, children, another year has passed away forever—with all its sorrows and joys it is gone, never more to return. How have you employed that year? For your advantage? If not, Oh, what a pity! For then you have not just so much. If you had used your time properly, you might now be happier, wiser and better; you might have given more joy to others, and have merited from your heavenly Father the sweet praise, *Well done*. But after all, dear children, there is not much use of lamenting the past—it can not be recalled; but you can learn a lesson from time lost or mis-applied, and you can do better in future; you can make better use of the year 1865 than you did of 1864; you can study harder and play less, and love your father and mother more, and be kinder to your brothers and sisters, and behave more gently, and say your prayers more regularly, and go to Sunday-school oftener, and try every way you can to be better boys and girls than you have been. Then you will be happier, and everybody will love you more, and you will grow up wiser and better than you otherwise would, and become respected and honored as long as you live, and when you die, you will go to heaven.

Now, we hope all the young readers of the Child's Index will resolve not to waste any time in 1865, not to disobey father and mother, but to study hard, read a great deal, be kind to everybody, and try to be good little christian boys and girls. Now, let us see if you won't all try.

## A PREMIUM.

We intend to keep a particular account this year, and to the Sunday school that takes the largest number of Child's Indexes, over 50 copies during 1865, in proportion to its number of scholars, we will make a present of 50 copies for the year 1866. Let the Sunday schools take good notice and try to gain the premium by taking us many papers as they can, and letting us know the average number of scholars during the year. EDITOR.

The youth or the man who indulges in ridiculing the little imperfections of his friends, will soon find mankind united together against him.

Ho that would eat the kernel must crack the nut.

WE COME WITH SONG TO GREET YOU.



A year again has passed away! Time swiftly speeds along; We come again to praise and pray, And sing our greeting song.



CHORUS. f. REPEAT pp.



We come, we come, we come with song to greet you; We come, we come, we come with song a - gain.

We come the Saviour's name to praise, To sing the wondrous love Of Him who guards us all our days, And guides to Heaven above.

We'll sing of mercies daily given Through every passing year, We'll sing the promises of Heaven With voices loud and clear.

Our youthful hearts will gladly raise, Our voices sweetly sing, A general song of grateful praise, To Heaven's eternal King.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All scattered on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he,—for nighly dread Had seized their troubled mind— Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day Is born, of David's line, The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord; And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly babe you then shall find, To human view displayed, All meanly wrapped in swathing bands, And in a manger laid."

This spoke the seraph, and forthwith Appeared a shining throng Of angels, praising God, who thus Addressed their joyful song:

All glory be to God on high, And peace on earth, and good-will to men, Begin and never end.

WE COME WITH SONG TO GREET YOU.

CORA.

Her dear mother died a few years since. Her father is yet a young man. He felt lonely and sad. After mourning a long time he concluded to get married, (if he could) and he was recently married to an interesting and pious young lady.

Sometimes the arrival of a step-mother in a house produces great dissatisfaction and unhappiness. I saw Cora and her new mama together, and think they loved each other. This is just as it should be. Now dear Cora and all other little girls and boys, (and large ones too) who have a step-father or mother, I will ask you kindly to remember that God took your own dear parent and God has given you another one. If you will love you, unless their hearts are as hard as steel. I am sure this is not the case with Cora. And to my other little friends let me say, that if you will only love as you should, the hard hearts will melt before your tears like wax before a warm fire. Some of my little friends may conclude that my children have a step-mother, but Cora knows that I have but one child, and that his mother is yet living and as lively as a bird— and now only for this cruel war and the absence of our dear boy who is a member of the Navy, at Mobile, Ala.

My dear little friends must all consider me a true friend and try to be good children. Kindness on your part will drive away the unkindness of others.

LESSON 2d.

I see nearly all the letters which are sent to the Child's Index. Some of them have mistakes and errors of various kinds. I am book-keeper for the large Index and for the small Index. We have about a peck of defective letters sent by old people for the "Christian Index." These letters all had money, and yet we cannot send the papers because we cannot learn three facts, all of which are necessary to know to insure the paper:

- 1st.—You must give your name.
2d.—You must give the name of your post office.
3d.—You must give the name of your State.

If you omit either of the above three things we will put your letter in a bundle and not send the paper. One man writes every month or so, and frets and scolds because we do not send him what he wishes. He sends money in about half of his letters, but we cannot answer him because he has never given us the name of his post office. I hope dear Cora and all of our little friends will remember when they write to put on the letter the three things named above. Your true friend, F. M. HAYGOOD. Macon, Ga., Dec 1, '64.

FROM THE LITTLE ONES.

LAURE CITY, FLA., Nov. 14, '64.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I HAVE received four numbers of your nice little paper since I wrote to you. I worked out the "Track" in the Greater number, and would have sent it to you, but as it was so near November I thought it best to wait awhile.

Mr. Boykin, I know you will sympathize deeply with me when I tell you how lonely it is here on Sundays. There is no church near us and we cannot get out to town conveniently.

Mr. Boykin, I hope you will excuse the privilege I take. I have not seen any pieces in the Child's Index, written by any little girls, but I have something to tell you about my little cousin whom I will call Jimmie. and if you think it suitable to publish you can do so. Well, little Jimmie has no mother; poor little fellow, he lives with his aunt. One night his aunt saw him get in bed without saying his prayers. She turned to him and said: "What is the matter, Jimmie, that you are not going to say your prayers?" "Nothing," said Jimmie, "only I said my prayers twice last night, and I thought once would do for to-night."

I am very glad Mrs. McCrimmon is going to write a Christmas Story, and also that Burke, Boykin & Co., are going to publish a nice Story Book for the Christmas holidays, and I wish you would tell us if it is going to be a present or if it is to buy— Please write me and let me know. But I must close this time. I hope you will pardon me for writing such a long letter. From your little friend, LAURA H. SULLIVAN.

WILKES Co., GA., Nov. 12, '64.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I expect by this time you have forgotten all about "Oak Hill Sunday school," as it has been a year since you heard from us— We are still in a flourishing condition, although it is a private school held at a neighbor's house and has no male superintendent or kind pastor such as some of the little boys write about. Our school has proved to be "an evergreen." Through all the cold and pinching weather of last winter we did not lose a "leaf," not even the smallest "fall off," but were as punctual in attendance as the oldest. We have had an addition to our school, too. It now numbers thirteen, with a prospect of more scholars. Our teachers have procured for us quite a lot of books—Question books, Library books and Testaments. We sing from the "Wreath," and if you could hear us sing "The Anchor," "I want to be an angel," and others, you would believe we were in earnest.

The Index is looked for as eagerly as ever. We missed one or two numbers about the time the Yankee raiders were trying to get get Macon. I will close. Very respectfully, E. T. N.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Nov. 20, '64: Dear Mr. Boykin:

Again I take the privilege of writing to your very interesting monthly messenger for the purpose of informing its readers how our Sabbath school progresses.

The last time I wrote (which was about three months ago) I believe our school was composed of about 95 pupils; we now have about 120, and have a few additions almost every Sabbath.

We take up a collection every week for the purpose of procuring books for the use of the school; and also our paper, which is indispensable. The Duke class are still flourishing, especially the Young Ladies.

Two weeks ago the anniversary of our school was celebrated on Sabbath afternoon at the church, the exercises of which were opened with prayer by our dear pastor, Rev. R. H. Griffith, after which our superintendent, Mr. A. Tabb, stated to the audience the object of our meeting, and presented each scholar of our school with a copy of the Sabbath School Wreath, published in Raleigh, N. C. An address was then delivered by Prof. Winston, of Richmond, Va., (who is the teacher of the Ladies' Bible class) which was instructive to both old and young.

In the afternoon of every Sabbath we meet to sing; and as this is the only Sunday school singing in the place, it is well attended by all denominations. It is conducted by our beloved chorister, Mr. T. Davis. I guess it would do the hearts of the readers of the Index good if they could be present on these occasions.

Fearing you will get tired of such a long letter, I will close by wishing you great success in your endeavors to please as well as profit your readers, and we all truly hope there will be no impediments to prevent your paper from making its regular monthly visits. Yours, truly, MOLLIE G.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Nov. 27, '64.

Dear Mr. Boykin: We have a noble Sabbath school, containing something less than one hundred and fifty pupils. Our school has been going on three years, and has been well superintended during that time. The school has greatly increased during the summer, but winter is fast advancing, and the school has consequently begun to diminish. We have had some severe cold weather—must too pinching for the children's feet and fingers, but if nothing occurs, when summer comes again we will revive our Sunday school, and again it again to flourish and prosper. G. L. W.

ANDERSON, Nov. 12th, 18th.

Dear Mr. Boykin: I do not think I can write as good a letter as some I have seen in the Child's Index, written by boys and girls; but I will try and tell you a little about our Sunday school. We have a good school and a fine man for a superintendent, Mr. Hall. All the scholars like him so much. There are ten class-

es in our school, and each is a missionary society. Ours is the largest class; we have fifteen boys, all between the ages of ten and fourteen, except two little fellows of seven and eight; but they are so smart we let them stay. We are the "Young Warriors." If the rest of the Sunday school stops this winter, we are going on, for our motto is, "Press onward—do right and fear not." It is right to go to Sunday school, and we are not afraid of the cold.

Every Saturday afternoon we go to our teacher's house to learn to sing; and it would do you good to hear us. We get up close to the melodeon, and just do our best.

We think the paper beautiful, and are always so glad when it comes. Yours, respectfully, JOHNNY HARRISON.

TO THE LITTLE ONES.

USAN H. SMITH, Wm. C. Smith and Mary A. Smith.—All of our letters have been received and read with great pleasure, and we hope you will write again.

W. Merrill.—Oh, the Yankees and the war! They prevent our getting printers and paper, so that we have not been able to print the Gift Book. But it was a Gift Book in name only—it was not to have been given away, but sold just like other books.

Melvin P.—We are glad to hear you express such noble christian sentiments and hope they will always animate you, and lead you on through this vale of tears to a bright and happy home on high. God bless you, dear friend.

S. J. Reers.—Your letter was very interesting because we know you wrote it yourself. See what we say about the book in this paper.

W. T. Horton, Raleigh.—We hope you will always like the Sunday school.

Sallie H. Hite.—Your pleasant letter is received. We hope the Yankee will not prevent you getting your paper after this. But you and all the little children should pray that the Lord will give us peace and enable us to triumph over the Yankees.

A MISTAKE.

Many of our little readers think the "Gift Book" for children, that Burke, Boykin & Co. think of publishing, when they can, is to be given away. This is a mistake. The book, if published, will be for sale like any other book. We can't tell when it will be published.

MENTAL PICTURE.

No. 33. It is Christmas time! A band of shepherds are watching their flocks by night— All at once the heavens shine brightly, as if the skies had opened and all the glory of God shone forth upon them. A most beautiful angel appears in the place, it is well attended by all denominations. It is conducted by our beloved chorister, Mr. T. Davis. I guess it would do the hearts of the readers of the Index good if they could be present on these occasions.

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WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

CHRISTMAS AT UNCLE CHARLIE'S A STORY.

BY EARL J. W. CRIMMON.

CHAPTER II.

HILL we were waiting for Aunt Mary, Tommy and Willie went out into the yard and commenced gathering snow balls. At length Willie called out—

"Do, papa, come and see what a strange bird this is!"

Uncle Charlie readily obeyed the summons; but no sooner had he reached the yard than he was assailed by both boys with showers of snow balls. Seeing two against one, Carrie and I ran out and attacked the boys, but we soon found that Uncle Charlie was more than a match for them both. Sometimes he would have one down and then the other, while Carrie and I employed ourselves in assisting the weaker party. We got the worst of it, however, from both sides, and were heartily glad, after an hour's sport, to return into the house and sit quietly by the fire.

As soon as we were warm and comfortably seated I asked Uncle Charlie to explain how we might learn a lesson of politeness from monkeys.

"Am sure I never saw anything like politeness in their demeanor," Willie said, laughing.

"Nor I," Carrie added, casting a mischievous glance at Tommy.

"But you have never seen them in large droves, as I have," Uncle Charlie replied. "It is only in company, you know, that monkeys as well as people have opportunities of exhibiting politeness. There is a species of palm tree growing in South America which bears an excellent kind of fruit, of which monkeys are very fond, but the tree is so covered over with thorns that no animal can climb it, and, as monkeys have no means of getting it down, how do you suppose they get the fruit?"

After various incorrect guesses, we at length gave up that we could not imagine what their secret means proceeded to tell us:

"By a kind provision of Providence (for nothing happens by chance) a very tall tree generally grows beside this palm, but too tall for any one to reach the fruit from its overhanging boughs. The monkey, however, overcomes this difficulty in the following ingenious manner. A party of them climb up the tall tree, after which one of them goes out on a limb above the palm and fastens his tail securely to this limb, and then throws his body downward. Another then goes out and fastens his tail around this one's neck and body, putting it over one's shoulder and under the other arm, like a sash, and lets his head swing down. Another attaches himself in the same way to him, and so they continue until a string has been formed long enough to reach the fruit. Then the lowest one pulls it off and throws it down to those waiting below."

"But, father," Tommy exclaimed, "I would think such a weight would be too much for the first one's tail."

"Your idea is perfectly natural, my son; but this tribe of monkeys is called prehensile, on account of the great strength of their tails. They can wrap them around the limbs of trees, throw their bodies off, and sleep soundly. They even die in this way, and what once dead a man's strength is not sufficient to pull them away."

"But you have not yet told us about their politeness," I said, playfully.

"I was just coming to that," he replied. "Large droves of them assemble under these palm trees, while their string of brethren goes gathering the fruit from above; but not one of them will touch a single nut until the last one has descended from the tree. When any one happens to transgress this rule of politeness he is beaten by the rest, until he is glad to make his escape. This denying themselves for the convenience of others is the essence of true politeness."

"How does the string manage to get down again?" Tommy inquired.

"The lowest one runs up the line of monkeys and then down the tree, until they are all down," he answered.

"I had no idea the little ugly things possessed so much intelligence," Carrie at length observed.

"I can tell you a more remarkable evidence of their ingenuity than that," Uncle Charlie replied. "They differ from other animals in not being able to swim, and in order to overcome this disadvantage they make bridges of themselves."

"Bridges of themselves!" we all exclaimed; "how on earth do they manage it?"

"They select a spot," he continued, "where two tall trees stand opposite to each other on the two banks of the river or creek they wish to cross; and this is not hard to find, as the trees grow to an immense height in those wild countries. Having found a suitable place, a party of them climb one of the topmost limbs, from which they form a string as before described. When it is long enough to reach across, they swing themselves over and catch to the branch of the opposite tree. This forms an admirable bridge over which the rest can pass in perfect safety."

"Like ambitious men walking into power over the heads of common people," Aunt Mary said, smiling.

"Yes, and they are so strikingly in their respect for royalty," he replied. "What do they know of royalty?" we all inquired.

"A great deal," was the reply, "they have their kings and rulers whom they treat with the most profound respect. While the common monkeys are passing over the bridge those who compose it amuse themselves with biting and tickling them as they pass. Sometimes these cry out with pain, and the rest all laugh at them, which raises a great clatter. But when the king comes along, not a sound is uttered—each bows his head with reverence as though he was proud to have the king walk upon him."

"I wish I could see a monkey bridge," I said, when Uncle Charlie had ceased speaking.

"As you may never have that pleasure," he replied, going to the table and taking up his sketch book, "I will show you a picture of one which I drew in South America."

We all crowded around him, and there, sure enough, was the bridge just as he had represented it. The book contained other pretty scenes—some among the Andes, which were grand and imposing, while others were simply beautiful. We spent more than an hour in looking at them and asking questions about them, to all of which Uncle Charlie very kindly replied, so that we had a delightful time.

After a while Aunt Mary surprised us all by asking if we remembered what day it was.

"Certainly, we know it is Christmas," we all answered at once.

"And do you know what Christmas means?" she again inquired.

"The birth-day of Christ," was the reply.

"What did Christ come into the world for?"

"To save sinners," said one.

"To bring peace on earth and good will towards men," answered another.

"Both of you are correct," she answered, "and now, as we are commanded to be followers of Christ, what should his example teach us?"

"To do good to others," was the response.

"Have any of you followed his example to-day?"

"I have tried to be kind and polite to all around me," I answered hesitatingly.

"Very good as far as it goes; but is that all that you can do?"

"I don't know—if I knew of anything else I would do it."

"Very well. Suppose, as you sit by a warm fire, enjoying all the comforts of life, you know of a poor family who were suffering for food and clothing, what would you do?"

"We would give them some of our good things," was the universal response.

"Would you be willing to leave this nice fire and pleasant room, and the agreeable company here, to go out in the cold and carry them something to eat and wear?" she again inquired.

"I could send Phillis with it," Tommy said, drawing himself closer to the fire.

"I would go myself," Willie spoke up, bravely.

"And so would I," said Carrie.

"And I would, because Christ came himself to help us," I answered timidly.

"The best of reasons," Aunt Mary said, smiling pleasantly. "Poor old Mrs. Carey is sick and needs many things this cold morning which you all have in abundance; what will you do for her?"

"She shall have all the money in my savings' box!" Willie answered, promptly.

"And the warm woollen stockings which I have just finished," Carrie added, eagerly.

"I will send some apples," Tommy said, drawing nearer to the fire, "there is no use in so many of us going. Phillis, I am sure, can take all we have to send."

"But I prefer going myself," Carrie and Willie both replied.

I said nothing, for being away from home and having no money with me, I had nothing to give. The thought of this fact brought tears to my eyes, but just as they were forcing themselves through my closed eyelids a bright idea occurred to my mind. I had a nice new shawl, which might keep her warm during the cold weather; but I was afraid my aunt would object to my giving it away, as it was all the one I had, and my parents were not so wealthy as Uncle Charlie and Aunt Mary. I was determined, however, to make an effort to carry out my benevolent purpose, so I stole quietly behind her chair and asked in a whisper if I could give my shawl.

"Certainly, dear if you wish to," she replied, and with a light heart I bounded away to get ready for the trip.

Soon we were equipped with hoods and gloves and comforters, together with the presents we designed to give, and a basket of nice things which Aunt Mary sent by a servant. You ought to have seen how bright and joyous we looked as we went out in the pure cold air, where the snow lay like a white mantle over everything. The sun was glittering upon the icicles that hung from almost every leaf, reflecting back a thousand beautiful dyes, and you who have never seen the earth covered with snow cannot imagine what a lovely scene it was.

We danced along as merry as the little birds that tripped above the frozen snow, and soon reached Mrs. Carey's house. The old lady hobbled to the door on hearing us knock, and we were ushered into a small room where she had been hovering over a few coals to keep warm.

"Merry Christmas, Aunt Carey," Carrie said, approaching the little fire.

"Ah, child," the old lady replied, wiping her eyes with her apron, "the days of merry Christmas are over with me forever. Once my little girl and boy played about my knees, and my poor husband gave them and me Christmas gifts out of his hard earnings; then I had merry Christmases, but not now."

"I have brought you some warm woollen stockings, and my brother and cousin have each a present for you," Carrie replied. "Here are some things my mother has sent you, and she says you must let Phillis make you a fire and draw you a cup of warm tea. I have brought you some warm woollen stockings, and my brother and cousin have each a present for you."

Willie then gave her his money, after which I presented my shawl.

"God bless you, my dear children, and bless the mother who taught you to remember those in distress. I have been in great pain all day—so much pain I have not been able to remain in bed, and my old thin shawl has not been sufficient to keep me warm.—God will reward you, my dear," she added, placing her hand upon my head. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and He will repay you when you least expect it. His promises never fail."

"You have forgotten to present Tommy's apples," I whispered to Willie.

"Sure enough," he said, taking them from the basket, "here are some apples which my brother sent you."

"Am much obliged to him but I cannot eat apples; they do not agree with me.—Why did not your brother come with you?"

Willie blushed and stammered, and said his brother did not feel like coming out in the cold; and in order to change the subject I commenced telling her about the Christmas Tree. "She listened in silence to my lively description, until the tears again began to steal down her cheeks. "How like you are to my poor Jennie that sleeps in the church-yard garden," she said, wiping her eyes. "I remember when she was about your age how she used to hang up her stockings, though she was too old to believe in Santa Claus, just to see what I would put in it. You have her eyes and mouth exactly. God will not forget you."

By this time Phillis had made the tea, and after seeing her drink some of it and eat some light rolls and butter, we took our departure, a great deal wiser and happier than when we came.

We arrived at home in fine spirits and with appetites whetted by air and exercise, and found dinner awaiting us. Tommy was silent while we told how we had enjoyed our walk and the gratitude the poor old lady manifested on receiving our presents, and changed the subject as soon as he could by telling that he had caught his monkey trying to shave himself. This made us all laugh, and we had a merry time. Uncle Charlie told some nice stories about what

he had seen in his travels, and the dinner hour flew rapidly away. We had more games and stories during the afternoon, and it was, indeed, a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The next morning when I went to start home my aunt put a bundle in my hand and told me not to open it till I arrived at home. I promised her I would not, and although my curiosity was greatly excited, I kept my word. As soon, however, as I entered the door I untied my bundle and found a beautiful new shawl, much finer and handsomer than the one I had given away. As I held it up to the admiring gaze of my mother a small card dropped on the floor. I took it up and read these words—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

The promise had been verified sooner than I expected, and I was grateful and happy; but this was not the last of it. A few weeks afterwards Uncle Charlie and Aunt Mary came to spend a day with my mother. They brought the sad intelligence that poor old Aunt Carey was dead. It was not so sad either when we reflected that she had been taken from a life of pain and sorrow to one of rest and happiness, for in her last moments she expressed a hope in Christ.

"She sent this to you, dear," Aunt Mary said, handing me a bundle, because you so generously gave her your shawl, and looked so much like her Jennie."

"What is it?" I asked, finding it heavier than I expected.

"Look and see," my aunt replied. I accordingly tore off the wrapping paper and found the shawl I had given her. Inside of this was an old Bible, much worn by use, though not torn. But there was still something else. An old dirty stocking! What could be in it? I tried to untie the string which secured its contents, but it was knotted so hard I could not, so I got a knife and cut it. Then, seizing the old thing at the toe I turned it upside down, when lo! a pile of shining gold pieces fell into my lap. Had a ghost suddenly appeared before me I could not have been more astonished. The idea that poor old Aunt Carey had money never had occurred to me, much less the thought of her giving it to me.

"Where did it come from?" was all I could utter.

"From under the head of the poor old creature's bed," my aunt replied, "where she has been hoarding it for the last thirty or forty years. She had no relation on earth to whom she could leave it, and having taken a fancy to you, she decided to leave it to you, and I guess the hand of Providence was in it."

"I hope so," I answered, with tears of gratitude in my eyes; and I have never since forgotten that "He that giveth to the poor" lendeth to one who is able to pay a hundred fold.

Prayer for Christmas Morning.

Oh, our Father, who art in heaven, let me not, in the joys of Christmas, forget why we rejoice. I thank thee that thou didst once send thy Son Jesus into the world to live with men, and that he was ever born at Bethlehem. Make me like him when he was a child—kind, gentle and obedient. Bless all little children who have not such kind friends, and such a warm home as I have; and pray God take care of them, and do not let them want. Make me love my Saviour, and hear my prayer, for his dear name's sake. Amen.

TERMS OF THE CHILD'S INDEX.

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

S. BOYKIN, Macon, Ga.

THE CHRISTIAN INDEX,

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL BOYKIN, MACON, GEORGIA.

A BAPTIST FAMILY RELIGIOUS PAPER. Adapted to moral and religious culture, an aid to the pastor, a guide to the christian, and a friend to the sinner. It contains a weekly summary of secular news, has interesting correspondence, and endeavors to call for the readers all matters of religious and denominational interest. Terms, \$10 per annum, always in advance.