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OSCEOLA.

BY THE EDITOR

I have ever been an admirer of the red men. We admire not so much what they are now, as what they used to be. They once roamed this entire continent free and untrammelled, noble in aspect, dignified and brave, and free from many of the vices of civilized life. They lived by hunting and fishing and dwelt mostly in tents. While the warriors were engaged in the chase or absent on the war-path, the women and children remained at home, cultivated the fields and prepared provisions.—Everything about them was romantic and interesting. But, in the course of time the white man came. He brought ruin with him, and many vices with which the Indians were corrupted. He imposed on them more and more: gradually took away all their lands, and, after many years of bloody war, drove all the Indians west of the Mississippi, where they now are, but, as a people, gradually dying out. One cannot but pity them, and sympathize with them. We cannot but sympathize with them even in their wars. They fought for their own lands.—They fought for national existence. But in vain. Indeed it was foolish in them ever to take up arms against the white people. For in the very nature of things they were obliged to give way before the mighty torrent of civilization that was bearing down upon them. But they did not know that. They loved their country—the places where they were born and raised—where they hunted and sported and made love in deer-skin lodges to maidens they loved. They did not want to go away out West, where the white people desired to take them. It was a strange place, and no one loves home like the Indians. No wonder they often went to war rather than remove. This was the case with the Seminoles of Florida. They loved the flowers and bright sunshine and smooth lakes, and thick hammocks, and watery everglades of that "land of flowers," more than the rough and cold country west of the Mississippi. So they refused to be removed, and the United States undertook to conquer and capture them, and force them to go.—About thirty years ago, General Jessup was sent to Florida with a great many soldiers, and he fought the Seminoles and took a

good many of them prisoners. Among the best was O-SCOLA.

His true name was Assuda. His grandfather was a Scotchman who married a Creek woman, and his European descent was shown in his light complexion and eyes, and in the expression of his face. He was born on the Tallapoosa river in the Creek Nation, Alabama. He was very fine looking, full of fire and energy. Active as a deer, and the best ball-player and hunter of his Nation, and most expert at running, wrestling and all other active exercises. His form was a perfect model. He removed from the Creek Nation to Florida, after in vain fighting against the Tennessee troops under Gen. Jackson.

In Florida he soon became a leader, bitterly opposed to emigrating west of the Mississippi. He wielded a great influence; for he was said to be a man of "noble character," "lofty bearing," "high soul," and "amazing powers."

During a negotiation, under a flag of truce, in the Fall of 1837, he was captured by General Jessup, who commanded the white troops, and with several others, was carried to Charleston and imprisoned on Sullivan's Is.

His death took place in the Spring of 1839, hastened by inflammation of the throat. He died with the dignity of a brave warrior, and his remains were respectfully buried by those against whom he had fought with so much courage and skill.

He had two young and beautiful wives who accompanied him into captivity and shared all its reproach and discomforts with him.

But his capture and death did not end the war. And it was not till more than twenty years afterwards that the Seminoles were conquered and forced to emigrate west of the Mississippi.

The memory of Osceola is highly prized by them, and will live long, a proof of Indian valor and ability, and of Yankee perfidy and meanness.

Faint heart never won fair lady.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.
MARK SINGLETON.
 BY MRS. JANE T. H. CROSS.
 (CONTINUED.)

Mr. Rochester, finding that Mark loved to read, offered him the use of his library, and a very delightful Saturday did he spend looking over the books. Herbert Bruce and William Wallace, William Tell and Washington were his great heroes, and when he and Ida were rambling over the woods for their nuts, he used to tell her stories about them that she thought the prettiest stories in all the world, as she thought that nobody could tell them like Mark.

Five years more passed away, and life was a great holiday up there among the green woods of Kentucky; but the last light of the holiday was fading. The Southern States had seceded (you know what that means, lit a torch,) and Mark was a Southerner. So was Ida. She had made him a little Santa on Christmas. One day some Yankee soldiers were riding by the park. The children stood within the enclosure and gazed at them. As they passed, they lifted their caps and shouted—

"Hurrah for Lincoln!"
 The temptation was too great for Mark. He swung his flag over his head.

"Hurrah for Jeff Davis!"
 One of the soldiers turned and prevented his gun. The children screamed. Mark stood still with flashing eyes. The soldier fired; and the boy fell wounded in the leg. Fortunately it was but a flesh wound, yet it was long before he recovered.

At last he was able to take a short walk without his crutch. He had just been enjoying a stroll in the fresh air and had returned to his mother's cottage, when Ida and her little brother came to bring him a basket of some nice things that their mother had put up for him. Their father came with them.

After talking to Mrs. Singleton a while, Mr. Rochester turned to her son and said:

"Mark, they are going to arrest you."

A flush passed over the boy's face. He answered—

"I shall not let them."

Mrs. Singleton turned pale. "My son," she exclaimed, "what can you do? They can easily overcome you!"

Mark turned to his mother, and the tears came into his eyes, for he was, indeed, but a child.

"Mother," he said, "can you do without me?"

Her lip quivered, her whole face moved with agony.

"You are too young for a prison, Mark. It would kill me to see you taken."

"But suppose I go free, mother? Suppose I go to the Southern Army, could you spare me?"

The mother's eye caught the kindling of the boy's.

"Yes, go my child; fight against tyranny. I can take care of myself. It were better to die than to live a slave. But," she added, and her voice changed, "you cannot walk and you have no horse."

Mr. Rochester spoke: "Mark, have no care for your mother. We will rent her cottage to some careful person; I will find employment for her servants, and she shall stay with us till you return. As for the horse, it will not do for me to help a rebel, but—there is a fine horse in my stable, in the stall next the garden; a new saddle and bridle hang to the right of the stall; there is a little roll of paper tied to the ring at the bow of the saddle. I do not give you the horse, remember, but probably the boy will forget to look the stable to-night."

Mark caught his hand—"O, thank you."
 "Hush! You have nothing to thank me

for. You know I have not given you the horse. But I must go. Good-bye. God bless you! If I had any work to do I would do it quickly!"

Ida had been standing by the window trying up a bunch of flowers. She turned and gave it to Mark. A little scrip of paper was seen among the leaves. As she shook hands with him she said:

"Beware! You must fight mighty hard, Mark."

After they left, Mark took the paper from the bunch and read, written in pencil:—

"Go where the first vest only dare to go."

I cannot tell you all the things that Mark's mother said to him; how she urged him to renounce that he was a Christian boy, and that he could only hope for God's blessing while obeying his commandments, how she gave him tender messages of love to remember when he was far from her.

Before bed-time his little bundle of clothes was ready, and his Bible with them.

At midnight the mother pressed the last kiss upon his brow, and uttered her last blessing without a tear.

The next day one of Mr. Rochester's horses was come—the fine new bay!

And now if you know a bright-eyed Kentucky boy, who has been long from his home, and who is fighting his way back to it—some who guess "where the bravest only dare to go," that boy—whatever he may call himself—is Mark Singleton!

Keep him a pair of socks, little folks!

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.
LITTLE TOMMY.

I KNOW a family of children, but I must not tell their names, because they read the Child's Index, and might not like to see their names published in it.

These children have no father now; he went to fight for the South, and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. But when he was alive he did all he could to make them happy, wise and good. He used to go with them every Sabbath to the Sabbath school, and when he was not needed as a teacher he would be a scholar. He bought every one of his little boys and girls a Bible piece, and wrote their names in them; and though some of them were too young to read, the Bibles were put away for them till they could learn to read. But Tommy, the oldest brother, and two or three of his oldest sisters, have been to Sabbath school, and to day school a little, and have learned to read tolerably well. But they are poor children and have to work so hard to make a living, that they do not get the chance to read much in the day-time; and the girls have to work at night till bed-time. But Tommy does not have to work at night. So while his mother and sisters are carding and spinning, and plaiting straw to make hats, he sits and reads the Bible and the Child's Index to them.

Now these children love their Bibles because their papa gave them to them, and because the Bible is God's holy book, and in it they find the answers to the enigmas they see in the index each month. They love the Index, because it tells them so many interesting stories, and so much about their Bibles.

There are a great many poor children in these war times who cannot go to day schools much; their fathers and elder brothers are in the army, and they have to stay at home and work. But they can go to Sabbath school, and read the Bible and the Child's Index, and be happy and wise, though they are poor.

Let no little boy or girl be discouraged then, because they are poor and have to work hard. The Saviour himself was poor and worked hard. Get your Testaments and see what is said about him in Mark 6: 3, and Matt. 8: 20.

Swannano, N. C. J. A. S.

A wasted morning makes a sad and dark evening.

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.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

IF the new year we desire to begin our solicitations for the organization of Sabbath schools. We urge church members every where to take steps for forming schools, so that with the first approach of favorable weather every country church and neighborhood shall have its own little congregation of boys and girls, meeting week after week, to learn the Bible and the way of salvation. Ministers are urged to press the matter upon their churches, and where male teachers cannot be found let females undertake the work. We know that the young folks will rejoice at an opportunity of going to a Sunday school. The great difficulty is to get their parents and friends interested. If these will but take hold of the matter, and meet regularly and instruct the little ones, they will surely attend; for they all love Sunday schools.

As to books, no excuse need be urged on that account. Books can be got when they are really desired and sought for; but if none can be got, surely grown up people can interest children in the contents of the Bible, without books! But there are books, and a plenty of them: They can be obtained of the Sunday School Board at Greenville, S. C.

To originate and maintain Sunday schools is a great duty on the part of the churches; they cannot neglect this duty and be innocent. They must overcome their selfishness and indifference and arouse themselves. They must be willing to take trouble, and to study and to endure inconveniences for the sake of instructing children.

Will not the friends of the children arouse themselves in regard to Sabbath schools and begin at once to enlarge these in existence and organize new ones? As an incitement we will agree to give twelve copies of the Child's Index to each new school organized between the present and first of May, if we are made aware of the fact.

OUR YOUNG FRIENDS

May see that we are trying to get them to increase our subscription list. The truth is we want to get the Index into as many Baptist Sunday schools and families as possible, as we think the paper will do good to those children who read it. We have determined to make it more of a Sunday school paper than it has been, as we desire to increase the number of Sabbath schools, and make them more efficient. So hereafter, we will have a particular regard to the necessities of Sabbath schools; and will try to urge their establishment everywhere. We will seek to aid the teacher, benefit the scholar, and prompt each and all to a hearty performance of duty.

LETTERS.

We have concluded to cease publishing letters from the children except when one happens to be very interesting. We will, however, continue to receive subscriptions for the Heartwell children, and urge the young folks to send on their money for their support. We will acknowledge all we get either by name or in the aggregate. We have just received a receipt from Rev. J. D. Taylor, Secretary, for \$403, sent him—the third remittance we have forwarded—making nearly \$1,000 contributed by the young people.

PICTURES.

We are glad to say that we as soon to get some new and beautiful pictures for the Child's Index; so all the children who want to see them and read the pretty stories we will have written especially for the paper, must subscribe early.

We are going to try harder than ever to make the Child's Index interesting and profitable for the children. Let all take notice and try to help circulate it largely.

Swift somewhere makes it a query whether choruses are not detrimental for the living as well as the dead.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

LUKE 1: 26-35.

OD told Adam and Eve, that he would send his Son down some day to die for them. But Adam and Eve did not love God; for they were grown wicked.

Could God make them good? Yes, he could; for there is a Holy Spirit in heaven, and the Holy Spirit could come into them and make them good.

You know my little children, we are wicked, but God can make us good with his Holy Spirit. If God puts his Holy Spirit in us, we shall not go to hell and live with Satan.

I hope you will ask God to give you his Holy Spirit. Say to God, "O, give me thy Holy Spirit, to make me good!"

Adam had a great many children and grandchildren, and they had more children; at last the world was full of people—more people than you could count.

After Adam and Eve had been dead a long while, and when the world was full of people, God said to his Son, Now go down into the world.

But the Son must be a little babe first—everybody is a little babe at first.

So God chose to send his Son to be the babe of a poor woman. This woman's name was Mary. Mary had no children. She was a good woman and loved God. God's Holy Spirit was in her, and made her meek and gentle.

One day an angel came to her. When Mary saw the bright angel, she was frightened; but the angel said, Fear not, Mary, God loves you. He will give you a babe, that shall be the Son of God. You shall call his name Jesus. He will come to save people from Satan.

Mary was much surprised at what the angel said. She thought she was not good enough to have such a babe as the Lord Jesus.

When the angel was gone back to heaven, Mary sang a sweet song of praise to God for his goodness. Mary said, My soul praises God, and my spirit is glad because of my Saviour.

Mary called her babe, her Saviour, for she knew that he would save her from hell.

I wonder not that Mary feared, When Gabriel to her appeared; How could she know he came to bring So sweet a message from his King?

Full long the Son in heaven had stayed, Since first the promise had been made. To shed his blood for Adam's sin, And happiness for man to win.

But get the Son had ever forgot, And what he said he changed not. The time was come he should be born, And in this world should live forlorn.

Mary shall be thy mother dear, Who in her arms the child shall bear: The angel came this news to bring, And Mary listened wondering.

And shall the Lord a poor maid choose, And all the great and rich refuse? But God high honors loves to place On those who humbly seek his face.

THE COST OF A GOOD SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Not the pecuniary cost; for it is obvious, at a glance, that the money needed is very little, and that little the donors seem absolutely to be giving to themselves, since it is to be used, under their own eyes, for the benefit of themselves and their children.

Now this ought to be a refreshing idea, that a scheme is presented proposing to accomplish great things and demanding very little money. It therefore, does not conflict with any other duty or benevolent claim, but is capable of being added, almost without expense, to every other instrumentality of influence. It does not supersede the pastor, the itinerant home missionary, the parent, the common school teacher, the church member, in any of their several spheres. It comes in aid of them all, and is welcomed by them all, supplying the deficiencies of the neglectful, and helping the efforts of the faithful.

The principal item of the cost is the trouble of attendance. Houses need not be built, nor teachers and apparatus imported from abroad—they are all ready. It is simply necessary for several families to come together at the church, bringing their Bibles with them, and persist in doing so punctually and regularly, and there might be a Sunday school at once. I do not deny that this involves some trouble; but what good thing can be accomplished without trouble! I know by experience how bad roads, and inclement weather, and sparsely settled neighborhoods, and ill-furnished meeting houses, interfere with frequent gatherings in the country, and that it requires some resolution to overcome the ob-

stacles. But this is just what it costs; and after you have considered the profits, you must decide whether it is worth the cost. It is clear that those who meet on one Sabbath in the month for worship can meet the next Sabbath also, and the next, for Sunday school. They can if they will; and they will if they see sufficient inducements set before them—Rev. B. Manly, Jr.

CHILDREN INVITED.

And Jesus said, suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Mark 10: 14.

How great is your honor and happiness, children, to be thus noticed by the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. Though he was so great, you see he was humble; though he was wise, he was condescending.

But I must tell you the whole of this pleasing story. While Jesus was employed, as usual, in teaching the multitude who came to him, some pious parents brought their children to him that he might bless them. His disciples, instead of encouraging, rebuked these who brought them. But Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, "suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." And he took them up in his arms, and blessed them.

Good children are humble, modest, and teachable, and so must all good people be. In heaven there are none who are proud, conceited, or ill-natured. In that world, the saints are lovely and amiable, such as you, children, ought to be; and such as you must be, if you would live with Christ in his heavenly kingdom.

Heaven is full of love; God himself is love; his saints dwell in love; and can you children, expect to go to that world of love, if you do not love God, and Christ, and one another? If you are proud, malicious, or ill-natured, do you think that Jesus would say, of such as you is the kingdom of heaven? No, these are the dispositions that would fit you only for the kingdom of darkness. And would you wish to live forever with those who are full of malice, pride, and anger; who hate God, and Christ, and one another? No; we hope better things of you. You wish to be holy; for God is holy: to be modest and humble; for Jesus was meek and lowly; to be loving and kind; that Jesus may be able to say, of such as you is the kingdom of heaven.

How delightful must it have been to those who brought the children to Jesus, to see them in the arms of their compassionate Saviour! And there is nothing, my little friends, that your pious parents so much wish for, as to see you coming to Jesus Christ for life and salvation. Though he is now in heaven, the arms of his love and compassion are still open to receive you. He can bestow upon you every blessing you stand in need of, both for soul and body; he can bless you in this world, and bless you for ever.

Your parents' prayers will not save you; you must pray for yourselves. Go, children, to this compassionate Saviour. You have every encouragement; your ministers encourage you, your parents encourage you, Jesus himself encourages and invites you; saying, "Come unto me; suffer little children to come unto me." And can you refuse his kind invitation? No, you cannot, you will not. Go, then, children, prostrate yourselves at the feet of your adorable Saviour; and say unto him, We come, Lord, at thy bidding, for thou alone hast the words of eternal life.

Come, children, 'tis Jesus that calls, The voice of your Saviour obey; When Jesus invites you to come, No disciple shall turn you away.

The children he folds in his arms Must surely be blessed indeed; For Jesus alone can bestow The spiritual blessings they need.

Let parents with thankfulness own The encouragement Jesus has given; Delighted to hear him declare, Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

music. We have discontinued publishing music, but will publish any pretty piece that any superintendant or chorister may desire. We would be glad for them to make selections of appropriate music for us; and we will willingly publish any Sunday school hymns that they may send us.

If there be no sewing, there can be no gathering; but if no gathering, there must be extreme want and wretchedness.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

A SCHOOL EXERCISE.

A pupil being required to furnish examples of words the same in sound but different in signification, it happened to have set down and written the following:

A TALE ABOUT SIS.

Dad seized his rusty pen of steel, And wrote and sent a note by mail, And charged Sis never more to steal The heart of any youthful mate.

Sis threw the note into a pair Well filled with slops and orange peel, And, while her cheeks turned deadly pale, She burst forth like a thunder peal, And bade me quick turn on my heel, And bring none a draught of ale, As naught beside she knew could heal Her mind's distressing griefs and ail.

I told her if she'd take the seal, And go and tent beneath a tree, In some sequestered lonely vale, I would rest there like a setting teal, And a roof above her coil, That should protect from rain and hail, Inasmuch, too, under brand and seal, She should again become quite hale.

She straightaway on the turf did kneel, And looked like Tabby, on her tail; Devotion did her passions quell— And here, forsooth, I found my jail. But I'll nurl again my sail, And turn out verses by the bail, If I'm incured a ready sale For all I write, by bond and bail.

Every little boy and girl should learn to spell the words that rhyme with each other, in the foregoing lines, and tell their meaning severally.

J. S. B.

YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.

THREE little children went out to gather chestnuts, and the eldest of the three said, for they had gathered up a few; "We'll divide what we have equally." All agreed so to do; but one of the party was tempted, when her little brother dropped one, to slyly pick it up, thinking she was undetected by her companions. Presently her little brother missed one of his nuts, and exclaimed, "O, sister! I believe you have got one of my nice nuts, I think you took it when you stooped down; and I asked you, what you picked up?" you said, "nothing"—"O, I believe you then did pick up my nut." The oldest of three, who had divided the nuts, came up to see what the dispute was about, and to settle the difficulty, he counted the nuts, and Mary was found to have one more than her share; and her little brother one less than his. Therefore, Mary was accused of taking one, but she denied it again and again to her companions. After they all returned home, the little brother said, "sister Mary told a lie when we were in the woods gathering chestnuts from the burrs. Is it not wicked to tell lies when we are at play? Didn't God see and hear sis, when she was a wicked girl about my nut?" Little Mary was called away from the family, into the chamber, and talked with about this affair; and she still denied it; but afterwards confessed her fault. She was prayed with; then Solomon's advice was administered; then she was prayed with again. Little Mary seemed very much afraid, kind around her teacher a great deal through the day; and she appeared a penitent and good little girl, for sometime after this.

When children once tell a story, or deceive, or take over so small a thing, they are very apt to sin in the same way again.—Mary was one day left at home while some of the family went to ride, and was charged not to go to the kitchen. But she was tempted to be disobedient, and went to get water. To hide one sin, she was guilty of another; she exclaimed, "I have not had one drop of water all day, for I would not go near the kitchen." Her statement was credited, but afterwards her fault was exposed; her sin found her out and as a punishment she was not allowed to attend to her usual duties.—She was set aside from the other children; allowed only her hymn book and Bible; and her dinner and supper were of bread and water. Again she was prayed with, and it is hoped her heart is softened, and that she has not been so sinful a child since. She has continued a more docile and obedient little girl ever since. I trust she will continue to pray to God to give her a new heart and to keep her from sinning in thought, word or action. O, that all little girls and boys would remember God sees and knows all they do, and will find out every sin they commit.

J. H.

MA. MAY I PRAY FOR THE SOLDIERS!

My heart was most tenderly affected a few evenings since by a little incident which occurred in my own household. I have a little daughter who has just accomplished her fourth year. It was her hour for going to sleep, and kneeling at her mother's knees, she lifted her heavening prayer. In simple words, taught by her mother, she invoked the blessing of her Heavenly Father upon her parents and grand parents, her uncles, aunts and playmates. The prayer was concluded, and little Carrie was leaving for her bed. Suddenly she came back, and kneeling down, gently asked— "Ma, may I pray for the soldiers?"

The mother kissed the child's forehead and taught it how to ask God to be merciful and kind to the soldiers, and make them good men.

This incident called to my mind a little episode in my soldier-life. It was my pleasure during the first months of the war, whilst the regiment to which I belonged was stationed at Fairfax, Virginia, to make the acquaintance of the widow J— and her three little daughters. The husband and father had but recently fallen a martyr to the cause of his country and its flag. Little Alice became a great favorite with me. As I played with her upon my knees I thought of the dear babe I had left in my far-off home, and I loved the child. The enemy advanced and our troops retired from Fairfax. Then followed the battles of Bull Run and Manassas. The enemy was defeated and we returned to the neighborhood of our former camp. I was anxious to know what had become of my little friends, and I hastened to the cottage where I last saw them. I found them all well and anxious to learn about the battle. Little Alice ran to meet me, exclaiming: "I am so glad!"

The mother after wards told me that whilst the battle was raging on Sunday, the noise of the guns were distinctly heard by the family, the distance being about twelve miles. They were alarmed for their friends and about themselves, for the Yankees had assured them that they would return and burn down their home. The mother had gathered her children upon the grass in the shade of a large tree which stood near the cottage. Louder and yet louder grew the sounds of battle—reverberating thru' the far-off quiet woods and vales. In the midst of the noise and the dangers little Alice was thinking of me, and there upon the green grass she continued to pray for me—that God would save me in the battle. If tears gathered in my eyes, as the mother related the incident to me, it was because grateful feelings had been aroused in my heart. The prayers of that little child, mingled with those which were ascending to heaven in my behalf from loved ones at home, might have caused the Great Disposer of events to spare my life on that bloody field.

I trust there are few, if any, of the many little readers of the Index that have not been taught the use and efficacy of prayer. It has often occurred to me that if the prayers of some are more acceptable than others at the throne of grace, it would be those coming from the hearts of innocent children—beats that have never felt the blight of sin and unholiness.

Little children, pray for the soldiers. W. P. P. Greenville, S. C., Nov., 1864.

A GENEROUS LITTLE GIRL.

In the year 1839, a gentleman in Norfolk, Va., lost all that he had by fire. He had a little niece living with him whom he had raised from her infancy. A short time before the fire he had given her three bits, (a bit is 1/24 cents.) On entering the family circle after the fire, he remarked, that he was not worth a cent. The little girl suddenly disappeared but soon returned, with a sweet, smiling countenance, clambered up into her uncle's lap, and undaunted, unperceived, to deposit in his vest pocket the little change he had previously given her. In her haste she dropped one of the bits, which led to the discovery of her design. Her uncle returned her the money, but she could not be prevailed on to receive it until he pulled out his pocket book, showed her that, he was not wholly destitute of funds, and explained what he meant by the remark he had made.

Some one says—"It is bad husbandry when a man burrows up his wife's feelings."

SAVINGS OF THE LITTLE ONES.

A very little boy was asked what he was made of? "White sand," was the reply. He was then asked what a little colored girl was made of. He thought a moment, and then exclaimed: "Oh, she is made of black sand!"

Aunt C— was describing the joys of heaven to a group of little ones, and telling them how happy they would be there, when little Willie, three years old, said: "You'll be so 'appy you won't get hungry."

Now Willie is never so happy as when he is eating, and he must be very happy not to want to eat.

Willie's little sister one day reproved him for walking on the grave of a colored infant. The little fellow looked up, so innocently, and said: "Ellen ain't there now; she done gone to heaven."

Willie's mother was teaching him to sing a little song—"Worthy the lamb," &c.—Not being a musical genius, though six years years old, he found it too hard. In a despairing tone he asked:

"Mamma, do the angels sing that song in heaven?" "Yes, my son." "Well," says he, "I shall ask God to let me walk along behind, for God knows I can't sing that song."

ANSWER TO CHARLES' ENIGMA.

You may tell Charles that I have guessed out his puzzle, it is the letter B, and I will write him another to guess out for me.

Three fourths of a cross and a circle complete, An upright where two semi-circles do meet, Rectangle triangle standing on feet Two semi-circles and a circle complete. (L.O.T.)

RIDDLES FOR CHARLES.

No. 1. What is the longest and yet the shortest thing in the world; the swiftest and the slowest; the most divisible and the most extended; the least valued and the most regretted; without which nothing can be done; which destroys everything however small, and yet gives life and spirit to everything however great?

No. 2. Beneath the skies a creature once did dwell, So sacred writers unto us do tell; He lived, he breathed, in this vain world, 'tis true, Though be never sinn'd or any evil knew, He never shall in Heaven's high kingdom dwell, Or o'er be d domed to feel the pangs of hell; Yet in him an immortal soul there was, 'That must be damn'd or live among the just.

A PUZZLE FOR CHARLES.

I am a little useful thing That cannot read or write or sing; Unless in company I'm found, I'm but an empty hissing sound. I'm sometimes seen in oceans wide, Where merchant crafts the billows ride; I'm seen but thrice a year, remember! In March, October and December, Not on the waves nor in the sky, But in each cloud I'm sure to fly. To find me out you need not hope, Unless I'm found with microscope. ELIZA.

EDGEFIELD, S. C.

ANOTHER PRIZE.

To every little child that will send us twelve (12) or more subscribers during the year 1865, together with the money, we will give a bound volume of the Child's Index for 1866 at the end of the year. Each one has a whole year to get twelve subscribers. When they have succeeded in sending on the last name with the money, they must claim the prize, and at the end of the year it will be sent. EDITOR.

ANOTHER PREMIUM.

The Editor of the Child's Index agrees to give 25 copies of the Child's Index for 1866 to that school which keeps up the highest average attendance of teachers and scholars all through the year 1865. The schools must keep account and make a report in December, 1865.

This premium is open to any Sabbath school that chooses to strive for it.

SCIENTIFICAL RAGMAGAM.

- Who was king of Judah? 1 Kings 12: 28.
Who was the sister of Amnon? 2 Sam. 18: 18.
Which prophet lived in the reign of Ahab? 1 Kings 18: 2.
How did David out of Saul's skirt? 1 Sam. 24: 4.
Who was the mother of Samuel? 1 Sam. 1: 20.
What did Isaac call the first well he dug? Gen. 26: 20.
Whose vineyard did Ahab covet? 1st Kings 21: 2.
What was the name of the 5th son of Jacob? Exodus 1: 14.
Of what did Solomon make a throne? 1 Kings 10: 18.
Who were borne by angels to Abraham's bosom? Luke 16: 22.
Who was the beloved physician? Luke 10: 18.
What publican sat at the receipt of custom? Luke 5: 27.
Who was carried to heaven in a chariot of fire? 2d Kings 2: 11.
What was the name of Mary's cousin? The whole is the name of a brave officer in the Army of Tennessee. C. W. GILES.

- 41. After Saul killed Agag to what place did he go? 1 Sam. 15.
Who sold his birthright? Gen. 25.
Who made a feast for the women in the royal house of Ahazuerus? Esther 1.
Where was Saul slain? 2 Sam. 21.
What city did Ben-hadad besiege? 1st Kings 20.
In what city were the golden calves? 2d Kings 10.
Who was the father of Gaius? Judges 9.
Who invaded Judah? Isa. 1.
Who was King of Hamath? 2 Sam. 8.
The initials of the answers to the above questions spell the name of a Baptist minister. L. M.

- 42. What archangel is mentioned in the New Testament? Jude.
Where did Ekanah live? 1 Sam. 2.
Who was the first christian martyr? Acts 1.
Who did Samuel judge the children of Israel? 1 Sam. 7.
Of what city was Goliath? 1 Sam. 17.
What king was eaten of worms? Acts 12.
Who was called the "friend of God"? 2 Chron. 20.
What profit not in the day of wrath? Prov. 11.
Whose death caused Jesus to weep? John 11.
To what prophet did Naaman go to be healed? 2 Kings 5.
As what does God regard a thousand years when 'tis past? Psalm 90.
The initials of the foregoing answers spell the name of a dearly loved lady, a teacher in the Barwell Baptist Sabbath school. ONE WHO LOVES HER.

- 43. Who was Jacob's eldest son? Gen.
Who went to heaven without dying? Genesis 5.
What was the name of a disobedient queen? Esther 35.
To what city did Nebuchadnezzar carry the Jews captive? Ezra 5.
By what shall the just live? Rom. 1.
By what name was Thomas called? John 21.
To what Isle was a disciple of Jesus banished? Rev. 1.
Who was the father of Samuel? 1 Sam.
What king drove the Jews from Elath? 2 King 16.
Who gleaned in the field of Boaz? Ruth 2.
In what days should we remember the Creator? Eccl. 12.
The initials to the preceding answers spell the name of a much beloved minister in Barwell District, S. C., who is devoted to Sabbath schools.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS.

- 36. A-bimelech, Judges 9: 1-5.
G-oliath, 1 Sam. 17: 4.
T-heophilus, Acts 1: 1.
H-erod, Matt. 2: 1.
O-g. Num. 21: 39.
M-ordecai, Esther 8: 2.
P-ersia, Ezra 1: 1.
S-hengar, Judges 8: 31.
O-mri, 2 Chron. 22: 2.
N-aboth, 1 Kings 21: 1-2.
A. G. Thompson.

- 37. Repentance unto life. Acts 11: 18.
E-very one that believeth. Rev. 1: 16.
V-ice, Mark 1: 12.
J-ames, James 1: 1.
B-ehold I bring you good tidings of great joy. Luke 2: 10.
T-hat whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life. John 3: 15.
A-quiet now thyself with him. Job 22: 21.
Y-ea, and in him Amen. 2 Cor. 1: 20.
L-ook unto me, and be ye saved. Isaiah 45: 22.
O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God. Rom. 11: 33.
R-ansom for many. Matt. 20: 28.
Rev. J. R. Taylor. 38.
L-eah, Jacob's wife. Gen. 33: 2.
E-noch, Gen. 6: 22.
B-nai, Judges 2: 13.
A-braham, Gen. 22: 1-11.
N-eho Deut. 34: 1.
O-bediabam, 2 Sam. 6: 10; also 11: 1, and 1 Chron. 13: 13, 14.
N-nah, Gen. 6. Lebanon. No. 39.
T-abernacle, Joshua 18.
C-aleb, Joshua 14.
B-alamm, Numbers 24: 1.
O-bed, Ruth 4: 17.
Y-early, Isa. 4: 40.
K-irjath-arba, Gen. 23: 2.
I-srael, Gen. 8: 4.
N-inrod, Gen. 10: 1. H. E. CHEVER.

- ANSWER TO TASK IN OCTOBER NO.
Where was Elymas struck blind? Found in Acts 13: 11.
Where John left the Apostles and returned to Jerusalem. Found in Acts 13: 13.
Where the command of Jesus was fulfilled. Found in Matt. 10: 10: 15.
Where the heathen people attempted to worship the Apostles. Found in Acts 14: 11.
Where Paul was stoned. Found in Acts 14: 19. IANUA.

ANSWER TO MENTAL HIBLE PICTURE. 33. The announcement of the birth of Jesus. [See Luke 2d ch.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

From Maggie Watson, Libbie, Maggie, F. Harper. 32. When enigmas are sent answers must also be sent, written out in full—or else the enigmas will not be accepted.

RECEIVED FOR LITTLE JESSE.

From Lulu Mae 81; Fannie Porria 83; Ella H., 50 cts.; Hallie Owen, 50 cts.; Lillie Foote, 50 cts.; Varona Della Ashby 45.

A QUESTION FOR THE LITTLE FOLK. Who of the little readers of the Child's Index can tell what king it was that a girl's dancing caused to commit a great crime, and what was the crime? H. L. S.

INCREASE OF PRICE.

We are forced to raise the price of the Child's Index. It is now \$4 for a single copy, and \$3 for each copy when five or more are taken. When several are taken at \$3 apiece we will send all in one wrapper to one address, without writing the name on each paper.

ANSWERS.

Our young readers must send answers to the enigmas. We will publish one from somebody—generally the one most distinctly written. We will be glad to get new puzzles and enigmas suited to the paper.

MENTAL HIBLE PICTURE.

No. 34. A man and a woman, dressed in long, flowing robes, are resting quietly in a very humble apartment. An ox is seen near by. In a long trough of stone a young child is lying wrapped up in cloths, and they are regarding it with the greatest imaginable interest. Suddenly several men appear, and the shepherd's crooks which they carry about that their business is to mind flocks. They approach with the greatest reverence and gaze upon the young child and its mother; and when they have satisfied their curiosity they depart; but from their countenances it is easy to see that they are full of wonder and are praising God. [See Luke.



West Front of Antwerp Cathedral.

ANTWERP.

THE city of Antwerp stands on the east or right bank of the Schelde, in north lat. 51 deg. 14 min., and about twenty-five miles in a straight line nearly due north of Brussels, the present capital of Belgium.—The Flemish name for this place is Antwerpen; the Spaniards, who once possessed it, call it Amberes, and the French, Anvers. Few places are more favorably situated for foreign commerce than Antwerp. The river opposite the town is from 1500 to 2000 feet wide, and admits the largest ships to come up to Antwerp, and to enter the docks and canals. From Antwerp to the mouth of the river is about fifteen miles, and this space is lined with forts.

Antwerp is strongly fortified on the land side like most of the old Belgium towns, and has also on the south a remarkably strong citadel, in the form of a pentagon, which was erected by the Duke of Alva in 1563. During the occupation of Antwerp by the French, in the reign of Napoleon, the works of the citadel were strengthened, and several additions made by which its outward form has been altered; and it is now considered able to make a formidable resistance. The principal houses of Antwerp are built of a kind of sandstone, brought about ten miles from the town; the streets are generally wide, and on the whole it may be called a well-built city. It is said to contain twenty-six public places, or squares, (of which the Meer, the finest of all, contains a palace built by Napoleon,) seventy public buildings, and one hundred and sixty-two streets. The chief public buildings are the House or Exchange, said to be the pattern after which those of London and Amsterdam were built, though superior to either of them.—The pillars that support its galleries are marble. The Town-house is also reckoned a fine structure. But the glory of Antwerp is its Cathedral, which, in spite of some petty shops that stick to its walls, strikes every stranger with admiration when he views the noble elevation of its steeple, and the costly decorations of its interior. The steeple is of stone, and 400 feet high, according to those accounts which make it least; but others make it as much as 450 feet.—When the spectator has ascended to the highest point that is accessible, he sees all the city spread out like a map before him, while by the aid of a small glass his eye travels over the flat plains of Belgium and Holland for forty miles in every direction.

Antwerp, besides its connexion with the sea, has a ready water communication, either by the Schelde or canals, with Meublin, Louvain, and Brussels on the south and east, and with Ghent and Bruges on the west. In 1831 its population was 77,199. Before the revolution in 1830, the trade of Antwerp was considerable; though it must doubtless have suffered very much since that period, in consequence of the unsettled state of the Belgic question. In 1820, near 1000 ships entered its port. Antwerp has also extensive manufactures of black sewing silk, linen, and woollen cloth, sugar refining, &c.

Antwerp has been the scene of many remarkable political events, and has often suffered the evils attendant on war. As late as 1830 it sustained considerable damage from the cannonading directed against it by the Dutch troops in the citadel. Many of our readers have probably read of the great siege of Antwerp in 1856, by the Prince of Parma, against whom it held out for fourteen months. The Prince, in order to command the navigation of the river, built very strong projecting piers of each side, which were mounted with cannon; while the intermediate space, which was thus rendered comparatively narrow, was filled up with boats chained together and fireably moored. This enormous work, which withstood all the

floods of winter, was destroyed by the fire-ships of Antwerp. One of these ferocious machines, in its course down the river, struck against one of the piers and its explosion burst through the bridge of boats, destroyed the pier, and blew up the man and ammunition with which it was loaded. In spite, however, of the outrage and obstinacy of the Antwerp, they were at last compelled to surrender to the Spanish troops. The history of this once flourishing city exhibits rather a melancholy retrospect. Reduced to a population of less than 90,000, with its trade diminished, and an enemy in its citadel, we cannot help looking back to its flourishing days of the early part of the sixteenth century, when no hundred thousand inhabitants and strangers are said to have filled its streets, and the commerce of the world was in its harbor. The names of such illustrious painters as Rubens, Van Dyke, and Jordaens, have shed a lustre on it as a school of painting; and among its illustrious citizens we may mention the name of the early geographer, Abraham Ortelius.

WRITER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

ABOUT THE WAR.

ALMOST everybody is talking and thinking and reading about the war, and I reckon the children want to read something about it too. Many of the little readers of the CHILD'S INDEX live in the country and have never seen a large city; but they have all heard of Richmond, the Capital of the Confederacy, since the war began. Well, Richmond is a large city, containing a great many grown people, and a great many children; and it is the seat of Government of the Confederate States—the place where the President lives, and the Congress meets to pass laws for the nation. Now children, the yankees have had a great deal of blood, and spent millions and millions of dollars to take it, and they are still trying with all their might to compel us to surrender to them—but our brave army under the command of General Lee has been able by the blessing of God to keep them out, and we pray that He will continue to protect the soldiers and give them courage to battle, so that they may defeat our enemies and defend our Capital from all their assaults.* The booming of the big guns is often heard in Richmond, but we have become so accustomed to it that it does not now even frighten the ladies or children.

The yankees have got on one of the rail roads between Richmond and the Southern States, which you know prevents us from using it, and if they should get the other one there would be danger of a famine in the city; because it takes a great quantity of provisions to supply so large an army and so many citizens as live here; and a great deal that they now eat is brought from the South; but if the yankees could drive our army off of this railroad also, and hold it themselves, we could not get anything more from the South; and would have to live alone on what is produced in Virginia, which might not be enough for all; and so many would starve—this is what we would call a famine.

Perhaps some of you sometimes think it very hard that you cannot have pies and cakes and toys, and such other nice things as you had before the war; but you should think how many poor children there are in the land that also had these things then, who are now driven from their homes by the enemy and are suffering for the want of plain food. God has been very kind in giving you food and clothing—and a home out of reach of the yankees, and you should thank and praise Him every night and morning for His goodness. When you grow up to be men and women, you will like to read all about Richmond and this great war, and how your brothers and fathers fought for our independence. J. L. S.

*Attacks.
†Roaring sound.
‡Scarcity of food.

The Furks, notwithstanding the "conscientious moods" of their verbs, are said to be full of deception, and much given to lying. Beware of too much use of "indefinite tenses!"

PROVERBS.

A burden one chooses is not felt.
A hasty man never waits too.
A man is his own true foe.
As you make your bed, so you lie.
Honor to be alone than in bad company.
Friendship can not stand all on one side.

HEAVEN.

MOTHER, did you see all those people go by the door, just now? Yes, my dear, I saw them. But, mother, did you see that box that four boys carried? My son, that was a coffin, and the people are going to the grave-yard.

What is a coffin, mother? It is what they put the dead into, to bury them. Was any dead person in that coffin? Yes, the body of a little boy was in that coffin. Little boys and girls often die. Two or three days ago that child was alive.

Mother, are you sure I will have to die? Yes, my dear, all must die. But, perhaps, I shall live to be a man. I hope you will, but the Lord knows best, and he may take you away while you are little. Let us go and look at the funeral. Now we can see the crowd of people.

Mother, why are they all standing so close to one another? My son, they are standing around the grave. See! they are letting the little coffin down into that opening in the ground. That is the grave. Now it is covered with earth. Let us go away.

Oh, mother, I am afraid to die. Why are you afraid, my dear? Because I do not want to be put into a grave. My child, the little boy's body does not feel any thing bad in the grave; it can not see—it can not feel.

The soul of that little boy is not in the grave. Mother, where is his soul? My son, I think his soul is in heaven.

Oh, mother, tell me about heaven; then I shall not be afraid to die. My child, every one who loves Christ goes to heaven. There is nothing bad in heaven. No one does anything bad there. No one is sick there. No one is sorry in heaven.

They never die in heaven. God is there; Jesus is there; all good people are there.

Oh, mother, how shall I get to heaven? No one can get to heaven whose sin is not forgiven. The child who tells lies and will not obey his parents, or who speaks wicked words, and loves to be with other wicked children, can not get to heaven.

I have been wicked, mother, but I am sorry, and will try not to be wicked any more.

You must ask God, for Christ's sake, to forgive you, and to guide you by his good Spirit in the right way.

Is it not dreadful to die? It is not dreadful to such as love God and do all they can to serve and please him.

Believe in Christ, fear God, love what is good, and then you need not be afraid to die.

All who truly love and obey God will go to heaven.

WRITER FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

A TRUE STORY.

LITTLE children, you are happy now, that is, those of you who are good and kind. Little boys and girls who are naughty are never, oh, no, never happy. Pleasant smiles may sometimes brighten up their faces and make their bright eyes sparkle; a merry laugh may gurgie out from their tiny hearts—but they are unhappy, when all alone. But I will tell you a story—a true story—one about myself:

When I was small I was a great favorite with my papa. I loved him dearly, and he appeared to think more of me than any of his children. I received his kindest look, his fondest kisses, his most loving smiles. But I was a naughty little girl. I had two sisters and one sweet, bright, laughing little brother, and I was always sure that my papa would love them better than he did me. Was I not selfish? This thought often made me sad, and frequently prevailed and unkind. But one day in particular I was oh, such a bad, bad girl. Papa—

Mary and seemed to be loving her very much indeed, while poor I stood by very much chagrined. I managed to keep my face bright and cheerful, although my heart was nigh bursting with rage. While we were playing at school that day, (for you must know we went to an old field school) I found cause for provocation and struck my little sister suddenly and violently! Oh, naughty, naughty! Death—ugly, distressing, monster, came to our home and laid his withering, toy hand upon loved ones there. I had not asked my darling sister's pardon before her eyes were closed in that last, long, dreamlike, undisturbed sleep which knows no awakening until that morning when all shall be summoned before the glorious throne of our Maker; and the tiny

hands were tranquilly folded across her silent breast. She had been so sick I thought only of doing something to restore her to health. But alas for my hope. It flickered for a moment and was annihilated. The blow struck in hot anger had faded from my memory until, cold and lifeless, I saw my dear Mary (for she was dear to me) after she was shrouded and laid out in our large old parlour, then as I gazed upon her lovely angelic features the whole scene came up before me just as it had been enacted at school. And oh, what anguish! Though I said nothing about it to any one, my heart was well nigh rent asunder with grief.

My remaining little sister and my own darling, precious papa were also taken away about the same time. Since then I have never been truly happy.

I am not yet considered a young lady, and when mingling in the gay society of youth a sweet little face appears before me, with a kind of pleading, miserable look. It is my little sister's, just as she raised it up to me when I was angrily frowning at her. At night when all around me repose in the refreshing embraces of Somnus, those bleak, intelligent, yet sad eyes haunt me. There is, as it were, a shadow ever lingering about my spirit.

Children, I have told you this true story merely to warn you. Will not some of you, at least, when in following the inclination of your will, you are about to strike some one angrily, think of this story and refrain.

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