



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

SWEET REST IN HEAVEN.

Though often we're weary,
There is sweet rest above,
A rest that is eternal,
Where all is peace and love;
O let us then press forward,
That glorious rest to gain;
We'll soon be free from sorrow,
From toil and care and pain.

There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest.
There is sweet rest in heaven.

Lored ones have gone before us,
They beckon us to win.
O'er arid plains they're soaring,
Bliss in eternal day;
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;
Will fight until we conquer
The foe's most mighty host.
There is sweet rest, &c.

Our Saviour will be with us,
E'en to our journey's end,
In every sore affliction,
His present help to lend.
He never will grow weary,
Though often we request,
He'll give us grace to conquer,
And take us home to rest.
There is sweet rest, &c.

All glory to the Father,
Who gives us every good;
All glory to Jesus,
Who bought us with his blood;
And glory to the Spirit,
Who keeps us to the end
To the triumphant God be glory,
The sinner's only friend.
There is sweet rest, &c.

ALICE BELL.

BY THE EDITOR.

ALICE BELL was a beautiful little girl that loved the Sabbath school, and always tried to honor her parents and do what was right. Whenever any one was in trouble, if Alice Bell could help them she would do it; and all went to sweet Alice for help and comfort when they needed it. Her mother and father both died when she was young and left her an orphan, very beautiful, very rich, very accomplished and very good. As she grew older she ceased being a Sunday school scholar and became a Sunday school teacher, and during the week she went among the poor, and with her riches did them a great deal of good. Many of them blessed her for assistance in times of trouble, and many of them learned to love her for her gentleness, sweetness, goodness and liberality. How few young ladies see their time and money for the good of their unfortunate neighbors, as Alice did!

Whenever a poor woman wanted wood and clothes for food, she would give it; and many a little fellow was sent to school by her; and many a little girl had warm, nice shoes and shawls, because she gave them; and to many a poor, sick woman did she read the Bible and talk about the Saviour; and many a boy and girl went to Sunday school because, out of love to her, they could not refuse when she invited them.

I have said she was rich. She lived in a fine house, and had a piano and many servants, and splendid carriages and horses and jewels. But she was not proud.

Of course she had many suitors. Her two favorites were Arthur Lee and Harry Combe. But of these she could not decide which to accept, as both were accomplished gentlemen of good standing in society.

Just at this time her guardian, who had possession of all her property, ran away with it, and left poor Alice almost a beggar. She had to leave her fine house and take very humble lodgings. She did not complain;

but looked as sweet and beautiful as ever in the common dress she was compelled to wear. She went at once to a large clothing establishment and sought employment, for



she had to work for a living; and she was put to stitching garments on a sewing machine. What a change from great wealth and ease and splendor, to poverty and labor and hardship! She was determined not to be dependent on anybody. All her lovers forsook her; and all her rich friends forgot to recognize her when they met her on the street, in her plain calico dress. But she did not care for that. She still went to Sabbath school and her scholars loved her as much as ever; and the poor were as much rejoiced as ever when she came to see them; but she also noticed that the superintendent and teachers never treated her quite as respectfully as formerly. O what power there is in money! I said that all her lovers left her; but this was not exactly the case.—Arthur Lee admired her more than ever; he admired her independent spirit and industry, and consistent christian life, and he loved her more than ever; and when he proposed she accepted him.

What became of Harry Combe? Do you think he wanted to marry a penniless girl? Not he! He abandoned her altogether, and sought the company of other and richer persons. This proved him a selfish fortune-hunter, and Alice was glad to find out his true character: she was glad she had not accepted him in her days of prosperity.

An early day for her wedding with Arthur Lee was appointed. She invited all her old fashionable friends, and all her poor humble acquaintances who had clung to her in her poverty. And everybody was surprised at being invited to the old family mansion.

The night came. The house was brilliantly illuminated, and many servants waited on the large company. Everything was splendid and conducted in the most fashionable style. It was all a mystery that no one could explain or understand.

At length they were married.—Alice being dressed most handsomely in a white satin dress, with orange flowers in her hair, and a long white veil enveloping her entire form. After the ceremony was over, Mr. Ascham, the man who had been her guardian, stepped out in the middle of the floor and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Let me explain a mystery to you. I am not a defaulter; and Alice has not been poor; but she was just trying; her friends by pretending to have lost her property. I determined to aid her, and so for a short time suffered the reproach of being a thief. But Alice's main object was to see if she could be loved for herself and not for her money. I am glad to say that she has succeeded; and that she is now the beautiful, accomplished and rich Mrs. ARTHUR LEE!"

Everybody was greatly taken by surprise

and congratulated her in the highest terms, and professed that through all her poverty they loved and admired her as much as ever!

But of all the persons in the room Harry Combe was the most surprised and disappointed, as he felt that by his own conduct he had missed a great fortune. Selfish man! Arthur and Alice lived happily together and often talked of her trick to see which one of her lovers she should choose.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

I CAN'T.

BY MISS M. J. N.

"I CAN'T, I CAN'T, I CAN'T!" said Lizzie in a decided tone, and with a very decided pout.

"O, sissy, yes you can; don't you give up. Be a philosopher and try again," said sister Emma, in a kind voice and with a loving smile.

"But I tell you I can't," said Lizzie, and when a body can't, they can't, and what's the use of trying. I've tried this old sum, and tried it just as long as I'm going to, and it won't come right, and I don't care a straw if I am kept in. I hate this old book," said she, throwing the unoffending book across the room. "I hate to be forever going to school. I hate everything, and I hate everybody, too, and I don't care if I do, either."

As Lizzie finished this very unamiable sentence, she gave poor Emma a withering look, as much as to say, "Yes, and you, too, miss."

Emma had learned that a "soft answer weareth away wrath," and she knew, to one of Lizzie's impulsive disposition, a look was often the most effective reply she could make; and with a sad, reproachful glance, she met Lizzie's angry eye, and quietly bent her head over her lesson again.

Lizzie bustled about the room trying in vain to find something to vent her rage upon; then she went down stairs and bustled about there, but that sorrowful glance of her christian sister followed her still.

"I wish," she said to herself, "Emma would sometimes knock me over when I talk so; it wouldn't make me feel half as bad, as for her to look at me as she does." Then as conscience began its reprimands, she added, with a deep-drawn sigh, "Oh, well, I wish I was good; but I ain't, and I don't believe I ever will be, either."

By this time Lizzie found herself at her mother's door, and entering, saw her mother sitting with the Bible before her, intent upon its sacred pages. She had forgotten that this was her mother's hour for her morning devotions, and was about to withdraw when a kind voice called her—

"Come in, my child, you do not interrupt me—why, what is the matter, my daughter, what has gone wrong? Are your lessons troubling you again? I am very sorry.—Bring them to me; perhaps I can aid you some."

The sight of the Bible, added to the kind tone and words of her mother, were too much for poor Lizzie, and bursting into a flood of tears, she buried her face in her hands. For a moment she wept without interruption, and then in a subdued voice, with tears of grief rolling down her cheeks, she said—

"Yes, mother, my lesson is hard, but not half so hard to overcome as this awful temper of mine. Oh, when will I learn to control it as Emma does! Oh! you don't know, mother, how cross and unkind I am to her, and how sweet and gentle she is to me. It seems to me I do try not get angry, but I can't help it, and the first thing I know I say something I am so sorry for afterwards."

"Did you pray this morning, Lizzie?" said her mother, gently.

"Yes, mother, I said my prayers."

"I did not ask you whether you said your prayers or not, my daughter, but did you pray? Did you try to banish the world

from your thoughts during the few moments you gave to your Heavenly Father—did you, from your heart, ask God for what you desired; and did you beg him to help you to control your quick temper, so that your tongue would not sin against him this day; and did you ask him to give you strength for the duties of the day?"

"No, mother, I did not pray that way," said Lizzie, sadly.

"Then, my child, you mocked your Maker when you bowed before him."

Lizzie looked shocked; she had never thought of this before. "Go, my dear child, tell that long-suffering Saviour how many times you have mocked him by your vain petitions. Beg his forgiveness, his help, his guidance, and thank him, my daughter, that 'he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.' Go, ask him to help you to be more contrite still, and he will, my child, for he has promised 'the bruised reed I will not break, and the smoking flax I will not quench.'"

Lizzie went, and with true penitence she poured forth her heart in prayer. As soon as she arose from her knees, she went straight to her room, and approaching Emma with a calm, sweet smile, she threw her arms around her sister's neck, saying—

"My Saviour has forgiven me, sister, will you not, too?"

Emma was too much overcome to speak, but her warm embrace and fast flowing tears told how freely Lizzie was forgiven.

Lizzie has lived many years since then, and has had many of life's trials to contend with, but memory always carries her back to that happy morning of her childhood, and with renewed strength, a trusting heart, and an eye of faith, she still looks to Him whose promise is, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

HONORING FATHER.

Honor thy father and thy mother—

WHAT is it to honor any one?

Many years ago, when an old king died, his niece, the heiress to the throne of England, was proclaimed Queen; this was Queen Victoria.

She was very young then, a little more than eighteen, and had a fair, girlish face and figure, which made her look younger than she really was. Heralds proclaimed in the great capital of England, and in all large towns, that Victoria was now Queen, and when the people, as with one voice, cried "Long live Victoria," they did her honor as Queen. Then came her coronation day, and great honor was done her then. Yes, that young fruit-juice maiden was to be a ruler throughout the world, and her subjects were to honor and obey her.

Just such obedience and respect as the nation pays the Queen you should pay your parents. God has commanded it, and if you do not honor and obey them you dishonor and disobey God. A child who honors his father and his mother will not refuse to do what they tell him, and he will do it cheerfully, for if he does not obey cheerfully and pleasantly, it is a sign that he does not really honor them, but obeys only because he must, or because he is afraid of being punished. He will always think of their wishes and be happy in doing as they desire, whether they may be near to see him or not, and remembering how in the days of his infancy, they tended and cared for him, he will be very loving to them, and glad to serve them when he can.

Honor your father and your mother, then, dear child, and give them the duty and affection of your heart.

WHAT IS A FEINT?—A young lady of more beauty than sense; more accomplishments than grace of mind; more admirers than friends; more fools than wise men for attendants.

Send as many sayings of the little ones as possible.

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.

A GOOD SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A good Sunday school, is meant not a mere extra, more ornamental than useful appendage in which few take an interest, a sort of fifth wheel to a wagon, but one which is the very nursery of the church—one to which the older and better informed members lend the sanction of their attendance, and the aid of their wisdom and skill in its instructions—one in which the church, as such, feels interested and participates, so as to employ, (as it may most worthily) whatever of scriptural knowledge or intellectual force, or attractive influence may be found among them all. A good Sunday school does not necessarily mean a large one. A small school, if it is all the neighborhood can be reasonably expected to produce, in fulfilling its functions as well as, nay, better than many a larger one in populous places, where still there may be a larger number of children untaught, and of teachers unemployed.

The question whether the school is a good one or not, depends especially on the punctuality, the faithfulness and the devotedness of the individual teachers. After all, they are the Sunday school: all else is an abstraction. If any good is done, it is not by the simple fact of the assembling, certainly not by the name of Sunday school; but by the cloven and religious influences which each teacher personally exercises over each of his scholars.

PROFITS OF A GOOD SUNDAY SCHOOL. No. 1.

The intellects of many will be stimulated and developed, some of whom, perhaps, no other means could reach. The absolute amount of mental education attainable at a Sunday school is not unimportant. It includes those rudiments which open the way to all things else, and which, without any aid from others, have enabled mankind to push themselves into the actual quantity of information communicated is not the only point to be regarded. The insensible influence of association is great. If you gather the most educated and pious persons in a neighborhood and engage them in the work of instruction, the intellectual elevation and refinement resulting from bringing a mass of young minds into contact and communication with these is not easily estimated. In an intellectual point of view alone, the Sunday school is worth all its cost; nor can we afford, in this country, to dispense with any aid for the enlightenment of the people.—Rev. B. Manly, Jr.

USEFUL SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

A Sunday school superintendent said, a few days since, that, during the fifteen years of his service in that position, one of the teachers, a lady, had been privileged to rejoice in the hopeful conversion of from sixty to seventy of her scholars. This is a record for which the most prominent, gifted and honored of the people of God might well be grateful. As the fruit of humble, earnest, prayerful, diligent effort, it lies within the reach of thousands who come short of it, simply because they do not strive to attain it. Can they innocently put it away from them? Can they put it away from them, and suffer no loss in their own souls? Oh, that all who might render such service to the cause of human salvation and the Divine glory, making their lives a praise and even their memory a blessing in the churches of our Lord Jesus Christ, would improve the opportunity! How would our Sunday schools grow in the number of their teachers, and flourish in the fruit of their labors!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. A. J. Seal's Station.—All right with you. T. has returned. Let us hear from you often.

E. C. MARR.—Your interesting letter has been received, and we are glad you like the Child's Index.

LULA PRESTON.—Write again.

AUNT MARY must continue to write.

TO THE READERS OF THE INDEX.

I am happy to see that you are liberally contributing to the missionary work. When we last heard from that good man, Mr. Hartwell, he was away from his family, working for his Heavenly Master, more than five hundred miles from his home. He left his little children, for a season, because it seemed to be the will of God, he should go to Shanghai. The blessed Saviour, we hope, will take care of his family, and that soon he will be able to go back. But especially we hope God will bless his labors in the conversion of the heathen.

I will say, too, that we have just received a letter from Mr. Phillips, one of our missionaries who went from Georgia to Abokuta, in Central Africa. He has thirty-five children in his house. You will say, what a large family! So it is; but these are all heathen children who are learning to despise heathen worship, and some are true lovers of Jesus, and have been baptized. Will not some of you send to Mr. Boykin contributions for this school? Our missionary, Mr. Phillips, will be happy to know that you remember him and his children. I hope, too, you will all be yourselves the lovers of the blessed Saviour.

JAS. B. TAYLOR, Cor. Sec., &c.

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

MY BLACK-EYED ANGEL.

LITTLE READERS:

GRANDmother often writes very pretty, interesting letters to us about her dear little boy. They amuse us no much, and I think he must be a smart, funny little boy, and no doubt tries to be a good child and make his kind grandma very happy. I am going to tell you about my little angel niece. I call her an ANGEL, because she is so very good. She has not soft blue eyes and golden curls, as you have often heard the bright children of the better land described. No, she has black eyes and hair almost like the raven; and I cannot say she is beautiful, but you know "pretty is as pretty does." So, in this case, you must think her lovely.

My little angel can read very nicely, and every morning she brings her large print Testament and with delight says: "Aunt, you read one verse and I will read one; you one and I one."

In this way she learns a great deal about Jesus and his disciples. She often plays church with her paper dolls, and sings one hymn after another. I must tell you that she impresses on her children to behave well in church and listen to the preacher. I am afraid, though, that if you were in the congregation you would not be able to understand the little preacher, as sometimes she appears to talk the Indian language, then the Chinese. Indeed, you would imagine that she could converse with the children of every nation but her own. I must here tell you that my angel is a little girl just six years of age and cannot speak plainly; but I am glad to add that she writes very nicely and often sends me pretty notes, which she calls love letters. This dear child has a dread of breaking any of God's commandments. To-day she came to me with her eyes beaming with intelligence, and earnestly declared—

"O, aunt, is it not a great sin to steal?—I would rather cut off my two arms, and cut off my two feet, and pull out my two eyes, than steal."

I remember a beautiful picture that delighted me so much when I was a little girl. It hung in our Sunday school and represented a group of angel children. O how lovely they were, robed in their snowy mantles, crowned with diadems that glistened with sparkling jewels, wings so light and soft that in my childish fancy I could see them move by every passing breeze! In their little hands they held tiny harps all bright with golden strings, and sweet was the music I thought they made. But the great attraction of this picture was a black-eyed angel. In the nursery bright scenes were always drawn to my infant mind of heavenly children all with azure eyes, and often did I lament that never could I join the happy throng of the better land. Great was my joy when I caught a glimpse of my lovely angel. All fears and sad thoughts vanished, and with simple childish faith I felt that I too could stand crowned before my Saviour's face, and all bright and beautiful, float forever in the pure scenes of heaven. Many years have passed since my happy childhood, but my black-eyed angel in the form of my little niece is daily with me, often wiping with her soft hands the tear of sorrow from my cheeks and cheering me with words of comfort.

The ancient Jews believed that every one

had their guardian angel—perhaps a dear sister, a loving, gentle sister, or a brave, noble brother, who would leave their blissful home and revisit earth to shield loved ones from danger and rescue them from sin. Is not this a beautiful thought?

Little friends, every one of you have, through life, two angels walking with you—the good angel stands at your right, and whenever you are going wrong and about to sin he gently touches your arm, and with tender hands leads you from the evil, whispering in your ears, *Beware of folly's path.* I will not tell you of that dark form that stands at your left and rejoices with fiendish laugh only when you are naughty. O, no, he is too ugly to describe. What little lip does not sting, "I want to be an angel?"—Give your young hearts to Jesus, and then you will be an angel more beautiful than my lovely picture, for God will make you, with His master-hand, glorious and radiant as himself.

AUNT MARY.

[Aunt Mary must continue to write.—EDITOR.]

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

GREENVILLE, S. C., Jan. 17, 1865.

Mr. Editor:

LAST Sunday morning, before our Sabbath school adjourned, the Superintendent, O. J. Elford, Esq., distributed the Child's Index, giving one to the oldest member in a family. It is astonishing to see the anxiety the children evince to get a copy, and the pleasure with which they peruse it. The first article was about China. Our Superintendent called attention to this, and gave the school an account of the habits and customs of that people, which was very interesting, from the fact that the Baptist church of Greenville appropriates five hundred dollars every year for the support of the Rev. Mr. Hartwell, missionary, and the Sunday school has about forty societies, each class having its own name, who contribute monthly a certain amount for the support of little Ellen and Jesse, the last monthly collection being over one hundred dollars. In glancing over the paper to find some article from Greenville, the general inquiry was, "I wonder if it will give an account of our Christmas Tree?" This led me to prepare an imperfect sketch of one of the most delightful and interesting occasions, both to Superintendent, parents, teachers and scholars, which the year presents.

CHRISTMAS TREE.

For months it had been talked of amongst the children—it seemed to be their whole study. The Superintendent informed them that all who had a certain number of marks against their names for being absent, would be excluded from attending; and on Sunday (Christmas) there was scarcely one absent, except from sickness. Tickets were given to each scholar, printed "Christmas Tree," two to each teacher, one for a friend, and one to each parent, and Monday night the grand affair was to come off.

On Monday, Dec. 20th, the teachers met at 10 o'clock, A. M., prepared and arranged the Tree. At 5 o'clock, by previous notice, the teachers and scholars met in the church, to arrange themselves by classes. At 6 o'clock, the parents and invited guests assembled in the school room in the basement, occupying seats on the left and right. The room was brilliantly lighted with gas, and by 7 o'clock every seat was filled. At the appointed time the school marched down, in classes, by the back stairs into the room, occupying the centre seats, which had been reserved for them, in front of the Tree, which was carefully hid from view by a curtain. All being seated, prayer was offered up by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Thomas;—after which a beautiful hymn was sung, when the Rev. Mr. Broaden, who is a great favorite with old and young, made an address very appropriate to the occasion. It was amusing to witness the anxiety displayed by the children to get a peep at the Tree. Their eyes sparkled, and each seemed wild with excitement. Another hymn was sung, and just as "I'm glad I'm in this army," was concluded, the curtain fell, disclosing one of the loveliest sights I ever beheld.—There stood the Christmas Tree, a large Holly-bush, with bright red berries, about 12 feet high and 20 broad, with near 600 presents of fancy needle-work, books, and everything which ingenuity could invent—useful and ornamental—including 8 or 10 beautiful red cakes. Also, was hanging on the Tree, 250 large shining red apples, and near 1,000 cakes, representing animals, &c., as well as 250 candy horns. The Tree was

illuminated by 200 wax candles, presenting a beautiful, fairy scene.

The anxiety was intense among the children as the Superintendent, Mr. Elford, assisted by three or four gentlemen, proceeded to take down the articles, read the names, and distribute them. Teachers received presents from the scholars, and the reverse. Every scholar, in addition to the present from the teacher, received a candy horn, two cakes and an apple. The remarks of Mr. Elford, on delivering each present, created much mirth; but the presentation of a live opossum to the Librarian, elicited tremendous shouts. The Superintendent remarked that he had been informed they were threatened with a raid, and for protecting the assembly presented thirty-five male members of the Infant Class with toy guns, with which they amused themselves cracking for a few minutes.

Never did I witness such great success in any undertaking gotten up for the benefit of children. Pastor, Superintendent, Musician, Teachers and Scholars all received their share that night, and at half past nine o'clock, after the benediction, everybody went to their homes delighted that they had seen the Christmas Tree.

It would be proper to state that the Baptist Sabbath school here numbers generally about forty teachers, five officers and three hundred scholars. There is a melodeon in the school, and the singing is delightful.—Punctuality and silence are strictly enjoined, and when the opening exercises commence all those coming late are required to stay in the ante-room till the school opens, as so not to disturb the rest.

M. C. K.

LETTERS.

Mr. LEBANON, Russell Co., Ala., January 25th, 1865.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

NEVER had I written a letter in my life. I will try to write you to tell you how I like the paper; I like it better than any other paper I ever saw. And I am very much pleased with the pieces about Tip's Grandmother. I was glad to see you at our Sunday school. I wish you would come again and talk to us, for I like to hear you talk very much, and particularly about the story of the Christmas presents and George Washington. My name is Tommy, but I am not a good little boy like the one you told us about. I was one of those barbed boys whom you was talking about that day. My feet got very cold that morning, but when you were there and heard you talk, I soon forgot my feet was cold. I love to go to Sunday school so much, for we have such a good Superintendent; he is so good to us, I love him almost as good as I did my papa. My father is dead and my oldest brother is in the war. He is at Mobile. But I have a younger brother and two sisters. We would be very lonesome if it was not for the Sunday school.

Mr. Boykin, we had a nice time Christmas day, although it was rainy. We all had a nice cake apiece, and all of the little boys had an apple presented to us by Mrs. Boykin, and we were very proud of it as times are so hard. But there was some little twins who had a nice little box sent to them because they always had good lessons.

I must close for this time, and I will try and write again. Good-bye,

T. B. WHITE.

MACON, Feb. 4th, 1865.

Dear Mr. Boykin:

One of the little friends of the Index has passed away. She fell gently asleep in the arms of her Saviour! Every month how anxiously she watched for the beautiful little paper, and how eagerly she read it! Her little eyes grew still brighter as she read the little stories, and the letters from the children. Though she is no longer here to read the Index, still I send you three dollars as we wish it continued.

Enclosed you will find two dollars for little Jesse, for Maggie Tindall always loved to read and talk of her.

M.

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 as many papers as they can, and letting us know the average number of scholars during the year.

Editor.

The hasty hand catches frogs for fish.

OH COME LET US SING!



The full notes prolong, Our festal celebrating, We hail the day with cheerful lay, And full notes prolong. Both cheerful youth and silvery age, And childhood pure, the gay, the sage, These thrilling scenes engage, Full notes to prolong.

We'll chant, chant his praise— Our lofty strains now blending; A tribute bring to Christ our king, And chant, chant his praise! Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified, "Tis finished," then he meekly cried, And bowed his head and died— Then chant, chant his praise!

All full chorus join, To Jesus condescending, To bless our race with heavenly grace, All full chorus join! To God, whose mercy on us smiled, And Holy Spirit, reconciled, By Christ, the meek and mild, All full chorus join!

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

Who was the wife of Abraham? Gen. 12. What place did Jonah try to reach in fleeing from the presence of God? Jonah 1. Who was king of Bashan? Deut. 8. On what mountain was Moses when he viewed the promised land? Dent. 84. Who was the adopted daughter of Mordecai? Esther 2. Into what did Christ convert the water at the marriage feast spoken of? John 2. Who made the golden calf? Ex. 32. Who was the father of Noah? Gen. 5. Whose wife was turned into a pillar of salt? Gen. 19. Who led the children of Israel over the river Jordan? Joshua 4. Who was the father of Isaac? Gen. 21. Where did Christ perform his first miracle? John 2. Who was the father of Ethan? 1 Chron. 15. Who did the Queen of Sheba come to prove with hard questions? 1 Kings 10. In whose house did the Ark of the Lord continue three months? 2 Sam. 6. Who was mother-in-law to Ruth? Ruth 1. The initials of the above will spell the name of one of the most illustrious Generals of the present war. IDA A. PROTHRO.

INTERESTING LETTERS WASHINGTON, Wilkos Co., Ga., Dec. 25th, 1884.

Dear Mr. Baykin: Enclosed I send you \$4-\$15.00 from my little son, John N. McMekin, and 50 cents from my little son, Gussie, and the remaining \$2 from my little daughter, Florence C. McMekin, nine years old. She knit a pair of socks and sold them to one of the servants for \$2. They send it as a Christmas present for little Jesus Hartwell and his little sister. We have a Sabbath school at our church. It has not been in operation long, only one year, and we have had a great many trials to contend with, such as want of books, &c., and then the measles got into the school and came nigh breaking it up for a while, but we are doing better now, and we intend by the grace of God for it to be evergreen. I know you feel deeply interested in Sabbath schools and children. I want to you pray for our school at Rehoboth. M.

SUNDAY MORNING PRAYER.

O Lord, my Heavenly Father, who hast safely brought me to the beginning of this holy day; defend me in the same with thy mighty power, and grant that this day I fall into no sin, neither run into any kind of danger. May I remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. May I love this day more than all others, because it is thine. May I delight in the duties of thy house, and worship thee with a sincere and thankful heart. Help me in my efforts to do thy will, and to keep thy commandments; and may I never forget that thou, God, seest me at all times.

O Lord, bless my parents, and all my dear relatives and friends. Bless my beloved minister, my Sunday school teacher, and the children of the Sunday school. O may we all so improve the privileges which we enjoy, that we may at last enter into that rest which remains for the people of God. Pardon all my sins, O Lord, and hear my prayer, for the sake of thy Son Jesus Christ, my blessed and precious Savior. Amen.

Sloth is the mother of poverty. Temperance is the best physic. Take heed and surely speed. Sit in your place and noise will make you rise.

Cyrus, the Persian King, was accustomed to say that did men but know the cares he had to sustain, he thought no man would wish to wear his crown.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

S. Olsson. 1 Kings 12: 23. T. amar. 2 Sam. 18: 2. E.lijah. 1 Kings 18: 2. P. rivily. 1 Sam. 24: 4. H.annah. 1 Sam. 1: 20. E.zek. Gen. 26: 20. N. aboth. 1 Kings 21: 2. D. an. Exodus 1: 14. I. vory. 1 Kings 10: 18. L. azarus. Luke 16: 20-28. L. uke. Col. 4: 14. L. evi. Luke 5: 27. E. liah. 2 Kings 2: 11. E. zabeth. Luke 1: 35. Stephen Dill Lee.

R. amiah. 1 Samuel 15: 34. E. sau. Gen. 25: 31, 32, 33. V. achi. Esther 1: 9. G. ilboa. 2 Sam. 21: 12. S. amaria. 1 Kings 20: 1. Bethel. 2 Kings 10: 29. E. bad. Judges 9: 26. S. annabcher. Isaiah 36: 1. T. oi. 2 Sam. 8: 9. Rev. G. S. Best. L. M.

M. ichael. Jude 9. R. amiah. 1 Sam. 2: 11. S. tephen. Acts 7: 59. M. isephe. 1 Sam. 7: 10. G. ath. 1 Sam. 17: 4. H. erod. Acts 12: 23. A. braham. 2 Chron. 20: 7. R. iokes. Prov. 11: 4. L. azarus. John 11: 14, 15. E. liah. 2 Kings 5: 8. Y. esterday. Psalm 90: 4. Mrs. M. G. Harley.

R. euben. Gen. 29: 32. E. neoch. Heb. 11: 5. V. achi. Esther 1: 12. B. abylon. Extra 5: 12. F. aith. Rom. 1: 17. D. idymus. John 21: 2. P. atmos. Rev. 1: 9. E. kanah. 1 Sam. 1: 10. R. ezin. 2 Kings 16: 6. B. uth. 2: 2. Y. outh. Eccl. 12: 1.

RECEIVED FOR LITTLE JESSE.

I. H. P., 50 cts.; Lilly Foote, Wake Forest College, \$1; S. S. Ferguson, \$1; A. G. Justice, \$5; John N. McMekin, \$1.50; Gussie McMekin, 50 cts.; Florence C. McMekin, \$2. Received from various persons but not acknowledged before \$79 00

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

TO LOU'S ENIGMA FOR CHARLES. Three fourths of a cross and a circle complete, An upright where two semi-circles do meet, Rectangular triangle standing on feet, Two semi-circles and a circle complete. TOBACCO.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES FOR CHARLES.

No. 1.—Time. No. 2.—The whale that swallowed Jonah.

ANSWERS TO ELIZA'S PUZZLE FOR CHARLES.

The letter C.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

From J. G. Justice, L. H. Sullivan, J. H. P., Macon, Ga.

ANSWER TO MENTAL BIBLE PICTURE.

No. 34. She shepherds visiting Mary and Joseph at the birth of Jesus. [Luke 2: 6-18.]

ANOTHER PRIZE.

To every little child that will send us twelve (12) or more subscribers during the year 1886, together with the money, we will give a bound volume of the Child's Index for 1886 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.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Interesting communications from parents, teachers, and superintendents, are requested, pertaining to the Sunday school and the family.

The blind man's wife needs no painting.

THE STEP-SISTER.

BY MRS. M. A. CRIMMON.

CHAPTER I.

VA MAY was the only child of a rich merchant who lived in a handsome Southern city. Her mother died when she was an infant, and her father having no relatives in the city where he lived, raised her himself with the aid of a good nurse. She was not very beautiful, but she was gentle and affectionate, and that made her look handsome to those who knew and loved her. She loved her father very dearly, and was always cheerful and happy in his company; but she was too timid to appear to the best advantage in the presence of strangers—When she got old enough her father began to take her with him into society that she might overcome her timidity, but she had lived so much alone she did not know how to adapt herself to the manners of children of her own age, and being too modest to assume familiarity with grown people, she continued shy and reserved.

Things remained in this state until she was eight years old, when one evening as she and her father sat alone in their parlor, he asked her if she would not like to have a new mamma and a nice little step-sister about her own age.

"What is a step-sister, papa?" she asked, looking earnestly into his face.

"The daughter of a step-mother," he replied. "If I were to marry again, my wife would be your step-mother, and if the lady were a widow and had a daughter, she would be your step-sister. But you have not answered by question yet. Would you like to have a step-mother and sister?"

"Yes," she answered, still gazing into his face, "if they would love us and be kind to us."

"Never fear on that point; I will not bring any one into my house who will not love you and be kind to you."

"Do you know any lady who you think would suit you?" she enquired, thoughtfully.

"Yes. I am acquainted with a lady so kind, affectionate and gentle, I am willing to trust her to be your mother; and as I think it will be for your good as well as mine, I intend to marry her."

"Who is she, papa?"

"A Mrs. Green, formerly of Charleston, but now living in a little village not far from here. She is a poor widow now, but she has been wealthy. Her husband, I think, spent her property by dissipation. Her daughter, Clara, is one of the sweetest children I ever saw, except my own little girl."

"Is she very beautiful, papa?"

"She would be perfectly beautiful but for her red hair, and that does not spoil her much; her face is so pretty and her manners so sweet and affectionate, I think you will love her."

"I hope so. I am satisfied to live with no one but you, but still it might be pleasant to have a sister whom I could love, and who could play with me when you are away."

"I know it would, and for that very reason I have resolved to marry Mrs. Green. I am glad you are pleased with it, for it will not be many weeks now till I bring her home."

The nurse came in at that moment to take Eva to bed, so after kissing her papa good night, she retired to her room, to think about the change which was about to take place in her home.

A few weeks after that, Mr. May bought a fine new carriage, and taking Eva with him, started to C— for his wife. The carriage stopped at the gate of a very small cottage, and soon after they entered the house, Eva saw her father lead a handsome lady to a minister who stood waiting for them, and heard him promise to make her his wife. She then promised to "love, honor and obey him," and, after a short prayer, the ceremony was concluded. The few persons who were present then crowded around them, kissing the lady and shaking hands with the gentleman. Clara burst into a loud laugh as soon as the minister ceased speaking, and running up to her mother, threw her arms around her neck and kissed her on both cheeks. She then did the same to Mr. May, saying—

"I am so glad I have got a papa! Now I can have just what I want."

Her mother frowned at her just then, and she went away, while Eva came up and kissed her father and new mother, timidly, and with a strong effort to keep back her tears. As soon as she took her seat Clara sat down

beside her and asked what kind of house she lived in. Eva replied, that she lived in a white house, with pillars all around it except on one side.

"Does it belong to your father or does he rent it?" she enquired in a whisper.

"It belongs to papa. We have always lived there," Eva replied.

"Is there any flowers in front?" she again asked.

"Yes, we have a large flower garden, but it is mostly at the side of the house."

"Your father is rich then, sure enough, is he?"

"I don't know. I never heard him say," Eva answered innocently.

"Have you got any niggers at your house?"

"Oh, yes, we have good many servants, but I don't know whether we are rich or not."

"You are rich though, and have not got sense enough to know it. I heard Mr. May was rich, and I told her he was some punkins, the first time I ever saw him."

"What do you mean by calling my papa punkins?" Eva asked, indignantly.

"Oh! you little goose, you don't know nothing," Clara exclaimed, laughing aloud.

"I know you don't speak correctly in saying 'I don't know nothing,'" Eva replied.

"Now don't you think you are a awful smart," she said, in a half-scoffing, half-laughing tone.

Before Eva could have replied, had she been inclined to do so, they were all invited out to the dinner.

The dinner was plain but neat and palatable, and soon after they left the table the carriage was again brought out to convey the bridal party home. As soon as they were all seated in the carriage, Clara jumped into Mr. May's lap and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed—

"I am so glad you are my papa, for you will buy me as many nice dresses as I want, won't you, my sweet, good papa?"

"Certainly," Mr. May replied, disentangling her arms and pointing to her seat—

"You shall have as many as you need."

"And that will be a great many, I assure you, for I can't bear to look shabby," she said, catching Eva's hand and giving it a twist.

Seeing surprise on Eva's countenance at Clara's behavior, Mrs. May patted her on the cheek, saying—

"You must be my little girl now, since Clara is about to steal your papa."

"She will never steal my papa from me," Eva said positively.

"What! jealous already!" she joyfully exclaimed. "Jealousy is an ugly thing, and you must not indulge in it."

"I am not jealous," Eva replied, "but I expect my papa to love me the best, because I love him the best."

"And don't you love me any?" the lady asked, blandly.

"Yes, I love you because papa loves you, and because you are my new mother."

"A very good reason, darling," Mr. May said, kindly.

"But I'm going to love my new papa the best," Clara said jumping up and kissing him again, "because he has a fine house, and a nice carriage, and will give me every thing I want."

"Come, daughter," Mrs. May said, slaking her hand, "is that what you love your papa for?"

"I just said that for fun, ma," she answered quickly. "Didn't you know I was joking?"

"I thought so," Mrs. May said seriously, and the subject was dropped.

Everything went on very pleasantly after this until they arrived at home. Clara was so delighted at the elegant mansion which was to be her future home, that she even caught Eva in her arms and kissed her. On being ushered into the house she ran all over it, crying out with wonder and astonishment at everything she saw.

"What beautiful pictures! And oh, ma, what a nice carpet! Won't we be grand folks with all those fine things! I am going to learn music; and when I how I am going to dress."

Eva very kindly conducted her all over the house and garden, and showed her all her pretty books and playthings; after which she ran to her mother and told her that she would not be surprised if Eva were a right nice girl, after all, she had so many nice things.

After supper Eva took her Bible and went and sat down by her father to read her chapter, as usual, before retiring.

Clara laughed at her for reading the Bible; but when she finished the chapter and her father gave her an affectionate kiss,

Clara proposed to read one also. She opened at the third chapter of Proverbs, and commenced reading, but she read so fast and made so many mistakes, Mr. May could not understand her meaning until he opened his Bible at the same place, and looked at what she was reading. She hobbled and stumbled along till she came near the last, where she found this verse:

"The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked, but he bleaseth the habitation of the just."

"Now how do you suppose she read it? I know you can never guess so I will tell you: 'Of course the Lord is in the house of the wicked—but he bleaseth the habitation of the just.'"

Mr. May could not refrain from laughing at this. Clara saw him, though he did not intend that she should, and it hurt her feelings so much that she fell sobbing on her mother's bosom. Mrs. May scolded her pride and anger by telling her that her education had been neglected, but she should go to school and learn to read as well as any one. After awhile she burst out laughing, and kissed them all good night as good naturedly as though nothing had happened. (To be continued.)

A LITTLE HERO.

BY MRS. M. J. M.

"DON'T cry, mother; please don't," said Willie. "It makes me feel so sorry when you cry so. The old Yankees have gone; they are all clean out of sight by this time, and I don't reckon they will come back here any more."

"God grant they never may, my child, for we're ruined, ruined, ruined, already!"

"Ruined, mother! Why, how?"

"They made me cook up nearly everything I had, for them, and after I had done this, then some of the men took all the flour and meal that was left and emptied it in the sack, so that I can never use it again—"

"What we are to do for food God only knows," and Mrs. H— buried her face again in her hands.

"The mean old things!" exclaimed Willie, his face red with indignation. "Did they take all our corn, too, mother?"

"No, Willie, not quite all; but what can I do with that, my son?"

"Why, send it to mill, mother. We can live on corn bread for awhile."

"Send it to mill! How can I send it, and who will carry it for me? They have taken both of our horses, and every animal on the lot is gone!"

"Years rained fast now from Mrs. H—'s eyes as the picture of starvation was depicted in vivid colors before her."

"Oh, ma," sighed Willie, as a shade of sadness overspread his fine face, and then after a pause, he said, thoughtfully, "Mother, let's shell some corn and parch it. Eddie and I both love parched corn, and if old Brindle is here we can have some sweet milk for our supper."

"Poor Brindle!" said Mrs. H—, "one of the men ran his bayonet through her and she is dead, poor thing."

"Well, then, mother," said the little fellow, his brave spirit rising to meet every emergency, "we can live on parched corn and water!"

Mrs. H— smiled in pride as she said: "There spoke a TRUE SOUTHERN BOY. The Yankees would soon throw down their arms if every mother had such a son."

Willie blushed at the unlocked for compliment, and after a few moments said—

"Mother, you don't know how I felt when that man asked you where father was, and when you looked so bold and told him father was 'a rebel in the rebel army,' he was so mad I thought he was going to strike you. I do believe he would have done it, but an officer stopped up and ordered him off. That officer had right kind looking face for a Yankee. Eddie and I followed him out to the front porch. Just before he left he put his hands upon my head and said—"

"You are too nice a little fellow to be a rebel, don't you think you are?" I said, "I don't exactly know what you mean by rebel, sir, but I hate all the Yankees, and I intend to fight them just as long as I live." As soon as little Eddie heard the word Yankee, that was enough to start him, so he looked up at the officer and said, "I just hate those men old Yankees, that I do, and when I get a big man I'm going to get me a big gun and I'm going to shoot them too, see if I don't; and me and Willie is going to be big Federate soldiers. The officer did not look pleased at what either of us said, and as

he went down the steps he shook his head and said to himself, 'NO RECONSTRUCTION HERE.' What did he mean by that, mother?"

"Reconstruction, Willie, is acknowledging we are wrong, to quit fighting, to give up our slaves and lauds and to be in truth the slaves ourselves of the wicked Yankees."

"But, mother, how can any one do this? We feel sure we are right; how then can we acknowledge we are wrong? Why this would be story in the sight of God?"

"Yes, it is a story, Willie. No true soldier, no brave man, wants reconstruction. It is only those who have never been in a battle, and those who have scoured easy situations at home, that are willing to do anything, to do anything, to have any kind of peace, just so their selfish souls may keep their money, and enjoy their ease and comfort."

"Oh what a shame! I'll never go back to the Yankees," exclaimed the excited boy. "No, no, never; I'll eat parched corn all my days before ever I'll be for reconstruction."

Mr. H— smiled through her tears, for though she had just endured a sad, sad loss, still she was a brave Southern woman, and the noble spirit of her heroic boy inspired her with bright hope for her bleeding, suffering land.

Little children, who will emulate the spirit of Willie? I wish you all would take for your motto, "NO RECONSTRUCTION," and shame some of those men who have stayed at home, and become sick, and who do save their money will even how the Union and kiss the rod of their oppressors. Our hated enemy may find a few men among us who desire peace on any terms, but God grant that the women and children may remember the precious blood of husbands and brothers, sons and fathers, already offered, and resolve to die, or plough, or spin or sew, or to starve even, rather than give their sanction to reunion with Yankee.

A TENDER REPROOF.

A little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after maternal correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his Heavenly Father. His offence had been passion—Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed to the door of his room. In hissing accents, she heard him ask to be made better, and never to be angry again, and then, with childish simplicity, he added, "Lord, make ma's temper better too."

THE

Shame on you, my son, said an old crab to one of his male offspring—shame on you for moving along in that awkward sideways or backward manner. Go straight forward. I shall willingly follow your advice, said his son, when I shall first see you doing the same.

MONAL.—Words are of little avail without example. First be and do what you desire to have others be and do. This may you hope for success.

NEW TERMS.

THE CHILD'S INDEX, PUBLISHED AT MACON, GEORGIA.

Table with subscription rates: Single copy six months \$2 00, Single copy year 4 00, Five copies, one year 15 00, Ten copies, one year 30 00, Twenty copies, one year 60 00, Fifty copies, one year 150 00, One hundred copies, one year 300 00. When any considerable number over 150 is taken, \$2.50 will be charged. For 200 or more \$2 each will be charged.

CLUBS OF five or more copies will be sent to one address only—that is to one name. If it is desired to have a name written on each paper four dollars must be paid for each paper.

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, devoted 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 its readers all matters of religious and denominational interest. Terms, \$15 for six months, always in advance.