



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



MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

BY THE EDITOR.

HERE are some characters that history delights to honor; and George Washington's mother was one of these. She was a woman to whom all America owes a great debt of gratitude; for, by her own virtues, correct principles and proper discipline, she so trained and formed the character of her son George that he became that great and good man he was, and the successful liberator of the American colonies. It is not to be doubted that George Washington became such a good man, because he had such a good mother. For his father died when he was only eleven years old, and his training was left entirely to his widowed mother. Her maiden name was Mary Ball; and in her young days she was a belle of great beauty. She was married to Augustine Washington when she was twenty-three, and had six children—four sons, George, Samuel, John Augustine and Charles—and two daughters, Elizabeth and Mildred, who died when an infant. She was married on the 6th of March, 1730; and her husband died on the 12th of April, 1741. She thus became a widow at thirty-six years of age, after having been married thirteen years. She lived forty years after this and died August 26th, 1786, at the ripe old age of eighty-two. The picture we give of her shows how she looked when an elderly woman.

She was a woman of great conscientiousness and decision of character. She governed her family strictly, and required her children to treat her with great respect. She had a high temper, but could restrain it; and, both by precept and example, she taught her son George, who inherited her high temper, how to govern that temper. She was a woman of great good sense; and though she governed her family so strictly and required the greatest deference to be shown her, yet she inspired love and respect in the hearts of all, and to her dying day George observed towards her the same respect she had inspired in him during childhood, and he manifested it during the height of his power and reputation.

She used to gather her children around her and read to them out of good books. It was her highest aim to make her children good. She instilled into their hearts the principles of honesty, truthfulness, morality and religion; and hence it is that we say

that George Washington was a good man because he had a good mother.

Once George mounted a wild young steed of his father's. The horse, in his furious efforts to throw his rider, killed himself; and as it was a favorite horse, it was doubtful how his mother would take the loss. But he went straight to her and told her.

"I am glad, my son," said he, "that you can tell the truth."

History presents no female character that commands more respect than *Mary, the mother of Washington*. Just as it presents no male character that commands higher respect and esteem than George Washington. And yet, when her son grew to be the most eminent man in America, she still preserved the plainness of her attire and mode of life. She was not dazzled by the elevation of her son, when he became a great military conqueror and first President of the United States; and when her friends would congratulate her upon his success and greatness, and become enthusiastic in his praise, she would listen in silence, or reply—

"George was always a good boy, and I believe he has done his duty as a man." Washington was just recovering from a long-illness when his mother died, and he did not have the melancholy satisfaction of attending her last hours. He was deeply affected when he heard of her death, but consoled himself with these reflections: "Heaven had spared her to an age beyond which few attain; had favored her with the full enjoyment of her mental faculties, and as much bodily health as usually falls to the lot of fourscore." He was President at the time, and resided at the seat of government.

She died at Fredericksburg, Va., where he remains still lie, and over which the demon of war has been holding such high carnival during our present great struggle.

An unfinished monument was erected to her memory, by the inhabitants of Fredericksburg, to mark the spot where she lies, and to do honor to her many virtues.—Strange that it should be left unfinished.—But this shows how much more men care for money than for honoring the great and good dead. But the best monument of Washington's mother is in the hearts of her millions of admirers, where it can never be destroyed, for while the world lasts mankind will honor, and revere the memory of *Mary, the mother of Washington*.

Silence seldom does any harm.

STORY FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

THE STOLEN APPLE.

LORA LACEY was a sweet little girl nine years old. Everybody thought her beautiful, because she had such an amiable face, which was never seen ruffled. She behaved so well, too, was always so obedient to her parents and teachers, and had so much respect for superiors, that all who knew little Flora loved her.

Albert, Flora's brother, who was two years older than herself, was very different from his sister. He was really a naughty boy; he was always ready to join bad boys in doing wrong. His mother once caught him trying to throw his sister's pet out into a pond, with a stone attached to its neck.

Little Flora was taken very ill with the whooping-cough, and was confined to the house for a great while. She soon grew weary of the house, and to amuse herself would read every day in the *Child's Index*. Her mother, one day, gave her a huge red winter apple to play with, and charged her not to eat it. She promised her mother she would not. When she grew weary of the toy she put it upon the table, thinking it would be safe there, and then fell asleep.

Very soon Mrs. Lacey came in and missed the apple. When Flora awoke she was very much surprised to find it was missing. Her mother searched the room but nothing could be seen of it. No one had entered the room since Mrs. Lacey left it, and how the apple vanished out of it was a mystery to all.

After Mrs. Lacey had talked the matter over with Flora's father, they concluded she must have eaten the apple, as her room was up stairs and no one could enter it without being seen. They were very much grieved about it, as it was the first falsehood they had ever known her to tell. Her mother proposed having prayer to ask God to forgive Flora for this her first falsehood.—Albert was called in to join them. He enquired of his father why he was going to have prayer, as it was not their usual hour for having prayers, and asked if his sister was growing worse? His father replied:

"Yes, my son, in one sense of the word your sister is growing worse—she has told a falsehood!"

Albert's countenance fell; he saw the mischief he had done. Conscience soon began to work. He felt so bad at seeing his sister punished for what he had done, and thought he could never be happy again unless he would confess all. So he went to his father and said:

"Father, it is for me you should pray; I stole the apple and ate it while sister was sleeping."

His parents were much rejoiced at his confessing all, and no doubt Albert felt much better for telling the truth. Poor little Flora was much relieved, because she was accused of taking the apple. Her parents asked her pardon for once thinking she had told an untruth. She dried up her tears and was cheerful again.

Mr. Lacey called Albert to him and said: "Since you have told me the truth, my son, I am not angry with you, but would like to have you tell me how you took the apple without being seen."

Albert's countenance changed, but he would keep nothing from his father or mother, mischievous as he was. He began: "I saw the apple from the window, and thought I would creep up stairs and get it. I thought I might be seen that way, and thought of climbing to the window to get it. I put a ladder against the house, climbed to the window, made a loop in my whip and drew the apple to me. I am very sorry for it, father, and promise you never to do so again."

This broke Albert of many bad tricks, and made him a better boy. He is now a Lieutenant in one of the regiments from Georgia. He has grown to be a pious man. Just think of it! Little Albert grown to be a Lieutenant in the Confederate States Army!

my! But he has no sweet sister for a companion now. Dear little Flora never recovered from her cough. She continued to grow worse, until the family made up their minds to give her in charge of Jesus and his angels. It was so sad to give her up and never see her on earth again, but we can all meet her at the Throne of Grace if we will follow the ten commandments. At sunrise one morning, angels came for little Flora and bore her to heaven, where she will always be happy with Jesus. She was always pious, and we feel confident that she is with Him.

The Sunday school she had always attended formed part of the procession to carry their schoolmate they loved so dearly to her last resting place. The Lord is her Shepherd, and her sufferings are over.

Cousin BERTHA.

- * Amiable, sweet.
- † Superiors, older persons.
- ‡ Huge, large.
- § Mysterious, strange.
- || Confess, own.
- || Companion, mate.
- ¶ Confident, sure.

HONORING PARENTS.

AS a stranger went into the churchyard of a pretty village, he beheld three children at a newly made grave. A boy ten years of age was busily engaged in placing plants or turfs about it, while a little girl who appeared a year or two younger, held in her apron a few roots of wild flowers.—The third child, still younger, was sitting on the grass watching with thoughtful look the movements of the other two. They were pieces of earth on their hats, and a few other signs of mourning, such as are sometimes worn by the poor who struggle between their poverty and affections.

The girl soon began planting some of her wild flowers around the head of the grave, when the stranger addressed them:

"Whose grave is this, children, about which you are so busily engaged?"

"Mother's grave, sir," said the boy.

"And did your father send you to place these flowers around your mother's grave?"

"No, sir, father lies here too, and little William and sister Jane."

"When did they die?"

"Mother was buried a fortnight yesterday, sir, but father died last winter; they all lie here."

"Then who told you to do this?"

"Nobody, sir," replied the girl.

"Then why do you do it?"

They appeared at a loss for an answer, but the stranger looked so kindly at them, at length the eldest replied, as the tears started to his eyes:

"Oh, we love them, sir."

"Then you put these grass turfs and wild flowers where your parents are laid because you love them?"

"Yes, sir," they all eagerly replied.

What can be more beautiful than such an exhibition of children honoring deceased parents? Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days! Ever remember their parental kindness! Honor their memory by doing those things which you know would please them were they now alive, by a particular regard to their dying commands, and carrying on their plans of usefulness. Are your parents spared to you? Ever treat them as you will wish you had done, when you stand a lonely orphan at their graves! How will a remembrance of kind, affectionate conduct towards those departed friends then help to soothe your grief and heal your wounded heart!

TOLUCCO.

I'll never use tolucco, no!
It is a filthy weed;
It never in my mouth shall go,
Said little Robert Reed.

The Child's Index.

MACON, GEORGIA.

SAMUEL BOYKIN, Editor.

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

LITTLE WILLIE.

HEN General Lafayette came to this country many years ago, great crowds flocked to see him. In some places mothers took their little children, and when he passed presented them to him, and he sometimes kissed them. This was considered a great honor.

When our Saviour was on earth, little children were presented to him, and he said, "Suffer them to come unto me." This was a greater honor. And little children may come to the Saviour now. They may give their hearts to him, and when they die they will go to him.

Little Willie B— was one who felt this. He loved to "come" to the Saviour in prayer. Once when his nurse said,—"Come, Willie, say your prayers to me," he replied,—"No, I pray to Jesus Christ." We wish all the readers of the Child's Index felt this; they would not say over their prayers in such a hurry.

His kind mother taught him how to pray, but he often added a prayer of his own. Once when he was asking God for a blessing, he added,—"But, O Lord, if you don't wish to grant it, you needn't," thus expressing the very idea that Christ did when he said,—"Thy will be done." He loved to have good verses read to him, and he learned to say many of them when he could not read. He loved, too, to have the Testament read to him, because it contained the words of Christ. When a blessing was asked at the table, he always joined in it. Thus did little Willie try to "come" to the Saviour.

When he was very sick and they gave him medicine, he took it without fretting or crying. He even told the doctor how he loved him, and that he wanted him to come and hear him repeat some of his hymns, and mentioned

"When I can read my title clear," etc. "There is a happy land," etc.

To one who was weeping by his bedside he said,—"Now, aunt J—, you mustn't cry; it's no use. If God says I must die, I must. Then I can go to heaven." And he did die, and we hope has gone to heaven, to that Saviour whom he loved.

Will not some of the boys and girls who may read this try to do as little Willie did? Then they may see the Saviour, and sing his praise for ever. A little while ago Willie sang on earth.

"There is a happy land, far, far away" Now, in heaven he sings.

"Come to that happy land, come, come stay." Why will ye doubting stand, why still delay?"

THE CROOKED TREE.

One bright summer day, Mr. T—, "the children's preacher," was riding along in his carriage, and overtook a little boy, pearly clad, and carrying a jug. He kindly stopped his horse and asked the child to ride with him. He found what he had feared to be true, that the father of William was a drunkard!

They were talking lustily when they entered the pleasant shade of a forest. Mr. T—, pointing to a large gnarled and decaying tree, leaning towards the ground, asked William if he could tell how that tree became so crooked. "Yes," replied William, "I think I can; somebody tread upon it while it was a little fellow." That was a wise answer. And it is so with men. If boys are neglected while they are little fellows, and grow wrong then, they become unlovely, and unloved in manhood. This is the reason why good people love the Sabbath school and the Child's Index; and that you may be kept from Satan and those that serve him on earth, and imitate Washington, who, like a noble pine with its ever-green top away in the blue sky, seemed to live and die with the light of heaven upon his brow. Who would be a Benedict Arnold, a drunkard, or a swearer, unloved by the good, and fit only to be cut down by death for the everlasting fire? To avoid such a fate, you must be pure, upright, and true, putting your trust in the Savior who

LOVE TO GOD.

"Ye that love the Lord, hate evil."—Psalm xxvii. 10.

Love to God, and love to sin, which he hates, cannot both live in one heart. That which God forbids we shall not, if we truly love him, desire to possess or cherish.

To make this plain to you; a child had a beautiful bird, a canary, which sang to him from early morning, and would eat seed out of his hand, it was so tame. The mother of the child was ill, so ill that the song of the little bird, which to the boy was as delicious music, disturbed and distressed her so, that she could scarcely bear to hear it. He put it in a room far away, but the bird's notes reached the sick bed, and caused pain to her in her long feverish days. One morning, as the child stood holding his mother's hand, he saw that when his pet sang, an expression of pain passed over her dear face. She had never yet told him that she could not bear the noise, but she did so now. "It is no music to me," she said, as he asked her if the notes were not pretty. He looked at her in wonder. "And do you really dislike the sound?" "Indeed I do," she said.

The child, full of love to his mother, left the room. The golden feathers of the pretty canary were glittering in the sunshine, and he was trilling forth his loveliest notes, but they had ceased to please the boy. They were no longer pretty nor soothing to him, and taking the cage in his hand, he left the house. When he returned, he told his mother that the bird would disturb her rest no more, for he had given it to his little cousin. "But you loved it so," she said, "how could you part with the canary?" "I loved the canary, mother," he replied, "but I love you more; I could not really love anything that gave you pain. It would not be true love if I did." The child was right. And if you love your Father in Heaven really and truly, you will never love that which He hates, and which caused the sufferings and the death of the Saviour of the world.

PROFITS OF A GOOD SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The union of moral with mental training would be happily exemplified. "The Sunday school system," remarks a discerning writer, "is the only general system of education which recognizes man in his true nature; a never dying spirit, whose capacities for enjoyment or misery must forever expand, and who must dwell forever with angels and the redeemed amid the glories of heaven, or with devils and the damned in the woes of hell."

The minds of the young cannot remain blank a single day; nor can their minds receive impressions without their hearts also being moulded for good or evil. It is of the most inestimable importance that the principles of religion should pervade and give life to all the instruction which a child receives.

If it is said that where ordinary teaching cannot or will not, parents ought to give the kind of instruction. I grant it. Nothing can ever supersede parental teaching, nothing should ever usurp its place. But, many parents are incapable of usefully communicating instruction. 2. Many others are not disposed to take the trouble; and so, from lack either of competency or of the duty is extensively neglected. 3. Others commence the work, but fail steadily to adhere to it, or err egregiously in their methods of attempting it. 4. A conclusive answer to this objection is, those who more deeply feel the obligation, and who are more competent to discharge the duty, will materially aided; and it is found, in fact, that they are the very persons who will appreciate, and warily promote the Sunday school. 5. To all this it may be added, that the advantages of association are great. No children like it better, and the same amount of work is more easily done. If the parent is incompetent to teach his elder children, he gets better instruction for them; if he is a good teacher, other children besides his own may share the benefits of his superior knowledge and skill.—B. M., Jr.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

We are glad to learn that the Sunday schools in Montgomery, Alabama, Georgia and Macon, Ga., are increasing in numbers and in interest, and we hope this is the case everywhere. Let all superintendents and teachers take greater interest in their schools and try harder than ever to increase their size and efficiency. It is a noble work, such an angel would delight in.

THE TINKER OF ELSTOW.

IN the year 1638 a child was born at Elstow, in England, and named by his parents, John Bunyan. His father was a "tinker," or tinsmith, and not a religious person. He, however, gave his son all the education in his power, which was but reading, writing, and a little arithmetic. He grew up a bold, bad boy. He had several narrow escapes from death, which, for a time, brought serious reflection; he also had his conscience aroused by hearing an occasional sermon, yet continued his evil course. One day he stood near a neighbor's door swearing terribly. The woman, herself a wicked person, told him he was the worst young man she had ever seen, and fit to ruin all the youths in the town. Shocked at this reproach from an irreligious person, Bunyan ceased swearing from that day. He married a Christian woman, who brought as her sole marriage portion, an old Bible and two good books.—These her husband frequently read, and at length he was aroused to a deep sense of his sin and danger. We can be sure that as he labored at his forge, or sat in the thatched cottage, he had many a miserable hour as he mused on the unhappy condition of his soul; and that those same places echoed with his joyful thanksgivings when he had found peace in believing.

Bunyan, before long, became a preacher, and went among the little hamlets about Bedford, telling of Jesus, and many were led to seek God through his means.

Those were days of persecution, and when it was known that the "tinker of Elstow" was preaching powerfully of Christ, he was seized as an evil-doer and tried. He was sentenced to perpetual banishment; but instead of leaving him to submit to this sentence, his enemies confined him, for twelve years, in Bedford jail.

Probably, when a boy, he had often sported about that very place, little thinking that he should ever be there, a prisoner, for Christ's sake.

It was a terrible trial for this good man, to see his wife and four children left destitute at Elstow, but as he says: "I had this consideration, that if I should give up all for Christ, I engaged God to take care of all my concerns."

Now his enemies thought they had effectually prevented Bunyan from making any more converts. But our God "turns the wrath of man into peace." He was in the prison and sorrow of Bedford jail, John Bunyan wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress," a book that perhaps next to the Bible, has done more good than any book in the world.

Through his book, thousands more have been turned from the error of their ways than his author could ever have reached by his voice, had he been always at liberty. After this imprisonment was over, Bunyan, all undaunted, resumed his preaching as before, seeing the word effectual in the conversion of many. He died in 1688, and the little hamlet of Elstow has since then been famous as the birth-place and home of "John Bunyan, the smith and author."

HOW DID YOU SPEND LAST SABBATH?

This question is addressed to the little boy or little girl now reading the Child's Index. How did you spend last Sabbath? Have you forgotten? Think a little while. Were you at the Sunday school? What did you learn, if there? What do you now remember of it? Try to recall it. All the instructions of your teacher, and of the superintendent, will do you little good, unless you retain their instructions, and treasure up the lessons in your memory.

But it may be that you were not at Sunday school. Where then were you? How did you spend last Sabbath? Were you at church? Did you hear a sermon? What was the text, and what did the minister say? Have you forgotten? If so, be more attentive when you again hear the word of God. If you do not remember what the preacher says, you are not likely to be profited by hearing the gospel. St. James says, if we do not "forgetful" hearts, but "doers of the word, we shall be blessed."

But it may be that you were neither at Sunday school nor at church. Where were you last Sabbath? Did you steal away from home and get with some bad children, and spend a part of the day in idleness and play? Did you say bad words and indulge in long tempers? Were you so wicked as long fishing or hunting? O think. God says you all day. He heard every word you spoke. He knows all the thoughts and tempers that you indulged. If you did wrong last Sabbath, do so no more. Pray God to forgive you.—Confess your sins to him. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

THE DYING CHILD.

Put your arm around me, mother, Draw your chair beside my bed; Let me lean upon your bosom This poor, weary, aching head. Once I thought I could not leave you, Once I was afraid to die; Now, I feel 'tis Jesus calls me To his mansion in the sky.

Why should you be grieving, mother, That your child is going home, To that land where sin and sorrow, Pain and weakness never come?

FORGIVENESS.

LITTLE Nell Palmer was a sweet little girl of about five years of age, and every night she loved to kneel down by her mother's side and pray. One of the prayers she was in the habit of saying was the "Lord's Prayer."—One night after being undressed, she knelt down as usual, and began to say: "Our Father, who art in Heaven;" but when she got as far as "forgive us our debts as we forgive," she stopped short, and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my child?" said the mother. "O ma, I did not pray it all, and I can't pray it, and I mustn't pray it," she added. "And why not, Nelly?" "Because, ma, I haven't forgiven Susan Flanders for spoiling my doll's face this morning."

"But I thought you had forgiven her, Nelly, when you saved the orange for her to-day from dinner." "I thought so, too, ma; but you know I haven't seen her yet, and when I think of the great ink-spat all soaked in the wax, and thick how wicked Susy looked, my heart feels real wicked too; and I'm afraid if she should look so again at me, I couldn't give her the orange or forgive her either."

"Not if you remember that it is just such as she that Christ told you to forgive?" "O dear, ma, I don't know," said Nelly, still sobbing; "poor Dolly's face will never be clear again, and Susy needn't have done it; it would be easier to bear it if it had been an accident."

"Yes, I know, Nelly, and there would be less to forgive; but if you can do it now, it will be easier for you to forgive greater wrongs when you get older." "Why, ma, what's greater? Dolly's face is spoiled."

"It would be greater, when you are grown up, to have somebody put a great black spot on your character by some slander. It is done to somebody every day. Nelly, and you may not cease; and if you cannot forgive a wrong to Dolly, will you be able to do better toward one against yourself?"

"But ma, how can I make forgiveness when it won't come of itself into my heart?" "You can pray Christ to send it, can't you?"

"Y-ess," she answered slowly. "But I'd rather you would ask for me first—please do, won't you, ma?"

So the mother besought the grace of forgiveness for her little girl, who then prayed for herself, and to her mother's surprise, added also the Lord's Prayer. And she whispered as she rose up, "I wasn't afraid to say that then, ma, for I felt forgiveness coming into my heart when we were praying; and I shan't be afraid to give the orange to-morrow."

OUR CIRCULATION.

The ravages of the enemy have diminished the scope of country to which our paper usually goes, to an extent that decreases our circulation. May we not hope that all the friends of the Child's Index will endeavor to extend its circulation, so that we may be the better enabled to meet our heavy expenses? Come, readers, make one general effort, now, to enlarge our subscription list. Money may be sent by mail or Express at our risk.

SHORT STORIES.

Will not our female friends who possess the enviable gift of writing in a style to suit children, oblige us by sending us short stories? We like such as are humorous, or pathetic, or such as teach some great moral lesson.

In this way those possessing the gift of agreeable composition may do a greater amount of good than they have any idea of. To such writers we will send a few copies gratis.

The covetous man is his own tormentor. The faulty stands on his guard.

THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

Two robin red-breasts built their nests
Within a hollow tree,
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily,
And all the little young ones said,
"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."
One day the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky—
Cock-robin said, "My little dears,
'Tis time you learn to fly."
And all the little young ones said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."
I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by and by,
When mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"
She says, "What for?" and "why?"
She'd be a better child by far,
If she would say, "I'll try."

WRITERS FOR THE CHILD'S INDEX.

SABBATH-BREAKING.

UNT PATTY wishes to introduce herself to the little readers of the Index. She's not one of those vinegar-visaged somebody's that wicked people call "old maids"; she does not snarl at you if you come near enough to mash her toes. Then she would not teach you your alphabet by thumping and bumping it into your heads with a thimble. Now what a long introduction, you'll say. Well, Aunt Patty does not intend telling all she knows, but wishes to become acquainted with you. She intends telling you about two little boys who broke the Sabbath, in such a way that you can understand it, and not be twisting your tongues with big words.

Clifton and Freddie M.— were the sons of a most devoted and pious minister of the gospel. He lived in the small village of —. A little girl said once that she never could bear to go to preacher's houses, for 'twas so dull there. I know she would not have thought so if she could have peeped into the comfortable sitting-room, and could have looked into the merry fires of that happy family. Willie, the eldest boy, would sometimes play and sing on the piano for the amusement of little Freddie and the little boys. But happiness did not always reign supreme in that happy household, for sometimes a spirit of wickedness prevailed in the hearts of those generally so happy.

On a bright, beautiful Sabbath, when even the little birds ceased their warbling, feeling almost to desert the holy day, so calm and still was it, Freddie and Clifton attended Sabbath school. After Sabbath school sometime, the bell rang for church; when it had almost discontinued tolling its slow, solemn tones, their mamma was quite ready to go to church. She was surprised on entering not to see those bright, pretty little boys in their usual place, when their father rose from the pulpit. After preaching was over, Clifton and Freddie were found at home at play. What do you think they were engaged at? Well, they were cracking nuts!

Before they finished cracking those nuts that great, heavy, sharp axe fell upon the beautiful dimpled hand of Freddie and cut off one of his pretty fat fingers! Days and weeks of suffering succeeded that one Sabbath day's disobedience. That day's sin confined Freddie to his bed for days; that plump little form grew thin; those large brown eyes lost their beauty, and the whole household looked sad. Six months have flown on time's downy wing and Freddie is quite well again—only that little finger is not there. Sometimes Freddie's face is blushing with sin, for he is quite faith-loving, when some thoughtless boy or girl will ask him where his finger was cut, and how he lost it. The smile soon dies out, and he is obliged to confess the sin of Sabbath-breaking.

Aunt Patty has many incidents to relate to her little friends—*Anna* stories to tell them, sometime when not too busy.

AUNT PATTY.

LETTERS.

We will be glad to receive interesting letters from superintendents or teachers giving facts and incidents of their Sunday schools. We desire parents also to write and narrate interesting circumstances of family life and government. Let the letters always be simple and well calculated to instruct or benefit the young, either by inculcating duty or by giving such examples as will excite a laudable ambition to be good and do good.

A man by the name of Shin married a lady whose name was Fout. The neighbors called a meeting and rejoiced with them both that the *foot* had thus risen in the world.

TRUE DUNCAN AND THE CAT.

ONCE there was a little boy named Duncan. The boys used to call him *True Duncan*, because he never would tell a lie. One day he was playing with an axe in the yard of the school, and while he was chopping a stick, the teacher's cat, Tabby, came along. Duncan let the axe fall on poor Tabby's head, and killed her. What to do he did not know. She was a pet of the master, and used to sit on a cushion at his side while he was hearing the lessons.

"Now, fellows," said one of the boys, "we shall see if Duncan can't make up a fib as well as the rest of us."

Big Jones stopped up, and taking the cat by the tail, said:

"Here, boys, I will just ring her into the alley, and we can tell Mr. Cole that the butcher's dog killed her, you know he worried her last week."

Several of them thought this would do very well. But Duncan looked quite angry.

"No!" said he, "no! Do you think I would fib for such a creature as that? It would be a lie, a lie, a lie!" And every time he said the word, his voice grew louder and louder. Then he picked up the poor thing in his arms and carried it into the school room, and the boys followed to see what would happen. The master looked up and said:

"What is this? My faithful mouser dead! Who could have done me such an injury? All were silent but a little while. As soon as Duncan could get his voice, he said:

"Mr. Cole, I am very sorry—but here is the truth. I can't lie, sir; I killed Tabby, but I am very sorry for it. I ought to have been more careful for I saw her continually rubbing her sides against the log. I am very sorry, indeed, sir."

Every one expected Mr. Cole to take down his long tation. On the contrary, he put on a pleasant smile and said:

"Duncan, you are a brave boy. I saw and heard all that passed from my window above. I would rather lose a hundred cats than miss such an example of truth and honor in my school. Your best reward is what you now feel in your own conscience; but I beg you to accept this handsome pen-knife as a token of my approbation."

Duncan took out his little handkerchief and wiped his eyes. The boys could no longer restrain themselves, and *True Duncan* cried, "Three cheers for True Duncan!" all joined in a hearty hurrah.

THE ARCHER AND HIS BOW.

A FABLE.

An archer complained of his arrow because it did not hit the mark. "If you had directed me right I should not have failed," said the arrow.

MONAL. We too often blame others when the fault is our own.

MISCELLANEOUS QUESTIONS.

- 1. What is the only place in the Bible in which hats are spoken of? Dan. 3: 21.
- 2. Who was the first man in the world named by God before his birth? Genesis 16: 11.
- 3. Where is it said that the cry of a child was answered by God? Gen. 21: 17.
- 4. Where is the first place in the Bible that we find the division of time into hours? Dan. 5: 6.
- 5. Which is the only book in the Old Testament in which the word is found? The 27th.
- 6. How many times does it occur? Four times. Dan. 3: 6; 4: 10; 19: 33; 5: 5.
- 7. What mighty host were troubled in the morning watch? Ex. 14: 24.
- 8. What company of men surprised the enemy's camp in the middle watch? Judges 7: 19.
- 9. What great cry was heard at midnight? Ex. 12: 29, 30.
- 10. Who said to some shepherds, "It is yet high day?" Gen. 29: 4, 7.
- 11. What woman said "I am weary of my life?" Gen. 27: 46.
- 12. Who is the first person who is said to have wept? Gen. 21: 16.
- 13. Who is the first husband who is said to have wept for the loss of his wife? Gen. 23: 2.
- 14. What valley was called the Valley of Weepers? Judges 2: 5.
- 15. Why was it so called? Judges 2: 1-4.
- 16. Of what sorrowful tree do we read in the Bible? Gen. 3: 8.
- 17. When was a miracle shown by a shadow? 2 Kings 20: 8-11.

EARLY PIETY.

IF a child at seven or eight years of age gives evidence of love to God, that child has as good a right to a seat at the table of its heavenly, as of its earthly father. Instances of very early piety are frequent in the Scriptures. So are they along the entire history of the church: Among the Non-Conformists of England, and the Presbyterians of Scotland, they have abounded, and do now. And it is so in many of our American churches.— Why should it not be so? Jeremiah and John the Baptist became pious in youth. So did Joshua, Daniel and Timothy. And so did Joseph, and the Henrys, and Baxter, and Doddridge, and Neff, and Elliott, and Bishop Heber, and Phiney Fish, and Samuel J. Mills. We know two excellent and beloved ministers, one of whom became a communicant at seven, and the other at nine years; and we know very many admitted to the table of the Lord from nine to twelve years of age. We received to the communion on the same day a youth of eleven years, and an aged person of ninety, with as much confidence in the piety of the youth, as in that of the aged. If commanded to pray for the salvation of children, why should we be faithless to their conversion? And if giving hopeful evidence, why should we doubt them from the table of the Lord!

There was a time when children were hardly expected to become pious, and when they could not confess it without suspicion. That time is happily passing away. Most of the persons that now become communicants of our churches are from fourteen to twenty years of age; and we fondly hope the time is coming when they will profess Christ at a much earlier period. Some of the happiest death-beds we have ever witnessed were those of young persons; and we have recently heard an experienced and excellent minister say, that a child of his died at the age of four years, of whose true conversion to God he could not have a doubt. And we would ask those who are faintless on this subject the meaning of the text, "Out of the mouths of babes, and sucklings thou hast ordained strength," and especially as it is quoted and applied by the Saviour.—*Selected.*

PRAYER FOR SUNDAY EVENING.

O Lord, my God, hear my prayer which I make before thee at the close of this sacred day; and accept my thanks for all thy mercies.

Forgive me for every wicked thought that I have this day kept in my heart, for every wicked word that I have spoken, and for every wrong thing that I have done— Pardon all my sins, for Christ's sake; and help me to serve thee better in time to come. May I remember the good things I have heard and learned this day. May I love thy holy day more and more, and may I love me and more to worship thy holy name. And when all my days are ended, and I can no more go to the house of prayer, O may I be among the saints and angels that forever worship around thy throne.

I thank thee, O Lord, for all thy goodness to me this day. All that I have is from thee, and will thou give me a grateful heart for every blessing. May thy mercies bind us to thyself, and may I show forth the praise in doing thy commandments.

Keep me, O Lord, in safety this night, and let me see the light of another day, for I believe of thy only Son, my Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMAS.

- 47. Who was the priest of Midian? Ex. 18.
- Who did the Lord say should be slain by his sword? Zeph. 2.
- Who exalted himself, saying, I will be like 7 Kings? 1.
- Who did the disciple outrun and came first to the sepulchre? John 20.
- Of whom did the Lord say their remnant should perish? Amos 1.
- What was the name of the third son of Jacob? Gen. 29.
- Who said in his heart the day of mourning for my father is at hand? Gen. 27.
- Who was the king of Judah and unto all the house of Judah? 1 Kings 12.
- The initials of the above spell the name of our dear kind superintendent.
- 48. Who gleaned in the field of Boaz? Ruth 2.
- Where was Manasseh born? Gen. 46.
- What did they give Christ when he said I thirst? John 19.
- Who was the father of Obad? Ezra 8.

Where did the Israelites pitch when they departed from Paron? Num. 33.
Who secretly practised mischief against David? 1 Sam. 22.
Who was the mother of Abel? Gen. 4.
Whose house did the Lord plague because of Sarah, Abram's wife? Gen. 12.
Who was the father of Cush. 1 Chron. 1.
Who imprisoned John? Luke 4.
Of what city was Benhadad king? 1st Kings 20.
How many days did the children of Israel weep for Moses? Deut. 34.
Whose mother was Astarah? 1 Chron. 2.
Who was the son of Heron? 1 Chr. 2.
Unto whom did Moses say, hear, I pray thee, ye sons of Levi? Num. 16.
How many times did Moses strike the rock? Num. 20.
What prince of the Midianites was slain upon a rock? Judges 7.
Who walked with God? Gen. 6.
L. H. S.

49.

Who did King Solomon bring out of Tyre? 1 Kings 7.
Who with his angels fought against the dragon and his angels in heaven? Rev. 12.
Who begat Saul? 1 Chron. 9.
Among what children did the Lord say he would dwell if Solomon would walk in his statutes? 1 Kings 6.
Who came up and encamped against Jabesh-gilead? 1 Sam. 11.
Of what tribe was Hiram? 1 Kings 7.
The prophecy of what prophet did Asa take courage and put away the abominable idols of all Judah and Benjamin? 2 Chron. 15.
Out of what did the Lord say an evil should break forth upon all of the inhabitants of the land? Jer. 1.
The initials of the answers to the above questions spell the name of our much beloved tutor. FOSTER HANSEN.

PUZZLE FOR "LOG."

You may tell Log: I have worked out her puzzle—it was the word "Tobacco." And now here is one for her to solve for me; Two thirds of a house where travellers' eat, Two-fifths of that which all creatures must meet; A thing which helps the mind to discover A place where wild beasts do frequently hover; A letter that stands for a hundred alone, Another in use exceeded by none; These carefully joined together will show quite plain, What we are fighting for, and hope soon to gain. MOLLIE.

ANSWER TO ENIGMAS.

- 41. Sarah. Genesis 12: 17.
- Tarshish. Jonah 1: 3.
- Abel. Gen. 4: 1.
- Nehab. Deut. 34: 1.
- Ether. Esther 2: 7.
- Wine. John 2: 4.
- Aaron. Exodus 32: 4.
- Leamech. Gen. 3: 28.
- Loth. Gen. 19: 26.
- Joshua. Joshua 4: 1.
- Abraham. Gen. 21: 3.
- Cana. John 2: 8.
- Benhadad. 1 Chron. 15: 17.
- Solomon. 1 Kings 10: 1.
- Obadiah. 2 Sam. 6: 11.
- Nammi. Ruth 1: 2.
- Stonewall Jackson.
- 42. Reuben. Gen. 46: 8.
- Egypt. Gen. 46: 3.
- Viper. Acts 28: 3.
- Moses. Exodus 2: 15.
- Rebecca. Gen. 25: 20.
- Water. Num. 20: 11.
- In Canaan. Gen. 48: 7.
- Loestis. Matt. 3: 4.
- Loth's wife. Luke 17: 32.
- Isaac. Gen. 28: 1.
- Abin. 1 Sam. 8: 2.
- Mary. John 29: 11.
- Saul. 1 Sam. 16: 19.
- Rev. M. R. Williams.
- 46. Reuben. Gen. 29: 32.
- Elisha. 1 Kings 19: 20.
- Vashti. Esther 1: 10.
- Samuel. 1 Sam. 16: 13.
- Benjamin. Gen. 41: 12.
- Obadiah. 1 Kings 15: 4.
- Youth. Gen. 8: 21.
- Korah. Num. 16: 32.
- Israhel. Gen. 35: 10.
- Nathan. 2 Sam. 12: 5.
- Rev. S. Boykin.

