

RPP
C437ms frn

"I have not shunned to declare
unto you ALL the counsel of God."
Acts IX-27

"ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM"
Ep. IV-5

"And thou shalt teach them,
diligently to thy children."
Deut. VI-7



THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

VOL. I.

JUNE, 1859.

NO. 1

PUBLISHED BY THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST SABBATH SCHOOL UNION, AT NASHVILLE, TENN.



THE SECOND INCARNATION OF VISHNU—OR THE CHURNING OF THE OCEAN.

Our little readers have heard of people called the heathen. They have, perhaps, known or read of some one who has gone to some far-off land to preach the gospel to the heathen, and teach them how to worship the true and living God. The gods they worship now are strange and horrible beings, of whom they tell and believe strange and incredible stories, one of which this picture is intended to illustrate.

At some time in the history of the world they say it was all covered by the waters, and the gods and demons stirred up or churned the ocean by whirling round in it a great mountain called "munder," which is represented in the centre of the picture. In order that they may turn the mountain readily, they have wrapped round it like a rope the body of an immense serpent. Three hundred and thirty thousand gods, and I don't know how many demons, take hold of the two ends of the snake, and pull it back and forward. Only two of the gods and two of the demons are shown in the picture, for want of room.

The gods have hold of the tail end, and the demons of the head of the serpent—the gods not being able to endure its poisonous breath.

The left hand god, with four heads and four arms, is called "Brahma," the creator. The other "Mahadev," the destroyer; called also Som-nath, or the lord of the moon, because he wears a new moon on the top of his head. He has a necklace of human skulls, to show that he delights in battles and destruction. He has a third eye in his forehead which is closed; but when he opens it the world is consumed by its glance.

The god Vishnu sits, cross-legged, on the top of the mountain with a sword in one hand and a book in the other. He has two other hands, but what he has in them I do not know.

"The churning of the ocean, they say, brought forth fourteen precious things." Among which was a horse with seven heads for the chariot of the sun. This, with the cow and the elephant are represented in the picture. "Poison is also

considered one of the fourteen, and this Mahadev, the destroyer, drank. All poisonous plants are, therefore, presented to him as offerings in the temples. But the article of chief value for which they toiled was 'umsit' the water of life, of which if any one drank he should never die. When this appeared, the gods and demons began a furious quarrel to get possession of it. Vishnu then appeared in the form of a beautiful woman, and gave it to the gods while the demons were gone to bathe. The sun and moon, however, detected two of the demons dressed up like the gods, drinking the nectar. Vishnu instantly struck off their heads with his sword, but could not kill them, for they had drank, and so became immortal. And now revenge themselves on the sun and moon occasionally by swallowing them, and thus cause eclipses."

Such is the story which we find in the Baptist Family Magazine, taken from an English Baptist Magazine, and such are the foolish notions which

many thousands and thousands of people have about God. Such creatures are they whom they worship—to whose honor they build splendid temples and offer costly sacrifices. Poor, ignorant, deluded people! Will you not help to send the missionary there to teach them what God is, and how they may be saved?

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

"The children's friend!" sweet voices cry,
"Who that is, well we know—
'Tis mother with her pleasant eye,
And heart that loves us so.

"'Tis father, with his care, each day,
To clothe and keep us warm,
Who watches, lest we go astray,
And shields us from all harm.

"And thus my older brother, too,
He's good as boy can be—
He makes me playthings, not a few—
He's a good friend to me.

"There is my little sister dear,
There never could be one
To love me better, I am sure,
Than she has always done.

"My teachers, too, my father says,
That next to his and mother's,
His words should guide my future days
Far more than any others.

"These are the best friends children have,
Though some have not so many;
But I'm so glad the cold, dark grave,
Of mine, hath not claimed any."

"Is there no other? little one,
No other whom you love?
No other you can lean upon,
If not on earth—above?"

"For these may die, and you may be
Of all of them bereft,
And in such case, O! say to me,
Would there be no one left?"

"O! yes, there's Jesus, for 'twas he
While living, kindly said,
'Let little children come to me,
They need not be afraid.'

"And in his arms he took them up,
Kind acts and blessings blend,
O! I should like to have the hope,
That he, too, was my friend."

"Yes, children, read and learn of him,
And trust him early, too,
And in life's future, dark and dim,
Whate'er awaiteth you.

"Severed from all below,
One friend is ever nigh,
And in your hearts, sweet hope may grow,
To meet them in the sky."

How many classes of persons are mentioned in this beautiful song as the friends of little children?

Who is their best friend?



IS SHE DEAD?

She leaned far down the slippery bank to pull a beautiful spring flower. The treacherous ground gave way, and she plunged headlong into the stream. One strong shrill cry of fear, and nothing was heard but the gurgling waters. The young man saw her, but a moment before, tripping along the river's brink, gay as a lark, singing snatches of sweet songs, yet hardly conscious that she sang. He looked again, and she was gone. He rushed to the spot where she had disappeared, in time to catch a glimpse of her head as she rose to the surface the last time. To leap into the stream, and grasp her as she sank, was the work of but a moment. To swim ashore, and call for help, required a little longer. But there he is, and help is coming. May be she is not dead. The warm blood may flow again; the soft breath may come and go in her heaving bosom, and the glow of health may blush again upon her cheek. Who can tell?

They carried her to the nearest house, and wrapped her in warm blankets, blew air into her lungs, and sent for her poor mother, her widowed mother, of whom she was the only child, to come and see her daughter. Whether she found her alive or dead, and how she came into such a situation of so much danger, by disregarding her mother's parting words, we will tell you next month. We have not room to tell you now.

A HEAVENLY HOUSE.

I once met with a very aged colored woman, who, in giving me the history of her humble life, mentioned the following circumstance: "We lived a good while in the family of Dr. Livingston, of New Brunswick. Oh, that was a good time for old Joe and I. *That was a heavenly house*—worship every morning and evening, and *always called in*."

Such was aunt Betty's idea of "a heavenly house," and she was not very wide of the mark: where God is worshiped "every morning and evening," and the humblest members of the family are "always called in," that is "a heavenly house." The peace, holiness and joy of heaven are foretasted there. The God of heaven himself dwells there. The exercises of heaven are begun there. And to its happy inmates, that is, to those who sympathize and delight in these daily offerings of prayer and praise, it is the vestibule of that "heavenly house" where they praise God day and night forever.

All that I have heard—and I have heard much—of Dr. Livingston as a perfect gentleman, a polished scholar, a profound divine, and an eloquent preacher, never penetrated me with so deep a veneration for his character, as this hearty tribute from an humble domestic, long after his death, that while here on earth, "he walked with God," and "blessed his own household."

ORIGIN OF SPRINKLING.

"MOTHER, I want you to tell me one thing," said a little girl of nine years old. "What is that, my child?"

"Was not Jesus baptized in the river?"

"Certainly; the Bible says so. He was immersed by John in the River Jordan. Tradition in the East still points to the very place in the river, and thousands of pilgrims resort to the spot every year and bathe in the waters, from a superstitious notion that there is something sacred in them."

"Well, does not the Bible say, 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism?'"

"It certainly does, and there can, therefore, be no other baptism than the one which Christ commanded, and of which he set us an example."

"Then, how is it that some people baptize by sprinkling, and some by pouring, as I saw them do at the Methodist Church this morning?"

"They do not baptize," my daughter, "they only perform a foolish, and we think, a sinful ceremony which they call baptizing. We think it sinful, because

it is doing, in the name of Christ, and they say by his commandment, something that he never commanded at all."

"But if Christ was immersed, and commanded his people to be immersed, how came any body ever to think of sprinkling?"

"That is more than I can tell exactly," my daughter. "I think it was first thought of in the case of sick people who could not be taken out of bed, and was authorized to be used as baptism by some of the popes. We will ask your father about it after supper."

Little Annie waited very impatiently for the supper table to be set aside, when father would take his seat in the easy chair, and she could ask him about the sprinkling and the Pope, before he got to reading his paper, for she knew he did not like to be interrupted after he had begun to read.

And just here we will kindly ask our readers to wait till next month, when we will give her father's answer to the information of the young, and the historical authorities for his opinion for the satisfaction of the old.



THE PET LAMB.

They have reared it from the day it was a little helpless thing that could not walk. If they had not taken it to the house and fed it with warm milk, it would have died. When it grew large enough to go out with the other sheep and eat grass, it did not forget them, but would come at their call, and eat from their hands. Did they not love that lamb? Would they suffer any harm to befall that lamb if they could prevent it? Surely not.

Well, the prophet says of God's people, "We are the sheep of his hand." That is tenderly beloved and cared for like lambs reared thus by hand—pet lambs. It would be much to be the sheep of his pasture, to be loved and cared for, and fed, and watched

over, as a faithful shepherd takes care of his flock. But this is too little. God's people are not merely his sheep, but the sheep of his hand—cared for with special favor—loved with the fondest affection, like a household lamb.

My dear child are you one of his people—a lamb precious and beloved?

MR. WINSTANLEY'S LIGHT-HOUSE.

WHERE the famous Eddystone Light-house now stands, built of massive rocks, so dove-tailed into each other that the whole weight of the structure gives firmness to each, there was once a building of wood erected for a similar purpose. Mr. Winstanley spent four years in its erection. And when it was finished, so proud was he of his work, and so certain that it would endure the violence of the winds and floods, that he declared his wish "to be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of heaven."

Three years afterward he, with the light-house keepers and some other workmen, were there. A sudden storm arose, the winds shrieked and howled above them—the sea roared and dashed his waves beneath them and around them. The wooden structure was too weak. When morning came, the people on the shore looked out, and the light-house was gone. Not a vestige of it, or of all it contained, was left.

So it will be with him who builds his hopes of heaven on any rock but Christ, or who, *by his own works*, expects, in part, or wholly, to gain eternal life. He may be strong and confident in his belief that he will not fail, but when the winds blow, and the floods come and beat upon his house, it will fall, and great will be the fall of it. The most confident belief that one will be saved is no security for his salvation.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A TRAVELER who was passing over the Alps, was overtaken by a snow-storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing wind seemed to penetrate into his bones. Still the traveler, for a time, struggled on. But at last his limbs were quite benumbed—a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him—his feet almost refused to move: and he lay down on the snow to give way to that fatal sleep, which is the last stage of extreme cold, and from which he would certainly never have waked up again in this world. Just at that moment he saw another poor traveler coming up along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, even in a worse condition than himself—for he, too, could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and he appeared just on the point to die.

When he saw this poor man, the traveler, who was just going to lie down to sleep, made a great effort. He roused himself up, and he crawled—for he was scarcely able to walk—to his fellow-sufferer.

He took his hands into his own, and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body.

And all the time he spoke cheering words in his ear, and tried to comfort him.

As he did this, the dying man began to revive; his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor, too, was recovered by the efforts he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off, he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned again to their proper force, and the two travelers went on their way together, happy, and congratulating each other on their escape.

Soon the snow-storm passed away, and the mountain was crossed, and they reached their homes in safety. So it is in our way toward heaven; we never help ourselves as much as when we are trying to help others.

THE LOST MAN.

WHEN I was a boy, the peaceful little village in which I lived was one day greatly troubled by the story, that an old man had gone from home two days before, and had not come back.

He was a kind old man, and all the people loved him. His sons and daughters were grown men and women, and were among the most respectable and wealthy people in the place.

He had started to go to a distillery, where he said he had some business. He went away in the middle of the day, and was to have been back before night. The sun went down and he had not come. The stars came out and shone, but still he had not come. Bedtime drew near and his children were troubled, for their father had not come. They thought, however, that he might have stopped in some house by the way, and so they went to sleep.

Next day they sent to see if they could hear of him. He had been to the distillery—a place where people made whisky. He had taken several drinks of whisky, and started for home about sundown. It was only about a mile. He might have gotten home before the stars shone. What could have become of him? They went to every house along the road, but he had not been in any of them. Then they became afraid that the old man was lost. They called the neighbors together, and as the night came on they got torches and lanterns and searched the fields and woods along the way-side, but he could not be found. All night those kind-hearted neighbors continued to search, but morning came and still the poor old man was lost. Then all the village was excited; men and boys ran to and fro; some talked loudly and some whispered low. Companies were gathered and the country laid out among them, so that every place might be examined.

About ten o'clock a man belonging to one of these companies saw in the woods an object lying on the ground. He came near and found it was the man they looked for. He seemed to be asleep, but they could not awaken him. There was a bottle on the ground with some remains of whisky in it. This the man who found him threw far away into the bushes, that his sons might not see the cause of their poor old father's condition.

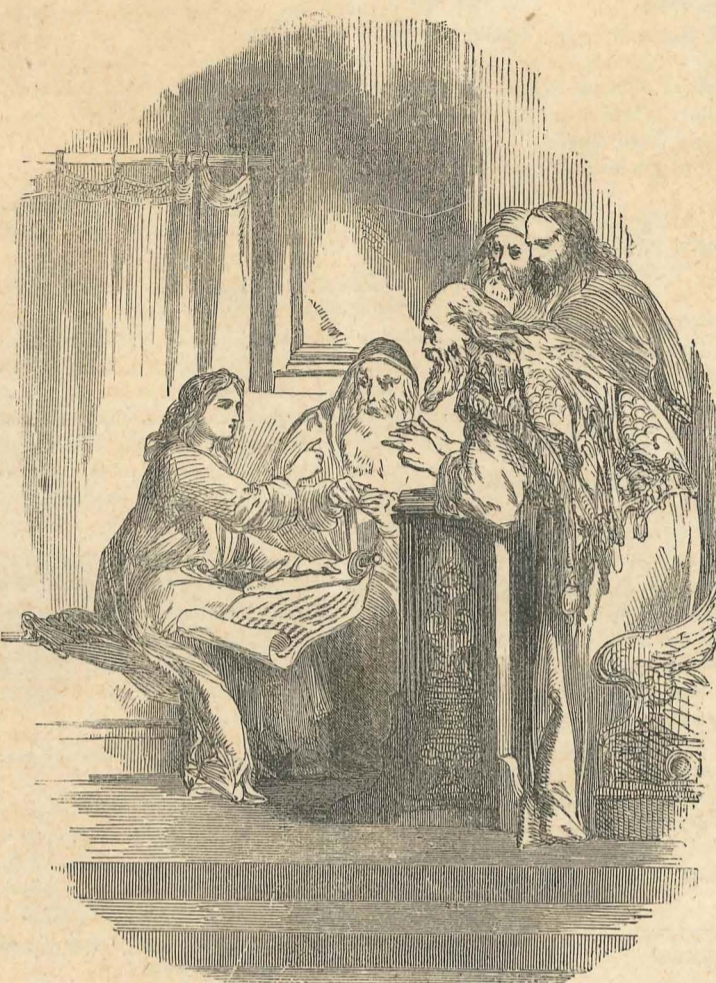
They brought a carriage and took him home. I went next day to see him. He breathed hard and groaned often, but did not notice any thing. A few days afterward he died. Those two nights in the cold frosty air had chilled his blood, and he could not get well. He never spake a word or seemed to know where he was, or who was near him. The poor old man was doubly lost—lost for time—lost for eternity. And the cause was that vile intoxicating liquor which he got at the distillery.

THE LOST BOY.

THE story I will tell you now, my dear little children, is not like the last. This little boy was not a drunkard; he did not go from home alone nor of his own will. He never went to a distillery or any other improper place in all his life. He did not, like some bad boys I have heard of, go where his parents had told him he must not go. He never disobeyed his mother in his life, never gave her an unkind or disrespectful word nor look. He was a good boy. His mother never had to scold him, or reprove him. He loved to do whatever she desired.

But how did he come to be lost? Perhaps you think his mother sent him on an errand to some distant place, and he could not find his way back. Or he went out to pick berries and got bewildered in the woods. Some children have been lost in this way. No, it was not thus. But I will tell you how it happened.

It was a long time ago. There was a great company of people traveling together. They had no wagons, but went mostly on foot, taking with them a few beasts to carry their baggage. They were country people, and had been on a visit to the city, where they had stayed some time. It is an easy thing for people to get lost in a large city. The streets are so many, and run so many different ways, that



grown men often get bewildered as they walk about, and cannot tell where they are, or which way to go. It was in the city that the dear boy was separated from his parents, and, strange to tell, they never missed him till they had traveled a whole day on the road leading back to their home in the country. The reason of this was that there was a very large company traveling together, and many of them were the friends or kinsfolk of his parents. He was always such a good boy, that they were not afraid to trust him to go about by himself, and they thought he was somewhere in the company, and would come to them, of course, when the night came on. But night came, and he was missing. Then they began to look for him. His mother ran from group to group with breathless haste. Have you seen my son? my dear good boy? Where can he be? No one had seen him. He was not in the company anywhere. Many remembered the sweet calm face of the noble looking lad as he walked about among them when they were going to the city, but no one had noticed him since they started for home. What could his poor mother do? She and her husband parted from the company and returned to the city. The child must be found. Yes, they would go from street to street, from house to house. They would surely find him somewhere.

Can you guess from the picture who this boy was, and where they found him? I will tell you more about him next month.

THE SERVANT OF CHRIST.

The following sketch of a sermon, preached some years since, by the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, of Glasgow, who recently departed to his rest, will furnish materials for thinking, to the readers of the Children's Friend.

"Ye serve the Lord Christ." Col. iii. 24.

If you really serve the Lord Jesus Christ:

- I. The *will* of Christ will be your rule.
- II. The *love* of Christ will be your principle.
- III. The *glory* of Christ will be your end.
- IV. The *example* of Christ will be your confidence; and
- VI. The *approbation* of Christ will be your aim.

MEMORIZING THE SCRIPTURES.

"Four little girls in a class in the Sunday School of the Second Presbyterian Church at Cranberry, N. J., have each committed two thousand four hundred and twenty verses in eight months from the Scriptures, catechism, and hymns." There is such a thing as taxing the memories of children to an extreme and greatly to their injury, and we should fear that such might be the case with these "little girls;" but we have long felt that in families, and in our Sunday schools, far too little attention is paid to committing the Word of God to memory. There ought to be more of a return to the practice of olden times, when the minds of children and youth were stored with the very words of Scripture, and with sacred hymns, a treasure which they never lose if it be laid up in tender years, but which can never be so permanently acquired in after life.—*N. Y. Observer.*

COMING FORTY MILES TO ASK FOR PRAYER.

A GENTLEMAN arose, and said that he had that morning come forty miles, to get into that prayer-meeting. "And I will tell you why I have come. I am a Sunday School teacher, and I have come to ask you to pray for my class. A few evenings ago, at a prayer-meeting, I was asked if I would remain after the meeting; I was asked by the wildest and most reckless boy in the class.

"The members of my class are from 15 to 18 years of age. One is in college, one is attending a boarding school, and the remainder are at home. What do you think that wild boy wanted of me? He wanted to tell me how anxious he was about his soul. He was so wild, that I did not dream he had one thought about religion. And yet I found the whole class were anxious, and I have come these forty miles on purpose to ask you to pray for their conversion. I was never in this meeting before. I may never be here again. But oh! pray for my Sabbath School class." He then led in prayer.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A MODERN ONESIMUS.

A negro boy, belonging to Wm. Read, (Norfolk, or vicinity,) who ran away in 1848, recently professed conversion, and returned home, saying "he could not serve his Maker and treat his master in that way!" He seems to have learned the lesson of grace, in the same school with the author of the old (and, in some quarters, almost forgotten) Epistle to Philemon."

TEACHERS' DEPARTMENT.

In this department we intend to present such illustrations of the Holy Word, and such facts or suggestions as will facilitate the work of making plain the doctrines of the gospel of Christ. Nor will we hesitate to give a hint occasionally as to the proper and faithful performance of the duties incumbent upon teachers, superintendents and pastors, in regard to Sabbath Schools under their care.

OUR HEADING.

WE call attention to the beautiful design which heads our first page. On the left hand is the sketch of a *Sabbath School—a Baptist Sabbath School*—the teachers and superintendent of which can say, if they have faithfully performed their duties, "We have not shunned to declare unto you ALL the counsel of God."

On the right is a *family*, the father of which is endeavoring to obey the command of God in regard to the instructions of his Word, "Ye shall teach them diligently to your children."

In the centre is a picture of the baptism of Jesus by John in the River Jordan. And above it the language of God's WORD which makes it certain that for the true visible Church of Christ there can not be more than "one" true baptism, any more than there can be more than one true and saving faith, or more than one true and living God to whom we render the homage of our worship.

We intend by this heading to intimate our intention to make our "Children's Friend" the friend and fearless advocate of the *whole* truth of God. We shall, as God may give us wisdom, seek to make it heartily evangelical. We do not design to omit the teaching of faith and repentance, and salvation by God's free grace; but at the same time we expect to find a place in every number for something *denominational*. It is to be a *Baptist* paper. We are sure that it could not otherwise contend for the *full* faith and practice of the gospel of Christ. We have never been able to understand why we should hide in silence from the children what from the pulpit and the press we try so sedulously to teach to those of mature years.

TO PARENTS.

WE will send this paper to some of you. We would send it to more if we had your address. But whether sent to you or not, we ask each one who sees it to consider if the same amount of money could be in any way laid out to better advantage for your children, than in furnishing each one with a copy of the CHILDREN'S FRIEND. You do not think it any great matter to give them a dime now and then to spend for candy, or other useless or injurious trash; why deny them the monthly return of a perpetual pleasure? If they should be encouraged to preserve every number, and sew them together so as to make a book, it will, in a few years, become a most delightful volume of instruction for those who are not now large enough to read.

We entreat you, not so much for our sake (though we do need the aid) as for your own and your children's, to read this little paper through, and then say if you are willing to be without it in your household circle. The cost is comparatively nothing. It is designed to be as much a *family* as a Sunday School paper. Will you not encourage your children, not merely to take it themselves, but to strive to obtain at least five subscribers, the papers to be sent to their address.

COMMUNICATIONS.

We want short well written articles for our little paper. Who can send us *facts* that will be interesting to children? Who can send us explanations of Scripture that will be instructive to children? Who can send us any thing which will give interest or value to our "Children's Friend?" We do not expect to please every body, or quite to please ourselves, but we desire to make the paper all it should be, as far as we can, with all the help we can get.

TO PASTORS OF CHURCHES.

DEAR BRETHREN: Do you feel willing to do what you can to *help us* in our labor of love? Do you not think the monthly circulation of such a paper as this, to the amount of fifty or a hundred copies—one at least for every family in the bounds of your congregation—would *help you* in your labors?

Will you not take this copy, which we send you, to the Church, and *on the Sabbath day* when you have

a full congregation, see how many will agree to welcome the "Children's Friend" as a monthly visitor to their household circle. We can send them to you or to the clerk of the Church, and the subscribers can receive them at the meetings.

OUR OWN BOOKS.

THE Board have accepted, and are making all haste to get ready for circulation the following works.

Our English Bible—How did we get it? By Mrs. Pendleton, of Murfreesboro, Tenn.

This is a most attractive and instructive work in two volumes, showing by what means, and through what difficulties, the present version of the Holy Scriptures was obtained. It presents, in a brief space, and in familiar, child-like words, a vast amount of information upon a subject concerning which but little has, till recently, been known, except by a few antiquarian scholars.

Two volumes of Original Poems for children and youth. By Mrs. A. C. Graves. Winchester, Tenn.

These are charming little books. The versification is so musical, the language so simple, the imagery so striking and life-like, that adults as well as children will be delighted to *read*, if they do not as the children will, commit them to memory.

The Model Family. By Miss Mary Jane Welsh of Scoba, Miss.

We almost fear to speak of this work in the terms which we think it merits, until it is before our readers, that they may see for themselves how just is our commendation. It captivates while it instructs the reader, and is one of the few works in which the authors have not been afraid to avow and advocate the peculiarities of our denomination.

The Infant Catechism in Rhyme.

This is a work, the labor of producing which will never be appreciated. It was no easy task to give the main facts in the Old Testament history in the shape of questions and answers in every instance rhyming with the question, so that the *sound* of the ending word of the question would suggest the reply. The work has, however, been most admirably done. It will be used in every family where it once finds entrance, and will be especially valuable in the instruction of servants. It is not so much a library book as a class book for the younger children. We predict for it a very great demand.

The Backus Family. By Elder Adiel Sherwood of Ga.

Of this we need say no more to recommend it to the Baptists of the South, than that it is from the pen of the learned and excellent author of the Notes on the New Testament, the best and most denominational commentary known to us, which can be procured at a cost which will permit its general circulation.

The Triumph of Faith. By the accomplished author of Grace Truman.

Of this work we cannot speak from personal knowledge, not having been able to examine it for ourselves before it was sent to be stereotyped. We are quite sure, however, that Mrs. Ford would write nothing which will not be worthy of herself and the cause.

Child Training and the Sabbath School. By Elder A. Jones.

This is already out, and we need say no more of it than that it was in substance presented to the Convention at Memphis, and unanimously desired for publication in its present shape, that parents everywhere might learn the important lesson which it so forcibly and attractively teaches.

In addition to these there are some dozen or twenty more—some written expressly for the Board, and some selected by it—of which we have not room to speak at present, but must try to give them space next month.

Our brethren may be assured that we will have a library which will not only be read, but will do good when it is read.

PUNCTUAL TEACHERS.

A missionary of one of our State Mission Boards writes, "The Sunday School is still in operation, but I find it hard to get *punctual Teachers*." This is the very thing that kills almost all the Sunday Schools that die. The children—bless their dear little hearts!—the children will come with their rosy cheeks and laughing eyes sobered down by the thoughts of the day and the place; but it often happens that the "teacher," whose class would be always full if she were there to lead it, got up too late to get her hair combed, or could not find a dress to please her, or *did not feel very well*, or that day went out to see her cousins or some other friends, and there the poor little children sit, not knowing what to do till the Superintendent gets time to come round to them, and finds some person who has just dropped in, who knows nothing of them or the lesson "to take charge of them." Next Sunday half of them will perhaps stay away. They ought not to do so, but it is so discouraging to their little hearts to find their teacher taking so little interest in the school. No school will thrive without *punctual teachers*.

STATISTICS.

WE want to know how many Baptist Sabbath Schools there are in all the Southern States. We want to know the number of Scholars and teachers, and how many volumes they have each in its library. Now will not every pastor, or teacher, or superintendent who may see this paper do us this little kindness, if no more, *viz.*, send us the statistics of your school. Tell us the

Name of the superintendent.

His post office.

How many teachers.

How many scholars.

How many books.

Do you keep up the school all winter? It will not be much trouble to you to send us this information, while to us it will be very valuable.

A FATHER GREATLY BLESSED.

Dr. CARSON, while standing by the corpse of his daughter Eliza, remarked to his surviving children:

"I have been bereaved of two of my beloved ones; and yet I am greatly blessed, for although I have been the father of thirteen children, none of them ever sent a pang to my heart by an act of disobedience or bad conduct."

Mr. and Mrs. Carson lived to see the last of their thirteen children professing faith in the crucified Redeemer, and four of them died triumphing in the cross.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Rev. Mr. DWIGHT officiating clergyman at the North Congregational Church, in the course of his sermon, related the following striking anecdote of the "man of giant mind." Upon entering Church one Sabbath morning, a friend remarked sneeringly, "Mr. Webster, you worship where the doctrine of 'One in three, and three in One' is upheld." "My friend," replied Mr. Webster, "neither you nor I understand the *arithmetic of heaven!*"

We want letters from little girls and little boys. Who will send them? Tell us what troubles you in your lessons. Ask us any questions you will. It will gladden our hearts to hear from you.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

This paper is published monthly by the Southern Baptist Sunday School Union in the city of Nashville, Tennessee.

EDITOR: ELDER A. C. DAYTON,

to whom all matters intended for publication should be addressed.

Letters relating to business may be sent to Graves, Marks & Co., Depository agents and publishers.

TERMS:

Single copy.....25 cents.
Five copies, or more, to one address.....20 cents.