

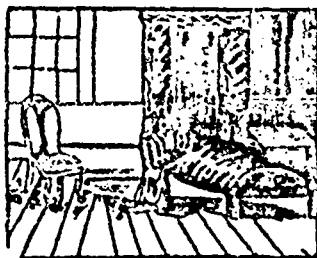
THE CHILDREN OF TEXAS.

I am aware that the readers of the Sunday-school Journal are, in a special manner, interested in the welfare of the rising generation of the far West; and sometimes I feel as if the case were hopeless, in regard to aid for Texas, when I see how large a space, in all the northern religious periodicals, is devoted to the claims of the West, while not one word is said about the South or the South-west. I have been, however, much gratified recently to see, that in the periodicals of the American Sunday-school Union there is considerable attention given to the South and South-west.

I wish to tell the readers of the Sunday-school Journal, and the friends of the American Sunday-school Union, something about what is doing for Sunday-schools in Texas. During the past year more permanency has been given to the Sunday-school cause in this State, than it had ever before attained. Many Union Sunday-schools have been formed, and well supplied with the publications of the American Sunday-school Union. There now exist flourishing schools in most of the larger towns in middle and western Texas. But yet there are many small villages and settlements in which the children have no Sunday-school to attend or Sunday-school books to read: and, in some cases, there are no persons in those villages sufficiently interested in the welfare of youth to purchase the requisite publications. To supply such places with the blessings you so richly enjoy, your aid is greatly needed.—*Shall it be given?*

I will tell you something of one neighborhood which I visited. It contained a dense population. Their week-day school-house was about five miles distant from three different places at which there was stated preaching, so that while some of the older members of the families were gone to the meeting, these children were left to themselves, to spend the Sabbath as they desired, with no books to read, and nothing to interest them in a proper way. The teacher of the week-day school was a pious young man, and after making an abortive attempt to get the neighbours to aid him in the purchase of a library, he agreed, if I would make a donation of a few books, to teach as many of the children as he could induce to come on the Sabbath. I made them a donation of four dollar's worth of the excellent books of the American Sunday-school Union, the teacher subscribed for one dollar's worth of the Youth's Penny Gazette, and bought sixteen Testaments, at 61 cents each; and thus the school was put into operation, a *light in a dark place!* On the Saturday evening previous to the day appointed for the organization of the school, on arriving at a former's house in the vicinity, to spend the evening, I found that several of the boys had been industriously occupied during the week, in order to earn something to purchase decent apparel in

which to appear at Sunday-school.—Should not such little boys be aided? Now this is only a specimen of many neighbourhoods in Texas. Shall such be aided? We wish to train up the children of Texas, that they will be prepared to extend the blessing of Sunday-school instruction throughout Mexico. A pious lady lately left San Antonio, to take up her residence at Camargo, Mexico. She expressed a determination to endeavour to establish a Sunday-school at Camargo. A Sunday-school formed at Huntsville, (Walker county) Texas, last fall, embracing thirty-five scholars, and which many predicted would soon fail, on account of the divided state of the community, now numbers more than eighty scholars, and had a prospect of further increase. *No school formed during an agency of more than eighteen months for the American Sunday-school Union, is yet known to have failed.*—*Corr. S. S. Journal.*



A CHILD'S TESTIMONY.

It was of the wife of a working-man that her son said, "My mother was a pious woman. She loved the Bible, and the Sabbath, and the hour of prayer; and she sometimes called upon me to join her when I would rather have read any other book, or employed the sacred hours in seeking my own pleasure, but I dared not refuse to accompany her, because I saw she was sincere. Her religion was not a mere form or show, it was the religion of the heart. She made home comfortable amidst many opposing circumstances; she maintained a meek and quiet spirit in the midst of provocations; she was cheerful and contented under privations; and she bore up under overwhelming difficulties and trials. She said that religion was everything to her, and I could trace her excellencies to no other source. Her lovely and consistent character lodged in my mind a conviction that the only way to be good and happy is to be religious. Alas, I did not choose the good I admired. I wandered far into sin; yet the precepts, the example, the prayers of my mother, never ceased to follow me, and at length, through sovereign mercy, they prevailed to turn me from the error of my ways. I returned, with weeping and supplication, to my mother's God, and I found him ready to forgive, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Never can I cease to bless God for a pious mother; and now I desire to consecrate the remainder of my days to his service and

honour." The young man became a devoted missionary, and was the means of turning many from the power of darkness to the kingdom of God's dear Son; and how much of his subsequent and extensive usefulness, might be traced back to the consistent piety of his mother, a working-man's wife! And, be it remembered, that he referred not only to her pious instructions, but also—perhaps more particularly—to the humble, quiet consistency of her daily deportment. It was this that convinced him of the reality and excellence of religion.

THE DYING CHILD.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

Mother, I'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping!
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold: the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;
I see the angel-children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut out light.

Mother, one stands beside me now! and, listen!
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely those wings were giv'n him by our Lord!
Green, gold, and red are floating all around me:
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
Shall I have also wings whilst life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given me alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Their cheek is hot, and yet thy tears are flowing:
I will, dear mother, will be always thine.
Do not sigh thus—it marreth my reposing;
And, if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!
Oh, I am tired—my weary eyes are closing:
—Look! mother, look! the angel kisseth me!

THE PURE IN HEART.

A gentleman in one of his visits among the poor, met with one of his Sabbath-school scholars, a little girl not six years old, who had just begun to read the New Testament. This child being fond of singing, was anxious to possess one of the school hymn books, which the gentleman kindly promised her, on condition that she would learn to read the fifth and sixth chapters of St. Matthew's Gospel within the space of a fortnight. The little girl immediately undertook this task, and having brought her two chapters to the gentleman, began to read, but when she finished the first twelve verses, he caused her to stop, in order to inquire of her which of the qualities described in the beatitudes she should desire most to possess. She paused a little while, and then replied, with a modest smile, "I would rather be pure in heart."

The gentleman asked her wherefore she choose this blessed quality above all the rest. In reply to which she answered to this purpose: "Sir, if I had a pure heart, I should then possess all the other good qualities spoken of in this chapter."
—*Zion's Advocate.*