

CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

SUPPER · LITTLE

UNTO · M · E

VOLUME VIII.—NUMBER 8.

JANUARY 24, 1863.

WHOLE NUMBER 176.



For the Sunday-School Advocate.

CIRCISSIANS.

DOUBTLESS you all recollect the beautiful white slaves that we saw in the slave-market at Constantinople. Would you like to see their mountain-homes? They are in a wild and romantic region, and the Circassians themselves are a wild and warlike people. Their very name is said to mean "highway robbers," though they call themselves Adighe, or, The Noble.

Up here in the mountains we shall find their homes, poor log huts, easily built, and often deserted. Their only wealth is the costly regalia of their fighting apparatus—splendid fire-arms, and sabres, and horse equipments, with their horses and a few cattle. They have very little money.

They are fine, well-made men and handsome women. But the women are badly treated and obliged to do all the drudgery. So it is said that the Circassian girls, many of them, prefer to be sold as slaves, thinking that they will have an easier life in the harem of some wealthy Turk. They hear glowing descriptions of the beauty and luxury of these places, and often beg their parents to sell them to the distant market. It is a strange fancy, don't you think so? Doubtless the poor creatures find a much harder lot than they expect under the rule of their Turkish lords. We cannot expect these peo-

ple to become civilized until they treat their women more kindly.

Their religion is a mixture of Mohammedanism, Paganism, and Christianity. The only trace of the latter is a sort of superstitious reverence for the cross.

This is a perfect Switzerland of a country. Do look at the wild mountains! Not far away are the mountains of Ararat, where the ark rested after the flood. In the plain near them is the supposed tomb of Noah. Whether our great ancestor was ever really buried here or not we cannot now tell, but thousands of people believe so, and come every year to pay their respects to the place.

All through these mountains the wild tribes of Caucasus range and fight for their freedom. Their principal enemy is Russia, against whom they are constantly waging the most desperate warfare. They have the advantage of the Russians in their own country as they are so much better mountaineers.

Sometime since they had a notorious leader named Schamyl, whom the Russians were desirous of capturing. So, with over three thousand men, they attacked him in his mountain fastnesses, defended by five hundred Circassians. The pass was very narrow, so that a few men could easily defend it. Hundreds of the Russians were slain there. At last the Russians, after storming their intrenchments, entered the fortress and found that Schamyl had escaped. They soon gained information that he was hid in a cave

near the river, and they immediately started in pursuit. They besieged the cave from a height near by, and at last had the satisfaction of seeing the little company concealed there rush out upon a raft and try to escape down the river. Of course, they followed the raft impetuously, and when they were gone Schamyl came out of the cave, leaped into the river, swam across, and escaped.

AUNT JULIA.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

THE MISSIONARY BOY.

A LITTLE fellow only five years old hearing that a neighbor who was captain of a ship was about to sail to the West Indies, said:

"O let us send some Bibles to the poor black children, and tell them they are sent by a little boy who loves Jesus."

Pleased with his beautiful spirit, his parents sent twenty copies of the Bible. When told what they had done, he looked very solemn and said:

"Ask God to bless his word to the little children."

When he was six years old another of his acquaintances was going to Australia. Said he:

"Let us send some Bibles there, and tell them they are from a little boy who loves Jesus."

When he was twelve years old he died. Just before his death he "made his will," leaving all his money—he had over two hundred dollars—to send Bibles to heathen children as a gift from the little boy who loved Jesus. I need not add that he died joyfully. Children who love and work for Jesus as he did always die well.

I have called this sweet child a missionary boy. Don't you think he deserved that honorable title? I know you do, because, you see, he had the true missionary spirit. First, he loved Jesus himself. Then he loved heathen children for Jesus's sake. To prove his love he did what he could to send them the Gospel. Surely, he was a missionary boy indeed.

Are you a missionary boy or girl, my child? Do you love Jesus, and do you help send the Gospel to heathen children for Jesus's sake? If so, please imagine my hands laid gently upon your head and my voice saying, "God bless and keep thee, and give thee much means to help send the Gospel to heathen children for Jesus's sake." W.

WHAT THE INDIANS SAW AT THE THEATER.—Once there was a party of Indians invited to attend a theater, and when they were asked about it they only said, "One man played the fiddle, and another man played the fool."