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For the S. S. Advocate.

A TROOP OF WARRIORS.

"GET out of the way, children! A troop of fiery soldiers is dashing on to the plains. Run for your lives!"

Such are the words I would shout in your ears, my children, if I saw you standing in the path of those wild horsemen in the picture. They are bold fellows, and care for very little but themselves.

Who are they? They are KURDS. They live on the eastern border of Turkey, in Asia, and on the frontier of the ancient kingdom of Persia. Get your map and find

the place. It is a land of mountains, with snow-capped peaks. In summer the Kurds live among the highest valleys of their mountains, where the rich grass feeds their flocks, and the sparkling water from the rills and brooks affords them drink.

When autumn comes they go down the mountains, camping as they go wherever they can find pasture. By the opening of winter they are on the plains, where they remain until the ensuing spring. Then they start again for their mountain homes, taking their cattle, sheep, wives, and little ones with them. As the Indian women in America carry their papooses on their backs, so do these Kurdish women carry their babes. The older children they place in sacks, with their heads peeping out, and sling them across the backs of their oxen. Rather a rough way of riding, eh?

How many Kurds are there? About two millions. *What sort of people are they?* They are wandering shepherds, fond of war, and always ready for a fight with their neighbors, the Nestorians. The Turkish government has hard work to keep them quiet.

They are good-looking people, with small bodies and thin faces. They wear big turbans made of shawls instead of hats. Their pantaloons are made very large. Their jackets are short, and they wear over them loose mantels of camel's hair. They are famous horsemen. A group of them makes a very pretty picture, as you see.

These Kurds believe in *Mohammed*, and in the false religion that impostor taught. It will please



you to be told, however, that missionaries from America are now preaching Christ to them and to their neighbors, the Nestorians, with some success. Let us both hope and pray that they may soon become Christians.

F. F.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

HOW AN UGLY TEMPER LOOKS.

A QUICK-TEMPERED, sulky old man was once persuaded to have his photograph taken. When he saw the picture he was struck with the many sharp deep lines in his face. They seemed to him like letters which said to every looker-on, "This is a surly old man."

He felt ashamed. He had never *looked* at his temper before. In the secret chambers of his soul he felt sorry and said, "I wont look like this long. I'll conquer my temper."

On his way home what do you think he did? He actually bought a pocket-mirror! He meant to study his face and see if by keeping down his temper and being good-natured he couldn't get it to tell people a better story about him. I believe that by dint of praying and trying he succeeded, and that his face did finally become a very pleasant thing to look upon.

I wish every cross child would always run to a mirror the moment a fit of passion begins. It is my opinion that a peep at his face would bring the ugly fit to an end. It would fairly frighten the ugly out of his breast. Will you try it, Master Fierybreast?

Here, don't throw down the paper, little cross-patch. I have another question for you to think over. If ugly temper will make the face frightful, how must the heart in which it rages appear in the sight of God? **QUEST.**

For the S. S. Advocate.

SINGING THEMSELVES TO SLEEP.

THREE little brothers slept in one room. They were loving little fellows, very fond of going to Sunday-school, and very much in love with singing. When they went to their room at night, they always knelt quietly at their bed-

sides and said their evening prayers. They then slipped into bed and began to sing their favorite hymns. They sung one hymn after another until they sung themselves to sleep.

That was a pretty way of going to sleep, wasn't it? Some brothers, ay, and some sisters too, *quarrel* themselves to sleep. Which is the better way? *Singing*, eh? To be sure it is. Learn, then, to pray and sing yourselves to sleep. It will be easy to do so if you love the Saviour, for his love will make your heart so glad that you will be able to say with truth,

"My happy soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

A LITTLE SOLOMON.

EDMUND, a little boy, was walking home from school with his playmate. They came to a spot which was very muddy. To go through this mud-hole they had to walk in Indian file across some stones. When Edmund was half way across, his playmate ran against him and pushed him off the stones into the puddle.

When Edmund had picked himself up he was covered with mud from head to foot. Taking a chip, he quietly scraped the dirt from his clothes. A third boy now came up and said:

"Ed, that Oliver Fry served you a mean trick.