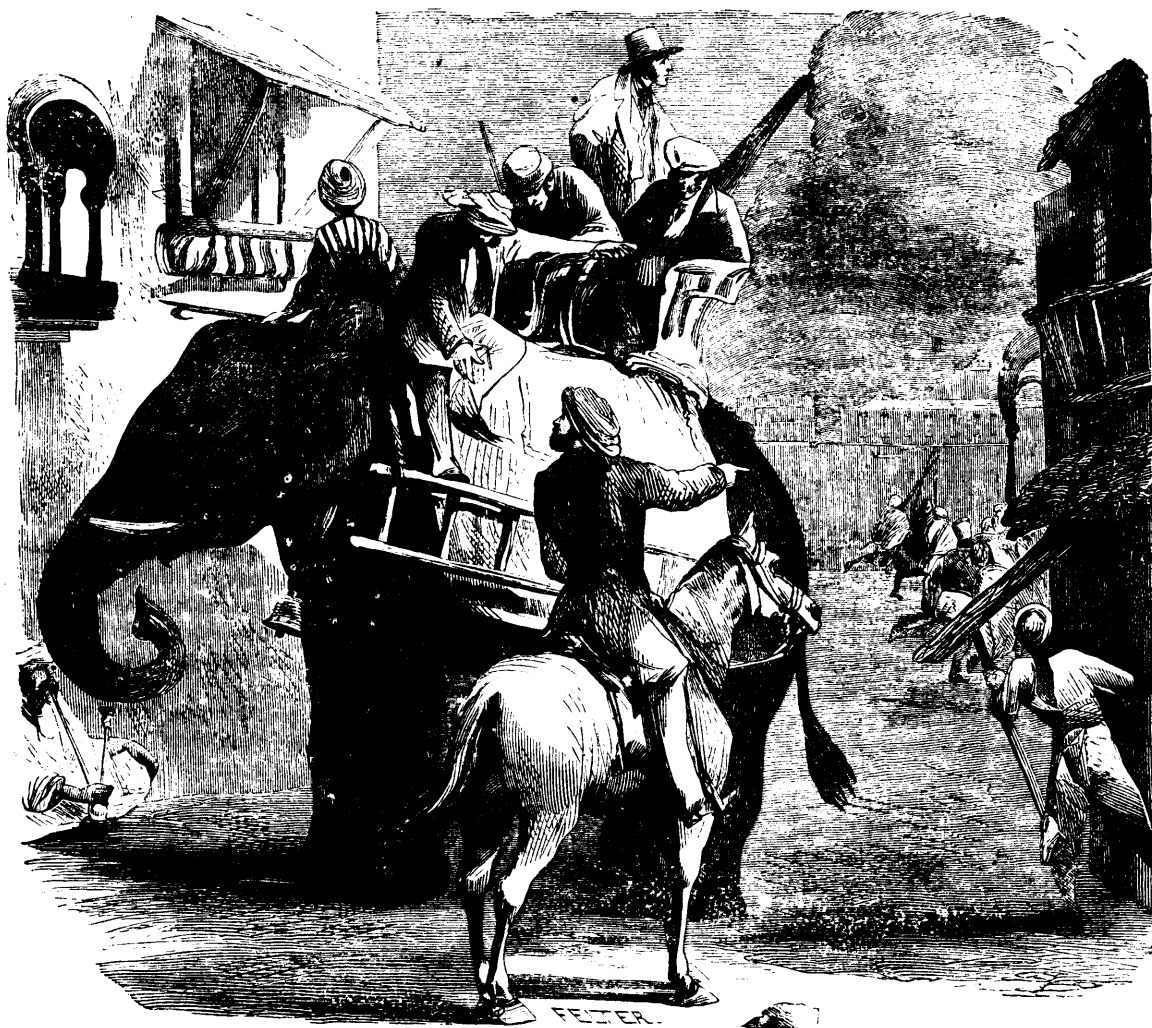


# CANADA SUNDAY SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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For the Sunday School Advocate.

## A TIME OF TROUBLE.

WHAT an excited group we have here! That tall gentleman on the elephant's back looks as though he saw signs of danger. That man on horseback seems to be telling evil tidings to him who stands on the ladder s'ung to the elephant's side. The eagerness with which the other man in the big saddle listens shows that there is danger somewhere. Moreover, away to the right there is a scamper of men who look like soldiers. Everybody is moved except that old fellow with the pipe, and he is as calm as the elephant. What is the matter?

The picture represents an actual scene in India during the rebellion of the Sepoys in 1857-8. The Sepoys were Hindoo soldiers commanded by English officers. Moved by the advice of some of the native princes, the Sepoys rose against their officers, killed all the English they could catch, and tried to rid themselves of the British yoke. It was a terrible time. The Sepoys were like savages, and put vast numbers of the English and their friends to cruel

deaths. The English put them down at last, as you know; but it cost them a great deal of money and many lives to do so.

The people in the picture lived at BAREILLY, where we have a mission. They have just heard that the soldiers there are about to rebel. They are too few to fight, so, like wise men, they are getting ready to fly. They did escape to a place called NYNEE TAL, in the mountains, and lived to see the rebellion put down.

Some of our missionaries in India had to pursue the same course. If you were to put Dr. Butler and his family into the places of the men in the picture, you would have a pretty correct idea of the manner in which they fled from Bareilly to Nynee Tal. Aren't you thankful to God for keeping the good doctor, his family, and the other missionaries from being killed by those terrible Sepoys? Some missionaries from other Churches were killed; ours were spared. Thank God!

The picture shows you how they ride on elephants in India. How should you like to ride so? The elephant looks as if he knew something, and

he is one of the most knowing of beasts. Still, I prefer the horse. I would rather have things as they are here than as they have them in India. Let us all pray that the Hindoos may receive the "glad tidings" of the Gospel. That will make them a better and happier people than they are now. O Lord, save the heathen in India! X.

For the Sunday-School Advocate.

## THE LIAR AND THE TRUTH-TELLER.

BY CORPORAL TRY.

"THERE! it's two o'clock, I declare. We shall be late, Jem, and shall catch what we don't like. Teacher will give us a taste of little sting-palm, wont he?"

Thus spoke one schoolboy to another as they walked hurriedly along the street of a certain city on their way to school one summer afternoon.

"I s'pose he will, Albert, unless we can give him a good account of ourselves, which I don't see as we can do," replied JAMES RIGHTLOVE. "We fished five minutes too long down at the pond, and now we must take what comes as cheerfully as we can."

"I don't know about that," rejoined ALBERT THINKWRONG. "I think I can excuse myself. Old Whackem isn't hard to stuff, and I guess I'll try it on. I don't like the feeling of his ferule on my palm."

"You don't mean to say that you'll tell a lie to escape punishment!" exclaimed James.

"I mean to say that I'm going to pull a little wool over old Whackem's eyes,"

replied Albert, "and," he added as they reached the schoolhouse door, "if you 'peach,' look out!"

James had no time to reply, for Albert went directly into the school. He felt shocked, however, at Albert's purpose to lie, and said to himself:

"Well, I wont lie to escape a whipping if Albert does."

Mr. Forman, their teacher—the boys called him "Old Whackem"—saw them enter, and frowned because they were late. He was a very punctual man, and was very strict in requiring his pupils to be punctual too. As soon as the two boys had hung their caps on the pegs he said sharply:

"Albert and James, come here!"

The boys obeyed, and advanced to the front of their teacher's desk. Fixing his eyes on Albert, Mr. Forman said, "You are five minutes after time. What excuse have you to offer?"

"I had to go on an errand for my father, sir, and did not get back in time," replied Albert, looking very innocently into his teacher's face.

"Why didn't you bring a written excuse from your father, sir?" queried the master.