

ther inland than where we stand, forgetful the while that the hurricane is now close at hand, and that the front door of the upper room has yet to be secured. Now the tempest bursts mightily overhead in all the sublime grandeur of a fierce conflict amongst the elements. What a time for those at sea! It is terrible even upon land. We find our door blown into our room, and, roaring for the assistance of the servants, six strong men put their shoulders to it and endeavor to close and bolt it, but the winds mock them to scorn. Thunder, lightning, rain, appear in dreadful combination, and a roaring gust, tearing up huge trees by the roots, flings them hundreds of yards from where they grew. Our door, eight feet by four, and three inches thick, is torn from its hinges and whirled out of sight, to fall into some field miles away from Madras. We wisely retreat below, for that upstairs room and all in it may now be counted a perfect wreck. Birds, bats, snakes, and other reptiles, shelter themselves behind, or wherever they can, and only to meet with inhospitable welcome. So the hurricane blows incessantly for six hours, veering round to all points of the compass; multitudes of trees have been prostrated; roofs blown off; houses blown down. The Elephant gates have been closed by the storm, and crushed a dozen people; plantations are ruined, rice-fields destroyed, rivers burst their bounds and flooded the country. The beach is strewn with wrecks and dead men—ay, and dead sharks too. Forty-eight hours of terror have passed, the sun shines out bright again, and the hurricane slumbers for another ten years.

THE YOUNG MARTYR.

At the time of the severe persecution of the Christians, in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, (about three hundred years after the birth of our Lord,) the saying of King David was remarkably verified in a circumstance that oc-

curred in the martyrdom of a Christian deacon. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger;" and the history of the little martyr which I am about to relate appears to exemplify these words.

It was at Antioch, the city where the disciples were first called Christians, that a deacon of the Church of Cesarea—the place from whence the devout centurion of the Roman army sent for St. Peter—was subject to the most cruel tortures, in order to try his faith, and force him to deny the Lord who bought him with his own precious blood. The martyr, amid his agonies, persisted in declaring his belief that there was but one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus.

His flesh was almost torn to pieces—the Roman emperor Galerius, himself looked on. At length, weary of answering their taunting demands that he should acknowledge the many gods of the heathen mythology, he told his tormentors to refer the question to any little child whose simple understanding could decide whether it were better to worship one God—the Maker of heaven and earth, one Saviour, who was able to bring us to God—or to worship the gods many and the lords many whom the Romans served.

Now it happened that a Roman mother had approached the scene of the martyr's sufferings, holding by the hand a little boy of eight or nine years of age. Pity, or the desire of helping the sufferer, had probably brought her there; but the providence of God had ordained for her an unexpected trial. The judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eyes rested on this child; pointing to the boy from his tribunal, he desired the Christian to put the question he proposed to him.

The question was asked; and to the surprise of most of those who heard it, the little boy replied, "God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father."

The persecutor heard; but far from being softened or convinced, he was filled with fresh rage.

"It is a snare, O base and wicked