

# Christian Mirror

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

"MANY SHALL RUN TO AND FRO, AND KNOWLEDGE SHALL BE INCREASED."—DANIEL xii. 4.

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## POETRY.

*From the Episcopal Recorder.*

### THE MISSIONARY.

[These touching lines were selected for publication by a Missionary, who embarked a few months ago for one of our Eastern Missions.]

My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange  
And secret whisper to my spirit, like  
A dream of night, that tells me I am on  
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows  
Of God are on me, and I may not stop  
To play with earthly shadows, or pluck earthly flowers  
Till I my work have done, and rendered up  
Account. The voice of my departed Lord:  
"Go teach all nations," from the eastern world  
Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear.

And I will go. I may not longer doubt  
To give up friends and home, and idol hopes,  
And every tender tie that binds my heart  
To thee my country. Why should I regard  
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure  
Have had enough of bitter in my cup,  
To show that never was it His design,  
Who placed me here, that I should live at ease,  
Or drink at pleasure's fountain. Henceforth  
It matters not if storm or sunshine be  
My future lot, bitter or sweet my cup:  
I only pray,—God, fit me for my work:  
God make me holy, and my spirit nerve  
For the stern hour of strife. Let me but know  
There is an arm unseen that holds me up;  
An eye that kindly watches all my path,  
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done.  
Let me but know, I have a friend that waits  
To welcome me to glory and to joy,  
To tread with me the dark and dead fraught wilderness.

And when I come to stretch me for the last  
In unattended agony, beneath  
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes  
From Africa's burning sand, it will be sweet  
That I have toiled for other worlds than this.  
I know I shall feel happier than to die  
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven,—  
If one that hath so deeply, darkly sinned;  
If one whom ruin and revolt have held  
With such a fearful grasp: if one for whom  
Satan hath struggled as he hath for me,—  
Should ever reach that blissful shore,—Oh how  
This heart will flame with gratitude and love!  
And through the ages of eternal years,  
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent  
That toil and suffering once were mine below.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

### MRS. NOBLE'S NARRATIVE

OF HER CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS IN PRISON  
IN CHINA, IN 1840-1, IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND,  
DATED NINGPO PRISON, Feb. 19, 1841.

(CONCLUDED.)

ABOUT the 1st of November, it was reported publicly that I should be sent to Chusan alone, and that the gentlemen would be sent to Canton. On the strength of this account, they wrote letters for their friends, which I was to have taken; but, like the many rumours we had before heard, this proved groundless.

Sometime afterwards the two marines already mentioned, were removed to the other prison. I felt sure that one of them was then dying, and I greatly feared that he would never reach the prison. His weakness was so excessive that he once fell down on his way, though supported by a Chinaman. After a few days the news of his death was brought to me. Notwithstanding all the representations of Lieut. Douglass, irons were not taken off this poor man until he breathed his last. The prison was so excessively small, that they could not turn around without squeezing each other, and though their commander remonstrated and insisted upon their being allowed to walk about and enjoy the fresh air, they were never permitted to take any exercise in the court. I frequently wrote a few lines to the lads, for whom I felt most deeply, as well as for the crew in general. Lieut. Douglas was now able to provide them with money, and once only, during the four months' imprisonment, was he permitted to visit his men; for, on seeing the deep interest he took in their welfare, and his great anxiety to better their condition, they never permitted him to see them any more. I was delighted to observe the noble feelings evinced by Lieut. Douglas towards the crew of the Kite, who suffered great hardships.

Our joy was inexpressible, when a channel of private communication with our friends at Chusan was opened, and when I received from you, my dear friend, the first letter (Dec. 29,) which afforded me very great consolation. Before this we heard of the death of another marine, which affected us all deeply, and especially his master. Death has made sad havoc amongst us, and the Almighty alone knows the reason why he afflicted us, and I fervently hope that these many solemn warnings may be sanctified to us.

January the 9th—I had again the unspeakable happiness of receiving two letters from you, from one of which I learnt our then contemplated rescue, which at that time gave me great uneasiness, as I trembled at the idea of any of my dear countrymen running the risk of such suffering as I myself had undergone.

Your first letter was accompanied by a copy of the holy Bible, an inestimable treasure, for which I had so long and earnestly prayed; but to avoid discovery, I had to read it during the night, so that it was in truth a secret treasure, and henceforth my constant companion. It is wonderful how often we heard of our speedy release, and were as often disappointed,—still for the time being our spirits were kept up by these good news. On Thursday, the 2d of February, I heard that the gentlemen had been summoned by the mandarins to receive clothes and letters, and with an anxious heart I watched the whole afternoon, expecting every moment a visit from them. However, I was obliged to continue in suspense till the next day, when I was called to appear before the mandarins to obtain another most affectionate letter from you, my dear friend, with abundant store of clothes and every comfort I could desire.

Grateful and thankful as I felt for them, my spirits became deeply affected, inferring as I did that so many things would not have been sent if my captivity was not to be prolonged; yet the linguist cheered me by the assurance that I should be free within three weeks or a month. At this time they treated me with great kindness, and I went to see the mandarin's lady, who gave me some fruit and artificial flowers, the first mark of kindness I have received from a lady. They allowed me to remain until the evening, and I was once more gladdened in meeting my dear countrymen, and, after staying sometime, we all went to my prison to write answers to our letters.

February the 5th, I had the pleasure of a visit from some Chinese naval officers, who told me that we were to leave Ningpo within a fortnight. We thought there was truth in the news, but we were not certain until the 14th, when I received the glad tidings from yourself. It would be impossible to describe what our feelings were on that occasion. I had thought that the gentlemen had known it the day before, so that our meeting at the first moment was not so joyful as it otherwise would have been, but they had no sooner read my letter, than our mutual congratulations were warm and most sincere, and I again had the happiness of welcoming them to my poor prison, where we wrote answers to our friends. Nothing was now spoken of but the surety of our speedy relief: as for myself I could scarcely believe it till I was on my way to Tinghae.

On the 22d of February, before I arose, my attendant came to my bedstead, saying "Chin-hae, Chusan get up;" and immediately the comprador called to me, saying that we were indeed to go to Chin-hae. Alas! poor fellow, he little thought that he was not to form one of the party. I am sure you will believe me when I tell you that I knew not which thing to do first. Numbers of people came round my prison, and I was obliged to shut the door to keep them out. After my morning devotions, with the comprador's aid, I got all my boxes packed. While thus engaged, he was sent for by the mandarin, who told him that he was not like the other English prisoners, and therefore they would not allow him to accompany them, but send him down to Canton. This threw an immediate gloom over my spirits, and I felt deeply when, a few minutes afterwards, I saw him locked up in his prison—as he had long been my friend in adversity. I now with difficulty got through the crowd to the gentlemen's prison, where I received a hearty welcome, and warmest congratulations, and was forbidden to speak of past troubles. Captain Anstruther now insisted upon seeing the comprador to give him money, and after many entreaties made to the mandarin, whom he had greatly offended by withholding a picture for some unkindness shown, he at last succeeded in beating his way through the crowd. We walked a great while in the prison yard, until by perseverance and much pushing among the crowd, we got