

Christian Mirror

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1843.

No. 14.

POETRY.

APPEAL FOR CHINA.

THE following touching appeal for voluntary and individual gratuitous missionary effort in China, composed by FRANCES JANE CROSBY, a pupil in the "New York Institution for the Blind," was occasioned by hearing a statement from the wife of the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, (recently arrived from thence,) of the spiritual darkness which pervades the minds of the people of that Empire—in connection also with her expressed belief that now, in the divine and overruling providence of God, a door of approach to that people has become effectually opened, by means of the issue of the late contest between the forces of Great Britain and that Empire.

May it not be hoped that the appeal will commend itself to the sympathies of some one, or indeed many, in this Christian land, who in the good providence of God, are possessed of pecuniary means which will enable them to respond to the call?

WHAT mean those piercing notes of woe,
That fall so sadly on the ear?
From China's distant land they flow,
And claim from us a falling tear.
There superstition's darkness reigns!
She groans beneath its tyrant chains!

Christians, awake! Her voice to you
Doth for the Gospel loudly cry—
Her gates are widely opened now;
Then, to her succour quickly fly.
Go—on your own resources go;
God will a rich reward bestow.

Haste, we entreat you, haste away;
Oh, hear her cries of deep despair!
Your Saviour's great "command" obey,
To her the Gospel tidings bear.
On his sweet promise still depend,
"I'm with you till the world shall end."

N. Y. Evangelist.

(From the American.)

SATURDAY EVENING.

Sweet is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in;
When, with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin:
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest!

Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease,
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace;
Delightful season! kindly given
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.

Oh! as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings,—
Till the last gleam of life decay
In one eternal SABBATH-DAY!

ANON.

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.

(CONTINUED.)

LONG, very long did this night appear. Morning at last dawned, and the keepers brought us a little water to wash with, which was a great comfort; after which they led us to an open court, to be exposed to the public gaze of numberless spectators, to come throughout the day. Here they took our height, the length of our hair, and noted every feature in an exact manner, and then made us write an account of the wreck of the Kite. In the evening I was taken to see the mandarin's wife and daughters; but although my appearance must have been wretched in the extreme, they did not evince the least feeling towards me, but rather treated me as an object of scorn. This I felt the more, as I was unable to make them understand that I had lost both my dear husband and child in the wreck. We remained here two days and three nights, derided and taunted by all around us. On the morning of Monday, 21st, they took the end of our chains and made us follow them. They put our coats and quilts into small cages, just such as we should think a proper place to confine a wild beast in: mine was scarcely 2 yard high, a little more than three quarters of a yard long, and a little more than half a yard broad. The door opened from the top. Into these we were lifted, the chains round our necks being locked to the cover. They put a long piece of bamboo through the middle, a man took either end, and in this manner we were jolted from city to city, to suffer insults from the rabble, the cries of whom were awful; but my God had not forsaken me, and even then, although a widow, and in the hands of such bitter enemies, and expecting death at every moment, I could remember with delight, that Christ my Saviour had said—"I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on me, though he were dead yet shall he live;" and through the blessing of the Almighty, I was enabled to sing praises to God aloud. I need not tell you, my dear and much loved friend, how much I thought of my sweet and once happy home, and my dear fatherless child, and how fervently I prayed to that God of mercy and goodness, who had so wonderfully upheld me in all my sufferings, to bless her also.—Death was nothing to me; I longed to be with my Saviour to praise him for ever, and to meet again my affectionate husband and sweet child, who were more than life to me. Oh my dear friend, how often do my feelings at this and many other times of my sufferings shame me, when I feel myself cold in my duty towards my Redeemer. In body I was now very weak, having scarcely eaten anything since the wreck, but my spirit was strong in the Lord. We again stopped at another city and were taken out of our cages, having heavy irons put on our legs, with a chain half a

yard long. Mr. Witts and the boy had also irons on their waists; although I saw mine, they did not put them on at that time. The former were carried on board one boat, and I myself put into another, and thus we proceeded two days and three nights on a canal, during which time I did not taste any food, as they would not permit me to get out of my little cage on any account. You may judge what my sufferings were. I believe it was Wednesday the 23d, that we arrived at Ningpo. You may imagine my happiness in finding my dear friend Lieut. Douglass, and my delight to hear that he had been treated rather better than myself, and had arrived here a short time before. I also heard with gratitude and joy, that all the Kite's crew had been taken from the wreck by the Chinese and were prisoners in the city. But alas, alas! with all this good news my worst fears were confirmed, that all I treasured lay buried in the ocean. What can I say—my dear child could not have lived in an open boat and suffered as I had done, and my devoted husband, being of a warm and most affectionate temper, would not have lived to have seen me suffer as I have suffered, and how would it have torn my heart to have seen those ten thousand times dearer to me than my own life, endure so much. I humbly pray to be enabled to say, "Thy will be done!" God has, I believe, in goodness and mercy taken my treasures, who was able to do for them more than I could even ask or think. And although I am left destitute and alone, and far from home, yet in his mercy he has raised you up, my truly Christian friend, with many others, for my comfort on my account, of which I shall praise the Saviour both in time and eternity, and want whatever I may, may I ever possess a thankful heart.

At Ningpo I was very sorry to find another prisoner, Captain Anstruther of the Madras artillery, who has since proved to be a most kind and true friend; there was also the comradore, whom I think you have some knowledge of. My most cruel sufferings were now at an end, and of course I felt more deeply my sad loss; yet I knew that I still enjoyed many blessings. Captain A.'s prison was next door to mine, and I had the pleasure of seeing him often. The mandarins gave me some Chinese clothes of the gayest colours; distressing as it was to my feelings, I was obliged to wear them, and I was put into what the keeper styled a clean prison, with a woman to attend on me in my captivity. After breakfasting with Lieut. Douglass at the mandarin's, I went to my lonely cell—a small dirty room, two sides of which were a mere grating, in many places day-light appeared through the rafters, and it was scarcely fit to live in, its only furniture being my cage (in which I still slept at night, and into which I was put whenever I went to any of the mandarins,) a lamp, an old table, and a stool. For the first time after the wreck, I was enabled to undress myself and arrange my hair. I could not but rejoice when a large room was prepared for the three gentlemen to reside together in