

Christian Mirror

AND GENERAL MISSIONARY REGISTER.

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

Vol. II.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1843.

No. 13.

POETRY.

THE SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

THERE IS A FOLD whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green;
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

One narrow vale—one darksome way,
Divides that land from this;
I have a Shepherd, pledg'd to save,
And bear me home to bliss.

Soon at his feet my soul will lie,
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,—
I shall not taste of death.

Far from this guilty world, to be
Exempt from toil and strife;
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour,—this is LIFE!

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.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ON Sunday, the 14th, I received your kind letter, containing the glad tidings of peace, and the joyful hope of a speedy release from Prison, and in which you so sweetly and affectionately offer a home to the homeless. The Almighty alone, who searcheth the heart, knows how deeply grateful I feel for all your abundant goodness towards me in my great afflictions, but as my last letters were sent publicly I could not express my feelings; I sincerely hope you have not thought me ungrateful. As I may now do so with safety, I will try to write to you the sad particulars of the dreadful wreck of the Kite, and of following events, as far as memory, and the few notes I have been able to make from time to time, will enable me to do. May the Almighty in mercy strengthen me for the truly melancholy duty. And I feel sure, my dear friend, you will make due allowance for the state of mind in which I write.

I shall infer, that you know all our affairs up to, I think, the 10th of September, when the Kite was again on her way to Chusan; all went well till the 15th, and we then hoped to reach Chusan in two days. Alas for earthly prospects, they are indeed fallacious! About 12 o'clock in the forenoon, the vessel struck on an awful quicksand, not laid down in the chart. The shock was as sudden as it was dreadful; all efforts at the moment were used, but in vain, and in a few moments, almost before we could think, or speak, or, alas! even to have time to fetch my sweet

child from the cabin, the vessel went over with a tremendous crash, on her broadside, and every creature on board (except my dear child,) was precipitated with great violence into the sea. The moment was so dreadful, I saw nothing, and, whether my beloved husband, who was giving orders till the last moment, ran to the cabin to save his darling child, or whether he fell with the rest, I know not: but alas! he was never seen or heard of more. His last words to me were, 'Hold on, Anne!'—never, never, shall I forget them. My sweet child must have perished in his cradle. I tremble to think of the sufferings of both. Oh! how often have I wished I had shared the same grave, yet the will of God was otherwise, and I know it is very wicked, but when you know my almost unparalleled suffering, you will not wonder at it. To return to the wreck. After struggling under water for some time, I caught hold of one of the iron bars that held the boat on the quarter, to which I cling, my body being still in the water, and the breakers coming over me with great force. A poor little dog saved itself on my breast for some time, but at last I was obliged to put it off; oh! had it been my darling child, I would have died rather a thousand times. Lieut. Douglass arose close by me, and although for a time he could not help me, yet I shall ever remember with the deepest gratitude the kind manner in which he stood by me, doing all in his power to soothe me, and by his orders, to save the lives of all. Oh! could I picture to you the scene at this moment—the vessel on her broadside, her masts and sails in the water, numbers of persons rising, and clinging to the wreck, the horror of every countenance and the dreadful noise of the breakers; but it is too much even to tell you; I saw it all—never never shall I forget the sight. Lieut. Douglass, with Mr. Witts, the chief officer, who now kindly came forward to my aid, did all in their power to save me, and they were, by the blessing of God, the means of preserving my unhappy life. These two gentlemen with the poor cabin boys, got into the boat. I had just strength to raise my foot, of which one of the gentlemen took hold, drew the boat to, and lifted me in. The boat being nearly full of water, and the breakers still coming over it every moment, the gentlemen were obliged to cut the rope to prevent her sinking. The current immediately took her, and nothing could prevent her from leaving the wreck. The people had now got on the upper side of the vessel. I strained my eyes in vain to find those so dear to me. I saw all but them. I tore my hair in despair, and called till they could hear me no longer, telling them to seek my husband and child. Hour after hour the wreck was seen; at last we lost sight of it entirely. You will fancy me weeping and screaming all this time; I assure you no. My trouble was too overwhelming; I could not shed a tear, although my heart was fit to break. I sat more like a statue, my eyes seeking in vain for the wreck. The boat's little kegger was thrown out; and the water rushing by was almost like a wall on either side of our

boat. We saw many things washed from the wreck past us. About four o'clock, the current turned in our favour, and after some hours of anxiety, we came in sight of the wreck. As we drew near, we found the vessel had sunk in the sand, and only her maintop was now in sight, to which all the poor sufferers clung for life. Efforts were made to reach the wreck, but it was impossible. Lieut. Douglass spoke to the men, and told them to make a raft, hoping on the morrow to be able to render them some assistance. We now again left the wreck, and night began to set in; the gentlemen lay down in the bottom of the boat, and I sat and kept watch by the stars. It was a beautiful moon-light night, but I need not say it appeared very long, and often did I speak to Lieut. Douglass, who slept very little.

On the 16th, we again passed the wreck early, and, as before, strove in vain to reach the poor crew. A few words were spoken until we were carried away by the current. In the afternoon, we passed the wreck for the last time; every thing possible was done to reach it, but to no purpose; and after speaking a few words, once more we had to endure the trial of being carried past. What our feelings were, none but those in a like situation can conceive. It was now again night, and as before I kept my melancholy watch. After this we could not find the wreck, and we were obliged to come to the melancholy conclusion that all the crew must have perished, or have been taken from the wreck by the Chinese. I now felt almost sure that I was a widow and all alone in the world; but yet I think I hoped even against hope, and Lieut. Douglass, who was most kind to me, led me to believe such happiness possible. Oh could I only tell you all the kindness I received from that dear gentleman. One remark he made when I felt myself almost heart-broken, was, "Depend on it, my dear Mrs. Noble, the Almighty has preserved you for a future and a better purpose." Thus did he at all times in the most kind and soothing manner try to cheer my truly sad heart. Picture for a moment our situation—five of us in a small boat with little clothing—the gentlemen being but thinly clad, and myself in a thin morning gown, no bonnet, no shawl, and no shoes, the latter having been washed off; no food, no water, no sail, only two oars, and near an enemy's country. On this day we went on board a fishing boat; the men were kind to us, and gave us a little dry rice, some water, and an old mat to try to make a rail of. Soon after, we thought we saw a small English sail; never shall I forget the excitement we felt; but after a long time, found we were mistaken. Towards evening we picked up a small pumpkin, of which I took a little, the first food I had taken since the wreck. Whilst we were thus driven about from place to place, again we thought we saw a large steamer, and we did all in our power to make them observe us, raising a signal of distress on one of our oars, and once more we were disappointed. On Wednesday night the breakers came over our little boat with