



The Last Voyage
and Wreck

OF THE



Steamship
Labrador

By the late MRS. J. W. SMITH





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The Last Voyage AND

Wreck of the

S. S. LABRADOR

By the late *MRS. J. W. SMITH*

HAMILTON, ONT., CAN.



A Thrilling and Interesting Narrative

*Of her own personal experience, she being
one of the rescued passengers.* ♪ ♪

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PREFACE

387. 243, Sm 6

The wreck of an ocean steamer is, fortunately, not a matter of frequent occurrence, and when it does occur it excites all the greater interest on that account. It seems impossible, however, to avoid accidents of this sort, and the wreck of the S. S. LABRADOR still lives in our memory. Mrs. Smith was on board this steamer on its fateful trip and she lived through the terrible experience of the wreck. She brought with her to this sad event a mind susceptible to the influences that surrounded her and open to the impressions that such awful scenes make on the mind of those that pass through them.

The description of the wreck, now before the reader, will convey a vivid idea of the experiences of those exciting and dreadful hours and will at the same time show the steadiness and courage and presence of mind that are possessed by the sailors who were on Canadian vessels.

These pages will be read with interest by many and will serve to preserve for posterity the story of the last voyage of the gallant LABRADOR.

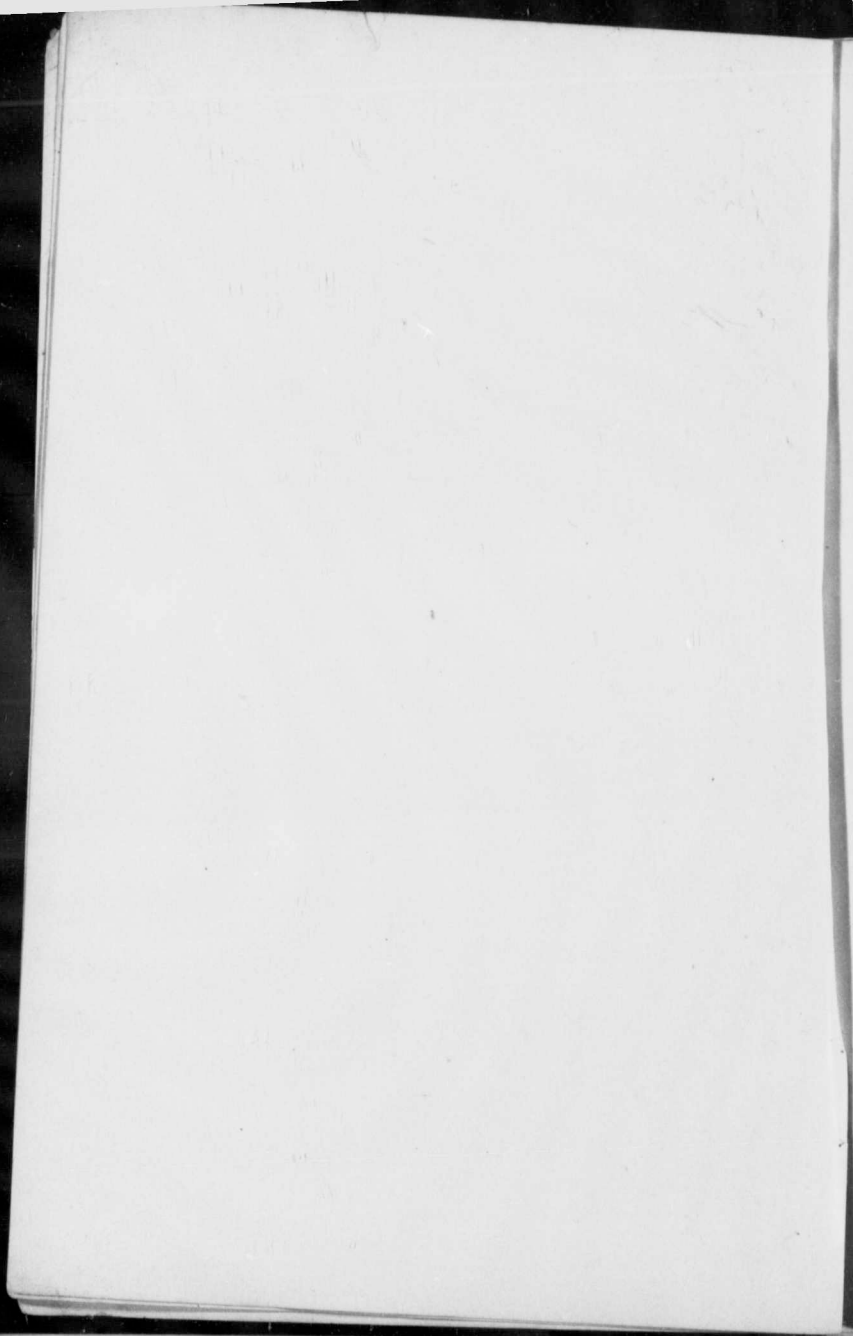
J. L. GILMOUR,

Pastor of James St. Baptist Church.

HAMILTON.

September 8th, 1900.

20.12.63



peace. They impressed me as being clean, healthy and industrious, just the kind of people to make good settlers in our great west. As they started on their long western journey they seemed full of gladness and sang beautifully. After having a lunch and sending a telegram to my husband, I had a look around St. John. It is a very pretty town, having many beautiful public buildings as well as private residences. But being alone and a stranger, I soon found my way back to the Labrador, where after supper I wrote a letter home and then retired for the night.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19th.

On awaking next morning, Sunday, Feb. 19th, I found we were still at St. John.

After breakfast I began to find out who were my neighbors. My roommate was Mrs. Pain, the wife of a Montreal physician, on her way to visit friends in Liverpool. Mr. and Mrs. Muir, of, were in the next room. There were many other passengers all anxious to be away. Some were going home on joyful, others on sad errands. Many of the passengers were going on business trips, and some for their health; but all made up a very pleasant agreeable company. We soon formed acquaintances which shall never be forgotten.

The steamship Labrador was a very nice boat. I never sailed on a better—all arrangements were first class and planned for the comfort of the passengers. The captain, officers and crew were thorough gentlemen, and always sought to give everybody the very greatest pleasure.

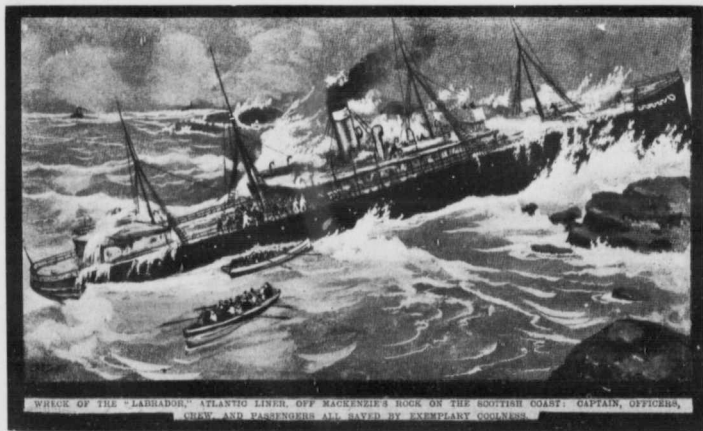
We left St. John early in the forenoon. It was wet and foggy, so I had to remain below. While passing through the Bay of Fundy I was too seasick to be out of bed, therefore I am unable to describe it.

We reached Halifax about one o'clock Monday Feb. 20th, where we had to take on board passengers to complete our load for our homeward

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THE STEAMSHIP

LABRADOR



WHICH OF THE "LABRADOR," ATLANTIC LINER, OFF MACKENZIE'S ROCK ON THE SCOTISH COAST. CAPTAIN, OFFICERS,
CREW AND PASSENGERS ALL SAVED BY EXEMPLARY COOLNESS.

STRIKING ON
MACKENZIE ROCK

MARCH 1st, 1899

journey. I was all right again and up on deck. Here most of the passengers got on, and amongst them was Miss Maggie Arthur and her two brothers from Port Arthur, Ontario, who were going to pay a visit to friends in old Ireland. After watching the people loading up, and the bustle and hurry on the wharf for a while I went below into the sitting-room. Here Miss Arthur was sitting all alone. I said: "Are you lonesome?" She said, "I feel like crying; it is all so strange." I replied, "Oh, come along; you must not get homesick so soon; this will never do." Then we had supper and a good long chat about where we came from and where we were going. We spent a very pleasant evening, and were chums from that time,

TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 21st.

There were large crowds on the wharf at Halifax to see us off on our homeward journey.

It was a beautiful fine morning. The flags were flying in the breezes, and the whole city was in holiday attire. All on board were in the best of spirits. I do not think that there ever was a ship left port under more favorable circumstances, for it was a splendid morning; sun shining, flags flying, people singing, guns booming, and the dear old ship was like a live beautiful bird skimming over the water. Little did we think when she so proudly left her dock that she would never reach her port. It was a day of very pleasing experiences. When bed time came, Miss Arthur before disrobing kneeled down in prayer to God. I was very glad and followed her example, thanking God that I was in such good company, and throughout the voyage we often enjoyed very sweet spiritual fellowship.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd.

The boat was going along nicely all day, but most of the passengers were seasick. Our experiences were too well known to be repeated, nearly every reader knows what it is.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd.

This morning the sea was very rough; the wind had changed during the night; we could not go on deck, although we were getting over our sickness all right. Brought together in the cabin, the passengers got to know each other better. A Russian gentleman always said grace at the meals, as there was no minister on board. It was suggested that someone read the Bible, and Miss Arthur started to do that. We obtained a few hymn books from the steward and we sang and had a good time. We were very happy and enjoyed our little gatherings from day to day. Three or four times every day we got together and had our little reading and singing. There were several favorite songs that we sang some time every day. Among them was "Pull for the Shore, Sailor," little dreaming that before the voyage was over our dear sailor boys would be forced to pull for the shore.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24th.

It was still too rough to be on deck, so we had our little meetings and conversation down in the sitting-room.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25th.

Saturday morning was beautiful and fine. Everyone was on deck. Our dear old ship was just humming along like a great beautiful bird toward old England, and everybody was happy and in the best of spirits. Over in the distance we saw a steamer going toward Canada. Miss Arthur and I were walking up and down the deck chatting and the captain passed us on the way to the bridge. He slipped on something and we started to laugh at him. "Ah, said he, that was looking at you pretty Irish girls did that." So it made us laugh more heartily. It was such a beautiful fine morning and all were so bright and happy and well, talking and singing and joking one to another,

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26th.

We ran into a fog and had to stop; then we went very slowly. We could have no church service, as there was no minister, so we did the best we could amongst ourselves by reading, singing and talking to one another. We were all very happy, although we could not go on deck, but enjoyed ourselves in every way, not one of us having any thought of danger ahead.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27th.

The fog cleared up a little, but it was still very hazy and misty. We were all very cheerful and happy and talked about seeing land on Tuesday. Nothing out of the ordinary took place. We still had our Bible reading and singing.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28th.

Tuesday was very foggy; the ship was going very slowly; we could not see very far ahead; we were expecting to see land at night, so we went along slowly all day. At night Miss Arthur and I were walking on deck, making arrangements for me to call her in the morning, as she was going to get off at Moville, Ireland. Just then the captain came along the deck, and I said: "Oh, captain, would it not be sad if anything was to happen us now that we are so near home, and after we have had such a pleasant voyage, and all have been so happy." He placed his hand on my shoulder (I can seem to feel it now); "Mrs. Smith," said he, "I have been across the Atlantic a good many times and have had nothing the matter; have no fear, we will get home in good time." Soon after the man in the crow's nest sang out: "I see a light!" The captain said: "Is it a fixed light?" "Yes, sir; all right." Soon after we went to bed for the last time on the dear old Labrador, where we had so many happy hours.

WEDNESDAY, MARGH 1st.

This was the day of the saddest experience, which I shall never, never forget.

About six o'clock I arose and called Miss Arthur, and when we were dressed and had asked God to take care of us, I said: "Let us go up on deck and see if we can see anything of Moville or Ireland, and if the fog is cleared away." So up we went, and there a little distance off was a lighthouse. We stood looking at it and wondering if it was on the way to Moville. We thought we were near the Irish coast. A dense fog rolled over the waters, but no one seemed to have a thought of danger. We were so near home, (ah, me; so near home and loved ones) and every thought was of our meeting them so soon. Suddenly the man in the crow's nest sang out: "Breakers ahead!" and directly our good ship Labrador crushed upon MacKenzie Rock. It was as if the ship was a living creature, for she groaned aloud. The shock sent us reeling for a moment, then there was silence like death. The good ship seemed to be trying to steady herself. Someone cried out that the ship had struck a rock and was settling down. Never, never, as long as I live shall I forget the scenes that followed. I looked over the side and there was a great hole broken into the side of our poor ship and the cargo coming out all over the water. The captain, officers and crew were all energetic. The discipline and self-control was everything to be desired. The captain said there would be plenty of time to lower the boats, and with care, attention and obedience to orders, no one need be lost. The women and children were placed in order so that they could be put into the first boat. Women can, when put to the test, face danger as well as men, and sometimes better. Many of those present were delicately nurtured women, yet they faced death without one word of complaint from first to last. I never heard one cry (except from myself). When all was ready the captain said: "Women and children." Then to see the parting of husbands from wives, mothers

from children, brothers from sisters, never expecting to see each other again. It was enough to unnerve the stoutest heart. There was no hurry or confusion in any way. Miss Arthur was the first to be swung over the side of the ship to the life-boat below. They took me next. I think I was the only one that spoke, or raised any objection to being put over the side. I knew it was death to stop where I was, but it looked far worse to go down on the end of a rope into that little boat that was nearly out of sight. I said: "Oh, don't put me down there!" The captain said: "Come on, there is no time for fooling," and over I was put. In going down my dress caught on the side of the ship and they had to haul me back a little way, then let go so as to tear the dress from where it was caught. When all the women and children were in they put down some blankets, a bag of bread and a compass, and the fourth officer took his place at the helm. He ordered every one to keep perfectly still and not to move. So we were cast off on the wild, wide raging sea.

In a little while we had lost sight of the other boats, the lighthouse, and our dear old ship. The sailors tried to row; they worked until the sweat poured off them in streams, laboring very earnestly, but the sea was so rough and running so high that it was no use. After trying for a long while the officer said, "It is no use, boys, we will have to trust to God's mercy now." There was no crying, no screaming. Everyone was trying to get ready to meet their God. Oh, I was glad that I was ready to live or die, but I was praying that if it was God's will He would spare me a little longer for my dear husband's sake. Just then a very comforting thought came to me. It was that there were so many praying for me I could not be drowned nor lost. I could not think that all these prayers were in vain; no, never, never—and so it proved. We were in this boat for nearly five hours. It was very cold. Miss Arthur and myself were the only ones dressed, all the others being taken out of their beds just as they were. Sometimes the water would come over us in great waves, striking us as

if with a large strap. The water was in the boat up to our knees and we had nothing to bale it out with. One poor woman was crouched at my feet the whole time with her face in her hands.

No person spoke. Just then one of the boats that had been over to the lighthouse with some of the passengers came across us. Mr. Muir and Miss Arthur's two brother's were with them searching for their loved ones. They took Mrs. Muir and Miss Arthur into their boat and that gave us a little more room. In a very little while we lost sight of them again.

Then one of the dear sailor boys took off his shirt and fixed it up on the end of an oar and hold it up in the boat. Oh, to see us women huddled up in that boat, the water up to our knees, and then remember it was a bitter cold March morning, and we were drifting off the coast of Scotland. It was a terrible experience. Some of the delicately reared ladies in our boat were covered only with a skirt or night-dress, or perhaps a blanket. It was the saddest sight or experience I ever had, and I hope, please God, I will never have such another. There was no word, no cry; only shivering and quaking and waiting for death.

After about five hours of this tossing about and expecting death every moment to overtake us, one of the sailors saw smoke in the distance. Oh, we did pray and hope that they would see us. At last the officer said: "Cheer up, they have sighted us, and are coming for us." Then we all began to cry for joy.

It proved to be a coal boat, the Viking, which was looking for us. It was far more dangerous to be taken into her than it was to get off from the Labrador, as the sea was so rough and running so high, and the waves were washing right over her deck. They could only grasp us one by one, as the boat was brought up along side for a moment. But at last, with

THIS SCENE
IS TO REPRESENT



THE PASSENGERS
BEING LET DOWN INTO THE
LIFE BOAT

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the blessing of God, we were all safe on board. There, with great joy, we saw all the rest of those from the good old Labrador, excepting a few that got safely to the lighthouse. We poor women were the first to be saved from the ship and the last to be saved from the sea. Then the captain turned his boat toward the shore, about thirty miles away and reached opposite Tobermory about nine o'clock at night. We had had nothing to eat or drink since the night before, and we were nearly exhausted. The boat could not go up the river into the bay, as the water was too shallow, so she kept firing rockets and blowing her whistle to call attention.

At last two boats came out to see what was the matter, and our captain of the Labrador went ashore to tell the people what had occurred and to make arrangements with the hotels for our accommodation. Then the little boats came to take us ashore and all the town came out to give us a welcome, and such a welcome we received as can only come from a good Scotch heart. God bless them, every one. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, of the Western Isles Hotel, deserve our special thanks, for they did everything in their power to comfort and cheer us when we got there. There was a fire in every room and a good hot supper, but our hearts were too full of joy over our escape to eat much. We were just like drowned rats, but after a while we got quieted down and obtained the loan of some night-dresses, and went to bed, the people stopping up all night drying our clothes. Miss Arthur and I were given a room together, and the first thing we did when we went to our room was to kneel down and thank God for sparing us from a watery grave.

Wearied, though we were, there was no sleep for us, for the people were about stirring up the fires and drying our clothes so that we could have them in the morning. But if everything had been quiet we could not have slept, for we were too frightened and shook up to sleep. If either of us did doze off, we would jump up with fright, for as both of us were on

deck when the boat struck the rock we continually heard the cry, "Breakers ahead," and then we could feel the shock as the boat struck; so we were glad when it was morning and we could put our shrivelled up clothes on. Miss Arthur and myself were the only ones that could be fully dressed next morning, and oh, such a "full dress" it was. We would not pass as gay young girls then. Lady Allen and others were very kind, sending great bundles of clothing for the poor shipwrecked women who shared it up amongst themselves. The dear Scotch people of Tobermory are a whole-souled people; they could not do enough for us. The town was ours to go where we liked and to do as we pleased.

As soon as we had breakfast, Miss Arthur and I went down town to get a few little things, and for me to send a cablegram right off to my husband in Canada, to tell him that I was landed safely. When we got back to the hotel nearly all the others were there, and we cried together and shook hands all around, and thanked God for our escape. It is at such times as these that people show what they are made of, and true faith in God shows itself. But oh, what a sight to remember! to see the parting of husbands from their wives, brothers from their sisters (on the Labrador I mean), never expecting to see each other again; then for us all to be together again next morning; it was enough to make the very stones cry out, "Praise God!"

A few of us went out for a walk around Lady Allen's Castle. We were taken in and shown all around, but we looked pretty tough, as our clothes were all spoiled with the hauling around which we had had and the sea water. But the people were all so kind; God bless them all!

We stayed here in Tobermory until the next day, as the captain wanted to try and save the mails from the Labrador, but it was not possible to do so.

We then took boat for Oban, as there is no railway at Tobermory. All the town was out to see us off, and when we got to Oban all that town was out to meet the poor shipwrecked ones. The Dominion Line had made all arrangements possible for our comfort at Oban. There was a good hot meal awaiting us, and afterwards lunch baskets were placed on a special train which was engaged to take us home. The people here, as at Tobermory, did all they could to cheer us up. I then thought how we all can cheer each other up as we go through life if we choose to do so. We started from Oban for Liverpool, and our crowd was dropped off as we went along. Every now and then, at convenient places, the Dominion Line people had something prepared for us—hot tea or coffee, or a lunch—until we reached Liverpool, about two o'clock in the morning of March 4th. Here was an officer to meet us and take us to hotels.

In the morning, about nine o'clock, I went up to the Dominion Line office and they gave me a pass for my home in Stroud, in Gloucestershire. Just then, Captain James Fraser, a God given friend, came in. "Oh, Mrs. Smith!" said he, "what can we do for you?" I could only say: "Please see me off home by the first train that starts." He then took me up to the station and made me have something to eat, then had a lunch put up for me, and put me on a fast train as a shipwrecked woman wanting to reach home. I never went so fast in my life. I got to Stroud about four o'clock; it was raining hard and I had no umbrella or rain-coat, for they were on MacKenzie Rock. In a few minutes I was in as bad a way as when rescued from the life-boat.

There was no one to meet me, as I had sent a telegram telling them to meet me on Sunday morning, little thinking that I should meet with Captain Fraser, and that he would put me on a fast mail train, but I was glad there was no one who knew me, for I was nearly exhausted and I did look such a guy with my dress all torn and all my things more like a rag

gatherer. At last I got up to my sister's door, with whom my dear mother lives. My sister was at the back door, and I was just able to say: "Can you tell me where Mrs. White lives?" She knew me at once and flung her arms around me and cried out: "Oh, my poor shipwrecked sister!" She drew me in doors out of the rain, and I was home at last. My shoes were torn all to pieces; my clothes were all spoiled and I was wet through, and I had not so much saved from all my baggage as a pocket handkerchief to wipe my eyes with; but I was home with loved ones, and I knew it.

My dear mother was in at my brother's house, next door, and after a little while my sister sent in to say that Annie was come. So in came my dear mother trembling, for she was eighty years old on the twentieth of February. She flung her arms around me and cried: "Oh, my dear child! I do thank God that he has spared me to see you once more in this world!" After a few minutes she said: "How wet and ragged and dirty looking you are; you are not looking like you did when you came to see me before. The boys must go down to the station and get your trunk; you must not stop like this." These remarks nearly unnerved me.

I said: "Never mind mother." My sister then whispered in my ear: "We have not told mother anything of the wreck." I was so glad to know that. Then mother called for my brother to go and get my trunk. I then had to tell her, and I said: "Mother, my trunk is at the bottom of the sea, and it is only by your prayers and others and God's mercy that I am here. The ship that I was on is gone to the bottom of the sea, but there were no lives lost."

She looked at me for one short minute, then cast her eyes up and gave way to tears. Then we all had a good cry and were better after it. They hustled around and got me some dry clothes of one kind and another and made me lay down on the sofa. The news soon spread, and crowds began coming to see the shipwrecked woman.

The excitement threw me in a fever. My sister got me off to bed out of the way. Next day being Sunday I could not go out, as I had no clothes fit to be seen in. I had to borrow one thing from one and something from another until I was dressed in some way. I was very nervous and was kept in a fever by everybody coming in to see me, and all the churches in town were preaching about their old fellow townsman who had been saved from a shipwreck. The whole town was praying for me. Such was the first Sunday I spent in seeing my dear old mother for the last time, I expect, in this world, but I hope to meet her and all in heaven.

On Monday morning I got fixed up the best way I could and went down town with my sister to get fitted out with some clothes and all the people were looking and pointing me out to one another as the shipwrecked woman from Canada.

On our way down town I called upon my old Sunday School teacher and he placed the following lines in my hands:

LINES COMPOSED BY A. T. DOWELL, OF STROUD, GLOUCESTER-SHIRE, ENGLAND

DEDICATED TO MRS. J. W. SMITH, OF HAMILTON, CANADA



LINES OF WELCOME

TO MRS. J. W. SMITH, BY HER FRIENDS A. T. E. D.

A hearty welcome now at last
We give to you, dear friend,
The dangers of the voyage past,
Your journey's at an end.

Right glad are we your form to see
Once more within our door;
For nine long years have passed since we
Beheld your face before.

Come in and make yourself at home
The little while you stay,
The hour will all too quickly come
For you to go away.

So shall our converse now be sweet,
Our mutual good impart,
'Twill make our union all complete
And gladden each one's heart.



After leaving him we went into a store and there all the clerks came around congratulating me. So I said, "Oh, fit me out with something to wear, then I will be able to look at people." So they went to work and made me up a costume and put a sailor hat on me and a white lace necktie and a pair of boots, pocket handkerchief and a pair of gloves, etc., etc. Then I was more fit to be seen. But I was so nervous I could not keep from shaking and quivering and at the least noise I would jump.

From day to day I was receiving visits and letters all the time I was in Stroud. I received letters from the United States, Canada and England. There was not a Sunday I was in Stroud that every minister did not refer to me. I was visited by every clergyman in town and in fact I was the general topic at all the Young People's Christian Endeavor Societies and Sunday Schools.

The people were all very kind to me, but it kept my heart so sore talking about it, as in talking about it I was always going through the wreck again and it kept me in a nervous fever all the time.

At last the time came for me to say good-bye to all my friends and to my dear old mother, knowing that it was not very likely that I would ever see her again in this world. It was a sad parting. We could not speak for a little while; then at last she put her arms around me and said: "My dear child, good-bye, meet me in heaven next time we meet; my God will surely take you safely home again, good-bye."

All the way to the station the people were waiting to shake hands hands with me and wish me God speed on my way back to my Canadian home.

On my way down I called in to bid good-bye to my old Sunday School teacher, when he placed these lines in my hand with a "God bless you."

LINES WRITTEN ON

THE WRECK OF THE LABRADOR

AND DEDICATED TO MRS. J. W. SMITH, OF HAMILTON, BY A. T. DOWELL



From Halifax the steamer sailed,
Bound for proud Albion's shore,
Her captain and her crew were skilled,
Nay, few could be much more;
For several days she sped her way
O'er water smooth as glass.
Of lurking danger not a ray
Across our minds did pass.
Our hearts were light, our spirits bright,
For we were homeward bound,
And day and night the alternate light
Of sun and moon shone round;
But ah, proud steamer, never more
Thou'dt plough the mighty main,
The perils great that lie before

Will rend thee all in twain.
Three days and nights the fog lay round
Her, like a deadly shroud.
Her speed was slowed, the lead let down,
For peril was in that cloud.
At length a twinkling light was seen,
Which did the captain cheer,
His hopes, alas! had never been
So falsely raised before.
'Tis early morn and many lie
Snug in their births below,
When a crash and a bump extort the cry,
"Have mercy on us now."
They rushed on deck, but poorly clad,
Their faces blanched with fear,
To learn the ship was on the rock,
Their peril then was clear.
The captain calmly gave the word,
The boats were to be lowered;
The crew all worked with one accord,
Thus safety was secured.
The Labrador was filling fast,
No one a chance could find
To rescue anything at last,
So all was left behind.
For five long hours we beat about
Upon the angry sea,
Some full of hope, they had no doubt
A friendly sail they'd see.
At length a sail hove in sight
Which did our spirits cheer,
And earnestly we prayed it might
Our cries of danger hear.
Thank God! the Viking's captain saw
And willing help afford,
Bore down upon us just in time
And took us all on board.
The luggage that was left on board
Of that ill-fated ship,
Mails, cargo and all else beside
Was swallowed by the deep.

My brother and sister came to the station to see me off. At last I got away and when I reached Liverpool our kind friend, Mr. James Fraser—Captain Fraser, as we always called him—met me and took me home. There was a warm welcome awaiting me from his two daughters.

Next day they took me all over and did everything they could to cheer me up. I was so frightened about going on the water, so they kept taking me across the river to get me used to it, I was so nervous. I spent a very pleasant time with Mr. Fraser and his family. Never shall I forget how kind everyone was to me. Go where I would, everybody did all they could to make me happy and make me forget the wreck.

When the time came for me to go to my boat I was so frightened I hardly knew what to do. Every noise made me quake and jump. Captain Fraser and the two Miss Frasers came aboard the steamship Dominion and saw me safely in my room and introduced me to the captain. Mr. Fraser knew him and he told him that I was Mrs. Smith, one of the poor old Labrador's passengers returning back home. Captain James said: "All right, we will look after her."

The Dominion Line Co. had given me a nice room for my return. Mr. Fraser and the girls stayed with me until the boat was ready to depart, then they went on the wharf and stood there waving their handkerchiefs until we were out of sight. Then I thought my heart would break, for I was so nervous and afraid.

But how good God is. Although I had left so many friends behind, God had provided others for me which I knew not. When I went below, the first I should meet was the young man that lent us his Bible on the poor old Labrador. He was put on the Steamship Dominion as ship's clerk. He caught my hands and said: "Oh, Mrs. Smith, are you going back on this boat? Oh, there is some pleasant surprises for you, we will look after you."

I then went into the dining-room to sit down, and lo, there was our table steward. He grasped my hands, while tears ran down our faces. He then ran out and brought back the bed-room steward; then there were more tears. Then the doctor came; all these from the dear old Labrador. I said: "Oh, thank God I am among friends."

After a while I went up on deck and who should I meet first but the very two sailor boys that were in our little life-boat with us women on the deep, deep sea all alone, expecting death every minute for five hours. They dropped what they were carrying and pulled off their caps and each took one of my hands and then we stood there and could not speak for a few minutes. We could do nothing but cry, and there were hundreds looking at us, wondering who we were and what was the matter. But they found out very soon who we were.

Every time during the whole way home that I met either of those sailors on deck it was like meeting with a long lost friend.

The captain came to me and said: "Mrs. Smith, you see you will be all right, everybody knows you." In the course of a couple of days I was known all over the ship as the shipwrecked lady and everybody was trying to cheer me up. But I was so sick and frightened.

When we got to Moville I expected to meet Miss Arthur, to return home by our boat, but she did not come. I found out since that there was not room when she applied for her ticket. I then gave up and went to bed, so sick that I could not get up until they got me up on deck on Sunday afternoon. They went and got a number of the children that were on board from the homes being taken out to Canada, and had them stand around me and go through their exercises and sing to me. After they had sung several pieces they started to sing, "Pull for the Shore, Sailor." Of course they did not know it at that time, but that undone all the other good, as it broke me right up and they had to carry me below.

Let me say right here how good and kind the dear Lord is at all times to those that love him, for at this time God in His mercy sent me another personal friend in a Miss Monger, a dear Christian young woman who was going out to Canada on a visit. She came and took charge of me and from that day forward stayed with me and tried to cheer and comfort me and we have been warm bosom friends ever since. God will surely reward her for her unselfish, watchful care over me all the way over, for I do not think that I should ever have seen my dear husband again had it not been for her watchful care over me.

On Monday I felt a great deal better; the doctor got me up on deck and everybody did all they could for me. Captain James came to me many times and asked me if anything could be done for me by anyone. I replied, "No thank you, sir, perhaps if everybody was not so kind to me I should be better."

In fact the Dominion Line Co. and all their officers and stewards did all they could to cheer and comfort me on my way home. If I had been the Queen I could not have been treated better than I was on board the S. S. Dominion. The whole ship was mine and everybody doing all they could to cheer me up. There was over a thousand on board and I think I was known by everyone.

There was a man on board who went by the name of Scottie, that had charge of some horses that were on board the dear old Labrador. He went back and cut them all loose and gave them a feed of corn before he went get into the lifeboat, and for this act of kindness the Humane Society presented him with their gold medal. He was bringing out to Canada a number of dogs, and to try and interest me he took me along to see them or brought some of the dogs every day.

There were seven persons on the ship that were on the Labrador, but I was the only woman that any of them had seen since the wreck and they

did all they could for my comfort, but I could not get over my nervousness. Every time the ship would roll or rock the least bit I would think we were going down, and if I heard the engine thump or anything fall down, I would nearly jump out of my boots. I never went to bed after the wreck but before I could get to sleep I would go through the wreck again. I would hear the man cry out, "Breakers ahead!" and feel the thump of the boat striking MacKenzie Rock. This feeling did not leave me until I got back home.

We had a very pleasant voyage across and when we got towards Quebec we ran into a bed of ice. Captain James met me on deck and said, "It is all right, Mrs. Smith, don't you worry." But oh, I was so frightened. Our boat was the first of the season to get to Quebec and it arrived on a beautiful fine morning. There were thousands on the shore to welcome us. It put me in mind of when we left Halifax. They were letting off the guns and they all started to sing "Old Lang Syne," and afterwards "God Save the Queen."

When I was ready to start by train for Hamilton, after some of them had got my railway ticket changed and the check for my baggage, all of those who escaped from the good old Labrador got around me and bid me good-bye. It was just like parting from my friends in England.

I went from Quebec to Montreal, then took the C. P. R. express for Toronto, reaching that city about seven o'clock. The nearer I got home the worse I got, for I was so nervous when I got to Toronto I could hardly stand. When I stepped off the cars there was my dear husband. I fell into his arms and thanked God that I was back in Canada. We got into the Hamilton station and in about one hour I was back home again. Oh, "Home, Sweet Home." After many dangers, seen and unseen, God had brought me safely back home once more. Bless His holy name forever. Amen and amen.

MRS. J. W. SMITH,

June, 1901.

HAMILTON, ONT., CAN.

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THE LATE
MRS. J. W. SMITH
AFTER THE SHIPWRECK



SHE FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS
OCTOBER 24TH, 1901
HER END WAS PERFECT PEACE



HER PASTOR



Four years ago, when I entered upon my ministry at Zion Tabernacle Methodist Church, I found the names of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith enrolled among its members. Pastoral duties and some business affairs frequently called me to their home. Here I always found Mrs. Smith an even-spirited, unassuming and patient Christian woman. When she returned to her home after her sad experiences in the wreck of the ill-fated Labrador, it was quite evident that her system had been almost shattered by the shock she had received. Yet with cheerful face and kindly words she always sought to hide from herself and her friends her personal sufferings by her untiring efforts to help and brighten other lives. She ever seemed to be thinking about what she could do to give comfort and good cheer to some life that had been darkened and sorrowed and burdened. It is not strange that she gathered about her a large circle of friends who have greatly missed her since her sudden death last October.

The tasks that so often taxed her,
The people she held so dear,
The strain of her coming and going,
The stress of her working and doing,
The burden of year after year,

Trouble her now no longer;
She is past the fret and the care;
On her brow is the angel's token,
The look of a peace unbroken—
She was never before more fair.

You see, she is dwelling with angels,
And we,—we are standing apart.
For us there are loss and sorrow,
For her is the endless to-morrow,
And the reaping time of the heart.

At the earnest solicitations of many friends she wrote the account of her trying experiences during the wreck of the Labrador. It is given in this little book. There are many who will gladly treasure it as a memento of the pure life of one whose acquaintance and friendship they greatly prized and dearly loved.

T. ALBERT MOORE.

HAMILTON, 7th May, 1901.



AUTHOR'S OBITUARY



The late Annie Park Smith was the third child of Peter and Elizabeth Park. She was born at Uley, in Gloucestershire, England, on the 7th of March, 1856. Her father died some years ago but her mother is still living, enjoying that sweet peace and blessed hope which naturally closes a long life of loving service of her God. The sweet lovable disposition of the author of this little book made her a general favorite wherever she was known. She was the first child of the family to gladden her mother's heart by giving herself to God. This important event occurred when she was about eleven years of age. One evening she requested permission to remain with her mother after the other children had retired, that she might have a quiet talk with her. The privilege being granted, as soon as they were alone and the house quiet, she said, "Mother, tell me about Jesus!" With a heart full of gladness and tears of joy running down her cheeks, the godly mother pointed her child to the Lamb of God. That night Annie accepted Christ and became a child of God. In a few weeks she united with the Primitive Methodist Church and through life continued steadfast in the faith. When only thirteen years of age she became a teacher in the Sunday School and from that time till her death she ever did what she could for her Savior. When about eighteen years of age she first met her future husband, J. W. Smith. Their acquaintance soon developed into an engagement for marriage. During the term of engagement her betrothed crossed the Atlantic, spending nearly two years in Canada and the United States. Other young men sought to win her hand and heart. But they found her faithful to her absent lover. Her mother, to whom she went for counsel, advised her to await his return, because she was sure he would be true to his troth and make her a good husband. Time proved the wisdom of this course. When twenty years of age they were married and for over twenty-six years they lived in each other's love in a most happy home. A long illness made it necessary to seek a change of climate and Mr. Smith brought his invalid wife to Hamilton, Canada. Here, hoping against hope, he watched over her with most assiduous care and anxious love. After some months, by the blessing of God, she began to recover and in due time regained her health. With great joy and proud

of his wife's restored health, her husband sent her home to England to visit her friends. When they saw her they could hardly believe that strong and healthy woman was the same as the fragile invalid who had left them three years before. After returning from England, Mr. and Mrs. Smith started in business for themselves. Here her pleasing manners and cheerful ways were very helpful. Their business proved a success and they became popular, gathering around them a large circle of friends. Although always members of the Methodist church, Mr. and Mrs. Smith had united with the Salvation Army in England. As soon as an opening came for that work in Hamilton, they were ready. Mrs. Smith with five others, composed the original Army in this city. The first lump of mud flung at the Army in Hamilton struck her on the neck. Believing it a blessed privilege to suffer for her Master, she at once said, "Thank God; that is number one." She united with the Zion Tabernacle Methodist Church. Here she was very highly esteemed. Although quiet and unobstructive, she accomplished much work for her Redeemer. Much of this was not known until after her death, when many friends, with weeping, told of her thoughtful ministries and helpful efforts. Her great interest in the temperance cause led her to take a very active part in the work of the Royal Templars of Temperance. She was a popular member of Crown Council, No. 333, where in many ways she was a great helper. At the time of her death she held the office of Herald of the Special Initiation Team. She had brought many persons into membership and her influence had many times been felt in the work of the Council. In 1899, greatly desiring to once more see her aged mother, she embarked on the Labrador on that ill-fated voyage, whose story she tells in this book. When she returned home her health was again very badly shattered. Still she did not complain. When her anxious friends would enquire, she would quietly say, "Oh, I am not feeling very well." With cheerful face and persistent purpose she worked away, giving comfort and help wherever she found anyone who needed it. The growing weakness became more evident. So selling out their business and removing to a much smaller house, her husband sought to relieve her of labor and of every concern. After getting comfortably settled she said to her husband: "Now, my dear, I want a good long rest." Three days afterwards she confided to him the full story of her sufferings. He at once called in a physician, who after a very careful examination advised that a most delicate operation was necessary before relief could be obtained. Recognizing that this was the only chance for her recovery, her husband after much objection, consented. She was calm and trustful. Before going to the hospital she said: "It is for the best. Don't worry, my dear. If I have to die, bless God, I am ready to

go to Jesus and have a rest." The shock of the operation to her shattered constitution was greater than she could endure. Although conscious for a little while, she slowly passed out of this life into that land which is without a storm. Her deathbed was a scene of quiet triumph. On the afternoon of October 23rd, 1901, Rev. T. Albert Moore, her minister, visited her. He asked her if she found God's promises precious and His presence her support. Too weak to speak, with characteristic effort she tremblingly raised her hand and placed it in that of the minister. It was a clear, full and definite testimony of her triumphant faith, her unclouded hope and her unbroken peace. The next morning, without a sign of fear, she fell asleep in Jesus. During the last few weeks of her life she would very frequently sing the following hymn:

HER FAVORITE WORDS

There is singing up in heaven, such as we have never known,
Where the angels sing the praises of the Lamb upon the throne.
There sweet harps are ever tuneful and their voices always clear,
Oh, that we might be more like them while we serve the Master here.

CHORUS—Holy, holy, is what the angels sing,
And I expect to help them make the courts of heaven ring;
But when I sing redemptions story they will fold their wings,
For angels never felt the joy that our salvation brings.

But I hear another anthem, blending voices clear and strong,
"Unto Him who hath redeemed us and hath bought us," is the song:
"We have come through tribulation, to this land so fair and bright,
"In the fountain, freely flowing, He hath made our garments white."

Then the angels stand and listen, for they cannot join that song,
Like the sound of many waters, by that happy blood-washed throng.
For they sing about great trials, battles fought and victories won,
And they praise their great Redeemer, who hath said to them, "Well done."

Her funeral was largely attended, evidencing the high esteem in which she was held. The religious services at both the house and grave were conducted by her minister. The Royal Templars, who attended in a body, also read their beautiful burial ritual over her grave. This little book gives the story of her sad experiences caused by the wreck of the Labrador. It was written by her at the solicitations of many of her friends. Her husband has published it, hoping that by divine blessing it may be the means of encouraging others to have faith and confidence in God. "She being dead, yet speaketh." Though she "may rest from her labors, yet her works do follow her."

HAMILTON, APRIL, 1902.

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