

# THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE."

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TO ONE "BROKEN IN HEART."

Broken-hearted, weep no more!  
Hear what comfort He hath spoken,  
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched,  
Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken,—  
"Ye who wander here below,  
Heavy laden as you go,  
Come, with grief, with sin oppressed,  
Come to me and be at rest!"

Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,  
Brought again from sin and straying,  
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice,  
'Tis a true and faithful saying,—  
"Greater love how can there be  
Than to yield up life for thee!  
Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh,  
Turn and live!—why will ye die?"

Broken-hearted, weep no more,  
Far from consolation flying:  
He who calls hath felt thy wound,  
Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing:  
"Bring thy broken heart to me,  
Welcome offering it shall be—  
Streaming tears and bursting sighs,  
Mine accepted sacrifice!"

### THE CLERGYMAN'S WIDOW.\*

The reflecting portion of the world sympathise heartily with the sorrows of the widow—and of the sorrows and varieties of trials connected with all the varied classes of widows, this pensive part of the public have a correct idea; but there is one class of widows whose peculiar kind of change, distress and desolation is but rarely touched upon by those who draw on the sympathies of mankind; and yet of all the tribes of mourners, who may say to those who pass by, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" the widows of the clergy are that most afflicted class; between them and other widows there are few shades of difference—there is a change—a change to all—but to them *most of all*.

The wife of the clergyman, like the clergyman himself, holds no fixed place among the various grades of society; if humble, she is not even versant among the aristocratic branches of society, if wise, she is more generally found among the middle classes—and useful, not unfrequently does she mix with those accounted poor, in the world's eyes—if gentle and prudent she walks among all acceptably, unflattered by the attentions of the noble, yet not ungrateful; and, visiting the poor, is yet uninjured by contact with the lowly. The pastor is still more free, and less affected by caste—to day the guest of nobles; tomorrow, on mountain and moor, the visiter of the mud-swept hut, he sits with the peasant and the peasant's children—travel, and the free wind of heaven have given relish to the humble food which is readily yet affectionately offered; and, if he partakes with the poor man of oaten cake or the more humble potato, a sacred blessing on his honored head goes from the host, and from that poor household, when the pastor returns homeward, not less a pastor, but less suited for the work of the ministry, nor yet mingling with the great—because, like his Heavenly Master, he loved the poor, and because the "ministered to him of their substance."

Blessed be God! hundreds of such pastors are and are increasing. How honored the wives of—they live in an atmosphere of blessedness—

from the Ulster Times, an Irish paper.

every day they hear the claims of the poor to the relief of which they are enabled by their influential position to be auxiliary—they hear the voice of grateful acknowledgment—their home is trodden by the feet of numerous wealthy and kindly parishioners;—they are familiar with every parochial movement, and are favored by the Christian friendship and intercourse of surrounding ministers—their children grow up amid the kindness and attention of many—should even a trifling ailment visit their home, the knock of affectionate inquiry is frequent—should any want be manifested, it is often eagerly yet delicately supplied. The pastor's wife is happy amidst all this din of usefulness, kindness, and comfort, and if her husband be faithful in the pulpit, and from house to house, and if her own heart responds to every Gospel promise, and rejoices in every prospect of souls won from death to life, then indeed are her "lines cast in pleasant places"—"Praise the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name?"

Thus full and overflowing is the cup of her happiness—it is even dangerous in its ingredients, for like every other prosperity, and akin to all of the machinery of devotedness, in the hazard of decreasing spirituality; be this as it may, the wife of the pastor, is happy, honored, and blessed among women: days dawn in usefulness and prayer, and close in gratitude and peace; the sweet incense of holy prayer floats in wide atmosphere, and penetrates from the parsonage to remote and most lowly of the habitations of the flock; in one blessed volume of adoration the hearts of all are made one; and what heart so happy, knowing its own gladness, as is the heart of the pastor's wife?

But suppose that the process of years had silently and fleetly rolled on—and that the desk and pulpit must know its transient possessor no more; suppose, "full of years and honors; the aged man of God," like a "ripe shock of corn," is to be gathered to his predecessors—and that she—the loved and faithful friend of his bosom—witness and softener of his trials—is to survive; or let us suppose a case not unfrequent—that in the midst of life's vigor and most energetic usefulness, the pastor is summoned to give an account of his stewardship—and the woman, still young, and expecting aught else than this, is suddenly bereaved; long—long does it appear but a dream, and tears seem unnecessary, the apparatus of death and the viduate array are but as a dream only; slowly and wearily the vision is invested with substantiality—and bitter truth demonstrates that it is simple, awful "matter of fact,"—the flock deserted—the house masterless—the kind and the true and the faithful departed; her joys clouded—her hopes withered—her babes orphans—and she a widow!

A few brief weeks and the glebe-house must be resigned—the sunny lawn where the children sported—the garden, with its endless pleasures—and the flowers which the children had planted, and on which the departed had smiled—each thing familiar is to be forsaken, and the world is all before her—her children partake of her bitterness; and in their fond memories, in after years, revert to the possession which for a season was theirs. Cowper, apostrophizing his beloved parent's picture, and full of the reminiscences of scenes "where early childhood strayed," writes thus:

"Where once we dwell our name is heard no more;  
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor  
'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we called the pastoral house our own;  
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced,  
A thousand other themes less dearly traced."

But at the moment when widowhood is new, and the sorrowing heart scarcely fit for deliberation, where are the widow and fatherless to turn? It is precious to think that a voice from heaven has proclaimed—"Leave thy fatherless children to me—I will preserve them alive; and thy widows, let them trust in me," and they that trust in Him are never disappointed. Still human heritage demands the adoption of some specific line of conduct; another home must be chosen, and other means of existence wrought out, and many a clergyman's widow has no home—no means.

The widow of a pastor who lived generously and affectionately towards the temporal and spiritual wants of men, is, indeed a desolate object—soon does the tide of sympathy ebb, and what remains is dried up in the revolving years that pass on until the once loved, honored, widely known, and greatly happy as the pastor's wife, becomes forgotten; other preachers have arisen more gifted—more adapted to rising exigencies; new plans have obliterated the old, new generations arise; by little and little the old stock drops off, and after many years the widow gazes on her husband's church, and wonders how strange all things have become, since many know not of olden glories and benefits, for they were but children then, others have ceased to remember them, and she is a *willow*.

The writer of this article at one time learned that he lived in the neighbourhood of one such as he now describes. Her husband had been one of eloquence and popularity in his day. Families, in baptizing their children, were wont to call them by the pastor's beloved name. His widow survived him some thirty years. At the time of the writer's visit she was not far distant from the "better land." She lived in a humble habitation, a prophet's chamber in its furniture, the Bible of ancient days on the table: that Bible, and an aged servant, all that had stood by her! and there she sat, day after day, "forgetting the world, by the world forgot;" her very existence forgotten, and it was happy work to kneel beside that widow indeed, and though not of her household of faith, yet loving her for her Master's sake, and for the sake of the work with which her husband was connected, to pour forth prayer on her behalf to the God of the widow. She appeared to be greatly comforted, and doubtless many hurried and vivid remembrances were busy in her lone mind. Not long after the newspapers announced the death of Mrs. —, wife of the Rev. —, and some who read expressed astonishment, and said "they thought she had been dead many years!"

The families of preachers are often the worst attended to, and while their flocks "have bread to spare," their own little ones may be hungry. They are also often engaged in plans so gigantic, in studies so profound, in labours so multifarious, that they are too apt to forget "what the end may be," the sickness and the sorrow, the mourning congregation, the eyes of many tears, the dismissal of chancel, and pulpit, and vestry, and committee: the platform trodden by other feet, the meeting hushed before other voices, the hearts occupied by other messengers of truth, and the shroud and coffin, the portion of their earthly tabernacle while wife and little ones, to use the language of the beautiful chaunt of Wolff, "sit alone and weep!"

### LINES WORKED ON A LITTLE GIRL'S FIRST SAMPLER.

Jesus, permit thy gracious name to stand  
As the first effort of an infant's hand;  
And as her fingers on the sampler move,  
Engage her tender heart to seek thy love;  
With thy dear children may she have a part,  
And write thy name thyself upon her heart.  
The Doctor.