

# **THE WIDOW'S OFFERING**

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The widow's offering by Mary Kay

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**MARY KAY**

**THE WIDOW'S  
OFFERING**



THE  
WIDOW'S OFFERING.

BY MRS. KAY.

NEW SERIES. ••

"The troubled heart loves the gentlest handling, and the troubled spirit is soothed with the simplest music."—*The Rev. John Angell James.*

"Sweet are the uses of adversity;  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

*As You Like It.*

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AND  
J. STANFIELD, WAKEFIELD.  
1850.

STANFIELD AND HEPWORTH, PRINTERS, WAKEFIELD.

DEDICATION

TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CARLISLE. &c.

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MY LORD,

It is with feelings of the deepest gratitude that I dedicate to you this the second series of the "WIDOW'S OFFERING;" and, in doing so, permit me to acknowledge that this is the third time I have been indebted to your Lordship's distinguished patronage and approval of my humble efforts.

Wishing most fervently that your Lordship may have more abundant enjoyment in the luxury of doing good, by lending your name and influence to every effort that can delight and instruct, as well as ameliorate the condition of all classes of your countrymen (in which your Lordship's exertions have made your character as illustrious as your race), I beg your Lordship to accept the assurances of the profound respect and gratitude with which I have the honour to be

Your Lordship's obedient

And humble Servant,

MARY KAY.





## ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

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IN ushering this volume of Poems to the world, and in returning her grateful thanks to the very distinguished and generous patrons of her little work, the Compiler cannot but feel that it is, perhaps, necessary that some explanation should be given of the peculiarly distressing circumstances under which they are published.

The Compiler was so painfully situated as to have been for some time dependent on other parties for support, who had it in their power to insult and oppress her: circumstances, *of a domestic character, marked with features of deep ingratitude*, have now deprived her of the little aid—the very small pittance—which has of late enabled her to encounter the difficulties of a widowed position. She has struggled for many years through adversity and unmerited wrong; and, after vainly striving to surmount the difficulties she has had to contend with, she at length conceived the idea of compiling a new series of a former work, copies of which went into the hands of 4,500 subscribers,—a number, which, in point of amount and respectability, she believes, was never obtained by any female in existence, and certainly unexampled in the history of literature. The profits on that occasion enabled her to finish the

education of four fatherless children: it far exceeded her expectations, crowned her most earnest wishes with success, and brought her out of the condition so graphically described by the Rev. John Angell James, in his work entitled "The Widow's God," where he says,

"In addition to the deep affliction of your being left a widow, you are left also in circumstances every way calculated to aggravate this already heavy cup of woe. To lose your husband is of itself a cup of sorrow, requiring nothing to fill it to overflowing and embitter it with wormwood—except to have a young dependent family, and no provision for their support or settlement in the world. Oh! for that woman to be plunged into all the anxieties of business—all the fear of destitution—who never knew a care or tasted of solicitude; for such an one, unused to labour, to have her own maintenance and that of her children to earn—to sit, day after day, amidst her little fatherless circle, and witness their unconscientiousness of their loss—to hear them ask why she weeps—to have her heart lacerated by questions about their father—to sit in silent solitary grief when their voices are all hushed at night, except the cry that issues from the cradle—to be followed to a sleepless pillow, and be kept waking through the live long night by recollections of departed joys, and fears of future want! Ah! my afflicted friend, I pity you! May God support and comfort you."

Such is the language of the Rev. J. Angell James—such has been the hard lot of the compiler of this work: but "The Widow's God" has encouraged her to confide in him. He saved her from despair, and likewise prevented her energies from being paralyzed, and abandoning *all* for lost. She did not sit down and say, "I know not how or whence help is to come. I am utterly at a loss to conceive how I shall be able to work my way or provide for those fatherless little ones." But God, "The Widow's God," encouraged her to confide in him: and He is omnipotent. She certainly

expected much from former friends, but was soon given to understand that she must not depend on *them*. But the hearts of all men are in the hands of the Lord, and he could and *did* turn some—aye, many—towards her in acts of kindness, to whom she ever shall feel grateful. She met with assistance by exerting herself in a way rather uncommon for a comparatively uneducated woman : she compiled “THE WIDOW’S OFFERING,” and canvassed for subscribers personally—a most laborious task. She certainly suffered much personal privation and underwent uncommon fatigue; but then she occasionally met with much to cheer and comfort her in her weary pilgrimage, for she frequently had great, *very* great, kindness shewn her, and many a consoling conversation amongst well-educated Christians and clergymen of all denominations, who encouraged her efforts. She has had the extreme gratification of seeing three of her children placed in respectable situations, whose capacities have been cultivated by education; but her fourth child—her pet, her Benjamin—it has pleased the Almighty to remove to “another and a better world.” She was a creature of the most amiable disposition, dutiful and affectionate, and had journeyed many hundred miles with her widowed mother, (cheering her as they went along), in quest of subscribers to her humble work. Now she is left alone—lonely; but still she will not despair, for the Almighty has brought her through many troubled waters, and will not forsake her.

As regards the taste of the Compiler in selecting the poems for this volume, it best becomes her to be silent.