

# THE COLONIAL CHURCHMAN.

"BUILT UPON THE FOUNDATION OF THE APOSTLES AND PROPHETS, JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER STONE. . . . . Eph. 2 c. 20 v.

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## For the Colonial Churchman.

Messrs. Editors,  
Among my stray papers I find the following lines which had written several years since. If you do not consider their imperfections should close the columns of your paper against their admission, you are at liberty to insert them.  
Faithfully yours,  
SIGMA.

### THE BIBLE.

Haste Book of God,  
And say to him whom woes appal,  
To kiss the rod:—  
Within the dungeon's dreary wall,  
On God with humble faith to call.

The Widow's Heart  
Haste thou to comfort, and make known,  
God's mercy great.  
Tell her though now her joy has flown,  
That God will leave her not alone.

The Orphan's tears  
Speed thou to dry, and quick remove  
His num'rous fears:—  
Bid him to seek for bliss above  
Where all is friendship, joy and love.

Amid the glare  
Of lightning, to the traveller say  
That God is near;  
That he will guide him on his way,  
And all his hopes of home repay.

Go then to those  
Whom sickness and disease annoy,  
Without repose;  
Point thou the way to realms of joy,  
Where sickness never comes nor griefs alloy

When storms arise,  
And fiercely rage, and tempests howl  
When courage flies:  
Say that there's One who can appease  
And send th' afflicted health and ease.

When thou dost find  
The sinner in his saddest mood  
With troubled mind  
Oh! tell him of his Saviour's blood,  
And feed his soul with heavenly food.

In death's dark hour,  
Oh! when that dreaded foe comes nigh,  
Thy comforts pour;—  
Bid then the soul on Him rely  
Who has robbed Death of Victory.

## PASTORAL CONVERSATIONS.

### FANATICISM.

A few days ago on a visit to a distant part of my parish I called at the house of Mr. N. a respected parishioner. After some common place remarks, he asked me:—  
"Parson, have you heard anything of the reforming that is going on in this neighbourhood?"  
"I replied. 'I understood that some Preachers were trying to get up a revival.'  
"At the same time as they have had of it, I am sure I never saw any thing of it, what have they been doing?"  
"I replied. 'I can scarcely tell you. I don't believe they know themselves what they have been doing.'  
"You heard any particulars?" I asked.  
"He replied. 'There was so much said about the reforms they were doing, that I could not rest satisfied till I got to the bottom of it. So one evening I went out to see for myself.'

'Indeed: then you can tell me all about it. But let me hope that you are not turning reformer yourself.'

'Oh: No, Sir. Never fear for me. I trust I have sense enough to keep me from that.'

'I trust so too. But were you pleased with what you saw and heard at meeting?'

'Not at all. The more I see of such foolish goings on, the more I learn to prize the beautiful prayers of our own church, as well as the decency and propriety, with which she directs her children to worship God.'

'I am glad to hear you say so. What was the nature of the exercises in which you found the reformers engaged?'

'I'll tell you all about it. Some time ago we heard that there was a great stir in the next township; that they were keeping it up at a great rate,—meeting every night regularly at each other's houses,—and praying and expounding the Scriptures. We heard too that a young preacher,—a real workman they do say—was the first origin of the whole affair, and that he went for a whole fortnight without once taking off his clothes. He merely laid down after meeting,—took a short nap with his clothes on,—and then was off before day-light to renew his work in the neighbourhood.'

'He must be in earnest, at all events!' I remarked.

'You may well say that Sir. Well hearing all these reports, and understanding that a meeting was to take place at a neighbour's, two miles from here, I thought I should just harness the mare, and go and see for myself. When I went in I found as much as two or three dozen people there, all looking very silent and serious. After some time the preacher performed a short service consisting of extemporaneous prayer and expounding. He talked about, "brands from the furnace," told us,—that we were all going the wrong way to heaven;—we must come out from among the unclean and be separate;—meaning I suppose that we all should leave our own church or persuasion and join them. He was very much excited,—spoke very loud and very fast, often pausing to groan; and said a great deal about the pouring out of the Spirit, the watering of the vineyard, together with a vast variety of matter which I honestly confess I could not comprehend.'

'And what effect had all this upon the congregation?'

'I was just going to tell you. While the Preacher prayed and expounded many of them seemed very much affected: they wept, and sobbed, and groaned alternately, until, as it appeared to me, they were on the eve of going into convulsions. After the preacher was done, they sung an hymn, so long and loud that I was stunned. He then called upon those present to exercise the gifts of the Spirit. Some interval of profound silence followed this request. At length a next door neighbour of mine a woman of good understanding in the affairs of the world, and moreover a person of some piety, rose up and began to pray. She appeared at first to be rather timid—hesitated a good deal, and her voice trembled very much, I suppose, from agitation. But as she went on she spoke more fluently, her voice grew firmer and louder. She appeared to labour under great excitement, stopped occasionally to shed tears, and sobbed in a way that made me feel sorry for the poor woman.'

'It certainly is a matter of regret to see people acting so foolishly.'

'All this time the rest of the congregation or company were on their knees and faces. Some of them were so affected that they actually rolled about on the floor. It had a very curious effect upon me. I could scarcely believe my senses when I saw persons, whom I know to be of sound mind and judgment, acting as if they had taken

leave of their senses. After Mrs. H. was done a young man was prevailed on by the preacher to try his gift. He did so: and such language I never heard. It was quite blasphemous. He prayed that 'God might appear personally among them;' and uttered other things equally unmeaning and improper: so much so that I resolved to go home as soon as possible. A few more exhibited in the same way, and shocked me very much.'

'I suppose in that case,' I remarked; 'you will not go near them again soon.'

'That you may depend on, Sir. The Preacher, after the congregation had displayed their gifts, got an empty seat put across the room; and he called it the *anxious seat*. He then prayed that twenty might be converted: and seeing that nobody made a movement towards the seat he lowered his estimate, and besought that ten might be stirred up. He continued to press this number with great earnestness and vociferation,—referring to the conversation between Abraham and the angel about the destruction of Sodom and Gormorrah. Presently one moved towards the seat,—then another, and another, until there were nine of them. But they did not seem to get beyond this number. The preacher redoubled his earnestness and his energy. At last a black, whom I used to hire occasionally, and who stood apart in the passage during the previous proceedings of the evening stepped forward, and offered himself to make the tenth convert. He was accepted with apparent joy, and placed on the seat. Poor Joe! I hope they'll improve him. The whole then joined in a rapturous thanksgiving because *ten were saved*. I then left them and came home.—Now Parson, what do you think of that?'

'What I think of it Mr. N. is of little or no consequence: for I do not believe that my opinion would be of any weight with those, whose meeting you have attended. But my opinion is not on that account the less decided, respecting fanaticism.'

'Will you have the goodness to state it, Sir; and I will be obliged to you'

'It is simply this. Fanaticism is opposed to the growth of true religious feeling. Religion is known to address itself to the heart through the reason and understanding. When these are its foundation in the affections, it will operate through the influence of Divine grace in every part of one's conduct and conversation. But when reason is left out of the question, and the matter left altogether to the imagination, it is no longer a religious feeling that is produced; but a sensation of enthusiasm bordering upon madness, that will vanish like a dream. I would therefore wish all my hearers to avoid such meetings as you described.'

Messrs. Editors,  
In an admirable little book I read with much pleasure the following extract. It affords a pleasing illustration of a difficult passage in scripture, and with considerable humour inculcates the too much neglected duty of reading and meditating on the word of God. You will oblige me, and perhaps improve your readers by inserting it in your next paper.

C.

"Among the people who were converted to the christian faith during the sixth century were two tribes or nations called the Lazi and the Zani. Methinks it had been better if they had been left unconverted; for they have multiplied prodigiously among us, so that between the lazy christians and the zani christians, christianity has grievously suffered. It was one of the Zani tribe who was once heard explaining to a congregation what was meant by