

THE HARBINGER,

CONDUCTED BY A COMMITTEE OF GENTLEMEN.

In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.—*St. Paul.*

VOL. I.

MARCH 15, 1842.

No. 3.

CONTENTS.—Lower Canada—Missionary Tour—Communications—To Correspondents—High-Churchism—Wesleyan Missionary Society—Temperance Society—Education—Mental Self-Culture—Universalism—Forms of Error—Mutual Teaching—The Elixir of Life—France—Christian Missions—Missionary Intelligence—South Seas—Festival of Juggernaut—God waiteth to be gracious—The Spirit of enterprise—Poetry, Valiant for the Truth—Loss in Delays.

LOWER CANADA.

Extracts from the Journal of a recent Missionary Tour :—

Feb. 7, 1842.—On my way to Petit Brulé, passed the newly erected Protestant Episcopal Church on Isle Jésus. It stands about half a mile from the Roman Catholic Parish Church, being, I believe, the only Protestant place of worship on the Island. It is designed for the scattered British population who reside within some 8 or 10 miles from it on either side. The neatness of the structure, and of the little plot fenced in and ornamented with trees, does much credit to the taste of the congregation. Over one blemish I mourned. They have so far bowed to the spirit of Rome, or of Puseyism her daughter, as to erect a wooden cross on the roof. This is an obvious violation of taste marring the otherwise harmonious character of the building, and it is very sad in its aspect towards the large mass of ignorant Roman Catholicism that surrounds it.

St. Eustache, a scene of slaughter and of all the horrors of civil war during our unnatural rebellion, was once amongst the largest and loveliest of our French villages. Standing on the elevated bank of that branch of the Ottawa which separates Isle Jésus from the main-land,—having a somewhat rapid stream from the interior rushing down behind it,—and possessing not only a handsome Church but also a more than ordinary number of good dwellings, with trees tastefully planted in some of the streets and plots, it presented an aspect of gracefulness and prosperity. But alas! it was sadly scathed, and blackened, and ruined by fire and sword. I perceive however, that some renovation is in progress. The Church, that stood an utter ruin, has been during last year rebuilt, though in a very plain manner, and a few houses also have been rebuilt; yet is there no symptom that St. Eustache will Phoenix like rise from her ashes as strong and fair as heretofore.

As the sun was setting, I drove up to Mr. Clare's hospitable home at Petit Brulé. Mr. and Mrs. Clare were members for twenty years of the Church at the Poultry, London, under the care of the Revd. John Clayton, Junr. Ten years have elapsed since they left the Father Land for Canada, during some nine of which they have resided in their present locality. It is highly gratifying to find that, unlike very many, they have lost none of their interest in divine things. Indeed they are very much alive to the progress of religion in the neighbourhood. There are some 25 families, containing about 160 souls, living scattered amongst the French population within a few miles of this centre. A portion of them have it in contemplation to erect a place of worship of suitable dimensions, in which they can hold a Sunday School, and where they can meet for divine worship. As they are distant from St. Andrews only 18 miles, and as there is a Congregational Church there requiring the pastoral services of one of our brethren once a fortnight, Petit Brulé may be very advantageously connected with it. We much need a labourer on the ground now, for there happily seems a very great seriousness amongst some of the people. At a very short notice, I had a good assembly to hear the word of life. They were very attentive and deeply serious. It appears to me manifest that the labours of the French Canadian Missionary Society have indirectly exerted an important influence on the British population. There is an awakening to the well-being of the soul amongst not a few who have been comparatively unconcerned. Let our prayer be "Lord revive thy work."

Feb. 8.—There is nothing very interesting in the drive towards St. Andrews. The country is occupied chiefly by Canadians, and the roads, which are lined on either side with little houses, though denominated "Cotes," are almost a dead level. Within about five miles of St. Andrews there is more variety. The French