

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

VI.—NO 15.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK

FRIDAY APRIL 15, 1859

WHOLE NO. 276

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

Evangelical Family Newspaper,

NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Published every Friday Morning,

at No. 26 German Street, St. John, N.B.

TERMS,

Three Shillings and Six Pence

A YEAR—IN ADVANCE.

Advertisements received for one-third of a year.

Communications and Business Letters may be

directed to either of the Editors.

Advertisements should be particular to give

care to the Office, with the County and

Province, of Subscribers and others for

whom they may be sent, to the Editors.

Take notice, it is not the Parish or Town

where they reside, but the NAME of the

where they wish to receive their pa-

pers, that we want.

Four Bank Clerks, or the down-

ward course of sin.

In the winter of 1854 and 1855 a party of four

men, all bank clerks, engaged to meet

at the residence of each, in the city of

St. John, and pass the long winter evenings in

each other's company. Their reunions were of the most

character, no betting being allowed, and

after evening passed rapidly away. They

did not break up at ten o'clock and retired to

respective homes, satisfied with themselves

for having enjoyed themselves. The party con-

sisted of four men, all bank clerks, and

of St. John, late teller of the Atlan-

tic Bank, a book-keeper in another

bank, a clerk in a bank in Wall Street,

and a writer. They were young men on whom

all eyes were turned, and who were

of reproof had ever fallen from a fault-

world. The meetings at the house of

each were particularly pleasant, for there home

comforts were mingled with the plea-

sure of the game, and each enjoyed the

pleasure of a fond loving wife, in whose hap-

py whole being seemed enwrapped. Of-

ten the quotation applied to them:—

"We souls with but a single thought—

whereas that beat as one."

After passing away, and spring came. The

winter, on account of the shortened even-

ings, up to give way to summer amuse-

ment. The next fall an effort was made to re-

new them, but from some cause it failed, and

they passed without any meetings. On

the eve of 1855 there was a turkey raffle

held to come off at a house in a marble

on Court Street. This house was the resi-

dence of a man who had once been a tailor, but

who had risen from that estate, and at the time

of the raffle he kept an oyster saloon and

the portion of Brooklyn where he

lived there were but few, if any, of these

young men of the city, who had no better

in which to pass their time. There were

on the second story—an one the bar,

and the other was the one in which the raffle was

held. In this room, on Christmas eve,

the party of the former winter, together

from the neighborhood, met, and the

chances commenced. The turkeys were

of ten o'clock, and supper followed at

the house of the proprietor. After this one

of the party commenced playing dice

and soon after the whole party joined in

the game. There were four bank clerks

present; there sat a dentist, a doctor of

medicine, a dealer in hardware, a lumber mer-

chant, a stable keeper, a merchant from

York, and others, around a large table.

They alternately for the pool, and betting

he was soon in possession of quite a superflu-

ity of funds. His trade paid him better than his

profession. The hardware man was very lucky

at dice, and one evening he found himself in pos-

session of a diamond pin and ring, together with

considerable cash—that which he had not when

he entered the rooms. The bank clerks were

generally the losers, and it was astonishing

what large salaries they must have received. A

hundred dollars or so lost and won at one sitting

was not thought of by these exemplary young

men; and it was very amusing to the rest of the

party to hear the manner in which they account-

ed for the possession of such large amounts. One

of them had received a legacy from a deceased

aunt; another had drawn a prize in the Dela-

ware lottery; while a third amused the company

one night by informing them as to the luck he

had had that day "beating the tiger"—all of

which stories the party believed, as a matter of

course; for they were gentlemen, every one of

them, and would not play with a man who would

steal. "They only played for amusement," was

the oft repeated assertion, which all collectively

unfathomably believed, but individually, in their

own minds, they did not believe.

Such a state of affairs could not last long, and

one evening one of the party—a New York bank

clerk—was not at his accustomed post. It was

a matter of surprise to all, for during the past

month he had never missed an evening; and

having lost enormous sums of money, (the whole of

his aunt's legacy and much more,) every one

thought that he would certainly endeavor to re-

deem himself; but hour after hour passed away,

and still he came not. The games flagged, and

a gloom seemed to settle over the spirits of the

company, while the spirits at the bar were in

active demand. "Wonder what could have be-

come of Charles," murmured the dentist, raking

in a few quarters and puffing vigorously at his

segar. "I won of him last night, and he demand-

ed satisfaction, which I promised to give him,"

various were the conjectures offered, and though

all in their minds knew the truth, they dared

not speak it. At length a loud rap was heard at

the lower door, and after the money disappeared

into the pockets of the respective owners, the

proprietor went down stairs to open it, while the

party were immediately engaged in reading the

Sunday papers, and no vestige of card playing

could be seen in the room. The proprietor re-

turned, and with him a policeman and one of

the clerks in the bank where Charles was em-

ployed. The company looked up in apparent

wonder at the intruders.

"Have any of you seen Charles —, this

evening," inquired the policeman.

No one had seen him since the night previous,

and all inquired the reason of the strange pro-

ceeding. When told that he was a defaulter for

over three thousand dollars, and had not been to

the bank that day, they gazed at each other in

blank amazement with guilt stamped upon their

countenances. The policeman soon left, and the

party, after endeavoring to ease their consciences

with expressions that had they known it,

they would never have played with him, that

they supposed it was all right, &c., retired to

their respective homes. Field in particular

seemed to feel the disgrace which had been

brought upon a promising young man and his

friends by the cursed habit, which he found was

gaining a strong hold upon himself; and the

writer, in conversation with him then, heard him

resolve that he would never play for money

again. How much misery he might have saved

himself and friends and family had he kept that

resolve; and no doubt had he turned from the

of Sing Sing State prison, the third is Oscar

Field, the fourth is the writer; and as the lat-

ter casts a glance over the past, a shudder

creeps through his frame as he thinks over the

fate of his companions, and thanks a merciful

God that saved him from the abyss into which

he had almost plunged himself.

There were other bank clerks among the party

and ere long their defalcations, must come to

light, for they have been possessed of sums

which they could not have come by honestly.—

N. Y. Herald.

Revival Incident.

The following interesting narrative of the

power of grace is given in connection with the

great revival in the United States.

The meeting was drawing near the close,

when a young looking man arose, and asked for

a moment the attention of the meeting. He

said that he had lately come from California to

Washington City, on political business. After

a stay of some time in Washington, he was

walking along the streets one night, in company

with his little son, a lad fourteen years old, when

his attention was arrested by the singing of a

hymn to a tune with which he was familiar in

his boyhood. The words were these—

"A charge to keep I have;

A God to glorify;

A never-dying soul to save,

And fit it for the sky."

The singing was in a private house; a lady was

just passing in; I said to her—

"What is going on here?"

"It is a neighbourhood prayer meeting," she

replied.

"What sort of people are met here?" I asked.

"They are Methodists."

"Can any one go to who desires to?"

"Yes," she answered, and invited me in.

I went into that meeting in a state of hard-

ened wickedness. I was steeped in every crime,

save the breach of the seventh commandment

and the shedding of innocent blood. I had not

the fear of God, man, or the devil, before my

eyes. I was as stupid as a stone, and bent only

upon my own advancement. I was a man of

unbounded ambition. There, I was arrested in

the street, and led into that little prayer meet-

ing, in a most unexpected manner. I had not been

in a place of worship for years.

I had a praying father, now dead, and a pray-

ing mother still living. I had a praying wife,

who died a most triumphant death, four years

ago. I have lost seven children, and have no

thing left to me of a once happy family, but this

little boy who sits here beside me. The meeting

was crowded, being led by a Methodist clergy-

man. I was interested from the very first, and

as the meeting proceeded, I was deeply impres-

sioned. The prayers and remarks sank down into

my heart.

I went away from the meeting in an agony of

mind. I wanted to know what to do, and felt

that I had got something to do—and yet, what to

do, I knew not. I did not know how to take the

first step. I resolved, however, not to go back

to my boarding house. I dared not go back. I

was surrounded there by men who drank to ex-

cess—gamblers, liars, office seekers, and a horde

of evil men. I knew if my soul was ever saved,

I must not go there. And I have never stepped

foot in that house to this day.

The next day, which was Saturday,—two

weeks ago last Saturday—I called at the house

where the prayer meeting was held, and enquir-

ed the name of the minister who held it, and his

residence. I went to see him. He tried to dis-

suade me, counsel me, encourage me, and comfort

my meeting, and made known my case, and

requested them to pray for me. I made myself

known to the Young Men's Christian Associa-

tion. I went to some of the brethren's prayer

meetings, and wherever I went, I besought them

to pray for me.

One night, at the prayer meeting at the Dil-

igent Engine house, I believe God for Christ's

sake pardoned my sins. The load of sin was

removed. The burden was gone. I felt as if I

had got back to my father's house. Like Bun-

yan's Pilgrim, I had fled from Washington as

for my life. I left all my old associates, and

having been often pointed by many ministers

and others to the cross of Christ, I was at last

able to get a sight of it. My prayer was "what

shall I do to be saved?"—my prayer now is

"Lord! what wilt thou have me to do?" I give

myself, soul and body, for time and eternity, to

the Lord Jesus, and now I want to know what I

am to do?

As soon as he had taken his seat, up sprang

another man. The chairman was about pres-

siding the meeting to a close, but he gave way for

a moment. "I am a Californian," said he, "and

want to be heard a moment."

He was from Baltimore. He described in few

words his own conversion within a short time

past. He had been snatched from the lowest

depths of iniquity. If his brother Californian

had been a very wicked man, so had he. He

had been snatched as a brand from the devour-

ing fire.

These Californians met in the hall and grasp-

ed each other's hands. They looked in each

other's faces with glad surprise—confident with

a sort of dim impression, of having seen each

other before. "I met you in a drinking saloon,"

said one to the other, "in Sacramento and there

drank with you; and never met you but that one

time. And now for the second time, we meet

in this sacred place, the place of prayer."

The last speaker in the meeting sought out the

missionary, and speaking to him privately said:

"What are the circumstances of my brother Cal-

ifornian?"

"Straitened, I judge," answered the mission-

ary.

"Then, here, take this 'eagle,' and relieve

him, as far as