

# The Religious Intelligencer.

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Rev. E. McLeod, {

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

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## Religious Selections.

### The Soldier Trusting in Christ.

There lived in England, at the commencement of this century, a poor widow, whose only son was notoriously wicked, and regardless of his mother's instructions, warnings, prayers, and tears. She was a Christian mother, and labored hard to keep her son from temptation. But under the influence of wicked companions, he broke away from her control, and while yet a mere boy became ungovernable and vicious.

Sabbath schools had just been started in England, and many children of the poor were gathered into them. They had reached the County of Kent, where this poor widow resided, and through the influence of the clergyman of the place her son James was induced to attend. But it needed more than simple attendance upon the Sabbath school to tame a nature so wild and ungovernable as that of James. He was inattentive and disorderly, disturbing the quiet of the school, and leading his class into every thing evil. His pastor admonished him, and bore long time with his waywardness, through pity to his anxious, widowed mother. There was no reform. James grew more and more vicious, made no progress in the study of the Bible, but interrupted the order of the class. Eighteen months passed away, the mother and the pastor hoping that the tide of evil would soon ebb. But Satan still held the boy in his grasp. The truth found no lodgment in his mind, made no impression upon his heart. His waywardness could be borne no longer; and with a heavy heart, and to the great grief of his mother, the pastor dismissed him from the school.

Shortly after, the war broke out between England and America. Recruits were called for to make up a regiment that was ordered to this country, and James enlisted. His mother's wretchedness was now complete. Her hopes of his reform, through the influence of the Sabbath school, were dashed to the ground. Her son was gone beyond her reach, and exposed to all the temptations that cluster about the life of a soldier. One resort, however, was left. She could follow him with her prayers.

Some time after, she called upon her pastor to beg a Bible, saying, "Another regiment is going to America, and I want to send a Bible to my poor boy. And oh, sir, who knows what it may do for him?"

Before that regiment left, she died; but on her dying bed she commissioned a pious soldier to take this, her parting token of affection, to her absent son. On the arrival of the soldier he inquired after James, and found him the very ring-leader of the regiment in every description of vice.

"James," said he, "your mother has sent you her last gift."

"Ah," he replied, in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

"No," said his friend, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver," (presenting him the Bible); "and, James, it was her dying request that you would read at least one verse every day. And can you refuse the dying charge?"

"Well," said he, "it is not too much to ask," (opening the Bible); "so here goes."

He opened at the words of Jesus, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

"Well said," he said, "this is very strange! I have opened to the only verse I could ever learn in the Sunday school. I never could, for the life of me, commit another. Strange! But who is this 'me' that is mentioned in the verse?"

"Why, do you not know?" exclaimed the pious soldier. He replied that he did not. Though he had been for several months in the Sunday school, his mind was so indifferent that he had not received the first idea respecting God's love for sinners, and Christ's death on the cross. But now his attention is arrested. The thought of his mother, of her kindness, her love her entreaties and prayers, softens his heart. And, in an instant, a sense of his waywardness, and of the degradation to which his sins have reduced him, flashes across his mind, and he inquires with interest—

"Who is this 'me,' that invites the heavy laden to come to Him for rest?"

His friend told him it was Jesus; it was One who came down from heaven to save him from his sins, and from hell. He related the story of sufferings, and his death, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3: 16.) He led him to the house of the chaplain, who also instructed him respecting the way of salvation, and prayed with him. His heart was penitent. He confessed his sins to his friends, and to God. He laid hold of the promise of Jesus, which he had learned in the Sabbath school, and Jesus gave him rest.

From that time he was a new creature in Christ. Old things had passed away, and behold all things had become new. (2 Cor. 5: 17.) His heart being renewed by the Holy Spirit, he began at once to live a new life. He became as noted throughout the regiment for his piety as he had been for wickedness. He strove to lead those who had been his companions in sin into the path of life.

Not long after this his regiment was called in-

to battle, at the close of which no one came forward to answer to the name of James. His friend, learning that he had fallen, sought him among the slain. And there, under a broad-spreading oak tree, he found his lifeless remains. He had received a mortal wound, had crawled into the shade, and spent his last moments reading his Bible. His head was reclining upon that precious gift of his mother; and when his friend had removed the book, he found it open at the invitation and promise of Jesus, that first arrested his attention, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

James had gone to be with his Saviour. More than fifty pages of his Bible were stained with his blood; but the pious soldier preserved it, and returned it to his friends in England. The mother's prayers were answered. The seed sown in the Sunday school had sprung up, ripened rapidly, and been gathered into the garner. Mother and son are doubtless together now in heaven.

Reader, before you also the door of heaven has been opened wide. Jesus beckons you to enter in. He has died on the cross for you, "that God may be just, and the justifier of him who believeth." (Rom. 3: 26.) To him confess your sins. To him look in faith for salvation, and "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. 1: 18.) "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but those who confess and forsake them shall have mercy." (Prov. 28: 13.) Hear the words of this dying Saviour himself. Oh, how tender, how full of love!

"In the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." (John 7: 37.) "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth, say, Come. And let him that thirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. 22: 17.)

—American Tract Society.

### A Word for Missions.

The missionary enterprise is the noblest work which the human mind can conceive, or to which human energy can apply itself. We do it in the name of Jesus, and we do it in the name of the Father. It is a grand general characteristic; when we consider it as the sending of a few agents to the Cherokees, to the Ojibwas; to the Sandwich, or to the New Zealand Isles; to Labrador, or to China, rather than as one great cause, whose author is God, and whose object is a world's salvation; for a moment, then, let us put out of view the minor details of this work, and look at some of its more striking features as a whole.

Look at the conflict, which, in this enterprise, is waged between two mighty opposing principles.

In the conflict of all great opposing principles there is something strikingly grand and impressive. The moment we raise above what is little and confined, and begin to look abroad with enlarged and enlightened views, we find the world full of these conflicts. That waged in the civil state of the human race, between the principles of liberty and those of oppression, is one in point. It is a conflict which has raged long and agitated deeply. It has made the social state a vast ocean, and vexed it with awful storms. The waves of that ocean have run centuries long and mountains high, and they have tossed mankind to and fro between the distant extremities of anarchy on the one hand and of despotism on the other. To an eye capable of looking over and taking in this agitated expanse, there is something wonderfully great in its power to move, impress and dilate the mind. To see nations and their institutions tossed like seaweeds on the billow deep, and to realize that the wave which heaves and scatters them is the dark, foreboding swell of human passion, wrought up into might by the opposing spirit of freedom and of tyranny, is to look upon that, the moral grandeur of which we can but feebly comprehend.

And yet, what is this, when compared with the conflict waged in the missionary enterprise? In this conflict, the principles opposed are those of divine truth and those of human error. It is spiritual light urging its onset upon moral darkness. It is holiness moving up to the mortal struggle with sin. This conflict enlists heaven and earth. It has raged ever since the fall. It has shaken the world till its old pillars trembled. It has filled time with marvels, and it will make the last hour in eternity listen to its report. It is a conflict in which we see, on the one hand, God, and truth, and light; redeeming love, the Church of Christ, everything good and happy, bearing down, on the other, upon sin, and error, and darkness, upon the hostilities of a world lying in wickedness, upon everything malignant and miserable. This is the very soul of the enterprise; and the missionary work is nothing but the movement of this soul in action. It is a movement in which are all the elements of sublimity, and we cannot look upon it with a spiritually enlightened eye, without feeling that we have been stretching ourselves up towards the measure of all that is great and good.

Again, look at the nature of the missionary enterprise. It is a remoulding and a remodelling of all moral things on earth. This world is the empire of sin. Sin is "the god of this world." He has laid the foundations of his dominion deep and broad. He has entrenched himself in all the habits, customs and prejudices—in all the institutions of learning, government and religion, of an idolatrous race. And thus, fortified, he has ruled for ages amidst the dark horrors of heathenism, from North to South, from the rising to the setting sun.

Now, all this system of feelings, usages and institutions, as spread over the earth, in its varying forms, the missionary enterprise seeks to remould, to recast. It seeks, first, to uproot, overturn and demolish the whole kingdom of evil; to take down its entire fabric from its top-stone to its lowest foundation; to sweep the earth clear, and leave not on its wide field a trace of the present order of things in the unevangelized world. Next, and meanwhile, it seeks to let down and lay deep, and broad, and immovable the foundations, and to rear high and beautiful and eternal the superstructure, of the kingdom of righteousness and peace. Its object is to "bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," and to fill all the habits, customs and manners, all the learning, governments and religion of our race, with the spirit of Christ. —(Rev. John Stone, D.D.)

### Why Art Thou Cast Down?

YEA, Christian, wherefore? Does not each promise still stand up, an unscathed pillar, upon the summit of which shines the pure, soft light of heaven? Are not God's strong-winged angels still all-seeing, all-ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation? Does not Jesus still live, and does he not bear your name upon heart as he maketh intercession? Is he your sympathizing Friend? And does not God reign? Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Is there not a home of sweet, sinless rest, where the battling soldiers of the cross shall by-and-by be crowned? Then, why cast down? Right shall yet triumph. Dry up your tears. Look up—up! God reigns. There is enough in these two words for faith to fasten upon to give a present and permanent victory. Cheer up, and honour God by trusting in him. "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King."

"Live on the field of battle,  
Be earnest in the fight;  
Stand forth with manly courage,  
And struggle for the right."

### "Went Aside into a Desert Place."

We are told that when the apostles returned from their first ministerial work, our Lord "took them and went aside privately into a desert place." We cannot doubt that this was done with a deep meaning. It was meant to teach the great lesson, that those who do public work for the souls of others; must be careful to make time for being alone with God.

The lesson is one which many Christians would do well to remember. Occasional retirement, self-inquiry, meditation, and secret communion with God, are absolutely essential to spiritual health. That man who neglects them is in great danger of a fall. To be always preaching, teaching, speaking, writing, and working public works, is unquestionable sign of zeal. But it is not always a sign of zeal according to knowledge. It often leads to untoward consequences. We must take time occasionally for sitting down and calmly looking within, and examining how matters stand between our own selves and Christ. The omission of the practice is the true cause of many a backsliding which shocks the Church and gives occasion to the world to blaspheme. Many could say with sorrow, in the words of the Canticles, "They made me keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard I have not kept." Cant. i. 6.

REV. J. C. RYLE.

### Sir S. Morton Peto, Bart., M. P.

Every reader of English newspapers is familiar with the name at the head of this article. Mr. Peto, of the firm of Peto, Jackson, Brassey & Co., contractors for building the North American & European Railroad, is a self-made man, whose diligence and integrity have given him great success. His liberality to religious objects are almost without parallel. The subjoined sketch of Mr. Peto's career we copy from a late number of the Christian Cabinet:—

It would be difficult to point to a living man who more forcibly illustrated that Scriptural precept, "Diligent in business, fervent in serving the Lord." than does Sir S. Morton Peto. His extensive railway and other works, both at home, on the Continent, and in Canada, and his Parliamentary duties, appear never to have diverted his thoughts from projects for the diffusion of the Gospel, or so to have absorbed his time as to leave him none for personal effort in the cause of Christ. Very successful in his undertakings as a contractor of great public works, he has felt it to be his duty to expend many thousands sterling of his income in the erection of places of worship in England, chiefly for his own denomination, the Baptists, and for the support of missionary operations in foreign lands. He built Bloomsbury Baptist Chapel at his special cost, for the Rev. William Brock, at which place Sir Morton usually attends, with his family; and when half the amount expended was repaid him,

he laid it out again upon the Diorama Chapel, Regent's-park, for the Rev. W. Landels; and there are very few chapels erected of late years in connexion with the Baptist body, without his assistance. To prove that catholicity of spirit may be combined with the most decided opinions, he has contributed liberally to the building of several Episcopal churches; and, as a landed proprietor, is the patron, we believe, of two livings. So that it must have been quite congenial to his own feelings to hear, when he presided at the foundation-stone-laying ceremony of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, that a Churchman of Bristol had contributed. He has also munificently aided the efforts that have been made to improve and diffuse day-school education for the special benefit of the poor part of the population, and was one of the originators of the Special Services for the Working Classes in the metropolis, that have now become so extremely popular, and, in a high degree, useful. His own religious life was first cultivated at home in the Sunday-school and to this institution he is devotedly attached. But his most manifest acts of pecuniary generosity have been displayed in connexion with the cause of missions to the heathen. Under his treasurership the Baptist Missionary Society has greatly revived in strength and resources. It was heavily in debt, and, heading a princely contribution to a proposal to pay it off, he soon got the work done. He also suggested the sending of two competent and trusted men to India, to visit all the mission stations of the society there, with a view to the greater efficiency of the mission, and paid the larger portion of the expenses of the deputation, which was so successful, that one of the members of it, with a new ministerial friend, started, early in the year 1860, on a similar errand to the West Indies at the same charges.

Sir Samuel Morton Peto was born in the year 1803, and has consequently numbered his three score years. He does not look so old. For a gentleman who has taken so active a part in public affairs, who has been engaged in so many large undertakings, some of which partake somewhat of speculations, we can only attribute the continued health and general cheerful bearing of the excellent baronet to his Christian principles. When we see three such noble men of genius as Brunel, Stephenson, and Locke, sink under the weight of increasing public responsibilities in the course of a few months, we are obliged the more readily to acknowledge the difference grace has made in favour of the engineer who seeks help and guidance from above in all his undertakings. In his early public career, Mr. Peto was associated with the eminent T. de la Garde Grissell, Esq., to whose daughter he was married in the year 1831. The firm of Grissell and Peto undertook and executed some of the largest railway contracts. The first Mrs. Peto survived only a few years. In the year 1843, Mr. Peto married for his second wife Sarah Ainsworth, daughter of H. Kelsall, Esq., of Rochdale. In 1847, Mr. Peto was elected Member of Parliament for Norwich, which constituency he represented till 1854. He resigned his seat in the house on account of his contracts arising out of the war with Russia, as we shall mention hereafter. The country residence of Sir Morton, called Somerton-hall, is a palace which many kings might covet. The town of Lowestoft has been immensely improved by the residence of that gentleman in that locality. Some years ago, he made a proposal to the municipal authorities of Great Yarmouth for the extended improvements of that town, but the authorities rejected the offer, and Mr. Peto, plain Mr. Peto, as he then was, turned his attention to the port of Lowestoft, and, in consequence, the importance of that town has been raised, a good and safe harbour has been made, and the population doubled. Sir Morton is not only a Dissenter, but a reformer. When in town he resides at Kensington Palace Gardens.

Everybody has a good word for Sir Morton, who is regarded by all who know him as a man who carries his principles and his Christianity into all the affairs of life, seeking to do as he would be done by, ever remembering that the day is coming when the deeds of the body will have to be accounted for before the Searcher of hearts, who will render to every man according to his works. During the time he represented the City of Norwich in the House of Commons, he came to be highly respected there by all parties and on one occasion he was honoured by a request from the Ministers of the Crown to second the reply of the house to the Queen's speech, which he did with much dignity, and to the entire satisfaction of the Liberal section of statesmen to which he attached himself. Soon after the breaking out of the war with Russia, when the allied armies were before Sebastopol, and in a hopeless state of mud, he proposed to the Government to construct a railway from Bala-klava harbour to the camp. The proposal was accepted, and the work was soon done, and their can be no doubt that to existence of the line saved hundreds, if not thousands, of human lives. As the rule is that Government contractors must not sit in Parliament, he resigned his seat, although it was urged upon him that he need not do so, seeing that he had stipulated to make no profit at all out of the work. Subsequently, to mark their sense of the generosity of this conduct, Lord Palmerston and his colleagues caused a panegyric to be given him, and hence the prefix Sir—well desired—which so admirably befits the name of Samuel Morton Peto. He made no effort to regain his place in Parliament

till 1859, when he was returned by some twelve hundred votes above his opponent, by the members of the metropolitan borough of Finsbury. Besides laying the foundation-stone of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, no ordinary distinction, Sir Morton also presided at one of the opening services, April 2nd, at meeting of the Baptist brethren. Indeed, the honourable gentleman is constantly engaged in some good work, and always renders such services cheerfully, and with good grace.

### Shall I not Drink It?

Musing of all my Father's love,  
(How sweet it is!)  
Methought I heard a gentle voice—  
"Child here's a cup:  
"I've mixed it; drink it up."  
My heart did sink; I could no more rejoice.  
"O Father, dost thou love thy child?  
Then why this cup?"  
But he replied, "This cup is mine,  
And all that's in it comes from me."  
"Father, I'm still;  
Forgive my naughty will.  
But what's the cup? May I look in and see?"  
"You see, my child! I must not see!  
Christ only saw  
His destined cup of bitter gall.  
No, child believe;  
Meekly the cup receive;  
And know that Love and Wisdom mixed at all."  
"O Father, must it be?"  
"Yes, child, it must."  
"Then give the needed medicine;  
Be by my side,  
Only thy face don't hide:  
I'll drink it all; it must be good—'tis thine!"

### The Indelible Nature of Influence.

If a wafer be laid on a surface of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and if, when the moisture of the breath has evaporated, the wafer be shaken off, we shall find that the whole polished surface is not as it was before, although our senses can detect no difference; for if we breathe again upon it the surface will be moist everywhere except on the spot previously by the wafer, which will now appear as a spectral image on the surface. Again and again we breathe, and the moisture evaporates, but still the spectral wafer reappears. This experiment succeeds after a lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where its surface cannot be disturbed. If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal—the spectre of the key will again appear. In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectres of many different objects which may have been laid on it in succession will, on warming, emerge in their proper order. This is equally true of our bodies and our minds. We are involved in the universal metamorphosis. Nothing leaves us wholly as it found us. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear mingles with our being and modifies it. There are cases on record of ignorant women, in states of insanity, uttering Greek and Hebrew phrases which in past years they have heard their masters utter, without, of course, comprehending them. These tones had long been forgotten; the traces were so faint that, under ordinary conditions, they were invisible; but these traces were there, and in the intense light of cerebral excitement they started into prominence, just as the spectral image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which they are subjected.—[Cornhill Magazine.]

### Literature for the People.

BY THE REV. CHARLES VINCE.

At the meeting of the Religious Tract Society, Mr. Vince was a leading speaker. He said he could remember a happy time in his life when he knew no other fountain of literature in the world beside the Paternoster row; and though since that day he had taken a wider range, his experience had often verified the old proverb, "You may go further and fare worse." He could remember now the eagerness with which he longed for the first day of the month to see the "Child's Companion," and how he had an unfaltering conviction that "Grandfather Gregory" was about the most glorious book that ever had been written. He distinctly remembered, too, how he became conscious of a pure source of gladness being opened up to him in the glowing descriptions of land and sea, found in Leigh Richmond's touching stories of the "Young Cottager" and the "Dairyman's Daughter"—how they made him conscious of an outspringing love of the beauties of this fair earth, how they taught and trained him to gaze upon this fair creation with feelings that looked from Nature up to Nature's God. It had been said that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," and it must be in truth acknowledged that many owed it largely to this society that hallowed influences hovered about their very cradle, and

turned their young thoughts Godward, when their natures were plastic as wax to receive an impression, and rigid as marble to retain it. But this society did not serve him half so well in 1831 as it serves little boys in 1861. Why, the bare sight of the bewitching books now provided by the society for babes and sucklings, made him long to be a boy again. He often flattered himself he should be a better pilgrim, that he should stumble less frequently, and wander less, if he could start the journey of life afresh, with all the advantages enjoyed by children now. The resolution on which he was to speak contained three great reasons why this society should receive the increased support of all who loved the truth as it is in Jesus. He would venture to touch only upon one of these—the attacks now being made upon the supremacy of God's word, and the attempts to obscure the simplicity of the truth. He heartily concurred in the sentiment that these attacks furnished ground for diligence, but no occasion for despair. He knew that infidels had been exulting greatly; they had shouted loud of victory, and thought their cause was waxing so strong that the truth of Christ must be crushed and conquered. So doubtless they exulted when Peter denied him, and Judas betrayed him; but notwithstanding the falseness of the one disciple, and the foul treachery of the other, his cause was still triumphant. He was sure no reader of ecclesiastical history could find place in his heart for fear. Infidelity had always been boasting of what it was going to do. Depend upon it, the old ship had ridden out storms ten times as violent as that which now assailed her. This Divine lighthouse, built on the Rock of Ages, and flinging its guiding and cheering rays across the storm, to guide moral men to the heaven of eternal peace, had stood too much assailing in past to make us fear. Many a wild sea-bird had beaten its wings it only to dash itself to pieces; many a wave had raged and rushed against it with the fury of a demon, and what had the silly wave done? Broken itself into ten thousand fragments; while "the Word of the Lord liveth and abideth for ever." He had very little fear for the faith of his fellow-countrymen. Most of them knew the Bible too well, and had seen too much of the blessed consequences of believing, to rashly reject it. They would come to the conclusion of an honest Sheffield cutler, when the notorious Taylor was making his attacks upon Christianity. He had been decanting one evening upon the wickedness of the Bible, and the blessedness of putting the Bible away, when a man asked him, "Mr. Taylor, did you ever see a Yorkshire bite?" "No," said he, "I have been in Yorkshire a good deal, and I always found the people very kind." "Mr. Taylor, a Yorkshire bite is this—hold fast what you have got till you get hold of something better. We have got hold of the Bible with a Yorkshire bite, and mean to hold that till you give us something better. I see you have a blue bag there. I wish you would turn the books out and see if you have got anything there better than the Old Book." This was his sufficient answer to all the assaults of scepticism. What do you hold up as a substitute for the Holy Book and the loving faith? Will you serve me as you have served thousands of my fellow-men, strip me naked and leave my poor spirit in the wilderness, with nothing to wrap about me when the keen winds out like sword-blades, and the stern hand of winter turns to ice everything that she touches? I must have something to lean upon, something to trust to, and I will trust in my father's God, and believe the Bible, that hallowed, and comforted, and sanctified my father's soul. But there was cause for diligence, though none for paralyzing despondency. He had heard a great many say, with regard to "Essays and Reviews," "The majority cannot understand them." Very true; but men could be morally damaged by what they could not understand the logical processes, but they could understand that the purport of the book was throwing discredit upon the inspiration of the Bible, and their hearts would clutch at the conclusions all too eagerly; because the Old Book and its warnings often stood between them and their wickedness, and they would be glad to silence their consciences with the assurance of learned and reverend men, that the Bible was not so much the Word of God as they had been accustomed to believe. One fact in illustration of this. In a large provincial town a young military officer went to a circulating library. He had been in the habit of reading trashy novels, when one day he said, "I want the 'Essays and Reviews.'" The gentlemen said, "Oh, you had better not take that, sir; you won't care about it." He twirled his moustache, and walked up and down the library, stamping his military heels with all the majesty of a great purpose, and he said, "Oh, but I must read it. To tell you the truth, I have thought myself for a long time there's a great deal to be said on the other side about the miracles of Christ. Do you know, I have not read it myself, but I have been told Josephus does not mention them." Now, no power in the kingdom would ever make that man understand the refinements of Professor Jowett's criticism, or the speculations of the New Light School about the atonement of Christ. But though his intellect could not follow the logical processes of the book, conscience would be lulled to sleep by the assurance that this holy book was at least but an admixture of Devine