Letters from representatives of various boards and agencies have been coming to the pastor, asking for financial help in carrying on the work they have been appointed to do. All such communications have promptly been placed in your hands and the urgent need called to your attention.

The line of work most distressed for lack of funds seem to be the Theological Department, the Missionary Society, and the agency set up to pay the back taxes on the Denominational Building.

Last Sabbath day envelopes were placed in the hands of all present with the suggestion that a free-will offering be made at the time of the usual morning offering and with the understanding that, whatever sum received, it should be divided among the three organizations mentioned above.

Attention was called to the fact that while we should give as liberally as possible, no gift even a penny, should be considered too small, and that every member should be encouraged to give something.

Those of you who were not present last Sabbath will find envelopes in the foyer of the church and you are asked to take one as you come in, and place your offering in it and deposit it in the collection plate when it is passed.

Attention was also called to the fact that this offering was to be over and above that which we have walked in a vain show. We pursue the dream, the shadow, the vapor which vanisheth, and miss the substance which is life indeed. The new elations, the new expediences, the new cruelties, turn out to be old as Sodom. Only by each word that proceedeth out of thy mouth can we live. And so it was written centuries ago. Even so our Master found it, and so must we. Open to us anew the Scriptures, lest ours become a wasted generation. We hunger for life and are fascinated by things, but things abundant have not brought life abundant. We seek our best state, and find that we have walked in a vain show. We pursuit the dream, the shadow, the vapor which vanisheth, and miss the substance which is life indeed.
There religious legislations evoked. But the trouble lies that is—an average of more than $115 per cost we buy. each year, enough for every in the year of 

Four Fundamental Facts As good citizens we are concerned with the terrible cost of crime in the United States. It seems incredible that in such a nation as ours the annual cost could be what is estimated, as reported, at fifteen billion dollars, or one thousand dollars per day—-
an average of more than $115 per person per year, enough for every man, woman, and child in this country for every five years. We do not sense the personal cost as it comes to us in hidden taxes on all we buy. This is the economic side of the matter. 

Various plans and projects are advised and legislated which will not by the trouble of crime but only—-———
in the very heart of the moral and religious.

We believe there are four fundamentals in the moral law—as set forth in the Ten Commandments—that touch the vital center of the economic and religious. There is first the fundamental fact of God, of his existence. The first three commandments lay stress upon this fact—there is a God, unseen, and everywhere present, whose being, personality, and attributes command our sacred regard and holy appreciation. In

the fourth command, every seventh day we are required to "remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." For in six days God... . The nature and quality of national life reflect the character of the God whose laws and worship.

The second fundamental is the need and purpose of a rest. Man shall work six days—and rest on the seventh. But the idea of physical rest is not the need of spiritual refreshment—time for man's body "to catch up with his soul." No nation can be what it ought to be, its life true and proper, without a Sabbath. Nor need the Sabbath be buttressed by the legislation. Attempts of this sort have always been endangered by bigotry and abuse of legal force. For in the end Had the Christian Church remained true and loyal to the Sabbath of the Decalogue, God, it would have gone far in saving the nations and the world to true religion and from many of its economic and moral disasters.

The third fact—fundamental to the higher realization of a good life for individual and nation—lies in the family relation. Put this second in your thinking, if that seems more logical—-the man and woman—one flesh and blood, the fundamental unit through which the nurture of the family is guaranteed. Certainly that is basic. And in the imperative, "Honor thy father and mother," there is more is significant than any mere outward manifestation of respect. Implicit there is an appreciation of all the highest ideals and aspirations of father and mother as they live toward God, and as they walk steadily before him. Imply also is a loyalty to parental teaching and spiritual nurture. Nothing can be taken, by the help of God, to prevent your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God which is your spiritual temple. This is a prophet of old must have sensed spiritual values even when he cried out in behalf of the work for God, "Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse, that the house of the Lord which is called the house of God may be proved me now herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Rich blessings await those who look upon their giving from what God has enabled them to earn or realize, as truly spiritual; it assuredly is "spiritual finance."
Protestant tradition and the brotherhood of man as a principle of Christianity, Pastor Niemoller was arrested for alleged misuse of his pulpit for anti-government propaganda. Though he was ordinated released by the court, he remains in a concentration camp. Catholic activities also have been hampered and in many instances suppressed.

Is it any wonder then that the ranks of refugees are constantly being swelled by "non-Aryan" Christians, by Protestant pastors, Catholic priests, by scholars, writers, liberal thinkers who refuse to disseminate National Socialist propaganda, and by those who believe that freedom to worship God and liberty of the spirit are as important as physical survival?

It is matter of concern that Christians of America aid in caring for these refugees, men and women of culture and dignity — many of whom are in destitute need.

In 1934, at the request of Dr. James G. McDonald, who was appointed by the League of Nations as high commissioner for refugees coming out of Germany, an agency was set up in the United States to assist Protestant German exiles and to arouse Protestant German churches to this emergency. This is the American Committee for Christian Refugees of which Thomas Mann is honorary chairman and James M. Speers is chairman.

The work here has been started again with encouraging results.

Last year the Boulder young people put on a New Year's Rally with meetings beginning Friday night and lasting until Sunday night. That was an experiment. It was enough of a success so that the young people thought it worth while to try again. This year there were young people here from North Loop and for part of the time some came from Denver. The interest in these meetings and the inspiration received this year make us feel that it will be well worth while to make such a regular annual custom with us.

Ralph H. Cook, Missionary Pastor.

DODGE CITY, MINN.

Our Sabbath school takes a special collection every month. Also it has assisted in a drive for Chinese and is backing the Rice Bowl Project.

Our church entertained the semi-annual meeting of the northern Wisconsin and Minnesota churches in October with pleasing results.

"We appreciate very much having different workers in the denomination visit us and tell us of the work conditions, and problems of the society and field.

As you see, our report has been delayed. Our son, Doctor George Thornton, has been with us and our minds and time have been taken up with his visit and departure for China. He delivered the address at the Sabbath morning service, December 31. We regret that we have not been able to accomplish more in the line of our work here."

H. Eugene Davis.

MISSIONS

NEWS FROM THE HOME FIELD

(Concluded Page 103. Church notices for the quarter ending December 31.)

BOULDER, COLO.

With a group of young people from Boulder I participated in the first annual meeting of the Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado churches. There is evidence of increasing interest in these meetings. All who attended felt that they had received a splendid spiritual uplift. All are looking forward to meeting in Denver next fall. I presented two messages.

The week day Bible school for boys and girls from the public school across from the church has been started again with encouraging results.

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"SURRENDERED POSSESSIONS" TRUE OR FALSE?

The Spirit of God does not emamitate from material surroundings, be they fine or common." 

A high standard of worldly living has produced a low standard of Christian giving.

The hobby of every genuine Christian is evangilism.

W. L. Davis, Missionary Pastor.
SALEMVILLE, PA.

It was our intention to have a series of meetings during the "Week of Prayer." We were unable to do so, but we did have a series of three prayer meetings each week before the first of January, as spiritual preparation for the "Week of Prayer." Our greatest need as individuals is to be endowed anew with Christian enthusiasm. Our greatest need as a church is to lose our complacency. Our greatest need as Seventh Day Baptists is to know the Lord and to have an outlook. These things we are trying to accomplish.

Our people here are not unresponsive to leadership, nor are they lacking in appreciation for consideration given them. A while ago many of the people wondered why the missionary secretary had traveled all the way from Rhode Island to West Virginia, he did not arrange to stop off at Salemville, and one chap in the church did say that I did not know, but I presumed he had only a limited amount of time between important meetings. It would be a real encouragement to the people here if the missionary secretary could arrange a stop-over at Salemville when he makes such trips.

Due to lack of leadership on the field, the physical evidence of the existence of a church here has been allowed to run down. Considerable money has been spent since I came, to repair the church and parsonage, and a great deal more is necessary on the outside. If we should arrange a stop-over in Salemville when he makes such trips.

An interest in a "home department" is developing in our Sabbath school. It will have to be started in the new church and help our lone Sabbath keepers to feel more keenly the bond of unity with the church.

I prepared and distributed to the families of the church copies of Christmas family worship service. I know that in many cases it was used. Some expressed a need for more such materials. I think perhaps such things as the "Upper Room" will come into use in some families.

There are many hindrances to the work on Crites Mountain, yet with steady work I believe it can be built up. The people there are not unresponsive to leadership and hope to see a frame or log church building, as there is no place of meeting except in private homes. The work on Crites Mountain is purely a union, interdenomina
tional work, but we have loyal Seventh Day Baptists there, and I am anxious to keep up the appointment, as no other minister ever visits them. Contributions received on both trips were sufficient to cover expenses.

The first Sabbath in December the pastor and family were at Middle Island, upon in

vitation, where I preached and assisted in the communion service. Clifford A. Beebe, Missionary Pastor.

SABBATH RECORDER

THE SABBATH RECORDER

Christmas service held Friday evening before Christmas.

A Union Senior C. E. was organized at the parsonage soon after our coming to Salem-
ville. It is composed of people from the two Seventh Day Baptist churches here. There are from fourteen to eighteen in regular attendance. A large number of citizens, at my suggestion chosen by the three churches here, formed themselves into a Boy Scout troop committee.

When this group met they elected me as Scout master. Since they refused to sponsor a Scout troop unless I be the leader, I accepted the job. There are only two boys in our church eligible for scouting, but there are a large number of boys in the community that need something in the line of good entertainment. This is especially true since the centralization of schools took that source of entertainment from the village. The troop is getting a fine start with sixteen boys. There are twice that many that should be touched by such influence. Mrs. Van Horn has been influential in helping to start a Girl Scout troop. This troop is also getting a fine start, and is much needed for some reasons given for the need of a boys' troop.

A special preaching service was held in the church on Thanksgiving eve. It was well at

tended.

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In trying to build up denominational in
terest in Indiana especially from the RECORDER or the Beacon, I announce from the pulpit such matters of denomina
tional interest as will serve to keep the flock informed and sympathetic with indi
dividuals or churches of like faith. Their in
terest in the SABBATH RECORDER and in the denomination in general is greatly increas
ed.

The Ladies' Aid is very active and has voted to help support a field evangelist, and
to pay in to the Budget. It also carries a large share of the local church expense.

Mrs. Van Horn and I are working under extreme circumstances. I realize and appre
ciate the predicament of the board, but the does not in any big way replace our disap
pointment in not being able on account of lack of funds to do the work we had hoped and planned to do.

Marion C. Van Horn, Missionary Pastor.

HEBRON CHURCHES, HEBRON, PA.

Just a little extra note to acquaint you with local happenings. First of all, I must tell you that the Hebron Center was buried today. This is a severe blow to the work in the Second Hebron Church. The Obeds found few boys at the Hebron Center on account of her illness and also illness in some of the other families.

I have some candidates for baptism in the spring; these will be new Sabbath keepers, a mother and her son and daughter.

Robert W. Wing, Missionary Pastor.

DENOMINATIONAL BUDGET

Statement of Treasurer, January, 1939

Receipts

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**WOMAN'S WORK**

**AT LAST—NANKING!**

Nothing is simple any more in the cosmopolitan city of Shanghai. One cannot venture into the outer city without a pass and permit. For days we have waited in anxiety, wondering whether we would be permitted to enter the closed gates. At last a friend has intervened in my behalf and the pass has arrived today.

This morning when the alarm went off under my pillow I hastened to dress. Portified by a thermos bottle of tea, with melba toast and marmalade of the night before, I left the comfort provided by a modern hotel—stepped over the hall boy asleep on the floor outside my door, and was soon picked up by my trusty companion and a good friend to see us through the red tape at the station.

My task was to watch the luggage while the men bought the tickets. I was surrounded by a human panorama—a mother with a little baby standing in the beautiful blue lakes, the junk sails, and the ruins, and dotted over the landscape, far and wide, ancestral ancestral graves. Graves looking at this season of the year like the life large and small, according to the former standing of their occupants. Occasionally an industrial plant gutted by fire, or a walled-in area vacated by China in its struggle for modern progress and development. We passed the stations of Changchow and Chinkiang charred and in ruins, and at last pulled into the station at Nanking. How it escaped utter destruction it is hard to see, but it is almost intact.

We were lined up for passport and baggage inspection; our luggage was gone through to be sure we carried no firearms or telltale photographs. Permission was granted to change to the station was carefully directed. Crossing a strip of matting, we suddenly found ourselves being sprayed like an apple tree or a vermin infested dawgout, and we passed on to meet the young friend from Gning College waving at us.

We were bundled into one of the few available taxis and off we dashed through a mile of crumbling ruins already old, on either side of the city streets, but like the phoenix of old a spark of life already arising from the ashes, and surrounded by the charred framework of business blocks little shops have appeared, carried for old supplies mixed with new and Japanese gadgets, and every little way displayed on the pavement are assorted, on foot gathered from the looters or the ruins. Fortunately a little family of five were raking the bricks and ashes in a small courtyard, preparing for one of the gardens of green vegetables which are appearing here and there in the midst of crumbling walls and tumbling ruins. And then at the end of it they hoped it would be equipped to meet the kind of world in which they have to live.

We were told to watch the tasks the times reveal, and so the next project seemed to be training for life the girls of secondary school age, and 145 girls were soon enrolled. Those who cannot pay at all help with the work. Again the aim is fullness of life in times like these. Secondary school girls taught with practical emphasis—biology through gardening and chicken raising.
ing, chemistry through soap making, dye- ing.

Living is on the very simplest basis; the housekeeping in both projects is immaculate and the girls have great pride in preserving the beauty and order of the buildings. Some of the most capable refugees have been kept for teaching and other work, and life is once more opening out for people for whom otherwise there would be nothing but discouragement.

And then Monday morning, and the voice of the little alarm clock under my pillow at 5 a.m.—an early breakfast with all the family for a change around, the ticket line, the long lines of soldiers being loaded in our train followed by five hundred wounded in all stages—crutches, canes, plastet" casts, and more sickening and beautiful and the farmer and the water weeds, canoed themselves out of the solid rock, where the water goes steadily down with never a ripple until it hits the rocks at the lower end of the island—here was solitude. I cut the motor and drifted where the current took me.

The squids came out to play. A wax-wing tettered on a bough of cedar that dipped its end in the water. Two giant leatherback turtles spread their necks in my direction, gazed curiously for a while, then abruptly turned with a rush, looking more like an explosion than a fish.

I went up the dense slope, where the pine trees were marching through blackberry and ivy—where the fern stood wrist-high under the oak. I tarred the secrets to the earth. A buck deer, nibbling on grass, raised his head and stood watching, statuesque. The wind was my way—he knew my kind and moved in the spell. Probably he had watched in mild contempt as I battled swift white water.

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

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THE SABBATH RECORDER

113

why be afraid, even if what meets the eyes be unlovely? Lucky, to glimpse self in a world that denies introspection to so many!

I love a church, and in the same way I love the swift deep river, the clouds, the sun and wind, rain, and the wild, shy things that speak a language of wondrous beauty, though not our own.

I love the scent of pine needles scattered ankle-deep in the eternal shade of the great evergreens. I love the spic little birches, standing leaning together like so many frightened little girls in nightgowns.

God is everywhere, they say, and I don't doubt it. But God is here—be assured of that. When I need a benediction, give me the sun on my head. When I need a tonic, give me the sight of a river, not the current, and a slanting rain stinging, slapping across my face.

When I tire of men and their tawdry ways here, I come to the river and breathe these surroundings every grain of hard, fumes and the rumble and whir of factory wheels—when I am ready to lie down and call a life a life—then take me far to the wild places, where God is and men are not. Take me where the boulders stand big as houses, thatched over with moss—where the sunbeams dangle on the top of mountains, and the deer feed in wild places, where the wind is never still, the river is swift, the sun in the sky is singing fullness the inheritance of riches that await us as we take our departure from this sphere of activity into another sphere of living and doing.

Life is a journey. This is the thought I bring you today, this closing day of the old year. Life is a journey, and after moving about here for a few days, or months, or years, we shall move on into another country outlying this. For all those who love God it will be a journey into his immediate presence in those mansions not made with hands.

If you were to tell me that in a little while you would be going to another country to engage in a finer service than you had ever performed; that you were to live in a finer home; that you were to have associates in your line of service, old friends and new; that in those surroundings every grain of hardship, bitterness, defeat and disappointment, every ache and pain, every limitation and handicap you have ever known would be forever dropped, and the weight of life bearing down upon you as you leave behind you would some day be coming to you in that other country to which you are journeying, I should say genuinely and truly, you would not regard such an outlook as mournful or sad, would you?

But that is the outlook. And that is the view Christians are privileged to take. What a note of certainty and triumph there is in the words of our Master. Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. That is something substantial and real. A kingdom prepared by the divine Architect whose wisdom, patience, and love outrun all human calculations.

Careful investors and business men take an interest in their possessions usually in the closing days of the old year, or in the opening days of the new year. If we were commissioned to say that you had a credit in the bank of a large sum of money of which you knew nothing, how eager you would receive that news! Not a noddling head in the congregation, no eyeing the clock. Yet it is amazing what slight attention we give to absolutely dependable investments that are so rich, joyous, and health-giving. For want of space I list the following, which please read: Psalm 16: 2; 17: 15; 73: 24; Colossians 3: 4; John 14: 2; 1 Corinthians 15: 58; Romans 10: 34; 1 Peter 3: 5. These, and scores of other passages, describe with satisfying fullness the inheritance of riches that await us as we take our departure from this life of mortal breath, death, and despair to the life of immortal life, death, and resurrection. And that is the great, great thing; that is the work of the day. All the rest is mere detail.

And if through patient toil we reach the land, Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest, Where we shall clearly know and understand, I think that we shall say, "That God knew best."
Shall I rest with hands idly folded,
As I view that celestial scene,
And wander forlorn and woe.
By forest, and meadow, and stream?
I fear I would tire of their beauty,
I'm afraid I would sigh for my work;
My toil here is not always happy,
Yet I would not be happy to shrink.
I trust I'll have duties in heaven.
I know I'll have no leisure for me there;
I doubt not I shall find it delightful,
And the work God has trained me for here.
Be it preaching, writing, or painting,
Or the digging and plowing again.
Or sowing and reaping, and building.
My work will be no wearisome strain.
Whatever I do when in heaven
Will be the work I love above;
Whatever the work that I find there
Will be only the work that I love.

It is delightful to anticipate the time when the scales shall fall from our eyes; when we shall enter into realms of perfect knowledge and understanding; when the hidden truths after which we have been groping shall fall before our vision; when we shall be turned into day; when on the mountain tops of clear perception with God our intransparent mysteries shall be as open to us, as we are known. All this is stimulating, uplifting. But in connection with it all, permeating and thrilling us, is the thought of the very life of God, is the thought of the Interpreter—"we will all be conformed, but not to the image of the created, but to the image of the Living God." This becomes a realization of the phrase, "When we have done for our Father above; when we have done for the work God has trained us for here.

The meeting that afternoon was a wildlife program. The representatives at the meeting are:

The representatives at the meeting are:

The church treasurer, Sister Richardson, has been notable for the interest and the enthusiasm in the First Christian Endeavor in the city.

Many of our church people and friends attended the tea and special exhibit of rare books and manuscripts in the Historical Society's rooms of the Seventh Day Baptist Church.

A review and discussion of the reports of the Council-Committee committees is being taken up at the Friday night prayer meetings and in forums held Sabbath evenings.

Pastor Warren supplied the pulpit of the New York City Church February 4. Rev. A. Sibley of Jersey City preached for us.

A week-end "Cruise Party," held in the Sabbath school room on the evening of February 4, was well attended. Considerable talent was apparent in the program of fun and frolic. A twenty-five cent supper followed.

MILL YARD CHURCH,
LONDON, ENG.

Several special services have been held. On October 22, in connection with a special collection for the Lord Mayor's Fund for the relief of the Czechoslovakian's an address was given on "Where Are We Today in Prophecy?" It was shown how events were moving towards the revival of the Holy Roman Empire. The collection amounted to £2 10s. 6d.

The following Sabbath Deacon B. A. Morris gave an address on "Our Doctrines and the Reformation." The three chief gains were the open book, the open door, and the open mind.

On Monday, October 31, most of our members attended the great Bible-Reformation Rally held in the Royal Albert Hall. The editor and the pastor were the platform with other leaders of the various Protestant societies which were supporting the demonstration.

This quarter has been notable for the commencement of the "Mill Yard" sabbath school under the leadership of our young sister, Miss Gladys Morris. The children greatly enjoy the lessons she gives them.

The church treasurer, Sister Richardson, is present at South Africa. It is hoped that

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she will be able to meet Pastor Evans of Bolsburg Norway when she visits Durban.

Among the interesting letters recently received were some from an Armenian preacher in Palestine, who was given copies of our pamphlets, Christ our Priest and Christ, British Israel, and the Sabbath, by a tourist. This brother is also a Sabbatarian. His name is Mr. Haig Yanekian. In response to a request he made for a Bible, and a Bible dictionary the E.S.M. committee agreed to grant these, and they have been sent, and received. Brother Yanekian has had a remarkable experience. His story will interest all our readers.

In 1920 he was in Smyrna, Turkey, teaching in an Armenian school, and one day he visited a dentist, who invited him to attend some Sabbath services conducted by the dentist, who was also a preacher. It seems he was an independent Sabbath keeper, but what he taught convinced Brother Yanekian of the truth concerning the Sabbath. In 1922, however there occurred the terrible Turkish massacre of the Christians in Smyrna, but as by a miracle a few escaped, and among them was this brother, but he lost sight of the Sabbatarian preacher. Brother Yanekian fled to Athens, and from there in 1924 he went to Jerusalem where he studied in the "Bible Training Institution," and afterwards devoted himself to preaching the gospel, being supported by an earnest Christian gentleman in America who, however, died about eighteen months ago.

Brother Yanekian knows many other Sabbatarian Christians in Palestine besides our brethren of the Church of God, and the Seventh Day Adventists. One of these is a Doctor Moussa, a Christian Jew who practices as a physician, and has a good knowledge of the Scriptures, but believes himself to be a Jew. In 1920 he was in Smyrna, Turkey, and died at Akron, N. Y., January 25, 1939.

Her parents, of Seventh Day Baptist faith, were pioneers of Erie County. In 1877 she was baptized and joined the Pendleton Seventh Day Baptist Church. She was married to William R. H. Gilling, June 11, 1871. She "enjoyed childhood, middle, middle age, and old age, and was very grateful to relatives, neighbors and friends who were very kind to me during my latter days." Because of her Sabbath she was deprived of many social privileges, but remained loyal and faithful to the last.

Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Ahva J. C. Bond assisted by Wayne Rood. Burial was made in the family lot in the cemetery near Akron, N. Y. A. J. C. HEMPHILL-Mrs. James Hemphill of Hebron Center passed away at the Mountain Clinic in Olean, N. Y., on Monday, January 9, 1939, following an operation for tumor. Bessie Roberts Hemphill was born at Swinem Valley on July 14, 1888. She was united in matrimony to James Hemphill on January 15, 1886. Her mother and husband survive her, also two brothers and two sisters. She was a member of the Methodist Church in this community.

She left to mourn her passing one brother, A. M. Coon of Leonardsville; two nephews, Robert M. Coon of Bronxville, N. Y., and Leland M. Coon of Madison, Wis. Services were conducted by Pastor Paul S. Burdick. Interment was in the local cemetery.

GILGINGS-Sarah A. Burdick, last of six children of Clark and Mariam Putnam Burdick, was born June 22, 1831, in Clarion Center, N. Y., and died at Akron, N. Y., January 25, 1939. Her parents, of Seventh Day Baptist faith, were pioneers of Erie County. In 1877 she was baptized and joined the Pendleton Seventh Day Baptist Church. She was married to William R. H. Gilling, June 11, 1871. She "enjoyed childhood, middle, middle age, and old age, and was very grateful to relatives, neighbors and friends who were very kind to me during my latter days." Because of her Sabbath she was deprived of many social privileges, but remained loyal and faithful to the last.

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