"Don't be frightened, 'Stasia," said a voice she knew, "it's me right enough. I've come back for good."

"Didn't you sail, Matt?" Anastasia faltered.

"Not me," Mr. Hambridge answered cheerfully, "I wasn't takin' any when it came to the p'int. No priest an' no church inside of twenty miles, so a chap I know told me, I chucked the whole bloomin' show, an' I sold the ticket our Caroline bought (out of me own savin's, mind you) for ten shillin's more than she give for it. Fruit farmin' in Florida! Not much!"

* * * * *

Mrs. O'Shea gave a sudden twitch to Anastasia's Gibson coat, and then, head on one side, inspected her tout ensemble.

"I dunno as I wouldn't 'ave done better to 'ave bought you the brown after all," she said anxiously, "as like as not that green'll fade something cruel."

"Oh! no, mother," Anastasia said hurriedly "it won't. I've 'ad brown so often I'm fair sick of it, an' this is much prettier."

This gave her mother the desired opening.

"There you go," she said reprovingly, "all for the outward appearance, and after all I've learned you, too. I only 'ope you 'aven't made a worse mistake than choosing the wrong costume. Men are proper deceitful, even the best of them, and the upping is always the same. Show yourself soft to them and you may make yourself into a mat at once, an' not get so much as thank you. But 'old off and they're back like a cripple to the cross, as the sayin' is. Don't you forget that."

But Anastasia was starting by a cheap excursion to the Nottingham Onion Fair, which Matt had often wished to see, and where they had decided to visit on their brief honeymoon. Perhaps this influenced her view of things.

What she saw was a future stretching before her in a dim haze of happiness.

What she felt was a humble thankfulness that nothing could come to her except through the security of the Will of God and the Ineffable Love of the Sacred Heart.—The English Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE NEWMAN MEMORIAL CHURCH

FATHER JOSEPH RICKABY'S SERMON

We give below the full text of Father Joseph Rickaby's striking tribute to the memory of Newman in the sermon preached last week at the opening of the Newman Memorial Church at Edgbason:

Cast me not off in the time of age, forsake me not when my strength faileth me, until I tell the might of thine arm to all the generation that is for to come. (Psalm lxx.)

Rather more than nineteen years ago you carried out from hence to their resting place the mortal remains of John Henry Cardinal Newman. When a man is just dead, and his soul has but recently passed into the presence of the Judge, his praises, as they rise to our lips, are checked by the thought that his sentence is fresh recorded in heaven and his soul may haply be lying in a condition which calls for our prayers and intercessions rather than for our eulogiums. But purgatory is unlike hell in this, that every day in purgatory brings increase of hope. Many days have gone by since August 11, 1890; and the sum of those days mounting up engenders in our hearts a firm confidence that by this time the soul of John Henry Newman has ascended to his place among the Doctors and Princes of the Church triumphant. Thence as he looks down, may it be an access to his joy to behold this day's celebration and this splendid basilica, or, as I may call it, his new Cardinal's titular church, built for him here where he lived and died, to enshrine his memory and—may we hope?—his mortal remains for all time.

How come I to have the confidence, the audacity to address you on this occasion? I answer, love makes bold. Because I do love John Henry Newman, am enthusiastic on his behalf and jealous of his honour—because for years I have made him one of my private patrons with God, and have daily invoked his intercession—because to me he is a father and doctor of the Church, raised up by God to perpetuate the line of fathers and doctors in these latter times, therefore have I made bold to set aside all considerations of capacity or incapacity, and to speak his praises with the confidence of love. It is much to be in sympathy with your subject, and, thank God, that merit at least I can claim. But love should be born out by knowledge. My personal knowledge of the Cardinal was limited to an audience of ten minutes, during which he struck me as singularly child-like; warm-hearted, simple and truthful. But I have read his writings nearly all through. I have copied him out and written about him: I have meditated on him and endeavored to imbibe his spirit; and I have been told by those who long enjoyed his familiarity that I have not altogether misunderstood him. Again, one might be glad to see here represented what the author of the "Apologia" fondly calls 'my own University," or at least the hundred Catholics in residence there where he made such efforts in his later years to raise the standard of Catholic academical education, so happily set up since his death. I see Oxford graduates present, notably one, once a boy at the Oratory School, now fellow of his college. There remains further a certain propriety in the University of Oxford furnishing someone, even the least and most insignificant, of her alumni, to testify Alma Mater's abiding interest in her great and glorious son.

NEWMAN'S SENSE OF UNSEEN POWERS

I proceed to indicate what, on careful study, strike me as salient points in John Henry Newman's character. And first I would name his sense of unseen powers. As you are aware, in the earliest Hebrew Scriptures, the name of God is usually a plural name, Elohim. Taking Elohim to mean divine agencies working on earth, Newman, I say, was peculiarly sensitive in the presence of Elohim. He could not tolerate that too exclusive devotion to physical science which carrying physics into theology, sees nothing in the Creator more than a Power apt to put in execution the laws of nature; a Being, as He says, "who is more certain not to act at all than to act independently of these laws;" a Being whose sovereignty is "a sort of constitutional monarchy, in which the Throne has honor and ceremonial enough, but cannot issue the most ordinary command except with the counter-signature of a minister;" a God "powerful or skilful so far as the telescope shows power or the microscope shows skill." ("Idea of a University," pp. 37-8 ed. 1895.) In protest against this misconstruction of the lessons of nature, Newman was all his life a great stickler for miracles, not certainly for every alleged miracle, but for the possibility of miracles, their greater or less frequency in the post-Apostolic Church, and their doctrinal value. All his life, too, he had a great belief in angelic ministrations, as his sermon shows on the office of Angels in nature, preached at Oxford on St. Michael's Day.

But it is in the supernatural order that divine agencies are most gloriously operative, and in that order Newman was most forward to discern them. By the "supernatural" I mean the order of the Incarnation, that grand descent of God upon nature; I mean the order of Redemption, and forgiveness of sin, and admission into heaven. And here I would note in passing how from the outset of his career and by the fundamental cast of his thought, John Henry Newman stood in diametrical opposition to that modern heresy which has so impudently claimed him for its prophet. Never was Modernist sound on the doctrine of grace; no mind can incline to Modernism that has a right idea of the supernatural. For the supernatural is not the natural sublimated: it is not the highest power of the natural; it is not humanity raising itself to heaven; it is God descending upon earth, and thereby making men as Gods. Supernatural powers are not nature powers. Newman was as little of a Modernist as he was of an Erastian; he had no more idea of including grace within nature than he had of subjecting the Church to the State. From Whately, he tells us, he got his first idea of the Church, as a society complete in itself, and if complete in itself, then not a department of the State. But the disciple soon outran the master. The Oxford Movement set in, with Newman in the front of it. The great abuse which that Movement endeavored to eliminate from the Church of England was its subservience to the State, its Erastianism. Of course, the endeavor failed, for is not the Church of England historically by law established, and traditionally by law controlled, by the law of Crown and Parliament, symbolised in the Lion and Unicorn? There was nothing left for the anti-Erastian leader but to come out of her, and come out of her he did, in the midst of his years, exactly the central year of his long life, in the fullness of his powers, and (as then seemed) in the height of his reputation, preferring abjection in the house of God. Little did he foresee that, as an exotic transplanted back to its natural soil and congenial climate his development was to be carried to its fullness by that renunciation, and that one day he was to be greater in Birmingham than ever he had been in Oxford.

Newman thirsted after the supernatural, and longed to find it everywhere. The world to him was "a barren promontory" without it. He suspected every human institution, he deprecated every scheme for the improvement of mankind, from which the supernatural was excluded. I may refer to his papers on the Tamworth Reading-room, also to his strenuous opposition to the then nascent University of London, on the ground that that University expressly discarded theology—a gap in its curriculum which in our days has been filled in; and on this ground he was at one with his great adversary Dr. Arnold, who resigned his fellowship in that same University because it taught no religion. I think there is something felicitous, after all, in the vexatious delays which have thrown back the opening of this church. We are opening on a feast which commemorates the triumph of the supernatural, the entrance into existence of Blessed Mary, full of grace.

HIS UNWORLDLINESS

2. The mass of mankind living in ignorance, or, still worse, in conscious rejection of the supernatural, is in the language of Holy Scripture termed the world." I know no so well marked feature in John Henry Newman's character as this, that he was a man who from first to last set his face steadily against the world. As an Anglican, he might be compared with Bunyan; his Oxford sermons are as redolent of unworldliness as "Pilgrim's Progress." Till I began to read him closely and copiously, writing out passages that struck me, I had no idea of what I may call his terrible unworldliness. He was as a John Baptist or Jeremiah; to read him was wrestling with the Archangel of the Apocalypse who foretells the doom of this world (Apoc. x.) Preparing to speak of him to a Catholic audience of young men, I felt as though there were utterances of his that I must keep back; I had a fear that my youthful hearers, smitten as youth ever must be by the fascination of life, would not accept them, would take them for exaggerations. I am happy to say I found my fears groundless; the voice that had caught the ear and riveted the attention of the grandsire had not lost its power over the children. Was it not after all the echo of the voice of the Lord? What stronger denunciation of the world can you have than this: "Woe to you rich, woe to you because ye have your consolation here; woe to you that are filled full, woe to you when all men speak well of you" (Luke vi. 24-26) "Let us be quite sure," cried Newman, in the pulpit of St. Mary the Virgin in the year 1838, "let us be quite sure that that confederacy of evil which the Scripture calls the world, that conspiracy against Almighty God of which satan is the secret instigator, is something wider and more subtle and more ordinary than mere cruelty, or craft, or profligacy; it is that very word in which we are; it is not a certain body or party of men, but it is human society itself" ("Sermons on Subjects of the Day," Faith and Experience.) Was this sentiment crude and immature? Forty years later, a white-headed Catholic priest, he repeated it against Dr. Fairbairn: "As I believe, the world is identical with human society now." Does not St. John say with equal comprehensiveness, "the whole world is seated in wickedness," or "lieth in the power of the Evil One?" (1 John v. 19.) Human society indeed, as such, is God's institution, and every man in it is God's creature; yet—who can doubt it?—the general trend of human thought is hostile to the supernatural, hostile to the teaching of Jesus Christ, hostile to the Catholic Church. If you look for illustrations take a file of the representative newspaper of this country.

THE FEWNESS OF THE SUPERNATURALLY GOOD

3. From this view of the world it follows that good Christians are few, comparatively few, I mean, though otherwise, I trust that many good Christians are worshippers in this church. This fewness of the supernaturally good is enforced by Newman in one of his most striking sermons, "The Visible Church for the Sake of the Elect" (Parochial and Plain Sermons," Vol. IV.) He meets the commonest of objections, that Christianity has failed, whereas the work of a Man-God should not fail, by observing that, before we pronounce upon the failure of a movement, we should first ascertain the design of the prime mover; that while Christ died for all, He from the first announced that the majority of mankind would not receive His salvation, that "narrow is the gate and strait the way that leadeth to life, and few there are who find it" (Matt. vii. 14.) "Though we laboured ever so much," continues the preacher, "we could never reverse our Saviour's witness, or make the many religious or the bad few." It is a delusion to suppose that time ever was in the Church, or ever shall be, when nothing remains to do but to fling yourself into the swim of life and follow the society about you, going after Christ. Why, the thing is scarcely possible in a religious community; it is much if it be possible there. As well expect the natural trend of your passions to lead you to Christ. The world is simply the flesh in the plural number. A good Christian, then, must make up his mind to live in a minority and, as we were told not long ago, "minorities must suffer!" He would cease to be a good Christian, were he to throw in his lot with the dominant multitude. He may, nay commonly he should, move about in society, and exchange courtesies and friendly offices with many men. But on all the deeper issues of human aspiration and human conduct "his life is not as the lives of other men, and his ways are very different." Men will say of him, as they come to find him out and know him better, "he is not to our turn" (Wisdom ii. 12-15.) except, I must add, when a stroke of real good work is to be done, and then he comes forward while the frivolous shrink and fail. What else does the Scripture mean by speaking of us so often as "strangers and pilgrims" (e. g., 1 Pet. ii. 11?) Strangers and pilgrims are the few, wandering in a land that does not belong to them, where the mass of the population is alien from them. "I own," said Newman, "I am suspicious of any religion that is a people's religion, or an age's religion" ("Parochial and Plain Sermons," Vol. I., Self-Denial the Test of Religious Earnestness.) At the same time it is the function of the few to act, as our Lord says, as a leaven upon the many, ever to labor at attracting individuals to come out from among the many and join them, in the confidence that, though they cannot save all, they shall be profitably exercised every day for saving some (1 Cor. ix. 22 R. V.) And so John Henry Newman was profitably exercised every day for a long sixty years, oh, with what diligence! amidst how many failures, misunderstandings and contradictions! oh, with what constancy, and, under God, with what far-reaching success!

HORROR OF INTELLECTUAL PRIDE

4. The world that Newman opposed is backed by three doughty champions, Money-making, Enjoyment, Intellectualism. Of these the two former are the more prominent, and their action is manifest everywhere. I mean that, go where you will, you will find men busy in making money and in spending it upon their pleasure, with small regard for the Gospel, and also with little heed for philosophy, not caring to invoke from the regions of the Unseen any justification of their conduct and aims of life. Seen and sensible goods being the objects of their pursuit, they take it for justification enough that the goodness of these things is a felt goodness and gratifies sense. Such a position is intellectually weak, and the world at times is fain to confess that it is condemned by philosophy, yea, and by riper experience of life. After all said and done, "man liveth not by bread alone" (Matth. iv. 4,) nor by Manchester goods. Then intellectualism rushes into the world's rescue, and contends that, however the philosophy of life may stand, certainly this Christianity, which demands so many painful sacrifices of human nature, has no foundation in fact and reality. Its warnings may safely be disregarded, and the world go on living for itself, not for God, fearless of God's judgments, and without solicitude for the hereafter. Newman was too intellectual himself not to have his eye upon intellectualism. Well he knew that, though sense may corrupt, and the splendid imposture of wealth may delude, yet ultimately the fiercest and most inveterate enemy of the Cross of Christ, in man as in angel, is to be found in man's highest and most godlike faculty, even intellect itself. Hence his horror of intellectual pride, above all other sins, a horror embodied in that famous sentence of the "Apologia" (ch. vii.), "smiting hard and throwing back the immense energy of the aggressive, capricious, and untrustworthy intellect." In several passages of his Anglican sermons he declares intellect, in its application to criticism and philosophy, to have been unknown in Paradise, where man was happier without it, and to have been purchased by the disobedience of the Fall. However that may be, certain it is that to the Christian the duty of restraining intellect within the obedience of faith is quite as imperative as the duty of restraining the sensual appetite within the obedience of Reason; you can no more be permitted free thought upon matters religious than you can be permitted free love and unrestrained passion in matters of daily conduct. Newman united a keen exercise of intellect with a distrust of the very faculty he was employing—or rather, I should say, a lively sense of its limitations.

NO SCEPTIC

For there is nothing of the sceptic about Newman, nothing of the subjective idealist; he stands clear of the Kantist philosophy and all its progeny; he manifests a robust confidence in the certainties of everyday life, and, needless to say, a faith in divine revelation worthy of a Prince of the Church. It is of the argumentations of the learned that he is distrustful, when they are drawn out with a parade of formal logic and scientific acumen. And the motive of his distrust is briefly this, that in reasoning from verbal premises one is apt to proceed upon an inadequate view of the facts of the case; the facts are too multitudinous all to be packed within the premises; whence one of two results ensues, either that the conclusion is larger than the premises, as taking cognisance of facts or opinions not therein contained, or, being true to the premises, the conclusion falls short of the facts, and is true only hypothetically, speculatively, and in the abstract. Upon this point, Newman has been and is still misrepresented by men who, falling into the very error that he deprecates, will argue from certain passages, in his writings, unchecked by what he has written elsewhere. Vigorous and original thinker as he was, Newman will startle you at times. When you are startled, read on, and you will find explanation. The practise of pushing isolated utterances of his to conclusions inconsistent with the general tenor of his speech was a practice that he keenly resented in life; and, had he lived and wielded his pen these last twenty years, I fear he would have made an example of some of his commentators. "Il faut depasser Newman," a French writer has said, "we must go beyond Newman." Go beyond him by all means, his books are not written to imprison you; but, ere you pronounce upon him, do read him all through. But enough of this.

I have permission to read a letter, one of the last he wrote, which brings out the Cardinal's strong attachment to Holy Church, as also a fact in his life on which he himself was fond of dwelling, namely, that religion in him grew as the morning twilight grows into noonday by continued increase of light—by addition, not by disavowal. Therefore, it has been well said, you have the whole of Newman—in promise and poteney—in his Parochial and Plain Sermons preached at Oxford when he was Vicar of St Mary's. This is the letter:

"24 Feb., 1887.

"I will not close our correspondence without testifying my simple love and adhesion to the Catholic Roman Church, not that I think you doubt this: and did I wish to give a reason for this full and absolute devotion, what could, what can I say, but that those great and burning truths which I learned when a boy from Evangelical Teaching I have found impressed upon my heart with fresh and ever-increasing force by the Holy Roman Church. That Church has added to the simple Evangelicalism of my first teachers, but it has obscured, diluted, enfeebled nothing of it, on the contrary, I have found a power, a resource, a comfort, a consolation in Our Lord's Divinity and atonement, in His real presence in Communion, in His divine and human power, which all good Catholics indeed have, but which Evangelical Christians have but faintly. But I have not strength to say more."

THE TRIAL OF DISTRUST

5. One who had set his face so resolutely against the world that he might have said with St. Paul, "The world is crucified to me, and I to the world" (Gal. vi. 14.) could not "wonder if the world hated him" (1 John iii. 13.) What may have surprised him at times, what was in itself far harder to bear than the world's hatred, was the contradiction and distrust he encountered from fellow-Catholics. The Heorew Psalmist of old placed in a similar situation, can find no words to declare his grief, and so breaks off his utterance unfinished. "If mine enemy had cursed me, surely I would have borne it, and if he that hated me had spoken great things over me, perchance I would have hidden myself away from him; but thou, man of one mind with me, my guide and mine associate, who didst take sweetmeats with me in the house of God we walked in concord . . . (Ps. liv.) History, Holy Scripture, and our own personal experience, tell us of the quarrels of holy men, of Paul and Barnabas, of Chrysostom and Epiphanius, of Cyril and Theodoret, of Bossuet and Fenelon, of Milner and Poynter! But it would be ungenerous to rake up memories of what the Cardinal has long ago condoned, of what is now matter of his reward, nay, probably of the reward also of his opponents, united with him in the fraternity of heavenly bliss. No man learnt this lesson better than John Henry Newman, that what is said of the course of true love holds of every enterprise that makes for the glory of God: the course of such an enterprise never runs smooth, it is opposed by the evil-minded, it is suspected, retarded, thwarted, sometimes for the nonce overthrown, by those who love God and have His glory at heart. The trial of an ardent, zealous soul is the apathy of good men, the recurrent experience that when one thinks to discern something well worth doing and feasible enough, authority blocks the way, enforcing an attitude of inaction. What is there left for a loyal heart under such discouragement but to wait, to submit—nay, to refuse to be discouraged, to elicit an immense act of confidence in Church and in the Providence of the Holy Ghost over the Church, "doing all things good in their own time" (Eccles. iii. 11). Newman was fond of laying it down that the characteristic of the heresiarch is not so much pride as impatience. The man cannot wait for posthumous results: he must needs bask in the admiring gaze of his contemporaries, and be a living lion in his own generation. *Nec nihil sunt nec omnia quae iste dicit* may be said of many an innovator. There is something in what he says, but it is not the whole truth, not the healthy utterance of wisdom: his wisdom, such as it is, is stifled and overlaid with pride and passion, with exaggeration and falsehood. If the man had been a patient man, if he had had confidence in Mother Church, the Spouse of Christ, he might have beheld from a better world the Church adopting whatever was wise in his proposals, while purifying them from their large admixture of human folly. Newman was a patient man, and he has his reward.

It was a tenet with him that the best success is posthumous success, that the fruit of the laborer's toil should then appear when the evening has come for him, and he has left the vineyard and gone home. Did not our Master's own labor culminate in the Crucifixion and then show fruit in the Resurrection? "Look through the Bible," says the preacher at St. Mary the Virgin's, "and you will find that God's servants, even though they begin with success, end with disappointment, not that God's purposes or instruments fail, but that the time for reaping what we have sown is hereafter, not here; that here there is no great visible fruit in any one man's lifetime" (Parochial and Plain Sermons," Jeremiah a lesson for the Disappointed.) And in the meditations of the aged Cardinal we read: "I know that it is true, and will be true to the end of the world, that nothing great is done without suffering, without humiliation. I will never have faith in riches, rank, power, or reputation. I will never set my heart on worldly success or worldly advantages. I will never wish for what men call the prizes of life" ("Meditations and Devotions," pp. 474-5).

THE CROWN OF A LIFE'S WORK

It was God's will that the prizes of life should ultimately fail to John Henry Newman. After a stormy mid-day, his sun went down in the crimson splendor of the Roman Cardinalate, in the full radiance of Papal favor, with the gaze of admiring England fixed upon him, recognized and restored in regions whence he had been cast out. Was he then an exception to his own rule, that "the time for reaping what we have sown is hereafter, not here; that here there is no great visible fruit in any one man's life time?" I might reply that these prizes of life were not the fruit that Newman looked for to crown his labors. But I have another reply, and it is furnished by this Memorial church in which we are assembled. What shall be the success of this church? I augur that, "spiritually examined," as St. Paul says (1 Cor. ii. 14,) it shall be a great success. I augur that from this, Cardinal Newman's Memorial church, from this his Oratory of St. Philip, from this his Oratory school, and from these the many volumes of his writings, from these four sources as from four rivers of Paradise, good shall flow, greater than the good that he was able to accomplish in his mortal life. I augur that in and about this church, in this city and diocese of Birmingham, at Oscott, and even in far-off Oxford, there shall grow up and be perpetuated a school of Newman's thought, so far as that thought is the thought of the Catholic Church and the mind of Christ, for not otherwise would he ever have wished it to go forth. I augur that from this spot, the central city of our isle, shall be wrought out, not perhaps the conversion of England, but what the Cardinal, with his distrust of a popular religion, loved rather to contemplate, the conversion of Englishmen. I augur that Catholics, sore tempted in faith shall here be strengthened in the same, first by prayer and Mass and Sacraments, then by what I have long considered the best philosophy for an English Catholic layman, the teaching of John Henry Newman taken as a whole; I say, "taken as a whole," the whole gist and spirit and mind of the man.

And thus shall be accomplished the words of my text; I quote them this time as you may read them on the monument in the north wall of Littlemore Church; he chose them for the epitaph of his mother; the prayer which, put by him in the mouth of his dead mother, was eminently for himself: "Cast me not off in the time of age, forsake me not when my strength faileth me, until I have shown Thy strength to this generation, and Thy power to all them that are yet for to come." Such the prayer put up in 1836. For nine years John Henry Newman went on showing the Strength of God to the generation that then was at Oxford, first by word in St. Mary's Church, then by example in retirement at Littlemore. Then came the change, and "he was found no more" at Littlemore nor at Oxford, "because God translated him" (Gen. v. 24; Heb. xi. 5.) So it came about that in ways unforeseen, elsewhere, he still went on showing God's power to other men and to others that were yet for to come, "even to old age and eld" (Psalm lxx. 18.) You, my Fathers of the Oratory are witnesses—and more than witnesses, your affectionate care secured it, that the venerable Cardinal was not cast off in the time of age, nor forsaken when his strength failed him. You bore him up, and a generation of boys grew around the old man, looked into his face, and loved him. And further, and further still, in this Church and Oratory to every generation that is for to come shall be told the might of God's arm revealed in John Henry Newman, his wonderful conversion, the power of his preaching and writings, the example of his long, laborious and holy life. And not in vain shall it be told, but as Samson's dying feat was to the destruction of the Philistines, so shall the memory and the word of Newman be to the conversion of Englishmen; dead, he shall bring more souls to the faith than he converted in the days when he wrought the deeds of a strong man in Israel. Amen.

Think it Over

Recently at a great Catholic Congress at Sydney, N. S. W., the perennial subject of the Catholic press was discussed, and the Archbishop of Hobart said, among other things:

Don't expect Catholic editors to be infallible; they don't profess to be so. Treat them with forbearance. Don't expect to get a Catholic paper for half what it costs to bring it out. Do what you possibly can in your neighborhood to be an agent for the Catholic papers.

The New Zealand Tablet declares these points very well taken by the learned and distinguished prelate, and adds:

The Roman Calendar is not, we think, yet graced by the name of any dead-and-gone Catholic editor among the other confessors and martyrs of the faith. But among our valued living confreres, both clerical and lay, we know of some who might be candidates for the golden aureole.—Sacred Heart Review.

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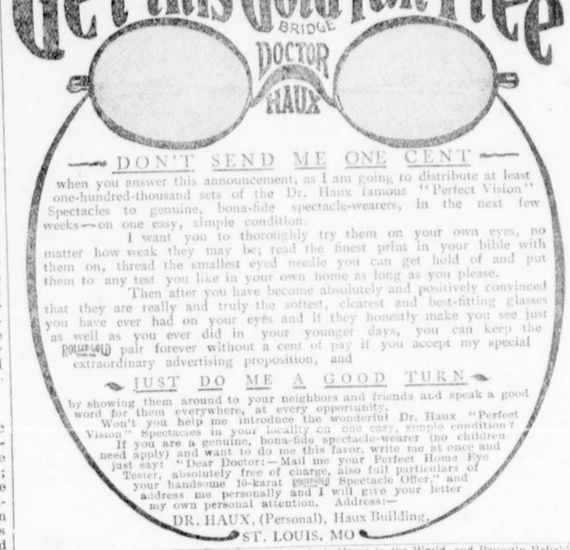

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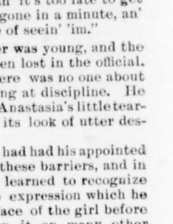

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