

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the Pe-
rean;

And yet not strange—for it has grown to be
The home of those whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries
Near.

So I see it lies that, when my sight is clear,
I think I see the gleaming strand;
I know I feel that those who've come from
There

Come near enough to touch my hand,
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right 'round about us
Lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When I shall cross the intervening space
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones, so long dreamed
About.

I love this world; yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me,
I know.

I never stand about a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved
Face;

But that I think, "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
Between this land and that one over there—
One more to make the strange Beyond seem
Fair."

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with abated breath,
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Eliza Wheeler, in Christian at Work.

COURTESY FROM STRANGERS.

BY MRS. C. F. WILDER.

Everyone knows how society in
a small city is fast moving. If a
lady is active in her own church
why that is just the person who
will do duty in the Union Dorcas,
in the Y. M. C. A., in the Social
Science Club, the Reading Society,
the Choral Union, and just the
person to invite to the social din-
ners and teas. And these are the
women who are usually the most
conscientious as home-mothers,
and home-keepers. My friend,
Mrs. Gray, is one of these active,
conscientious workers at home
and in church and society. She
is a very amiable woman and I
never saw her angry until the
other day when I went for her to
go with me to "call on strangers."

"Call on strangers," she re-
peated. "Not I, I've called on
my last stranger. Let some of
those we've called on return our
calls."

I looked at Mrs. Gray in aston-
ishment and said, "What has
come over you?"

"Nothing. Whereas I was
once blind now I see," that is all.
It was last Sunday that my eyes
were opened. You know how our
pastor opens wide the door of
hospitality to the strangers and
urges his people to be cordial,
and that a dozen of us knock
down, figuratively speaking, our
true and tried friends to get a
chance, after church service, to
grasp by the hand some stranger
who is vanishing on a double-
quick from the vestibule. We
invite them to come again, ask
where they live, trot round and
call; they unite with the Church
and then they want us to call
again. They come out to church
occasionally—when they get new
clothes four times a year—and if
they see us twenty pews off and
we don't rush by everybody,
chase them out of the church and
half a block toward their home to
speak to them, they go off and
talk "cliques," "aristocratic," "good
clothes," "no sociability" and
"snubs."

"Here Mrs. Gray stopped to get
breath. Before I could speak she
began again.

"You remember that woman
who, last fall, complained be-
cause we wore such a cold lot of
Church members. You never
can forget how we spent one
whole precious afternoon hunting
her up. The places we inquired
and at last, just at tea-time, faint,
hungry and tired to death we
found her. You remember the
call. One steady stream of
complaints about our Church
members. I remember how you
looked and how I had to keep
pressing your toes to make you
keep your temper—no, you need
not say anything, I know you
was all out of patience with the
woman and you did at last make
a little speech more earnest than
you ever did in class-meeting.

"Well, she opened my eyes last
Sunday. She walked out of
church as usual, eyes cast down
and arms stiff at her sides. I
gave chase and caught her by the
sleeve just as she was going down
the steps. I told her I was glad
to see her (almost a lie); asked
her to return my call, etc.
"Well I reckon I shan't come
here no more. I shall take my
letter over to the Blank church."

That minister has called on me
and them people have some life in
them. Before I thought what I
was saying I answered her that I
was real glad she was going where
she would at last find what she
wanted.

"Ever since Sunday I've been
'thinking over the matter. How
many of the strangers upon
whom we have made the greatest
effort to call have returned your
calls?"

"Not one—yes, just one," I
answered.

"I have counted over sixty
calls we've made, and not more
than one has returned my call.
There is Mrs. Dign. I have called
there five or six times during
the last two years. She has been
here once, and yet she always
says, in a sepulchral tone and
with a much injured air, every
time I meet her, 'Why don't you
ever come to see me?' Just think
how many times we've called on
Mrs. Sprite. Every time we call
she entertains us by grumbling at
something or somebody in the
church. Says she can't get out
to church, and her family is ex-
actly like mine, and I manage to
go. Won't let her children go to
Sabbath school because she has
no confidence in the teacher. Don't
like our people because we dress
so much; that's all the good it
does for us to wear our old fig-
leaves to church. Still calls her-
self a 'new member,' and wants
us to pet her and carry her in our
arms, though she has been here
two years. Now, for my part,
I've done nothing after strangers.
They have some duties as well as
we. I know we are a kind, cordial
church, and I don't believe there
is a church in the land but will
show itself friendly to strangers,
if strangers will show themselves
friendly to the church.

"Look at Mrs. James. She
came here a stranger two years
ago. A sweet, gentle soul who
has not put herself forward one
inch, and yet we all know her,
she knows us all; we like her and
she likes us. She has simply
been ready to meet us with a
smile and greet us kindly as we
greeted her. There is Mrs. Elwin,
been here only a few months, and
I have never been able to find her
in the church on the Sabbath,
thanks to our abominable 'free-
pew' system, which never allows
families to have a seat of their
own or to let us sit in the same
pew two successive Sabbaths;
but she comes to class-meeting,
prayer-meeting and the Dorcas,
and has gotten quite well acquaint-
ed, already speaking of others as
'strangers in our church,' because
she has so soon become an integ-
ral part of the aggressive force of
the church, and, with her, as soon
as her letter was read, it was 'our
church,' and not 'your church.'

"There is Mrs. Hein upon
whom we called last year. She
has never returned our call. I
invited her to come to the Dorcas
when it met at my house. She
did not come. I asked her daugh-
ter to come to Sabbath school,
but she did not know anyone and
did not like to. Mrs. Fairweather
asked them to come to a social.
Not one of the family went. She
says she cannot dress as well as
other members of the church.
I'm sorry for her and know how
to pity her for I can't dress very
well, myself, but because I've no
taste and not much money. And
she says she is not as talented and
intellectual as the others. I have
a great respect for modesty, hu-
mility and all the passive virtues
but I have no patience with the
pretense of them.

"There is Mrs. Crane, says we
treat her coolly because she can't
live in the style we do. I should
laugh if it was not so provoking.
She is a real nice woman and has
considerable talent and would be
a great help to the church if she
would come cordially among us.
Why do you suppose she talks
that way? We don't have to
live in her home and if it suits
her it's none of our business.
When I call on people it is to see
them and not what is in their
house.

"Now of all the calls on stran-
gers we have made, only two have
received courteous acknowledgment
and I propose, hereafter, to
let all strangers alone who act as
though they wanted to be let
alone. It is just as much the duty
of strangers to be polite and
courteous as it is for the church
to be polite and courteous."

I left my friend and went alone
to make a call on a sick lady who
lived about a mile from Mrs.
Gray's. As I traveled over the
rough side-walks, in the burning
sun, I meditated on what Mrs.

Gray had said and I reached very
nearly the same conclusion which
my friend had reached. There
certainly is a duty which stran-
gers owe the church and the duty
is seldom met. In the first place
it is their duty to make them-
selves known. It is a very simple
and easy matter to remain in the
pew at the close of church service
until the pastor can have an op-
portunity to speak, or even go to
him and introduce one's self. It
is the duty of the stranger to hold
herself (I make the pronoun in the
feminine gender for it is of women
I am speaking) in readiness to re-
ceive attention and show a will-
ingness to return all courtesies in
a proper way. She should let her
influence be felt as soon as she
unites with the Church, in the
prayer-meeting, missionary soci-
ety, Dorcas meetings and in the
benevolent offerings and expenses
of the church. Her presence
should be regular in church, Sun-
day after Sunday. In our swiftly
changing communities the new
comers of one year are among the
old members of the next.

I suppose ministers think it
would be discourteous to tell
strangers their duty, but I do
think if the text, Be ye courteous,
would sometimes be aimed at them
instead of the faithful, patient,
self-sacrificing, long-suffering
Church members it would go
nearer home.—Central Adc.

A BATTLE ALL MUST
FIGHT.

There is one passage in Hugh
Miller's Autobiography, "My
Schools and my Schoolmasters,"
where, with all his malice, he
gives way to a little pity for him-
self. His school boy days had
been days of some work, but
much play—tiring, roving days,
full of fun and frolic, and inter-
spersed with grand expeditions,
and hair-breadth 'scapes by sea
and land, with like-minded com-
rades. But the comrades dispers-
ed, the schoolboy era came to an
end, and a very different era—the
era of hard work for a bare liveli-
hood—began in sight; and the
poor boy was sorry for himself.
I found myself standing face to
face with a life of labor and re-
straint. The prospect appeared
dreary in the extreme. The nec-
essity of ever toiling from morn-
ing to night, and from one week's
end to another, and all for a little
coarse food and homely raiment,
seemed to be a dire one, and I
would I have avoided it. But
there was no escape, and so I de-
termined on being a mason."

And yet Miller could after-
wards look back on this dire nec-
essity as a great boon, and give
his benediction to honest, homely
labor, with her horny hands and
hard conditions, for in her school
he had learned some of the most
useful lessons of his life.

It was the same with David
Livingstone. The woods of Blan-
tyre were charming scenes for a
young explorer, and every plant
and every animal, great and small,
had an interest for a born scient-
ist. The pools of Clyde had their
living treasures, which it was fine
sport to throw out with the rod
on the grass—all the more if the
catch of trout should be varied by
an occasional salmon. But there
came a Monday morning (and he
was but a child of ten) when he
must turn out at six o'clock to
the spinning mill, and toil there
till eight at night, amid deafen-
ing noise and monotonous sights,
with but short intervals for break-
fast and dinner. But, however
hard it was felt at the time, this
necessity was welcomed and bless-
ed by Livingstone, too, in future
life. Speaking to the people of
Blantyre, after he had become
famous, he told them that if he
had the choice of a way of begin-
ning life, he would choose the
same hard lot through which he
had actually passed. It had fur-
nished a most valuable training,
both for mind and body, and had
prepared him for his work in
Africa; for he would not have
shown the same power of endur-
ing hardship, the same patience
and perseverance in conquering
the irksome, if he had not gone
through that long, hard appren-
ticeship in the mill at Blantyre.

These are not solitary cases;
but they are valuable as showing
how nobly the battle with what
is irksome may be fought in youth,
and what precious fruits came of
the victory. Unfortunately, in-
stances of the contrary are but too
common. Of all the causes that
give rise to useless trifling, and
even pernicious lives, the most
common is impatience of irksome
labor in youthful days. No

greater course can well fall on a
young person than the disposi-
tion to turn up his nose at regular
protracted labor, as if the only good
thing in life were self-indulgence.
What a fatal defect in many
a young person's education lies
here!—Prof. Blaikie.

ALL TO JESUS.

I have taken all to Jesus—
Cares, vexations, deep depression,
Longings that could not be met
But by constant, stern repression.

I have taken all to Jesus,
Left with him a past polluted,
And a present pierced with anguish—
Sorrow planted, joys uprooted.

I have taken all to Jesus,
All the ill I have committed;
All the good I've failed to render—
Evil cherishings permitted.

I have taken all to Jesus,
Left with Him my life, and given
Over to His blessed keeping
Every hope for earth and heaven.

I have taken all to Jesus—
Not a secret wish withholding;
And I have the rest and rapture
Of His sweet and perfect folding.

I have taken all to Jesus,
All I dread and all I treasure,
In return He gives me leading,
Peace and gladness without measure.

—Methodist Recorder.

RATHER POINTED.

At a church meeting not far
from Boston, a man whose credit
was not the best, and who was
somewhat noted for his failure to
meet his obligations, arose to
speak. The subject for the evening
was, "What shall I do to be
saved?" Commencing in meas-
ured tone, he quoted the passage
"What shall I do to be saved?"
Again, with increased solemnity
and impressiveness of manner, he
repeated the inquiry, when a voice
upon the assembly answered in
clear and distinct tones, "Go and
pay John Williams for the yoke of
oxen you bought of him!" The
rest of the gentleman's speech
was not reported. All present
appreciated the fitness of the
unexpected word in season, and
were saved from hearing a lengthy
exhortation from a swindler's lips.

The incident has led us to think
that there are a good many peo-
ple who, before they make much
progress in walking in the valley
of salvation themselves, or guid-
ing others therein, will have to
"go and pay John Williams," or
John somebody else, the money
they honestly owe him. There is
no manshrewd enough to pursue
a course of dishonesty or trickery,
and still retain the favor of God
in this world or a good hope of
glory in the world to come. It
is best to settle up, square up,
and pay up, and then it will be in
order to talk in prayer-meeting.—
Christian.

HOW TO BE SAVED.

Some years ago, a lady was
travelling with her husband in
Kansas. As she was crossing
Illinois, she saw in the saloon of
the car a beautiful young lady re-
clining on the sofa, and asked her,
"Why don't you come out and
enjoy the scenery?"

The conversation that followed
revealed the fact that the young
lady's father was the agent of the
railroad, and she was ill, and in a
despondent state of mind. The
lady endeavored to direct her at-
tention to Christ and the great
salvation.

"I am very ignorant," she re-
plied; "I never thought much on
the subject, or had any friend to
help me."

The tears began to flow. The
lady closed the door of the saloon
and sat down by her side, and
like Philip, "preached Jesus" to
her. Then she opened her heart
freely: "I have been a gay and
fashionable girl, she said, "fond
of the ballroom and other giddy
pleasures. A few months ago, I
attended a ball, with an intimate
friend, and walking home with
our thin shoes in the rain, we both
took cold. That friend is in the
grave, and I know I am not pre-
pared to die. I have had no meet-
ing to go to; no Christian friend
to consult. I have read in the
Bible that I must be converted;
but I could not tell what it was to
be converted; and I am still in
darkness; can you tell me?"

"It is to come right to Jesus,
with a humble contrite heart, and
cast yourself on Him. He invites
you and is willing and waiting to
receive you. Are you willing to
give yourself up to Him, and be
His forever?"

"Oh, yes I willing and anxious.
The world has nothing to satisfy
my immortal spirit. All my de-
sire is to have Christ for my
Saviour."

"Are you willing to commit
yourself to Him without reserve,

and when you go home to tell
your parents and friends that you
have given yourself to Him?"

Still weeping, "Yes I will,
Blessed Jesus, take me as I am!"

As she said this her face beam-
ed with joy. She stretched forth
her arms and clasped her un-
known friend in one long, fervent
embrace. "Oh! how grateful I
am for your kind words. God
has sent you to me. No person
ever said a word to me on the sub-
ject of religion before in my life.
I can, I do trust in Jesus as my
Saviour. How can I ever thank
you enough? The darkness is
dispelled. I am happy now."

As we were nearing the station
where her father would meet her,
she handed her card and said,
"We may never meet again in
this world, but we shall meet
again. God bless you." That
card and name are sacredly treas-
ured yet, and that conversation
remembered, as among the most
precious of a lifetime. How many
such golden opportunities are
lost! Oh! let us be faithful.—
American Messenger.

Men plant prayers and enleav-
ors, and go next day looking to
see if they have borne graces.
Now God does not send graces as
he sends light and rain, but they
are wrought in us through long
days of discipline and growth.
Acorns and graces sprout quickly,
but grow long before ripening.

You start back in surprise, and
turning aside, you say, "The
man must be beside himself. In-
stead of thus spending a fortune
upon the old promises which he
must soon vacate forever, why is
he not saving his capital and look-
ing out for a new home to which
to remove and permanently
enjoy?" Hold! reader; that is
just your own position. "Thou
art the man."

Be inconsistent, and enmity to
the Gospel may be propagated
over a parish. Give occasions of
offense, and many may fall. Those
entering the way of life may be
discouraged, and those who have
already entered may be made to
stumble. You cannot live only
for yourselves. A thousand fibres
connect you with your fellow men;
along those fibres, as sympathetic
threads, turn your spirit and ac-
tion as causes; and they come
back to you, and act on others, as
effects—effects which will be
working out their results forever.—
Melville.

Temptations, that I supposed to
be stricken dead and laid upon
their back, rise again and revive
upon me; yes, I see that, while I
live, temptations will not die.
Satan seemed to brag and boast
as much as if he had more court
with Christ than I have; but his
wind skatheth no corn—his efforts
avail nothing. I will not believe
that Christ would have made such
an intimation to have me to him-
self, and have taken so much pains
upon me as he hath done, and
then slip so easily from possession,
and lose the glory of what he
hath done.—Rutherford.

Our friend, the late Rev. Dr.
Green, of Tennessee, once told us
of a mule that had served in a
bark mill so long that when, in
extreme old age, he was turned
out upon the commons, he went
round and round—one side of him
being shorter than the other. The
lamented Bishop Marvin told us
a good story in Atlanta, at the
session of the North Georgia Con-
ference, that had, as an old friend
of ours was wont to say, "pith,
point, power, and edge." And it
connects with Dr. Green's mule
story. The bishop was passing
through a circuit, and wished to
know how a certain pastor was
getting on. He found the steward
with whom he stopped disposed to
reticence about the pastor. Being
pressed a little by the bishop, he
said this only: "Well, bishop, he
is going round." Are not a good
many preachers in this case?—
Wesleyan Advocate.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN INDIAN DETECTIVE.

The story about an Indian who
found a white man lying dead in
the woods with a bullet hole in
his forehead is one of the best il-
lustrations of the habit of obser-
vation which a detective must culti-
vate. The Indian came into the
white settlement and told his

story: "Found a white man dead
in the woods. Had hole in his
head. Short white man's himbot
with long gun, three inches be-
yond muzzle of gun. Wore gray
woolen coat. Had waited long time
for the deadman to come along."
"How do you know all this?"
"Did you see it?" was naturally
demanded of the Indian. "O yes!
me saw; now show you." The
settlers visited the scene of the
murder, and the Indian showed
them the spot where the murder-
er had waited for his victim.

He had set his gun against the
tree. It was a long one, because
the bark was slightly grazed high
up, and about three inches above
the mark left by the ramrod,
showing that it projected three
inches. The man wore a gray
woolen coat, because where he had
leaned against the tree little par-
ticles of threads had been caught
by the bark. There was the
place where the dog sat on his
haunches, his stump-tail left a
mark in the yielding soil. The
murderer was short, because when
he reloaded his gun he set the butt
a good way from his feet. The
trail he left coming and going
showed that he was white, because
he turned his toes out. Indians
never did. The trail also showed
that the one coming to the tree
was older than the one going
away from it—and hence the
murderer waited.—N. Y. Times.

PLAY YOU DO NOT MIND IT.

Some youthful housekeepers one day
Were getting supper in a way
That was delightful really;
The grass a velvet carpet made;
Beneath the glowing naples shade;
No room so charming nearby.

Then Flossy brought a napkin red;
"I'll make a lovely cloth," she said,
But when she came to try it,
Alas! 'twas not quite large enough
To hide the table, slightly rough,
'Twas useless to deny it.

The useful looks of blank dismay
Began to chase the smiles away,
So meagre did they find it,
Till one spoke sunny little Nell;
"We'll leave it so, 'tis just as well,
And play you do not mind it."

The joyous smile returned once more,
For soon the dainty feast was o'er,
And shadows gathered thickly;
A star shone silvery in the west,
Warning each merry little guest
To seek the home fold quickly.

The lesson is as plain as day;
A cloud may rise above your way,
The sunshine is behind it;
When things go wrong and others frown,
Just put all vain repining down,
And play you do not mind it.

"GOD'S LITTLE ERRAND
GIRL."

Little Hester loved Jesus, and
tried to do his will. One day she
and her mother had been talking
together about their Heavenly
Father, and Hester said:
"Why, mother, God is sending
us on errands all the time! Oh it
is nice to think that I am God's er-
rand girl."

There are many things that an
errand girl or errand boy can do,
which are very important.

To do errands properly one
must be attentive, and learn just
what needs to be done; must be
prompt and go at once to do
the errands; and must be careful
and faithful, and be sure to do the
errands right.

Who is willing to run on little
errands for the Lord? There are
poor folks to be relieved, sick folks
to be cured, sad folks to be com-
forted, hungry folks to be fed, old
folks to be waited on, little
folks to be cared for, and all kinds
of good things to be done for the
Lord; and he often uses very lit-
tle children to do his errands.

Who will stand ready to run
and do them promptly, diligently
and faithfully? Who is there that
in answer to the question, "Whom
shall I send, and who will go for
us?" will say like the prophet,
"Here am I send me?"—H. L. H.
in Christian Intex.

WHAT A BOY DID.

A boy who attends one of our
Sunday-schools went out in the
country the past summer to spend
his vacation—a visit he had long
looked forward to with pleasure.
He went out to help the men har-
vest. One of the men was an in-
veterate swearer. The boy having
stood it as long as he could, said
to the man, "Well, I guess I will
go home to-morrow." The swear-
er, who had taken a great liking
to him said, "I thought you were
going to stay all summer." "I
was," said the boy, "but I can't
stay where any body swears so,
I will leave." The man felt the
rebuke, and said: "If you will
stay I won't swear; and he kept
his word.

PROVERBS.

Wisdom is here
Proverbs 1: 20.
mind of the writer,
sonification. Unde-
nied, however, its
gradual revelation,
and especially
of the truth con-
cerning the
God, and teaching in
the gospel with cer-
ter. The "wis-
dom" is in the "words"
description which
herself is complete
Christ, the Word
does the book of
first sight seems to
dictate of life only,
(John 5: 39).

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

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