The Duty of Giving the Gospel to the World.

(A sermon preached before the N. S. Eastern Association, convened at North Sydney, Sept 13, 1896.)

"Teach all nations"; or, as the Revised Version renders it, "Make disciples of all the nations."—Matt. 28: 19. "Preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark 16: 15. "From you sounded out the word of the Lord."—1 Thess. 1: 8.

These words give the keynote of the present discourse, and plainly show, both by precept and example, in common with other Scriptures, the duty of those who have the gospel to make it known among those who have it not.

A survey of the world in general by a devout Christian must be attended with deep and varied feelings. There will surely be thankfulness that so much has been done for the cause of Christ; so much devotion shown; so much sacrifice made; so many agents and agencies employed; so many barriers between nation and nation thrown down; so many difficulties and dangers overcome; so many schools supported; so many tribes reached; so many Bibles circulated; so many congregations gathered; so many churches established; and, above all, so many souls converted to Jesus Christ. All this is a matter for thankfulness and joy.

And there will be a degree of hope—hope in the increasing liberality; in the persevering efforts; and in the prevailing supplications of the Lord's servants: hope in the exceeding great and precious promises of the Divine word; hope in the Holy Spirit's effectual power; hope, cheering and true, in the ultimate success of the Lord's work.

And there will be a feeling of sadness. The superficiality that passes under the name of religion; the endless debates and divisions about points of doctrine and plans of work; the blank opposition of some, and the stolid indifference of others; the weakness of the few and the worldliness of the many; the comparative smallness of the fields already cultivated, and the vastness of the regions, countries, and empires still remaining a moral wilderness: must surely awaken within a serious Christian's mind something of sadness, pity, and regret.

And will not another feeling arise—the ardent longing to have greater numbers saved? And will not this compassionate yearning struggle for expression in wrestling prayer, in faithful testimony, in enlarged beneficence, and in holier, grander Christian life? A desire to *live* the gospel in his own neighborhood, and *give* the gospel to every unevangelized soul under heaven, should, above all other feelings, have a place in the Christian's bosom as he takes a mental, although but a momentary, survey of the great vast world of eternity—tending human souls, among whom, in his own consciousness, in the reckoning of his fellow-creatures, and above all, in the perfect knowledge of the Almighty, he counts as one; responsible to himself, responsible to man, and responsible to God for the greatest of all trusts next to his own existence—the gospel of Christ, brought home to his attention, laid upon his heart, accessible to his eye, and perpetually reiterated in his hearing.

The Christian has abundant reason to prize the gospel. It is the balm of his sorrows; the charter of his liberty; the pledge of his redemption; the food of his soul; the guide of his footsteps; the music of his marchings; the weapon of his warfare; the staff of his pilgrimage; the light of his pathway; the solace of his solitude; the foundation of his hope; the subject of his thoughts; the theme of his speech; the burden of his song; the wealth of his spirit; the strength of his heart; the crown of his knowledge; the glory of his intellect, and the life of his inmost life.

All that the gospel is to himself it is capable of being to every soul of man on the face of the earth. With all his getting he can get nothing better, nothing more useful, nothing more helpful, nothing more precious than the gospel. It is sent from the heart of God; it is brought to the heart of man. It comes from the highest heaven, and it saves from the lowest hell. Its light is clearer than the sun's; its beauty is greater than a bride's; its power is mightier than a parliament's; its triumphs are grander than a Cæsar's; its gifts are nobler than a king's; its peace more secure than an empire's; its fragments richer than a monarch's feasts; its resources ampler than a kaiser's; its dominion is vaster than the continents; its lifetime longer than the centuries, and its music sweeter than a seraph's song. It has the eternal God for its author; the Brightness of the Father's glory for its subject: the ever-living, all-pervading Spirit of Jehovah as its efficient Interpreter; ten thousand times ten thousand souls as its advocates; yea, thousands upon thousands of glorified spirits as the imperishable trophies of its power.

A gospel like this needs no specialist to apologize for its existence, and no subtle enthusiast to adapt it to the likings of the hour. That which was ushered into the world with the songs of angels, accompanied by signs from heaven, preached by inspired apostles with city-moving, nation-awakening, soul saving and God glorifying power, needs not to be mentioned with trembling or fear. Hell's dark legions, with Satan at their head, bear witness to its strength, by the scars they have received in attempting to oppose its progress; and heaven's glad halls bear witness to its triumphs, in all the ransomed hosts who have reached that happy land through its saving efficiency and uplifting might. A gospel like this demands that we should give it to the world.

The gospel is divine. It is not of man. Not one sentence thereof, not one syllable thereof, was suggested by mortal's lips, or indited by mortal's pen. The preacher may not vary it; the missionary may not modify it; synods may not shape it; councils may not cancel it; churches may not change it; creeds may not encumber it; traditions may not trammel it; science may not color it; philosophies may not supplement it; princes may not tamper with it; reformers may not repudiate it; apostles may not abrogate it; nor angel voices announce another gospel in its place. Yea, though man on earth or angel from heaven preach any other gospel, "let him be accursed." The gospel stands without compeer—sovereign, alone. There is only one gospel for the whole world. There is only one gospel for the age—this or any other, and no other does the world require. It has been sufficient in the past; it is sufficient in the present; it will be sufficient in the future. It is the word of God; the speech of God; the truth of God; the time-completed revelation of God. It is God's message of mercy; God's mandate of grace; God's gift of love; God's bow of promise; God's voice of entreaty; God's arms of embracement; God's kiss of endearment; God's welcoming bosom of rest. All this the gospel is, and more. It is, indeed, a great, grand gospel for the great wide world. It is the word of Christ; the message of Christ; the truth of Christ; the gospel of Christ. It is the gospel of the Son of God; the gospel of the kingdom; and the gospel of the glory. It is the utterance of the Almighty's deepest thoughts, and the expression of Jehovah's profoundest feelings. Christ brought it *into* the world; preached it *to* the world; and left it *in*, the world, for the world's enlightenment, for the world's enrichment, and for the world's salvation. It was committed to the charge of faithful disciples, and the trust has been handed down. It has come at last to us. It has brought us light, and joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost. It is placed in our charge for us to dispense. "As every one hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as stewards of the manifold grace of God." It is ours in solemn trust for the good of the world; and it behooves us to enquire whether the world is any better, any richer to day through our means. If not, the fault is ours. The gospel is not ours to hoard, but ours to give. In seeking meekly to hold it for self, like a gleam of the sun it eludes our grasp. The angel of mercy we speed on his way comes back to abide in our tent. In imparting the gospel to man, we are yoked to the service of God.

By giving the gospel out, we richly take it in. By scattering it abroad, we fill our inmost stores. This is the science of Christianity—this is the spirit and tenor of heaven's great law of blessing. Mistaking the gospel's nature, we simply possess it in name. Trusting it wholly, and giving it freely, we possess it effectually. In making it known to others, we know it better ourselves; and by imparting its gladness to others, we increase and multiply our own. There is nothing like it under all the heavens. It is the gospel which *Jesus taught*; it is the gospel which *Jesus lived*; it is the gospel which *Jesus is*. He is the sum of the gospel, its substance and its soul. Had there been another gospel, the Saviour "would have told us." He meant it for the world, and the world must have it, and have it through us who have it now.

It was *given* to us. We did not purchase it. We may have paid a few cents for the paper and the printing which convey the words; but we have paid nothing for the priceless prescription which the words contain for the removal of the world's tremendous ills; even as we may have paid a few cents for the glass in the windows that let in the cheery southern sun, but have paid nothing for the sun itself, the glorious orb of day, led up yon skies of blue by God's unfailing hand. We did not earn it by our labors: we did not win it by our worth. The pastorless, preacherless multitudes scattered throughout these provinces, and the unevangelized, missionaryless millions in heathen lands are as worthy of, as much entitled to, the gospel as any one of us. Why don't we give it? Let us be Godlike: God *gave* it to us, let us *give* it to them. "For who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?" "A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from above." The gospel, like salvation, is the free gift of God. The fundamental principle of church growth, the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and the gathering in of precious souls to the Shiloh of our God is embodied in the gospel's freeness. A prompt, spontaneous, widespread obedience to this law among the various churches of Christ, and among their individual membership, would speedily evangelize the nations. "Freely ye have received, freely give." To you, O people of God, is given the bread of life to meet the hunger of earth's teeming millions, and the balm of Gilead for the healing of the nations. What if any should rise up against you in the judgment, and say: "You had the lamp of truth, but you never held it forth that I might see my perilous condition and the only path of escape! You knew the fountain of life, but you never brought me a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple to quench my raging thirst! You handled the bread of life, but you never gave me a crumb to stave off the hunger which gnawed like a vulture at my soul! I, your fellow man, bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh, soul of your soul, was hungering, famishing, perishing within reach of your benevolence, and you who had abundance, you who boasted of your religion, gave *me*, your fellow man, no bread! O God of heaven! O righteous Judge eternal! *that* man—*that* woman—gave me no bread!"

And these words are still legible in the Book of God, and still actual in the working out of the divine law: "The merciful man doeth good to his own soul. There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself. He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be on the head of him that selleth it." "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." This may be reckoned among the certain things of the kingdom: God has given the gospel to His people in order that they may give it to the world.

The gospel we need ourselves. We need it in our hearts, and we need it in our lives. We need its strength to make us strong; its goodness to make us good; its gladness to make us glad; its wisdom to make us wise; its security to make us safe; its grace to make us gracious; its purity to make us pure; its peace to make us calm; its spirit to make us spiritual, and its heavenliness to make us heavenly.

It is *ours*. We may take it. We may use it. We may rejoice in it. We may walk in its light, rest under its shadow, depend upon its support, draw upon its treasuries, appropriate its blessings, adore and magnify its Giver, and, while holding it firmly in our affections, gladly give it away to those whose spiritual needs are as deep and as great as our own. Beneficiaries of the gospel can afford to be munificent. O wondrous thought! by giving the gospel to immortal souls, we may make them eternally rich. How many we may thus enrich, we may never know until their own lips tell us in the language of heaven, and within the house of God.

We must give the world the gospel now. It never needed it more. Its population is greater than ever. Its needs are multiplied. Its sores are festering. Its wounds are corrupting. Its evils are deepening. Its wretchedness is appalling. Its symptoms are alarming. Its need is urgent. Its claims are imperative. From the nearest neighbor to the most distant fellow mortal there is a call for the gospel. Opportunities with each one of us are lessening every hour. The time is short. Man is frail, and life uncertain. The brittle thread on which so much depends may soon be snapped. Thousands are passing daily to their dread and last account. Alas! how many go without the gospel!

While to you the passing years
More and more endear it,
Millions of the human race
Die and never hear it.

Think, for a moment, of India, a land where a faithful band of our missionaries are. In that country one-sixth of the inhabitants of the world reside. Two hundred millions are under British rule, and fifty millions more belong to practically dependent states. Of the total number—somewhat more than the actual figures named—two hundred millions are without the gospel, sunk in heathenism; and the additional fifty millions are followers of Mahomet, and hostile to the Christian faith. One million only are reported as professing Christians. How many of that one million, gathered in by different denominations, are actual Christians, is not for us to say. Out of every six births in the world, one is there;—a birth into ignorance and unbelief. Out of every six deaths in the world, one is there; a death uncheered by gospel hope. More missionaries are needed there. Our own beloved few, with Christlike longing, are praying and pleading for more. Through the missionaries already on the field, and others like minded whom the churches at home are abundantly able to support,—missionaries who know the gospel as we know it—who love the gospel as we love it—who speak the gospel as we speak it—who shall say how much more *might* be done, and *early* done, to give the gospel to the world? This gospel they need in life; this gospel they need in death.

Nought like this can cheer and bless
Sinful, dying mortals;
Nought like this can gild with light
Death's dark, gloomy portals.

Yes, the gospel *must* be given to the world.

It is the best thing we have to give. It is better than silver; better than gold; better than science; better than art; better than literature or learning; better than weapons of war; better than terms of peace; better than old philosophies; better than new inventions; it is better than anything else, I say, within our power to give. It is the best gift that God has given to man; and the best gift that man can give to man. There is nothing in all the world to take the gospel's place.

All should give it. Not one soul that has it should dare to keep it back. Not one soul that has it truly—has it in the grasp of its faith—has it in the hold of its love—can *wish* to keep it back. It is given to *be given*. Each one can give it to some one else; to another; and still another. This work is not for ministers alone. It *is* their duty to give it to others; but others must give it too; each one himself—each one herself. The minister's voice is not enough. *Every* voice can carry the message; each must do a Christian's part in giving the gospel to the world. If this were done faithfully, done earnestly, how fast the tidings would spread! How far the gospel would go! and how great its triumphs would be!

Give the gospel at home. Begin there. It is the home gospel, such as Christians love; such as parents are saved by; such as children need; such as every member of the household may be eternally the richer for. Every saved soul must be a home missionary—a light shining at home—a witness for Christ—a means of blessing at home. Send the gospel abroad; yes, and give it at home. The heathen need it abroad; and so do the heathen at home. Mothers need it abroad; so do mothers at home. Fathers need it abroad; so do fathers at home. Children need it abroad; so do children at home. "Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." Speak, sing, shout the grand glad news at home.

There are social meetings within your reach; give the gospel there. A place is waiting you there; a word is due from you there. You need not give a sermon; but you can offer a sentence. Take up your part. It will add to your own strength; deepen your own peace; and increase your own joy. Fellow Christians need the gospel; need it from *you*, just as you need it from *them*. Help others, and you will help yourselves; comfort others, and you will find comfort too; bless others, and you will be blessed again. Wanderers may be reclaimed by you. Sinners may be pointed to the Saviour by you. Souls may be saved through you. Blessed opportunities are yours; how can you throw them away. Are you *saved*? Then how can you hold your peace? Journeying to heaven, how can you be guiltless, if you breathe no warning word while souls within reach of your voice are hastening to death and speeding to doom? Tire not in telling the old, old story. Live daily on the gospel feast, and you will always be ready to tell how sweet it is. Perhaps even now the gates of eternity are throwing their shadows across your path. Moments are passing; do not, *do not* waste them. In every social meeting there are those who need the gospel. Heed their heart's deep pleading:

"Tell me the Story often,
For I forget so soon;
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon."

Give the gospel in your *own lives*. Let your lives show forth its praise, ray forth its light, and beam out its joy. The gospel in *print* is good; the gospel in *song* is sweet; but the gospel in *life* is best of all. It is this that reveals its power. This life-transforming gospel, in the form of "living epistles, known and read of all men," must be given to all the world. Every Christian should be a living gospel. What means of blessing the tens, the scores, the hundreds composing our church membership should be! What light the clustering stars should give! What power these banded followers of Christ should wield! Within the boundaries of the Maritime Provinces there are reported to be between forty and fifty thousand church members. Oh, how great the responsibility must be on this vast multitude, as to whether, severally or collectively, they give or withhold the gospel.

The gospel has been given to us unstintedly; by us it must be unstintedly given. In all its fullness it has been passed down to us; in all its fullness, we must pass it on to others. Not as a neglectful servant throws out a bone to stop the pitiful moanings of the hungry household dog must we give of our means for carrying on God's work, saying inwardly to our conscience or to receiver of our gift, what the heartless servant I have named says in effect to the faithful hound: "There! take that; you will be quiet now." Not so! Not so! but with all our heart and strength, without stinting the measure, without postponing the time, without undervaluing the privilege, we must give, and continue to give, as Christ saved sinners, the gospel—the blessed gospel—to the world.

This must be our one great object in life—giving the gospel; giving the gospel in the spirit of the gospel; giving it in word and deed down to life's last hour. This our one great theme—Christ! the gospel Christ!

"Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

This is my own feeling, and I want you, my hearers, to share it. I would like when I pass from earth, to go up to my own beloved Saviour, and falling low at His sacred feet, be able to say: "My blessed Lord! I thank Thee for Thy gospel. I thank Thee that it reached *me*. I thank Thee that it *saved me*. And, oh! I thank Thee for the longing Thou gavest me to make it known; and honestly I have tried, faithfully I have tried, down where men were dying—down where souls were perishing, in my own part and measure, to give Thy gospel to the world."

How We Came to Organize.

It was all done at one Sewing Society; and Aunty Parsons, who is always present at our meetings, deserves the credit of making the suggestion. We were at work tying "comforters" that day, and we had a quilt on the frames, besides; and the good lady had been so silent, that we knew there was something on her mind. In fact, we were all pretty silent that day for a Sewing Society, when Mrs. Parsons looked up and said "Well."—

Then we knew we were going to hear something; and she went on—"Well, we're workin' to-day for Furrin' Missions. In fact, we've been doin' so for a considerable good spell. We organized this society when our little church was too weak to stand alone. And,"—there was a triumphant look on her good strong face—"and we've kep' it up. It's been a leetle mite discouragin' sometimes; and we've had some meetins, when there was only jest enough to claim the blessin', but we've kep' it up. Nigh onto twenty years we've stuck to it, and this little church has kep' up its furrin mission work. I'm proud of it; or if that isn't exactly the thing to say, I'm mighty well pleased with ourselves, and I'd sooner work my fingers off than let it go down."

The ladies all listened, for they knew that something was coming; and they knew that when Aunty Parsons, quaint and homespun as she was, had anything to propose, it was always worth considering. So directly she spoke again.

"I've been thinkin' a good deal," she said, "lately about the other Board. Furrin missions is good; but sometimes there is two good things. And the Home Board is not only doin' a good work, but it looks to me like our little church might be owin' it something. That's the Board that used to help us. Ah, I remember them days. We just leaned up against that Board for fourteen years; and wouldn't it be nice now, since we've become self supporting, to show that we don't forget our old friends. I confess I'd like to organize a Woman's Society, or xrillary to that same Home Board."

This matter had sometimes been spoken of before; but the general feeling had seemed to be opposed to such a movement, and just now it was a great surprise. Mrs. Boyd first spoke in reply; and Mrs. Boyd was one of our wisest little women though a little slow. "We are not entirely neglecting the Home Board, Aunty, the Church takes a Home Missionary collection in November each year, and we can all give something, if we desire to do so, through the general collection. No doubt most of us do so."

But Aunty Parsons had considered all that and was ready with her answer. "Of course there's a collection; and so is there a collection for the furrin work. But for that object, we have also this here Society, and for the home heathen we don't do anything but take a collection in church. I can't see why we don't do the same for one of these things as for t'other. The Home Board spent about $3,000 helpin' our church, and they was ready to do as much more if we asked it. And it strikes me, that if we had the right sperret, we should leastwise do as well by them as helps us, as by them that helps folks in Africa. Here we be, organized and at work nigh on to twenty years for the Board that didn't help us, and no society at all, all that time for the Board that saved our very lives."

Aunty Parsons was making so strong a case, that unless somebody should come to the rescue, we were likely to be all captured. And, as the weightiest person present, the widow Somber, relict of the late Rev. Dr. Somber, addressed the meeting. The Doctor we had all known in former days—one of those excellent brethren who say "juty" for duty, who have great gifts of continuity, and who wear large white cravats. And a good deal of his extended mantle had fallen upon that noble relict who now was to address us. So that when she began by referring to "my last husband" we know that we were in for some extended remarks unless some unlooked for and special Providence should interfere. She told us what a "stchudent of the word" Dr. Somber had been, and how she hoped to "injuce" us to pause before we took so important a step; and she was going forward to "projuce" her reasons, when the quilt support, just at the corner where bright Sue Bailey sat, gave way. We never knew what did it, but the frames parted; spools and thimbles rolled to the floor; the ladies sprang to save the quilt, and several chairs tipped over, and Sue jumped on a seat in great apparent consternation, saying "A mouse, a horrid mouse," and the rest of Mrs. Somber's remarks never saw the light.

There was another speaker, however, who improved the opportunity when quiet was restored. This was "Dear Mrs. Pinchey." She is a good woman. She comes to all the meetings, or used to; and when she comes she always works. Her husband has quite an income as we reckon incomes in our little town, and many regard him as a pillar of the church; but for contributions he is not a great success. Twenty years ago he gave one dollar for foreign missions at the annual offering in our church, and Mrs Pinchey on the same occasion gave twenty-five cents. And though their means have vastly increased, that dollar from him, and that twenty-five cents from her—just that and nothing more, continues at each contribution unto this day.

"We're not a rich church," said Sister Pinchey, "We can't do everything. We are really straining every nerve just as we are. I'm as ready to give and to make sacrifices as anybody, but there's reason in all things; and to get up an other Society in this little church seems what Solomon calls the oppression of the poor."

"Well now," said Aunty Parsons, "there's something in that; but let's see. Our annooal dues, as we are, is twenty-five cents apiece. That's consid'ble. But, do you think it would oppress the poor very dreadful if each on us should once a year give twenty-five cents more? Kiah isn't in the way of airnin much, since his rheumatiz got in again and our income is pretty small I tell you, but I guess if we are pretty savin' even we could raise twenty-five cents in the course of a year for the Home Board. We'd try it any way, and not make no bones on it. Massey on us, I'd plant a cabbage bed; I'd raise a calf; I'd set a hen; I'd do somethin' before I'd say I couldn't give twenty-five cents a year for Home Missions. And that's all it will cost apiece even if we all jine; which we needn't onless we've a mind to."

Then our sweet faced Mrs. Fearly spoke up. She is a dear little body, timid as a hare, and seems to be strangely haunted with the suspicion that somebody, and somebody else is going to "divide." So she said, "Don't let us divide. We've always been agreed. But, if another society is started I fear we shall have divisions. One will be for the Home Society, and another will be for the Foreign Society, and our happy days will be at an end. Don't let us do anything rash. It is always well to let well enough alone."

So Aunty Parsons had to speak again. "To be sure, Sister Fearly, we aint agoin' to quarrel. And it's just as you say, we better let well enough alone. But, them two Boards is to me jest like twin children." This, Mrs. Fearly could appreciate; for the dear little mother had two pairs of these blessings; but Aunty went on to say, "Lettin' well enough alone is all right, but when that means leaving one of the twins out in the cold, well enough doesn't seem to me to be exactly the word. Yes," she continued, pursuing her effective parallel, "we've been all these years, buyin' clothes as it were, and cookin' victuals and makin' beds for one of the children and the other has had to go 'round beggin.' I don't like it. Why it seems just like a sheep we had once, that wouldn't own her lambs.

"We got great store by that sheep, but I was so provoked when she acted so, that I was glad when Kiah said "We'll mutton her." I don't like to see no critter killed; but when I see 'em catch that remorseless old cosset and carry her off to the butchers' I keep sayin', serves her right! I don't want no dividin' between ourselves, sisters, but no more I don't want no dividin' between the twins."

This rather brought down the house; but Aunty Parsons was not done yet: "Talk about dividin'," she said, "Why how is it now? Them that's here to day is well united, but I called on Sister Puffy yesterday, and asked her to come and join this society; and what do you think she said. 'Why,' says she to me, says she, 'I don't believe in Furrin Missions,' says she, 'I believe in Home Missions,' says she, 'I never could make it seem as if them heathen had souls,' said she, 'I believe in Home Missions. Why don't you have a society for that,' says she. Then she said she knew more than twenty that would join a Home Society, but they would't join no Furrin Society, never. Well I've heard that so many times that I just made up my mind that we'd better git that stumbling block out of the way."

The old lady's eyes twinkled, as she went on; and then there was a little jerk at the corners of her mouth; and she said, "come on, let's catch 'em, let's have a Home Missionary Society, and ask them twenty that don't believe in the furrin work all to join."

And I am happy to say that Aunty Parsons carried the day; and we organized right then and there. Sister Puffy gave in her name next day, and paid her "jews" as Mrs. Somber would say; and several of the twenty who believed only in Home Missions came in to our first meeting; but except two or three of them, they never appeared again.

Mostly therefore, it was just the same old set in both the old society and the new. Even Mrs. Somber fell in with the plan, considering it her "juty" to yield to the majority. And now after two years, we find that the new organization has created no division of feeling among us, except on the part of Sister Pinchey who has quite withdrawn. We easily do our home work, and the amount we used to give for Foreign Missions has more than doubled since the new society was formed. And as Aunty Parsons is our treasurer, you may be sure that no one is allowed to forget her annual "jews."

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