

EVERETT SUNDAY.

Everett, H. D., D., one of the editors of a contemporary, the Boston, is travelling a series of interesting, on his expeditions. At present not a new Rome Mr. principle of doing as usual in Catholic Mass with the faith in his own fashion, he is open on the cere-

"Only a Baby's Grave."

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM. "Whom do you bury to-day?" I asked; "And the sexton quietly said, 'As he slowly turned to the gleaming sod, 'It is only a babe that is dead.'"

THE CASE OF A METHODIST FRIEND.

The case of a young man in Boston, who writes to me as follows, is worthy of very serious attention: "Sir, I would like to ask through your columns one question. I am a young man 25 years of age. I have been keeping company with a young lady 23 years of age for about nine months. Five months ago I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. The question I wish to ask is this: Four years ago this young lady was married to a man who treated her so badly that in six months she had to leave him and applied for a divorce, which was granted. Now in reading my Bible, I find in Matthew, chap. 5, verse 32, also Mark, chap. 10, and the first twelve verses, also in other places in Christ's teaching, that a divorced wife is forbidden to marry again while the husband is living. As I am very much attached to the young lady, and still want to be true to my creed and honorable to her, I am at loss how to act. Will you please give me your advice, and oblige yours, 'S. G. W.'"

By the laws of Massachusetts, where the two reside, undoubtedly the woman is entitled to marry again if her divorce was properly obtained. Our correspondent can make her his legal wife. But can the two be united in wedlock without disobeying the commands of Christ? That is a very different matter. The present divorce laws of Massachusetts and of New England generally were not framed in accordance with the teachings of Christianity. They were based on the theory that marriage is a contract which may be broken by the misbehavior of one or the other of the parties to it, if that improper conduct shall be satisfactorily proved before a Judge. The marriage may be dissolved not only because of adultery, but also on account of abandonment, and for various other causes. It seems that very many people in New England both men and women, are glad to take advantage of the divorce laws to throw off marriage bonds, without caring whether the laws are in accordance with Christian precepts or not. They are eager to escape from a conjugal yoke under which they chafe; to be rid of obligations to husbands who treat them ill or abandon them or to put away wives with whom they cannot live peaceably. Very often, perhaps generally, they are anxious to separate from mates in order that they may be happy with new ones. The divorced are more likely to marry than any other class of people, if they can get the chance. They therefore have not acquired a distaste for matrimony because of hardships suffered in married life. But what does Christ say in regard to divorce and marriage? We quote the passages from the Gospels of Matthew and Mark to which our correspondent refers: "But I say unto you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery; and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery."—Matt. 5: 32.

"And He saith unto them, whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery against her. And if a woman shall put away her husband and be married to another, she committeth adultery."—Luke 10, 11, 12.

There is no mistaking the meaning of this language. The simplest man understands it as well as the most learned. The teachings of Jesus Christ are in direct opposition to the divorce laws of Massachusetts. No faithful Christian can take advantage of those laws, with the words of Christ so clear and so positive before him. Freedom of divorce is undoubtedly opposed to Christianity. The marriage of the woman divorced is also expressly stigmatized by Christ as adulterous in the passage above quoted. Our young Methodist friend in Boston cannot obey the commands of Christ and marry his sweetheart also.

Yet we do not deny that very many men who call themselves Christians would not hesitate to wed her in spite of the words which are a stumbling block for him. Genuine Christians are not very numerous in these days. Even ministers of the Gospel will explain away the words of Christ.—N. Y. Sun.

FILES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crabs, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 10c.

Biliousness. A furred tongue, bad taste in the mouth, nausea, vomiting, variable appetite, alternate diarrhoea and constiveness, faintness, weariness, yellow cast of eyes and countenance, indicates serious biliary trouble. Jaundice is a dangerous disease, it is an overflow of bad bile in the circulation, any of these symptoms should be remedied without delay, and Burdock Blood Bitters is the remedy upon which you may surely rely.

THE POPE'S SOLICITUDE.

HIS GREAT ANXIETY IN NAMING BISHOPS—A MATTER OF CONSTANT PRAYER THAT HE MAY SELECT THE BEST MEN—LEO XIII'S ALLOCATION TO THE ITALIAN BISHOPS. From the London Tablet. "We salute in you to-day the new pastors designated to govern each his portion of the flock of Jesus Christ, and we rejoice in seeing the number increased of those who are called to share the cares of the Apostolic ministry with Us. Most deeply is the need now felt of having holy and worthy pastors in the Church of God: now, on account of the malice and the power of Our enemies, whose aim is to combat religion and to cause the loss of souls, and on account of the continual difficulties which are opposed to the action of the sacred ministers, there is required in them all the force of a truly sacerdotal courage, all the prudence of an enlightened spirit, all the patience of a soul filled with charity and with the sentiment of sacrifice.

"Thus the nomination of our Bishops is one of Our greatest solitudes, while one of Our most constant and fervent prayers is the *ostende quoniam elegisti*, with which, according to the example of the Apostolic College, we ask of God to show Us who those are that He has chosen and who are most according to His heart. We have the firm confidence that the Lord has pleased on this occasion to listen to Our humble prayer: all leads Us to think that your work in the Episcopate will be to the glory of God, to the advantage of souls, and to the honor and consolation of the Church. We see among you the illustrious Patriarch of Antioch, this dignity is the reward of a just and laborious life from his earliest years; it is the reward for long and important services rendered to the Church and to the Apostolic See in the various offices which he filled with most painstaking diligence.

"On account of all this, it might be hoped, dearly beloved sons, that the way would be left open to you to enter on the peaceful possession of your sees, as all right and justice demand. But unhappily that which is occurring in Italy for some time past keeps Us in this respect also in the most serious and painful apprehension. There are still many Bishops nominated by Us who, during several months, or even years, still wait the removal of the obstacle which prevents them from entering their own dioceses. Nor is it without reason we speak of obstacles and impediments opposed to them; since, unless the newly-elected do not prefer to enter their own sees in an absolutely private form: destitute of every human subsidy, constrained to shelter themselves in the houses of others, exposed to the danger of seeing the very act of their episcopal jurisdiction not recognized, but even incriminated, as has happened at Civitavecchia, they are obliged to them that which they have a right to possess is equivalent to their removal from the diocese entrusted to their care. Now this is greatly to be deplored: for it is not only an indignity, having regard to the illustrious qualities of the persons selected, against whom the political authority itself has not been able to find any just cause of complaint, but it is also a very grave injury to the interests of religion and to the regular progress of the administration of the diocese, constrained to remain for a long time deprived of their legitimate heads. Thus the wishes of the Catholic population are frustrated—they who desire to have their pastor in their midst, and who receive him with joy and transport when it is given them to have him.

But the worst is, that this manner of acting on the part of the public power gravely offends one of the most precious and vital liberties of the Church, notwithstanding the promises to the contrary made so amply in former times to the Apostolic See. Therefore in continuing not to do justice to the rights of the Bishops demonstrated to evidence that it is sought to hold the church in Italy in a state of oppression and slavery, and to render it impossible to the administration of the diocese, we, indeed, he said of the Supreme political authority, if having selected for the army the leaders deemed most fitting, and for the province the rulers esteemed so able, before sending them to take the rule in hand, they should await the good pleasure of another authority which would delay or delay it for a long time without any plausible motive. Would there not be reason to cry out against the usurpation, against the abuse? Now this is exactly what happens to Us in the nominations to the Bishops of Italy; about twenty dioceses have long waited in vain for pastors. This fact is a very sharp thorn to Our heart; and We should denounce it, in order that it may be still better known how difficult is the government of the Church for Us, and how intolerable is our present position.

"May the Lord be pleased to stretch forth his hand soon and bring a remedy! Meanwhile to comfort you in your arduous office, beloved sons, we impart to you from the bottom of Our heart the Apostolic Benediction."

The Superintendent in Love.

Supt. E. J. O'Neill, of the Dominion Police Force, Ottawa, Canada, thus spoke to a representative of the Ottawa's leading journals: "I am actually in love with that wonderful medicine St. Jacobs Oil. I keep it at home and likewise here in my office; and though my duty should call me hence in an hour to journey a thousand miles, St. Jacobs Oil would surely be my companion. It is the most wonderful medicine in the world, without any exception, I believe, and entire family have been cured by it. We have used it for twenty different ailments, and found it worth half a score of doctors. My men here on the Dominion Police Force, use it right along and very justly think that there is nothing like it. I believe it is the long sought *Elisir Vitæ* and possesses the power of making the old young again. I know it often cures me, and although I am past fifty years of age, I am, thanks to that wonderful agent, a lively man yet.

Davy & Clark, Druggists, Renfrew, writes us June 28th. "We have sold Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for a number of years, and find nothing equal to it for the purpose for which it is designed." Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures all forms of Bowel complaints incident to Summer and Fall.

LEO XIII. ON THE STATE OF ROME.

The Cross Taken Down From The Capitol.

Rome, July 15th.—In an audience granted to the Federazione Pia of the Catholic societies of Rome, the Holy Father delivered a very remarkable discourse. His Holiness said:—"To the heart of a father, the affection of his children is so much the more dear, as the circumstances in which this affection is manifested are the more sorrowful and painful. Such is precisely the character of the testimony of love and devotion which you offer to us to-day, dearly beloved children, in presenting to us these new volumes filled with numerous signatures of Romans, as a solemn testimony of their inviolable attachment to the Church of Jesus Christ and to its visible Head.

"These repeated manifestations have a very high significance for us, for they give a denial to those who would wish to affront the Romans by believing them, in general, less devoted to the cause of the Church, or indifferent to what is done against her within the walls of their city. "In truth, that appeared impossible. The facts to which you have referred, and which have come to pass, above all, on that fatal night which witnessed, a year ago, the sacrilegious offences committed against the venerated remains of our glorious predecessor, demonstrate to evidence how very fierce is the war which is waged against Religion, against the Church and the Papacy, with the open intention of crushing and of destroying them, if that were possible. "Rome is chiefly marked out as the point of attack, because it is the centre of Catholicity, the See of the Pontificate, and because the faith has been able to plant deep roots here and to manifest itself here in all its splendor.

"Men educated in hatred of religion, and who have been allowed, with full leisure, to grow up filled with arrogance and audacity, give, in Rome, here, the proofs of their iniquity. There are journals which scatter wildly and with impunity doctrines of impiety, in blaspheming and in cursing the most sacred things; they launch forth their offences and outrages against the Divinity itself, and, horrible to say, they chant hymns to Satan! "Here, from the summit of the Capitol, on which it had been placed with great honor by the faith of our ancestors, they have taken down and removed the august sign of redemption and salvation. Here, they have paid the tribute of honor to men who dedicated their whole lives to insult religion and to outrage the priesthood and the Church. Here, the sects are preparing, with the approbation of the most extreme parties, to hold their assemblies, and they do not conceal what they intend to make of the Churches, the Vatican and the Pope, on the day when they will have the power in their hands.

"In presence of so sad a picture it is impossible for a Catholic to remain indifferent. It is even necessary that all those who love Religion and the Papacy with a sincere love should henceforward openly show themselves as they are. The promoters of impiety make their attacks without a mask; it is fitting that Catholics should in like manner defend themselves, in constituting themselves the intrepid champions of their faith, and in showing that they are not disposed to sacrifice it at any price.

"This costs, it is true; but remember, dearly beloved children, that always that, in the most troubled periods of the Church, the preservation of the faith has been the fruit of generous sacrifices and of struggles sustained with Christian courage.

"We have it deeply at heart, dearly beloved children, that all good Catholics in Rome should be inspired with these sentiments, and drawing from the example of their ancestors the force to imitate them, they hold strictly united to the fundamental rock of the Catholic edifice, against which, according to the infallible promise of Christ, the powers of hell shall never prevail.

"Meanwhile, dearly beloved children, continue with alacrity and zeal the works which you have undertaken, and let us all strive with one care to keep unshaken the people of Rome loyal for the Catholic faith and the sentiment of those duties which are imposed upon them by the very serious and sad condition of the present time.

"May the assistance of Heaven, which certainly cannot fail you, sustain you in your arduous enterprise, and may Our Apostolic Benediction, which we impart to you all here present, to your societies, to your families and to all the Catholics of Rome, be a comfort to you.

TAKING DOWN THE CROSS FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE CAPITOL.

"Our Senators vote down Jesus. As old Rome dies, the Trial of the Gods. From the summit of the Capitol, the cross, which entered into Rome after the defeat of Maseuntius, and was borne by the conqueror under the arches of the Triumphal Way, and from the ancient Via Sacra, ascended the capitol, on which it was placed by the victorious Constantine, has now been removed by the Roman Municipality, in accordance with a vote delivered in the Palace of the Senators. When the ancient colossus of the Roman Empire was bearing, in its last days, and famine, the decimated the inhabitants within the city walls, it was proposed by Symnumus, the last of the pagans, that the old worship should be renewed and that a pagan *simulacrum* should replace the Christian symbol. But the Emperor, to whom the application was made, refused, and by his refusal sealed the sepulchre of dead paganism, and, as one poet says:—"To prove there is no Jupiter. "Never was there a more important cause," as Bannard, *Histoire de St. Ambroise*, writes, "nor did a more serious debate ever occupy popular attention in those days." There was on the one side the false wisdom of the last twenty centuries, and on the other, the true faith and the true wisdom which for 1800 years has made, and will make even to the consummation of the world the dear object of our thoughts and combats. But now, the majesty of the Christian capitol has been violated. Upon the summit of its high tower has appeared the new Rome which would strive to ape the ancient Rome. The statue which crowns this tower, and which until three months ago held the Cross in its right hand, the statue of Rome, now grasps a lance in the right hand, and holds the globe of sovereignty, of world wide rule, in the left. Late events at Turin furnish an ironical comment on the symbolism of the globe of sovereignty. The Capitol, surrounded by the Cross was the symbol of Christian Rome, of that Rome which, in a new way, was the mistress of the world by religion, liberty and civilization. By the change from the Cross to a lance the modern Rome, capital of Italy, would seem to declare that henceforth it is not by Christianity but by worldly power it would reconquer the world. Well, so be it. But, at present, these aspirations of Empire and extended rule, are so many simple dreams that are sure to be dissipated by the first cannon shot in an imperial war. Meanwhile the modern city fathers have given a new answer to the old question:—"Whether shall God henceforth in Rome?"

THE INDIAN AND THE CRUCIFIX.

Father De Smet, S. J., the celebrated Indian missionary, used to tell the following remarkable occurrence. It is given as nearly as possible in his words: "In 1851," he said, "I visited the Blackfoot Indians, who, though they are a very warlike tribe, received me with a kind welcome. On this occasion I gave them a crucifix, merely explaining to them what Christ is, and how He died on the cross for them, to bring them to heaven with Himself. Again I paid them a visit in 1855, when I was still warmly received and welcomed, in fact, with every mark of affection. This greatly surprised me, and I was going to ask the cause of it, when I was invited to a council of all the warriors of the tribe. I went, and soon found myself in the presence of their great men, and of their chieftain himself, who wore on his breast the crucifix I had given him years before. When I was seated, you may guess my surprise and delight when he began his harangue to me by begging me to send them black-gowns to teach them the way to heaven. 'Black-gown,' said he, 'we know that what you teach us is true,' and when I asked what had brought this conviction to their minds, he told the following fact: 'Three snows ago, black-gown, said he, 'I and my warriors, thirty in all, went on the warpath against the Crow Indians, our enemies, and we entered their territory. We knew that the moment we entered their land we were beset with dangers, and, therefore, we took every precaution to prevent our track being discovered. Besides, when we camped for the night, we built up a kind of fortress of dead wood to protect us in case of a surprise from their shots and arrows. We of all our care the Crow Indians discovered our trail, and during the dead of night surrounded us with a body much larger than ours, and then raised their wild war-cry. We, who were within the enclosure, giving ourselves up for lost, began to sing our death song, when I bethought myself of the crucifix which you, black-gown, gave me, and the words you said. I saw there was no hope but in it. Then I addressed my fellow-warriors, and I said to them: 'Trust in Him who died on the cross for us!' and taking the crucifix, I held it aloft in my hands, and prayed to the Good Spirit to save us. I then kissed the crucifix and placed it on my head and rubbed it over my arms and breast, and gave it to my companions. They all did the same. I took the crucifix in my hand, held it before me, and told them all to follow. I burst through the palisade, right in the midst of the enemy, followed by all. Shots and arrows flew about us from every direction, yet, black-gown, owing to the power of Him whom we invoked, we passed through unscathed, not one of us being hurt. From that moment we all longed to see the black-gown again.' Black-gown went, and received twelve hundred of this tribe into the Church."

POSITION AND INFLUENCE OF CATHOLICITY.

Catholicity is a recognized power in New York, and its importance from any point of view is an exceedingly over-estimated. It is always a unit. There are never any divided councils. There is none of the feeling of responsibility to a something which in politics would be called a "constituency" that is observable in the governing affairs of other denominations. It is more than is understood by a close corporation. It is an aggregate in which none can transcend his own business, as of which is in Rome. Each dog in this vast and complicated mechanism knows well itself, and this knowledge it generally keeps to itself, except it be called upon for information by the superior in Orders. Many of the "institutions" of this world are almost over-anxious that everybody should know how they are flourishing, and in one form or another they are always never any divided councils. Catholicity does not fall under this category. It is a mighty, but a silent force and seldom parades in print. Besides, its "make-up" is such that the statistician finds it difficult to bring the details under dominion. Indeed, he is extremely fortunate if he secures anything approaching trustworthy aggregates. Under Episcopal definition in a city like New York, a definition is an abstraction. In the Catholic understanding, however, it has definite geographical proportions and lines of demarcation, generally determined by the capacity of the church edifice and the characteristics of the population for which it forms a religious centre. This parish may contain 25,000 Catholics, while the other may scarcely number a thousand. The number of "good" Catholics in any parish is nearly always a matter of guess-work, the determining factors being the attendance upon the various services, the births, the deaths, etc. From this data, if the priest be so inclined, he can make up pretty trustworthy estimates, and such estimates are from time to time sent to superiors.—New York Times.

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A REMINISCENCE OF A SOUTHERN CITY.

Who does not know Marseilles—that beautiful sunny city, rising as it were from the blue waters of the sunlit Mediterranean and warmed by the brightest rays of the god of day; fanned by the odoriferous breezes of sweet Providence, land of poetry and song, and watered by the grand old Rhone, which leaves proud Avignon, the city of the Popes, far behind to throw itself into the arms of the glorious Mediterranean at Marseilles! What a never-to-be-forgotten sight it is to sail slowly into that unique harbour on a bright August morning to see the tall spires of the many churches and convents gleaming in the radiant atmosphere; to watch the at first indistinct masses gradually clearing itself from the haze which envelops it, and assuming a thousand different forms till at last we recognise the various well-known points of view? Yes, that is Chateaufort, that imposing-looking pile of buildings down by the water's edge; that long white line along the coast is the Corniche—*chemin des Corniches*—which reaches away to far Genoa. Look at those fearful looking cliffs, those dreadful precipices of solid rock which form the coast from Marseilles to Coulan. Now we catch a glimpse of the Cannebiere—that splendid Cannebiere, half quay and half boulevard, of which the honest Marseillais is so justly proud. There is the Prado, the fashionable promenade, where the upper ten of the town, those magnificent villas, stately mansions, and gay gardens abound, with here and there a "cafe chantant," a skating rink, a circus, and various other places of amusement. Now we can distinguish the dome of the grand new cathedral, which the proud Marseillais flatters himself will surpass St. Peter's at Rome when entirely completed; the Jesuits' Convent, those of the Dominicans, the Carmelites, and the Franciscans—all, alas! now shut up, tenanted only by the faithful guardians left in charge by the communities after their expulsion. All this and much more do we see in the town; but there on the mountain, towering above all, is that glorious shrine dedicated to the Mother of God; the Rue Paradis and the boulevard Notre Dame, rises the exquisite church Notre Dame de la Garde. That beautiful building on the crag-like height may well fill the heart of the faithful Marseillais with pride and joy. It is worthy of her in whose honour it is raised, for every corner of her broad land has been the scene of the most heroic and glorious deeds. The Rue Paradis and the boulevard Notre Dame, rises the exquisite church Notre Dame de la Garde. That beautiful building on the crag-like height may well fill the heart of the faithful Marseillais with pride and joy. It is worthy of her in whose honour it is raised, for every corner of her broad land has been the scene of the most heroic and glorious deeds. The Rue Paradis and the boulevard Notre Dame, rises the exquisite church Notre Dame de la Garde. That beautiful building on the crag-like height may well fill the heart of the faithful Marseillais with pride and joy. It is worthy of her in whose honour it is raised, for every corner of her broad land has been the scene of the most heroic and glorious deeds.

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colonists of Ireland come from Greece, and was not Marseilles founded by the Greeks 400 years before Christ? Whether the resemblance in character be traceable to fact or not, it really exists. In both people do we find the same lofty aspirations after liberty, the same profound religious feelings, the same generous, warm-hearted, hospitable, open-handed disposition. The resemblance in the national failing is perhaps quite as striking. Like the Irishman, the Marseillais dearly loves and keenly appreciates a joke, even when it turns against himself. This reminds me of a story told me some time ago by an old French naval officer, himself a native of Toulon, and who knew Marseilles "comme la poche," as the saying is. I will relate it as it was told me, and conclude—

"Once upon a time, some 50 years ago, a famous Harlequin delighted the theatre-goers of Marseilles. He was so charming that the ladies, all of whom were in love with him, could not decide whether they preferred him on or off the stage. Some declared him equally handsome in the harlequin's costume as in ordinary garb, others the contrary. One evening, however, all Marseilles had rendezvous at the theatre to see this favourite player of some celebrated piece, in which he excelled. The house was full to overflowing; one box, however, was unoccupied until the last moment. After some minutes an old lady entered, making a great deal of noise. She was a most remarkable looking personage; tall, of a decided embonpoint, most ridiculously dressed, laden with flowers, feathers, laces, ribbons, and all manner of gewgaws. Everyone looked at her, and it was murmured round the house that she was some grandee just arrived from Paris. The provincials gazed at her, and criticised her appearance to their heart's content. At length they tired of this, and found that the time had arrived for the curtain to rise. They waited a few minutes and then began to testify their impatience in the most energetic manner. Below, the curtain the entire company, dressed and ready to go on, waited for the harlequin, who did not appear. The manager was frantic, and sent messengers in every direction to learn the cause of the delay; but in vain. No one had seen the truant. The consternation was great indeed when a servant arrived to say that the harlequin was very ill, and quite unable to appear that night. There was no one to take his place, so the manager was obliged either to return the money to the public or else announce a change in the programme. He chose the latter alternative, and the news of the favourite's illness and the substitution of another piece for that in which he was to have played was received with resignation by the audience. With one exception, however, The Parisian lady rose in her box and in a loud tone addressed the manager in the most extraordinary manner; calling him the most opprobrious names; and telling him that he and his harlequin only wanted to cheat the public. She insisted that the latter was not ill, and would not listen to reason from anyone.

"I will let you see that you will not treat me thus," cried she. "If there is any gallantry left in France someone will defend me. I will have my rights. I travelled twenty miles yesterday to see this harlequin of yours; I took this box for his benefit, and I am not to see him because he has taken a fancy to resignation. I will play, or he will be sent to prison; there is a prison for such crimes!" "But, madame, he is in bed."

"Well, then, he is amusing himself. I will see him. I have paid for him, and I must have him. . . . I am sure he is behind the scenes now, and trying to cheat the public in this manner." "If you think so, madame, you may come and look for him yourself." "I will, then."

A roar of laughter greeted these words. It did not, however, intimidate the intrepid female, who immediately jumped from the box on to the stage, to the great astonishment of the spectators, who were all staring at her. Her first greeting to their Divine Infant the most enchanting prospects are obtained. You have beneath you and before you, as far as the eye can reach, a glittering blue expanse of the Mediterranean; then the fair kingdom of Provence, its groves of orange trees, laden with fragrant wreaths of white blossoms of maize fields, and rows of broad fields of the Divine Infant the most enchanting prospects are obtained. You have beneath you and before you, as far as the eye can reach, a glittering blue expanse of the Mediterranean; then the fair kingdom of Provence, its groves of orange trees, laden with fragrant wreaths of white blossoms of maize fields, and rows of broad fields of the Divine Infant the most enchanting prospects are obtained. 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