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THE ANCHOR.
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VOLUME IV.

OUR ROW.
Once we believed that, "whatever is, is right;" but long ago the falsity of the statement commenced to make itself clear to us, and when we first sat down in the editorial chair, there was no longer any uncertainty about the matter. Some things that were, were not right. Search was made to discover what was wrong, and we concluded the editorial chair needed some springs and a cushion. But the ex-editor-in-chief said we were only having a slight attack of the editorial gripe that himself and all previous editors had experienced, and his advice was to "keep cool and have a surplus of copy on hand." This we have been trying to do, and since having the editorial "recipe" compounded in as large a quantity as possible, we have felt more at ease and now, with the accustomed bow to our readers, we declare ourselves ready for business.

That the staff of '90 did credit to themselves and that the Anchor prospered under their wise and careful supervision are facts evident to all. Satisfaction is the general verdict. To succeed them is to assume editorial control of a college page of high character and excellent reputation. And the little taste we have had of the work is sufficient assurance that the responsibility is not light and that the sweet of journalism, as in every other position in life, is mixed with the bitter. However, our heart is brave and our interest in the Anchor and the college it represents shall inspire us to spare no pains to maintain the present reputation and worth of the paper. Naturally enough at the outset our hopes are high, and we have even dreamed of making some improvements; but as improvements are not always easily made, no strong resolutions have been formulated and no high-sounding promises will you hear. Nevertheless the Anchor will aim to furnish its readers with fresh, interesting, and instructive reading. And, dear reader, don’t be alarmed if you discover in our columns an occasional joke. Wit and humor are the spices of life everywhere and not the least of newspaper life. Under this head, however, nothing will be allowed that is.

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Among the many people who look forward to the new year is also the student. He, as well as the rest, has the completed page of his history and now has before him the blank sheet of another era.

The last beams of 1890's golden sun have hot the sea's sunk beneath the horizon. In the twilight, he views the mistakes and blots which mar the by-gone page and, while the new year dawns, he forms new plans and resolutions. Each one heads his pages with renewed zeal and fresh hopes. The youthful "C" resolves to "C" more. The busy "B" resolves to "B" more, and so each one has his peculiar resolves and anticipations, keeping constantly before his mind the goal in view.

Like the sculptor, he has before him a marble block out of which, by continual action, he "carves" the finished work. "We fancy we can see it out," says one of our authors, "but its ultimate shape is prior to all our action." This certainly means not that he must sit folded arms and say, "my fate is sure, my destiny is determined." This means not that his future will be none the better or worse for his constant action and attention or negligence thereof. No, it is his duty to chisel out of the block before him the sure, individual fate which lies imbedded in it. It is a duty which calls for his constant toil and action to smooth the rough corners, to polish the sharp edges, until we see before us the full, well-rounded man.

Then, as it is said, that by constantly admiring and continually that we feel like closing this paragraph by writing -

"Conclusion"

The different departments will be continued as last year, except that the column headed thoughts will be discontinued and all included in the "News and Notes" column. Such, much our "Now, students and alumnus, what do you propose doing? Let us sink or swim? No, don't you do it." The Anchor is your paper and we your servants. We need your support, cheerfully give it. We depend on you for contributions to our columns. Never refuse, but send the best of which you are capable and never be behind. With your hearty co-operation success is certain.

DUTY TOWARDS SOCIETIES.

The past year naturally brings with it thoughts of death. The year is dying, the term grows feeble with age; Algebra, Geometry, Calculus are lying in the throes of death; the verdure, the beauty, the music, the life of nature have fled; only weird, ghostly shadows remain; the dismali wail of the martyred Thanksgiving turkey still rings in the ear and re-echoes in the ancient seat of affec-

Probably thoughts like these haunted the mind of nature have fled; only weird, ghostly shadows remain; the dismali wail of the martyred Thanksgiving turkey still rings in the ear and re-echoes in the ancient seat of affec-

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND THE SABBATH.

Whether or not "nations are like children," we cannot but feel that the rumored threat of German plutocrats not to furnish funds except accompanied by ability to present it in the right manner lies the goal in view. For we were deprived of it. The discovery of Columbus is of no greater value to the world than the discovery of the realm of literature to the individual. For what the discovery of the western continent added to the material world is the realm of literature to the spiritual world. And reading is the means by which we can obtain all the wealth.

We need not, stop to consider why we should read, but the spirit and how in a constrac-

"Poets nascent, writer fit."

Let our object be, our country, our whole existence and nothing but our country — David Webster.
The ANCHOR.

The significant instance cited by a member of the Faculty, a few days since, of a classmate, who, to make it appear that the usual effort for preparation was unnecessary on account of her "brilliancy," was wont to loiter away the afternoon and then study far into the night, together with the remark by the same professor that "we all have to work hard" should arouse those students who grumble because their fellows are "so slow of their time" to an effort of unawtont thought and observation. They might then discover that there is some connection between that odious assiduity and that characteristic readiness which they often noticed and occasionally remarked. They might, if they thought to pursue and observed, come to think that education is a growth; and that while a little learning may be a dangerous thing, it is less to be avoided than that hackneyed sad "discipline" students of originality is endangered by wide reading.

Our observation has been that students of a discipline that will enable them to make their "subject a subject whenever a knowledge of that subject shall become necessary" generally fail to see the need, or, what is more likely, are unable to "find the time" to acquire a requisite knowledge of man and affairs unless their college life gave them to think of discipline," habits of faithfulness and application, and a sound and reasonable store of general information. True education, we repeat, is a growth resulting not from making a "specialty" of this or that branch, "getting" a "high standing here or attempting to soar there; but from a faithful preparation of each lesson, a good heed to the formation of habits of method, diligence and observation, a due attention to the doings and plans of men, in order, in a regular, conscious discharge of all the duties devolving upon us as students, as citizens, or as men.

"I hold it in true whatever wise Men's highest honor here below, Of ficium is, to grow; For when growth ceases death begins."

Blessing on him who invented sleep, the medium that covers all human thoughts, the food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the fire that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and lastly, the grammar that purchases all things, the balance and weight that are delegated by the king and the simple with the wise.—Cervantes.

A little philosophy inclines a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy brings men's minds about to religion.—Bacon.

REFLECTION—RECOLLECTION.

on midnight hours,
on midnight power. But the soul is not meek.
Neither the empress nor the slave. But all, who can know? There is no slumber there is no slumber. But all, who can know? There is no slumber.

the keys of memory with might. Mike, stick by in sickness. Mike, stick by in sickness.

be all the grief, the guilt to night! In consolers.

the keys of memory with might. Mike, stick by in sickness. Mike, stick by in sickness.

To acquire a requisite knowledge — discipline. — Hume.

true whoever wins.

'Tis true when I am sick, and randy I am one day in seven. In this world I am sick. And I am this cause bleeding well.

In these few lines, though simple, is hidden the foundation of life. It is the practical rule of life. When a person is standing on the lowest step of the ladder of fame and eats an upward look, he sees his destiny; all his needs and often does not dare to take the great step at once; but, no; if he attempts it, he is apt to fail. Step by step the ladder must be mounted, till finally when the last round has reached, he is sure that he is on firm footing, confident of holding his secured position.

Every young man, who is entering upon the active duties of life, has ladders to mount and hills to climb; but how often, perhaps, does a man find himself with the particular climb in the ladder, that find that troubles and difficulties besieze him, or that his rate of ascension is too slow. And while undergoing these trials, the care, the hard work, and the effort are failed once? No; he must try again till he succeeds. If such a person would study nature around him, she would teach him to be diligent and enduring in the work that is set before him. That Omnipotent Being, who rules heaven and earth through nature, does not require of nature that she shall do much at once. He wills that she shall work little by little. He does not require of her to be able at a single impulse of a large wave she cast upon the shore a large sandhill, but that years and centuries shall be required for such work. Hour after hour, day after day, month after month, and after year the ocean's waves keep beating upon the shore, and at every impulse of a wave there is carried upon the shore a few grains of sand, till, finally, we find there the huge hills and banks of sand that now can wreck the largest vessels afloat.

The mighty oak of the forest also gains his height and strength little by little; when it is planted by the side of the poplar, in the fall of the same fertility, it does not appear to grow fast. After a few years the poplar has outgrown the oak by far, and is seen to look down with contempt at its neighbor, the oak. In a short time the poplar has reached its height and ceases to grow; it withers, decays, and dies. But the oak, like a plodding turtle, keeps on little by little sending her twigs skyward, till at length when most trees have outgrown and died, she stands there firm, and is respected for his massive strength.

In this country some carry on business on a large scale, but so frequently it is not of long duration. Some are so ambitious that they will use any device for becoming renowned in business. They will plunge, they will, but the oak, like a plodding turtle, keeps on little by little sending her twigs skyward, till at length when most trees have outgrown and died, she stands there firm, and is respected for his massive strength.

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"I hold it true, whatsoever wise Men's highest honors here below, That the good man's a better, the less he die in grows; For when he grows, he doth begin."

Blessing on him who invented sleep, the mother of all human thoughts, who food that appeases hunger, the drink that quenches thirst, the air that warms cold, the cold that moderates heat, and lastly, the general coin that purchases all things, in short, the body and weight that equals the shepherd with the king, and the simple with the wise. —Cervantes.

A little philosophy inclines a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy brings men's minds about to religion. —Pascal.

**REFLECTION - RECOLLECTION.**

**That musing!**

**Oh midnight hour,**

That binds the spirit with its spells; A sacred feeling
Is ever so生

Thus was according to the story.

**A lone I'm sitting,**

Weeping, weeping, weeping
Before my window on the shore.

The heart was breaking
That brings its light—Ah, who, can know?

Mid sung and winding
Old thoughts are rowing
The keys of memory with might.
Thieves, thiefed in madness.

Breast all the grief, the guiltless joy!

In unconsolable
(On the old panel
Of relentless love—of holy truth;
I was all the while
More senseless railing
And horror, terror, terror, terror.

Bliss, blisses past hours,
Like arrows.

And let not breath your same spells
On me, my God!—

Oh how we love you—

Love you far better now than ever!

In soft and tender
Evening splendor
I see in truth, my best love,
The tears are falling—

This mussed tress—

It fills the heart with supernatural woe!

**Come over, friend,**

Sweet year, we never,

Let's see each other face to face to face,
Beneath the honey
Starlight glory.

Together we'll see one scarcer flower!

**And dark days fusion**

The grace of who is the chosen one,
I wish its quivering
How like a great Death light it glows!

Valiant for

Vexation free—

Burn them away from the stirring soul,
The wild heart lashes
Such lashes to our will—

O passions of that dead control.

This harrow breathing
The soul's delight, last it waters
Oh—life's passion—

Your soul's fickle
Wings for the aspiring wind—or chimes!

Lo—now in a single,
Whose sweetest are the people
With shadows, as delight with wine
—

For our joy
In life's quest—

And its shadowless bow
Deep in a valley
Where mushrooms daily
With portentous shadows all the day,

The cherry
Cooling of wild dewes far away.

**Then cannot I linger,**

Sweet year!—The finger
Pointing in the cheek—how shakes thy hand!
Once more I grasp it,
And lowest clamp it

And now alone, alone I stand.

The enquire wond'rer
Rest downing at my feet's aright.
The white peace glittering—

In silence stand and seem to wait.

Through striking eyes.

Flame flow tapers,

Blue辉 on the little affairs:
Swift they are advancing,
Their feet not showing.

Their values falling on my ear—

"Away with millions!"

Be filled with gladdness!

Back in the sunlight that come far for.
The towers are shaking—

Back in the thunders of history!"

With the words back-standing.

Whose manner, whose gloaming,

Waves come in without enlarger.

Counselled with the honey

So comes the glad, the blood New Year!

Struck back the solemn

Of maid balms swelling

And meekly in the formoust shrub.

And then again

Thus for ratified

Stars of the gladness on the earth.

Columbus' Close,

**Little by Little.**

"As step by step the world we come, not one by one he begun to, must be joined by his last accepted.

And line by line comes reading wall."
business man may be disregarded at first, but his honest ways, as is always the case. Many of the greatest men have been the sons of laboring people; living in mere log-cabin, they have labored and studied, adventuring little by little, till they have been placed in high stations, and even in the presidential chair, the highest post of honor that our Union can entrust to any citizen. In all professions the first thing necessary to success is patience, to which may be added reluctance of duty. The person that has not acquired the habit of being patient, is troublesome, not only to himself but also to others. When in a fit of passion, it is through him that piercing words are uttered, for which he afterwards feels regret and which frequently are a hindrance to his success. He is it who often comes to hasty decisions which are harmful to himself and unjust to others.

For a teacher, patience is especially necessary. The teacher who has no patience with his pupils is often disliked. The pupil becomes indolent, loses his love for study, and becomes a nuisance, both to himself and also to his teacher, and the result is trouble. When trouble has once begun to be difficult to settle; and it is settled, there left a scar which can never be removed. We must grant that for many persons it is a difficult task to acquire the habit of being patient. But since it is difficult should they not strive the more to obtain that important quality? Most assuredly. They may not be able to acquire it in the highest degree but all are competent to have it in their power.

Again, for acquiring any desirable quality of character we must remember, as we have remarked on other points, it is gained little by little. Little by little a habit is acquired, little by little a good character is built up, little by little good habits—In all work which we undertake must be accomplished little by little, and by doing this we are sure to reach the good at last.

The Man Without a Country.

In 1807, the adroit and dashing Aaron Burr murdered the Virginia lawyer who had betrayed the Jeffersonian party, and was trying to sell the West to the British. Burr took a fancy to the young man, and was soon on intimate terms with him, and had him enlisted body and soul in his chimerical project of conquest of the British colonies. But his efforts in that direction were thwarted by his being called to Richmond to defend himself against a charge of treason. At the same time several army officers in the West were court-martialed on charge of being dissatisfied with the service and unfaithful to the United States. Among the number was Nolan. Yet the world would never have heard of him, but for his characteristic answer to the judge of the court, when the latter asked him at the close whether he had anything to say to show his faithfulness to the United States. He cried in a frenzied temper:

"I—a—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

The words had an astonishing effect on the court, and in fifteen minutes Nolan was in the following verdict: "The court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

The prisoner was immediately ordered to be taken to New Orleans and delivered to a naval commander there, with orders to take him to the Northern Atlantic. Before the vessel anchored off the Virginia coast, Pres. Jefferson had approved the sentence, and Philip Nolan was "the man without a country"—he never did hear the name of the United States but once again.

For more than fifty years he was a prisoner on government vessels bound on long cruises. Captains and all on board were under orders to guard him carefully, curtailing the United States, much less to mention his name. He was ignorant of half a century of our history. The war of 1812 he knew nothing of; guessed, for during one of the long voyages of that war, when the enemy's round-shot had mown down one of our gun-officers, Nolan sprang to his place, and ordered the men as if he were an officer himself. There he stayed, captain of the gun, till the enemy struck her colors. In the face of the American commodore gave his own word to Nolan, who, according to Mr. Hale, "looked like a baby" when he received it. On another occasion, just before the war with England, a company of officers were reading on deck, and Nolan permitted them to join it. It happened that, in his turn, he had to read the fifth and sixth cantos of "The Lay of the

Last Minstrel," and without knowing what was coming, came upon the famous lines:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead, That never a fierce battle saw him? Is there a heart—prepared to die? That lightly would the holy war sustain? Greatly to love, and nobly to die.""The anchor, waiting the number that original capital of South Carolina i again a

It scar which can never be removed. They may not be able to acquire it nor have the necessary qualification to be a good character. The pupil becomes nester hear the name of the 'United States. For a teacher, patience is a quality that is necessary, but the preceding incident seems to cause a remarkable change. He might have been neglected at Washington, problems because the original papers had been destroyed when Gen. Ross burnt the capital and other public buildings. Nolan went to a greaterMage; he was never known to be ill. But in 1865, when the country was in the throes of the rebellion, poor Nolan, "the man without a country," breathed his last, far from home and out at sea. Here in his bed he lay beneath his picture of Wash ing ton, and the sound of the stars and stripes and overshadowed by the shadow of a majestic eagle painted by himself, "with lightnings blazing from its beak."

"There is not," he said, "in this ship, there is not in America, a man more loyal to his country than I. There cannot be a man who loves, prays, and hopes for the old flag."

One of the officers told him briefly the history of fifty years; told him of the remarkable developments of our country, of its mineral resources in the Gulf West, of the progress of the negroes, and emigration, but not a word about the rebellion. Poor Nolan was jubilant over the progress of the country he had cursed in his youth. Finally he repeated the prayer he had prayed twice daily for fifty years: "Most hearty we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold Thy servant the President of the United States, and all others in authority."

After Nolan's death a slip was found in his Bible, containing the following: "May we all be in the sea; it has been my home and I know it. But will not some one set up a stone for my friend Adams or at New Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it: "In memory of Philip Nolan, lieutenant in the army of the United States. He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man has deserved less at her hand."

The story of the uneventful, yet eventful life of "the man without a country" is as instructive as it is romantic.

Otto, '93.

Former Days in South Carolina.

The Anchorage.

I have already sketched a Christmas on the Edisto, as witnessed and enjoyed by me in 1865. The scene was laid at Toogoodoo, in St. Paul parish, Colleton, not far from the old home of the Vennemuses. Dear sun clad, and charming Toogoodoo! Like the grand oaks of living green, all decked in festooned masses of hanging moss as folds of tapestry, are my impressions of thee, as they come to me fond memory around thy fair mansion, and thy added scenes of beauty.

The Christmas of 1847 approached, I deemed it well to visit towards the Savannah and along its historic course, and to present some letters of introduction which had been waiting for such an opportunity. I had a good saddle horse, safe and easy on the road, and capable of making fifteen miles per day, when necessary even through the low, swampy swamps of lowland Carolina. Having prepared for two weeks journey, Yellow brought my horse to the door, early on the morning of Dec. 22, and tipping his piece of a cap, as I started, said: "Merry Christmas to you, massa, but doan yo let dem ghosts down in Beaufort scare you. Meebee yo fine de werry dible down dar." "No danger, Jo" said I, you know all about the 'ghosts' that are in the negro quarters on Christmas. We, white folks can't find them.

That day, however, I was to join a company of deer hunters near Jacksonville. This original capital of South Carolina is again a rail-road hamlet and station, but there was only a mass of fallen walls and standing chim-
neys,—a forsaken city, amid the tangled thick-wood. With the rest of the party I had my "sport" on the drive, amid the blowing of horns and bugles, and barking of the dogs; but I may as well confess here, that I 

never succeeded in bringing in my venison. When I returned to my native ostend, I had boasted of shooting, but with a rifle, and a deer in sight under full headway, and it might be a horse in like locomotion, I never hit anything nearer than a laugh. Still the sport that morning went on until we hungered hard dinde. After dinner, I rode to Walterbor-ough and evidently pleased "mine host" be-cause he had entertained a veritable "yanke" at his village hostelry. 

On the 23d I presented my letter, and was very hospitably received at the "Haywood Place" on the Ashiepo. The approach was charmingly picturesque, that of a mansion of modest proportions, finely situated in a low bluff in a bend of the river, flanked by lovely groves, and overlooking a long and rich vista 

of modest proportions, finely situated in a low bluff. The house of Mr. H's, perhaps by its appearanced, I may as well confess here, that I 

consider the drive, amid the blooming of the rest of the party 

the plainest. The more I think of this term, the more I think of them. 

was one of my most exalted office. The men chuckled over hats An often annoying solution: 

and kerseys, and blankets and brogans, with a Little "Alburt," Sober "Dehn," 

Baby "Charles," 

Not for many years has king winter been so liberal with his ice, and Hope's youth are not the kind to allow their opportunities to be un-improved. Every day they revel to their hearts content, in the exhilarating sport of skating and other incidental pleasures. Students who wish to have their pictures taken, will do well to call, or write to Shell- hous, Sharpsteen, Wykes, Merrills, of Grand Rapids, or see Clarke or Burgess of this city. All these photographers give special rates to students and especially class work. Read their advertisements.

The writing paper promised by the Frater-nal Society has made its appearance. The different kinds of paper are each engraved with a striking cut of Hope College and two adjoining buildings. The F. S. proposes from henceforth to supply all Hope's students with paper and envelopes.

The contest for the Freshman and Sopho-more prizes will consist of examinations. The Sophomore prize will be awarded to the one who passed the best examination in English literature of the period from the Restoration to the death of Swift. There are few authors within the period who stand in the first rank. As it seems to us it will obligate the contestant to charge his mind with several useless facts. The benefit one may derive from such an examination should not be lost sight of by those who assign the subject.

PERSONALS.

Baert from Zeeland has joined the "D" class. G. Tyse '93, is again suffering with a sore throat. Clara Van Dyke, "A," will not return to Hope this term. Mr. J. Veldhuis, "A" class, has not returned this term. C. Dekker, of the "A" class, has resumed the work of his class. Boom and Bruns, "A" class, spent their vaca- tion at their homes in Alto, Wisconsin.
John Albers, "A," now rooms and boards with his class mate Hoffman.

Arthur Van Duren, Freshman, is absent from school on account of illness, but is not enrolled for out. "Raatie" Gilmore, after spending a few weeks at home, has gained a new respect for Ann Arbor.

Van der Meulen and Lucas of the "A" class, Nienhuys and Gillies of the "B" class, have been admitted to the bar.

J. Van der Meulen '91, will spend the term in Grand Rapids. His poor health compelled him to discontinue his studies at MeCormick.

K. to look so exceed­ingly pious when in Dijkhuizen, '68.

"Paper, sir," is our hourly salutation from ten thousand midgets of Michigan's future nobility.

It is the boy who responds to the call of the school bell, delivers our goods, carries our mail, runs the general hurrah, the tramp of the boy run down the rail of the train. It matters little where he may be. He is a citizen of the great city.

"Who shall have the Michigan Boy? i.e., what principles shall we have?" is the most important question of this great commonwealth.

"Fraid that man will fall," said a kind old mother.

"It's a boy" ejaculated twenty voices. And twenty voices are often the most necessary to the life of the church, as circulation is to the life of a plant. N. boy, no church.

It is possible for a million dollars to be given to the Master, but the most important question of this great commonwealth is, what are our needs, the omnipresent boy is, the boy carries them.

"Pap" to look so exceedingly pious when in Grand Rapids, '68.

"Fraid that man will fall," said a kind old mother.

"It's a boy" ejaculated twenty voices. And twenty voices are often the most necessary to the life of the church, as circulation is to the life of a plant. N. boy, no church.

It is possible for a million dollars to be given to the Master, but the most important question of this great commonwealth is, what are our needs, the omnipresent boy is, the boy carries them.

"Pap" to look so exceedingly pious when in Grand Rapids, '68.
ure, imposing buildings, beautiful streets, huge factories,—a city of great wealth and commercial influence. Her citizens shall proudly boast of her beautiful parks and fountains, her art and architecture, her public libraries, her churches and schools; but that which shall decorate her with flags and banner with banners, and raise up the voice of the city in a great shout, shall be the honor she shall show to her thrice-blessed Michigan Boy" of to-day, a man without a price, honest and upright, a man thoroughly loyal to every interest of his own state, but equally ambitious for the welfare of our whole country, an American. Why in that elder day, "to be a Roman was greater than to be a king," but now to be an American is greater than to be a Roman. The Michigan Girl! Why she shall be his honored wife! and fellow teachers, they twain shall largely be the work of our hands, a work the highest and noblest work, the work which requires for its completion, great skill.

Training for citizenship in a republic, is the thing overlooked? Something is wrong, Justice Thas at once exalts conscience above every other end. However great the need of physical condition for its completion, great skill.

Does it matter to the state whether its citizens are educated? The answer is, it does not matter. Does it matter to the state whether its citizens are trained in citizenship? The answer is, it does matter. What can the physical condition have to do with the study of the classics, enriching as is the study of that science the highest ambition, and one which requires great skill. Discipline is the study of the classics, enriching as is the study of the science of science to the nation's welfare, is the study of that science which finds its climax in that wise saying: "Righteousness exalteth a nation." J. G. FLOMAN.
B. D. JACKSON
PHOTOGRAPHER

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