missions in Oregon having, in September, 1834, selected the spot on which to erect a comfort­able habitation, like pioneer settlers, as well as teachers of our holy religion, they began to clear the land and build a log house, a correct representation of which is given in the above engraving. They labored under great inconveniences, as must be supposed, their oxen being but half tamed, their tools few and needing to be put in order, and their best shelter was a tent of the day, a canvas tent. To add to their trials, a violent storm of wind and rain visited them in the midst of their labor, wetting their effects and flooding their works. But all this they submitted to patiently, and in a few weeks their tabernacle in this wilderness was set up in the name of the great God, whom this dark corner of the earth had never known, and was so far completed as to shelter them from the approaching rainy season. It was, doubtless, to eyes accustomed to look upon the elegant mansions of civilized society, but a rude hut. Its dimensions were thirty feet in length, and twenty feet in width, separated into two rooms by a partition in the middle. Rough doors, split from the logs, and hung on wooden hinges, a plank floor, a chimney made of sticks and lined with clay, and four windows, the sashes made in part with a jack-knife, constituted its finishing. Its furniture consisted of a chair, a table, and stools, all of domestic manufacture. Their cows afforded them milk, and to the provisions of their outfit were added a little flour from Vancouver and occasionally game from the Indians. Thus provided, they commenced clearing the land to plant for their future sustenance, to see these walls covered with maps and charts, which shall portray to the eye of the benevolent student, but of the general reader. We have already a respectable collection of books and periodicals, devoted to scientific and practical geographer, and the successful navigator, and their associates, originated the idea of the immense deserts that invoke culture at the east with the dawn of a great moral and intellectual awakening. It is an historical fact that missions have been sent out to traverse the terraqueous globe, along all its parallels of latitude and longitude, and to struggle up toward the frozen poles, through the dim, boisterous regions of perpetual ice and storm. These are the men who are constantly accumulating data for the settlement of the great questions in language and ethnology, upon which so many eminent scholars have spent their lives in vain, and in which many of the profoundest discussions in history, philosophy, and theology, wait to find their solution.

The missionary enterprise meditates and proposes schemes for the removal of massive evils from the largest portions of the human family. He is no philosopher who doubts whether familiarity with such thoughts and plans will exert powerful and salutary influences upon generous, youthful minds. It is a historical fact that missions, as a class, are characterized by the most illustrious and attractive of human attributes. I have had the happiness to know many of them in their fields of labor, the representatives of many different nations, especially those of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and I am sure I have nowhere else met with men so magnanimous, so unselfish, so benevolent, so practical, so elevated, and yet so modest and sober, in their opinions, as the missionaries. And yet, it is not the natural result of their position and their work. They are tooing for others, irrespective of ease, honor, or gain. The conversion of the world, and nothing less, is their chosen, cherished object. This, of itself, is enough to make them heroes and saints. A disinterested and benevo­lent motive, a generous, sublime theory, and a world-wide theatre of operation, these are precisely the most propitious circumstances for the training of able, true men.

Dr. Olin then added to the paper revolutions which are making such wide havoc of throne and aristocracies, as but the pulsations of a powerful sympathy for the human race, and their appointed mission to restore sequestered right, and to fertilize the minds of the most miserable objects of happiness. This is such a melioration of the social condition of man as the missionary enterprises promise eternal and beneficial to his spiritual inter­ests. Until of late our Christianity but too few met with men so magnanimous, so unselfish, so benevolent, so practical, so elevated, and yet so modest and sober, in their opinions, as the missionaries. And yet, it is not the natural result of their position and their work. They are tooing for others, irrespective of ease, honor, or gain. The conversion of the world, and nothing less, is their chosen, cherished object. This, of itself, is enough to make them heroes and saints. A disinterested and benevo­lent motive, a generous, sublime theory, and a world-wide theatre of operation, these are precisely the most propitious circumstances for the training of able, true men.

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to the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, is quest of victory, and to think favorably and hopefully of Christ's claim to the heathen for his inheritance and the interiors part of the earth for a possession. We see and feel the dawn of a brighter day. We seem about to recover the great idea so long lost out of our Christianity; and the possession of the most important of the powers of which our gospel has so long been bereft. It is thus a restored Christianity, entire in its complement of primal ideas and as yet not entirely covered for all the sons of this University, and it is with the hope of promoting, in some small degree, objects of such paramount interest that this hall has been fitted up as a place for moral instruction and literary refinement, is not so much the demand of that this class of hearers—zealous in urging their j

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

Twas Sabbath eve, the sun had set O'er distant mountains gleaming; But gleams of glory brightened yet The sky with gazing none.

Another bent her over her child, Another fair, her only joy. And, as she gazed on him, she smiled In fullness of her joy.

She told him from the sacred book Of God's great love; And then how Christ our nature took, And died to save us all.

And then she taught his baby voice, An unutter prayer to raise, That all might cave his choice To wisdom's holy ways.

And when at night, in peaceful rest, Reposed the infant fair, Followed upon her mother's breast, She pored her soul in prayer:

She asked not riches, power, or fame— All those are earth accorded; She urged for him a souter claim: 'Shall give him up to God.'

She slept; and now, with fancy's eye, She sees her darling boy, Greatest amid the great, the high, And crowned with fame and joy.

She sees his name, in history's page, With, heroes brave enrolled, As noble, statesman, patriot, sage, Worth something else than gold.

A still small voice 't the mother's heart Then spoke in accents low, More honor far than these impart To him that walks in God's way.

The years passed by, and left their trace On that young mother's brow; "Her form had lost its youthful grace— "She was old and feeble now.

I saw, cried she, and changed she went As west to worship God, Thank him for every blessing sent, And mokey hear his word.

The preacher was a stranger youth, Returned from foreign stand, Where he had been to preach the truth Throughout a heathen land.

The mother gazed—There stood her son— Ambassador for God; Soldier of Christ till he fought and won Who knew the three-edged sword.

And now, with grateful heart, she came And looked with gladness sf. With eye of faith she saw his name Writ in the book of life.

RELIIGIOUS ENIGMAS.

1. A professor of religion, praying with great fervor that God would convert the world, yet never giving a cent for missions.

2. A man getting shouting-happy, and telling how much he is willing to deny himself, yet fretting and scolding if any one asks for a little money.

3. A professor, too poor to take a religious newspaper, yet taking three or four political ones.

4. A Christian brother very much hurt in his feelings to hear his minister refer to politics on the sabbath, yet spending the whole sabbath night conversing on doings in congress, and the probability of Taylor or Cass being the next president.

5. A little child came to deaerate the sabbath by desecrating temple meetings on the evening of the Lord's day, yet spending a good time in visiting his neighbors, or going to see his hired man about the work for Monday morning.

6. A Christian brother very much opposed to anything like ornamenting our churches, such as furnishing them with lamps and sofas, or cushioning the pulpit, yet furnishing his own dwelling with rich carpets, astral lamps, and splendid sofas.

7. A follower of the Prince of peace, with his heart running over with the war spirit, and rejoicing in the destruction of his fellow-men.

8. A Professor Christian family asking the minister to pray with them, and not one of them kneeling with him.

9. Christian parents who take no interest in the sabbath school.

10. Christian parents permitting their children to attend a dancing school.

11. The man who has a periodical headache headache every sabbath morning.

12. The man who does not lose his health by going to meeting on a stormy sabbath, yet is very robust the next Monday, and can sled wood all day, though it is storm and blow.

RELIGION MAKES MEN COMFORTABLE.

A wild Fingo Caffre was traveling through Hankey, a missionary station in South Africa, and sat down to rest for a few minutes upon the step of the door of the chapel. It was getting near the time of evening service, and several of the Christian natives were standing about, looking clean and neatly dressed. The Fingo looked round on everything with great amazement.

"How do all you people get food?" he asked.

"It was a good man to whom he spoke." He answered to the Fingo, "Do you not think I look as if I were comfortable and had enough to eat?" "Yes," said the Fingo.

"Do you not think that child looks well fed?" asked the Christian native. "Yes," said the Caffre. "That boy will come to this place of worship to-morrow." The Christian said "Yes, a great many persons as well fed as I am, and better clothed."

The Fingo rose from his seat, looking astonished, and, as he marched off, he lifted up his eyes and pointed his right hand to heaven, and said, "It is always so where that God is worshiped." Yes, it is religion that makes people comfortable. 

DOING SOMETHING EVERYWHERE.

At one of the anniversaries in London Rev. Richard Knill said—

"When I used to travel for the London Missionary Society, I went to Peterborough. A farmer there had read the Report of that Society. He found that we had one hundred and twenty-three missionaries. He sent to Mr. Arundel to say, "Yes," said the Caffre. "That boy will come to this place of worship to-morrow." The Christian said "Yes, a great many persons as well fed as I am, and better clothed."

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I have already mentioned that from the ridge pole of Marheyo’s house was suspended a number of packages enveloped in tappe. Many of their contents were in the hands of others, and their contents had been examined in my presence. But there were three packages hanging very nearly over the place where I lay, which, from their remarkable appearance, had often excited my curiosity. Several times I had asked Kory-Kory to show me their contents; but my servant, who, in almost every other particular, had been so observant, always refused to gratify me in this. One day, returning unexpectedly from the Ti, my arrival seemed to throw the inmates of the house into the greatest confusion. They were seated together on the mats; and by the lines which extended from the roof to the door, I immediately perceived that the mysterious packages were, for some purpose or another, under inspection. The evident alarm the savages betrayed filled me with forebodings of evil, and with an uncontrollable desire to penetrate the secret so jealously guarded. Despite the efforts of Marheyo and Kory-Kory, I managed to force my way into the midst of the circle, and just caught a glimpse of three human heads, which others of my inmates were hurriedly enveloping in the covering of a fallen tree, and which at first I could hardly distinguish from the three I distinctly saw. It was in a perfect state of preservation, and, from the slight glimpse I had of it, seemed to have been subjected to some smoking operation, which had reduced it to the dry, hard, and mummy-like appearance it presented. The two long scalp-locks were twisted up into balls upon the crown of the head, in the same way that individuals would have worn them during life. The skinned cheeks were rendered yet more ghastly by the rows of glistening teeth which protruded from between the lips, while the sockets, and his whole appearance denoted extraordinary suffering and exertion; yet, sustained by some powerful impulse, he continued to advance, while the crowd surrounding him with wild cheers sought to encourage him. The other three men were marked about the arms and breasts with several slight wounds, which they somewhat ostentatiously showed to their individuals. The man who had been the most active in the late encounter, claimed the honor of bearing the bodies of their slain enemies to the Ti.

Such was the conclusion I drew from my own observations, and, as far as I could understand, from the explanation which Kory-Kory gave me. The royal Mehevi walked by the side of these packages. He contended with difficulty the barrel of which was suspended a small canvas pouch of powder, and in the other he grasped a short javelin, which he held before him, and regarded with apparent disgust. This javelin he had wrested from a celebrated chief of the Haparas, who had ignominiously fled, and was pursued by his foe beyond the summit of the mountain. When within a short distance of the Ti, the warrior with the wounded head, who proved to be Narmenoo, turned forward two or three steps, and fell helplessly to the ground, but before another had caught the end of the pole from his shoulder, and placed it upon his own. The excited throng of islanders, who surrounded the person of the king and tife dead bodies of the enemy, approached the spot where I, standing, disinherited of warfare, managed to dip their heads of which were bruised and broken, and uttering continual shouts of triumph. When the crowd drew up opposite me, I depicted to myself their proceedings most attentively; but scarcely had they halted when my servant, who had left my side for an instant, touched my arm, and proposed our returning to Marheyo’s house. To this I objected; but, to my surprise, Kory-Kory reiterated his request, and with an unusual vehemence of manner. Still, however, I refused to comply, and was retained by him in his importunity he pressed me upon, when I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder, and, turning round, encountered the bulky form of Mow-Mow, a one-eyed chief, who had just detached himself from the crowd below, and had mounted the rear of the pi-pi upon which we stood. His cheek had been pierced by the point of a spear, and the wound imparted a still more frightful expression to his hideously tattooed face, already deformed by the loss of an eye. The warrior, without uttering a syllable, pointed fiercely in the direction of Marheyo’s house, while Kory-Kory, at the same time presenting his back, desired me to mount. I inclined this offer; but intimated my willingness not to withdraw, and moved slowly along the piaza, wondering at the cause of this unusual treatment. A few minutes’ consideration convinced me that the savages were about to celebrate some hideous rite, in connection with their peculiar customs, and at which they determined I should not be present. I descended from the pi-pi, and, attended by Kory-Kory, who on this occasion did not show his usual commiseration for my lameness, but seemed only anxious to hurry me on, walked away from the place. As I passed through the noisy throng, which by this time completely surrounded the Ti, I looked with fearful curiosity at the three packages, which now were deposited upon the ground; but, although I had no doubt as to their contents, still their thick coverings prevented my actually detecting the form of a human body.

The next morning, shortly after sunrise, the same thundering sounds which had awakened me from sleep on the second day of the Feast of Calabashes, announced the approach of the savages on the eve of celebrating another, and, as I fully believed, a horrible, solemnity.—From Malville’s “Four Months’ Residence in the Marquesas.”

The Free Synod of Cincinnati, at its last meeting, resolved to become auxiliary in its missionary operations to the American Missionary Association.

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE

MISSIONARY OPERATIONS.

It is calculated that there are now twelve hundred ordained missionaries, and about two thousand four hundred assistant missionaries, making a total of three thousand six hundred. This number is supposed to include all who are laboring among the heathen as missionaries. To those who are deeply interested in the cause of missions and the conversion of the world, it must be highly gratifying to learn that there are so many actively engaged in the field, laboring to establish the principles of the Christian religion among the heathen nations of the earth. The Bible too has been translated and published in about thirty languages and dialects. About thirty millions of Bibles and Testaments have been issued from the press, which have doubtless been distributed among the heathen. What is still more important, many millions have received the glad tidings of the gospel with great joy, and have confirmed themselves to its humble and holy requisitions. Though much has been done, the conversion of the heathen is yet far from complete; and myriads remain to be done. Myriads are yet destitute of the light of revelation. Millions there who have never heard of a Saviour’s dying love. No Christian missionary has ever had the happiness of going to the heathen to whom no Bible they have ever read. Here is an ample field for Christian benevolence. What has been termed a missionary according to the excellence of the work? Further efforts may be made, and the heathen may yet become Christianized throughout the entire world.—Morning Star.
From the very moment when this hero of the cross gave himself to his holy enterprise, until his death, he knew not a single hour free from sad- dening trial. His determination to go to the heat, as soon as it was known, excited the most fitted to grace the highest walks of polished life, one jungles of India, or the mountains of Syria, was of gold, on the walls of the senate house of Cam­

derness, and the obscurity of a mission­

ey life, but that one so young and so delicate, so well fitted to grace the highest walks of polished life, one whose name had already been inscribed, in letters of gold, on the walls of the senate house of Cam­

bridge, that he should condemn himself to the rugged life of a mountain missionary, was a sacrifice too great to be undergone. But all these things moved him not.

But all these things moved him not.

"He heard a voice they could not hear," Which said, No longer stay; Which beckoned him away."

To one possessed of such warm affections, the trial of parting with friends and kindred was too
tortuous and hard-hearted to be undergone. But all these things moved him not.

"But to have been prevented from going among the heathen," as lie remarked himself, "would have broken his heart."
movements, having the world-wide commission of the Missionary Society. The following afflicting tidings are to be

DEPARTURES FROM OREGON.

We have received dispatches from Oregon by the Hudson Bay Company's express, from which we learn that the missionaries are all in usual health. We are pleased, however, to learn that the teacher employed at the Institute was exceedingly ill, and his life despaired of. This, should the disease prove fatal, will be a serious blow to that infant establishment, as the superintendent states there will be some difficulty in obtaining a substitute from some of his places. At the same time, the measure may soon be taken by the Board for the replacement of the Institute, and to supply it with a competent teacher.

The annual meeting of the missionaries had just been held at the Institute, which was conducted, as far as practicable, in accordance with the order pursued in our annual conferences. The examination of character, the respective claims of the Missionary, Bible, Sunday-School, and Temperance Societies, with the interests of education, &c, occupied two days of close and diligent attention. It was a season of much interest, and the religious services, connected with the study of the Scriptures without spiritual profit. Harmony and peace generally prevailed.

There are now eight persons in the employ of the mission, including those sent by the Board, and four others employed by the superintendent to do regular pastoral work.

A communication from bro. Roberts' communication the following statistics,—Members in Society, three hundred and seventeen; local preachers, seventeen; three Sabbath schools; nineteen teachers and officers, one hundred and eight scholars, with three hundred and ten in the Library. The membership had doubled during the past year.

This is partly by immigration and partly by conversions in the country. The superintendent was personally present, and had this to say:—"I have had to experience a change of heart since the first of July, 1847. Among these were a few cases of backsliders, who had been most diligently engaged.

On the whole, there is little to dishearten the friends of missions, and much to encourage the hopes of the church respecting the Oregon Mission. We verily believe we are nearing the day in rapidity approaching when the expendi­tures in this enterprise—large as they have been—will be amply repaid by the visible and glowing results with which it will have been crowned.

ADVICES FROM AFRICA.

By a letter from Rev. Francis Burns, dated Cape Pal­ma, January 30, we learn that both colonial schools, and those at the mission stations, were in a state of suffering from the scarcity of food. The entire colony, with a few exceptions, was reduced to the necessity of subsisting principally upon palm, cabbage, and potato tops; and this, with scarcely any hope of relief for several weeks to come. The Protestant Episcopal brethren—Mr. Payne, at Cavally, and Mr. Perkins, at Fish-town—had been obliged to send all their boys, if not their girls, to their native relations, to get along as best they might till something could be obtained for them to subsist upon at the mission stations. Our schools have also suffered on account of the great scarcity of provisions. The following affecting letter is given by brother Burns, in connection with this subject:—

"Yesterday a native woman, with a child, about a year old, upon her back, started from Half-Cavally—where they had been for some time at war, and consequently felt particularly the pressure of the taxes—for one of the interior towns, about ten miles distant, with the hope of finding some relief, or at least that she could obtain at home. The rain poured incessantly. Our female traveler, overcome with fatigue from the burden of her child, the roughness of the way, the chilly influence of the falling rain, and her long fasting, sunk under the weight of her distresses, to rise no more. Another woman, traveling the same path, but in a different direction, found her dead, and the little babe nursing at her breast, wholly unconscious of the great loss it had sustained."

In the midst of this severe visitation, our missionary brethren, with no discouragement, but a strong hope that it may be the means of gaining the confidence of the cause, and the glory of God. Our advice contains nothing respecting the mission stations in Liberia.
MISSONARY ADVOCATE.

the goal to ideality, were going on all about me, and
have only realized that I was enjoying the Sabbath
in a Sabbath-school—a place as near to heaven as any
upon the earth. May I not ask the fervent, effectual
prayers of all who read these lines, to help us to
rise in the hearts of these children, that they may
become the heralds of joy and gladness to this wretched
people?

The establishment of a school for girls seems to be
more difficult. I think that a boarding school is the
only one that can succeed for them. Sister White of-
ten spoke of undertaking one; and had her health re-
mained equal, she probably would have done this, mean-
time we have been in progress for its establishment. The
bitter-
ness
of
the
struggle
which
is
laid
upon
her she feels to be in the removal of the pleasantness she had formed
for her house.

The tracts which we obtained at Canton having been
domestically distributed, we felt called upon to make a new
issue. [Two Friends," by Dr. Miller, is a conversation between
two Chinese on the subject of Christianity, and com-
pares a general survey of the subject. Where "Good
Judgement" is the name of the first Chinese tracts, this is
named in the tract of that name. The Financial Report
explains such information as may be important in re-
gard to the above and the two others published for the
Mission.

I deem it proper to state, that, having been charged
by the Rev. B. S. S., Ann Arbor, Mich., with the expend-
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Mission.
CRUELITIES IN CALABAR.

The heathen know nothing of this. They know nothing of the world above—nothing of the love and the care which God bears upon his children whom he takes home to dwell with him. We are too willing to lose them. But, if they are the friends of Jesus, why should we be so sorry? He has left us with him. They are not dead. They are living still, and they are far more happy than we could have made them here. Therefore we thank God for them. It is too bad that we cannot converse with them any longer, or wait upon them, or talk to them to cheer them. But they do not want us. They are with their best Friend—the kind hearted Jesus, who goes away all silent from their eyes, and he fills their souls with joy.

When it was determined by those who managed everything, that such an evil custom, that such and such a wife should die, the well known message was sent to her, "King calls you." She understood its meaning, and knew that she had to go. Immediately when the messenger came calling for the box which contained her clothing and ornaments, she dressed herself to look as neat and fine as possible, slaughtered a large quantity of rum, and followed the messenger to the outer yard, where she was strangled either with a copper wire, or a piece of fine twisted cord. It was thought a great honor to be strangled by one of these; the slaves were hanged by a piece of cord.

For two or three days this work of destruction went on. Terror sat upon every face. Go where you might, the houses of the slaves were quite empty. The Missionary School was forsaken, and those who had been among the heathen, were hearing nothing of the proceedings.

A day or two afterward, in the evening, Mr. Edgerley, and Adam, came running into his house, looking dreadfully frightened. "What is the matter?" said Mr. Edgerley. "Big palaver in town; all the people run out of doors, and don't let any one escape." Inga replied, "I hear de people run scream, all about. Me say praise de Lord! praise de Lord! he hear me."—Margaret.

WHAT SHALL I RENDER UPON THE LLAND OF ALL HESS?

Let us think a little about our mercies. It is a great mercy that we were not born in a heathen land, where we should now be worshiping idols, gods of wood and stone; instead of living in a land where Christ is worshiped. It is a great mercy that we are not roaming about, naked, starving savages, like the natives of New South Wales; or, as the people in Freetown, we should be feasting on human flesh; or, perhaps, we ourselves sacrificed to make a feast for others. Had our lot been cast in India or China, where the people are more civilized, misery would have been our portion. You, dear children, have heard of the cruelties that are practiced in those countries: mothers torn from their families to be burned with the dead bodies of their husbands; children sacrificed to idols; babies thrown into the fire; girls cut upon, and eaten by dogs: many, many more are the cruelties I could tell you of; but these are enough to teach us how great a mercy it is to be born in a Christian land.

We are living in a land where Christ is worshiped. In Roman Catholic countries the people do not know of these things. They confess their sins to men instead of God; they never read the Bible, and know not that Jesus Christ will, for his own sake, pardon their sins. We have, all of us, our own parents and teachers, who have watched over us, and kept us from evil, and taught us to read, and to reverence God's holy word. A few months since, I believe, you, dear children, read in the gospel, the Holy Scriptures through the mud in the streets, crying out, "Down with the gospel! Down with Jesus Christ!" It makes us shudder.
hearts in secret; so they tried to spread the gospel of the kingdom of the Redeemer extending over all the country I was born in. It would be a great joy to me to go. I knew the language. It was ready to others, and it was received joyfully even by the hearts of the faithful followers of Christ, and surely the services of our whole lives will be but a small return for the abounding mercies bestowed upon us.—We. Jun. Offering.

MADAGASCAR.

The following interesting account of the spread of the gospel among the benighted inhabitants of this far-off island is taken from the journal kept by David Ramahana, a native convert, while on a recent voyage to that place.

On September 28th I was called to Rev. J. Le Brun’s house. He asked me whether I should like to make a voyage to Madagascar, as there was a vessel going there. I answered, with readiness; Yes, sir; not only with readiness, but with cheerfulness, that I may give some information of the present state of things there. The queen put a stop to the gospel being preached in the language of her ancestors, and the Reforming party is also endeavoring to check the progress of Christianity. However, it was in vain; for the few faithful followers of Christ have continued to hear of the kingdom of the Redeemer extending over all the country I was born in. It would be a great joy to me to go. I knew the language. It was ready to others, and it was received joyfully even by the hearts of the faithful followers of Christ, and surely the services of our whole lives will be but a small return for the abounding mercies bestowed upon us.—We. Jun. Offering.

THE TRUE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

The following extract from a letter addressed, by Mrs. Jadson, to a sister missionary now in this country, was sent by mail, 25 cents.

"O! God, of good the unfathomed sea, Of ice-bound Labrador! From its lingering gloom, From the haunts where the sun of his childhood has not been in vain; for the few faithful followers of Christ, and surely the services of our whole lives will be but a small return for the abounding mercies bestowed upon us.—We. Jun. Offering.

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