

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"MIGHTY HUNTERS" WAS LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"Go Was a Mighty Hunter Before the Lord" - Genesis 10:9 - Spiritual Archery and the Arrow of the Gospel.



OUR day, hunting is a sport; but in the lands and the times infested with wild beasts, it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunny day with a patent breech-loading...

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country, if it is not a better and braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw, and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as Gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus in his sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when he said: "I will make you fishers of men."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel, and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skillful hunters: at the very moment when he ought to be most quiet, he is crackling an alder, or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned the lesson of which I read at the beginning of this service, how that the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was good bread; it was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after he had broken the bread, said to the people: "Beware of the yeast, or of the leaven, of the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was; and how easily they all understood him! But how few Christian people who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men. Truman Osborne, one of the evangelists who went through this country years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the room, he said: "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said: "Yes, all but DeWitt." Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fireplace, and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold; but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the eye, I should have been angered when he told that story; but he looked into the fireplace, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was sure I was inside the fold, where the other sheep were.

The archers of olden times studied their art. They were precise in the matter. The old books gave precise directions as to how an archer should go, and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold of the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! Oh, that there were more institutions established in all the towns and cities of our land, where men might learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery, and known as "mighty hunters before the Lord!"

In the first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good, you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why, the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the long-bow. They would take the arrow of polished wood, and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bow-string of plaited silk. The broad fields of Agincourt, and Solway Moss, and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bow-string. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of a dove of God's Spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down four hundred million souls. Paul knew

how to bring the notch of that arrow on to that bow-string, and his whirr was heard through the Corinthian theaters, and through the courtroom, until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that struck in Luther's heart when he cried out: "Oh, my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his scepticism; if it strike a man in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did the Emperor Julian of old when wounded in the battle, crying, "O Gallilean, Thou hast conquered!"

If you want to be a skillful in spiritual archery, you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunted go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there, a coyote trotting along, almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that; it is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So, many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ and of most value to the church are secluded. They do not come in your way. You will have to go where they are. You will have to go down in that cellar; you will have to go up in that garret. Far away from the door of any church the Gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and city missionary sometimes catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or a roebuck. The trouble is, we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing in some street or highway expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hands. We are expecting that the prairie-fowl will light on our church-steeple. It is not their habit. If the church should wait ten millions of years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come. What the church wants now is to lift its feet from damask ottomans, and put them in the stirrups. We want a pulpit on wheels. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddle-bags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and kid-gloves, and put on the hunting-shirt. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, that they avoid the hook, and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Tupper Lake, where the first swing of the Gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done. What is that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet, or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow, or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the moonlight they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the people who come to our churches. What are we doing for the thousands upon thousands that do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses, that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God, to go into eternity—no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear to-day surging up from the lower depths, a groan that comes through our Christian assemblies and through our beautiful churches; and it blots out all this scene from my eyes today, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of these great torrents of life dropping down into the fathomless and thundering abyss of suffering and we. I sometimes think that just as God blotted out the churches of Thyatira and Corinth and Laodicea, because of their sloth and stolidity, he will blot out American and English Christianity, and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide-awake missionary church, that can take the full meaning of that command, "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

I remark, further, if you want to succeed in spiritual archery you must have courage. If the hunter stand with trembling hand or shoulder that flinches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount, the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if, when out hunting for the bear, he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of Du Chaillu and Livingstone in the African thicket, with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within twenty paces of you and it has its eye on you and it has squatted for the fearful spring, "Steady there!"

Courage, O ye spiritual archers! There are great monsters in iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not of the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the church of God, that it should fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around, and instead of attacking it, how many of us hide under the church-pew or the communion table! There is so much invested in it that we are afraid to assault it; millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble floor and Italian-top tables, and chased ice-coolers, and in the strychnine, and the logwood, and the tartaric acid, and the nux vomica, that go to make up our "pure" American drinks. I looked with wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tun." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold eight hundred hogsheads of wine, and only three times in a hundred years it

has been filled. But, as I stood and looked at it, I said to myself: "That is nothing—eight hundred hogsheads. Why our American vat holds two million, five hundred thousand barrels of strong drinks, and we keep two hundred thousand men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled." Oh! to attack this great monster of intemperance, and the kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanness, requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform, you must assault it. Would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for crack-brained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform. I think it was in 1793 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign, the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were ten thousand armed men and that hunting party. There were camels and horses and elephants. On some princes rode, and royal ladies, under exquisite housings, and five hundred coolies waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhinoceros, the deer, and elephant fell under the stroke of saber and bullet. After awhile the party brought back trophies worth five thousand rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggle going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country, the million membership of our churches would band together and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar, and are fattening upon the bodies and souls of immortal men! Who is ready for such a party as that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord?

I am sure that there are some here who at some time have been hit by the Gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction, and you plunged into the world deeper; just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Scroon Lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track today, impatient man! not in wrath, but in mercy. O ye chased and panting souls! here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst! Stop that clutse of sin today. By the red fountain that leaped from the heart of my Lord, I bid you stop. Is there in all this house anyone who can refuse the offer that comes from the heart of the dying Son of God? Why, do you know that there are, in the banished world, souls that, for that offer you get today, would find the crown of the universe at your feet, if they possessed it? But they went out on the mountains, the storm took them, and they died.

There is in a forest in Germany a place they call the "deer-leap"—two crags about eighteen feet apart, between them a fearful chasm. This is called the "deer-leap" because once a hunter was on the track of a deer; it came to one of these crags; there was no escape for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up, and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course, it fell, and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to heaven. It is plain, it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says, "I won't walk in that path; I will take my own way." He comes on until he confronts the chasm that divides his soul from heaven. Now his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back, now, and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump! Jump! He misses the mark and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men! angels! devils! what shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the sinner's death-leap.

HISTORICAL.

Madagascar was so named by the early explorers, from the Malagasy, or Malays, who inhabited it.

Payne, as far as can be gathered, wrote "Home, Sweet Home" one dreary day in October, 1822, in Paris, far from his own home, and in poor circumstances.

The order of Presidents when inaugurated was as follows: W. H. Harrison, Buchanan, Taylor, Jackson, Adams, Monroe, Madison, Jefferson, Quincy, Adams, Washington, Johnson, B. Harrison, Hayes, Van Buren, Lincoln, Tyler, Arthur, Fillmore, Polk, Garfield, Pierce, Cleveland, Grant.

The beaver was numerous in some localities in the north of Wales in 649 and again in 1188. There are records of them much later in Scotland. Reindeer were abundant in Scotland, and were hunted in Calthness in the year 1159. Wild boars were numerous when large tracts of wood gave them harbor.

SCRAPS FROM EVERYWHERE.

The figure of Britannia first appeared on the copper coins in the reign of Charles II.

In London a publisher can have a book well illustrated throughout for from \$125 to \$250.

London society has developed a new craze—midnight cycling excursions into the city.

In Gloucester over 20,000 persons have been vaccinated and revaccinated during the present outbreak.

There is one firm in Birmingham putting out a thousand flint guns every week for the African trade.

A resident of Bulwaga says that up to the present, taking the whole "disturbed" area, about eighty white people have been killed.

According to the Lady Cyclist, the Sultan some time ago introduced bicycles into his harem for the punishment of refractory wives.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

INSTRUCTIVE READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Capt. Jack Crawford on the Little Ones—Henry Ward Beecher's Lesson in Self-Reliance—A Touching Incident—A Boy Dwarf.



Until it seems a sermon of the most convincing power.

But yesterday, while grumbling at the slow descending rain, and inwardly condemning it, again and yet again, A baby sitting by my side, remarked in accents low, "You shouldn't scold it that way, for rain makes flowers grow."

I glanced from out the carriage, as down the street we sped, And saw the pretty flowers, each tiny, tender head, With open mouth, uplifted, drink in the gentle showers, And ne'er before had I beheld such beauty in the flowers.

Their leaves and petals glistened, like the jewels of a queen; The grassy beds in which they grew, were swept by crystal sheen, And in remorse and conscious shame, I felt my head bow low, Beneath the heaven-sent reproof: "Rain makes the flowers grow."

That little speech went to my heart and made me bless the rain, And bade me to that baby king, with love's most tender chain, It taught me that the gentle showers, descending from the skies, Were sent to beautify the earth and gladden mortal eyes.

God bless that little preacher, may the bounteous hand above Forever food his lawn of life, with showers of heavenly love, For 'tis the love of heaven above and love of friends below, That causes such dear mortal flowers, as that sweet babe to grow.

Self-Reliance.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of the way in which his teacher of mathematics taught him to depend upon himself:

"I was sent to the blackboard, and went, uncertain, full of whimpering. 'That lesson must be learned,' said my teacher, in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod under foot with utter scornfulness. 'I want that problem; I don't want any reasons why you haven't it,' he would say. 'I did study two hours.' 'That's nothing to me; I want the lesson. You need not study it at all, or you may study it ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson.' 'It was tough for a green boy; but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations. 'One day his cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No!'

"I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same point again, 'No!' uttered in a tone of conviction, barred my progress. 'The next!' and I sat down in red confusion. 'He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went right on, finished, and, as he sat down, was rewarded with 'Very well.' 'Why,' whimpered I, 'I recited it just as he did, and you said, 'No!'

"Why didn't you say, 'Yes,' and stick to it? It is not enough to know your lesson; you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing till you are sure. If all the world says 'No,' your business is to say 'Yes,' and prove it."

A Boy Dwarf.

Down in Georgia, in a little town called Tweed, lives a tiny bit of humanity who is probably the smallest 18-year-old boy alive. The name of this junior midget is Henry Rutherford Ricks, Jr. He looks very much as Tom Thumb looked at the age of 18, and he's as bright as the new dollar. Young Ricks is only thirty-five inches tall and weighs but forty-eight pounds. He is a fully developed boy and is as ambitious as he is small, which is saying a great deal. Henry is a great reader, and has an honest, open face. He is also very good natured, and, considering his size, is very plump. He is a pupil of the Farmers' Academy, and his teacher speaks of him in the highest terms; she says he is one of her best scholars and learns more quickly than the other boys. The Lilliputian has a sleek coated dog named Gyp, and the two are familiar to everyone round about Tweed; Gyp is a gentle dog. It is lucky for Henry that this is so, because if Gyp was rough he might easily kill little Henry, who barely reaches to the shoulder of the dog when standing beside him. Henry is strong for one of his extremely diminutive size. He enjoys a big appetite—big for him—and there really does not seem to be any reason for his dwarfishness, since both his father and

mother are persons of the ordinary size. You might think to look at him that young Ricks was a lad of 8, though his manner is that of a gentlemanly youth of 18. He scorns the idea of showing himself in museums, though he has had several very liberal offers from well known people in the theatrical business. Some fine day this Tom Thumb means to visit New York. If he takes this trip he will be the most conspicuous little man in the metropolis, and with his dog Gyp, he would easily become the center of all attention; so much so that Mr. Depeew, Mr. Roosevelt and Mayor Strong would have to look to their laurels in the matter of popularity.—New York Recorder.

A Young Chicago correspondent writes to the editor, telling some interesting things about little Carter Henry Harrison, Jr., the grandson of the late Carter Harrison, mayor of the City of Chicago. The small chap says, when you ask him his name, "I am Carter Henry Harrison, Junior, the Third, sir!" though he is really the seventeenth of that name. The little fellow was the pet of his murdered grandfather, and he is very bright for one of his years. Speaking about the boy, the Chicago Inter Ocean recently said: "People who know say that the resemblance between the late Carter Harrison and his little grandson is absurdly strong. He is 'Hail fellow, well met' with all the people on the street, and a regular little politician in his pleasant greetings and his good memory for faces." His German nurse has taught him to speak the language of the Fatherland quite as easily as English—in fact, of the two languages, German comes most readily to his tongue. He is a manly, robust little fellow, with big, honest blue eyes, dark lashes, fair hair and a rosy complexion. He has good features, and bids fair to be a very handsome man. He is absolutely without fear, rides a small bicycle, and has a spirited pony for a pet. He has not yet gone to school. He is brought up sensibly, allowed to romp and play in the dirt as much as he likes, and fed plain, healthy food. "As long as I know that he has had his bath in the morning, I let him play and get as dirty as he likes," said his mother. "I think it is healthy. He has a wonderful memory, and you would be surprised to know how much he remembers of our trip abroad, and every now and then he astonishes me by an allusion to something he saw in Egypt or England. He is very fond of flowers, and I think he inherits that taste from his Grandfather Harrison, who was never so happy as when he was gardening. He has a decided will of his own, but is obedient, and we try not to spoil him." Young Harrison has a future that looks bright now.

A Touching Incident.

The Epworth Herald is authority for the following story of a verse: "A little boy came to one of our city missionaries, and holding out a dirty and well worn bit of printed paper, said: "Please, sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that."

"Taking it from his hand, the missionary unfolded it and found it was a page containing the beautiful hymn, of which the first stanza is as follows: 'Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come.'

"The missionary looked down with an interest into the face earnestly upturned to him, and asked the little boy where he got it, and why he wanted a clean one.

"We found it, sir," he said, "in sister's pocket after she died, and she used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one to put in a frame to hang up. Won't you give us a clean one, sir?"

"This little page, with a single hymn on it, had been cast upon the air like a fallen leaf by Christian hands, humbly hoping to do some possible good."

Our Master.

The Master will knock at my door some night, And there in the silence hushed and dim, Will wait for my coming with lamp alight To open immediately to Him.

I wonder if I at his tap shall spring In eagerness up, and cross the floor With rapturous step, and freely fling In the murk of the midnight, wide the door;

Or will there be work to be put away? Or the taper, that burns too low, to trim? Or something that craves too much delay To open immediately to Him?

What a Boy Thinks About Wasps.

A boy's composition on the wasp: "The wasp is a six-legged bird that lives mostly in trees and under the eaves of barns, and cannot tame him; he is too busy. Never stroke his fur the wrong way, because it makes him mad, and when a wasp is mad you don't want nothin' to do with him. He has what they call a 'stinger' and when he goes out on business, boys must keep away from him, because the stinger is the business end. I leaned up agin one once when he was on business and I jumped as much as three feet. Maw had to put a mud pie in the place. I hit a wasp's nest with a stone once and the boss wasp chased me clean across the lot so fast that when I got over the barb fence I tore my pants; then maw spanked me until I wished I had let the wasp sting me."

Trans-Mississippi Inventions. OMAHA, Nebraska, June 27, 1896.—Amongst the Trans-Mississippi inventors who received patents the past week, Messrs. Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska, report the following: Daniel Harmon, Davenport, Nebraska, road grader and ditcher; Clarence H. Judson, Council Bluffs, Iowa, card shooter; George Lamos, Fort Madison, Iowa, gas engine; George D. Foster, Preston, Iowa, portable corn shock press; John H. Nelson, Omaha, Nebraska, drink mixer; George R. Perkin, Schuyler, Nebraska, photographic tank; Hans H. Sien, Millard, Nebraska, improved combination cart, and Conrad Stroebel, Omaha, Nebraska, reversible plow.

Amongst the curious inventions issued the past week are found the following: a machine for weaving cross wires in wire fences; an electrical energy indicator; a fodder bundler; a button hole sewing machine; an anti-train robbery apparatus; an improved pencil for arc-lamps; a mechanism for converting continuous rotary motion into alternate rotary motion; a pneumatic fire alarm; a bicycle skirt comprising attached bloomers; and an aprig actuated saddle post for bicycles. A copy of any of the above patents will be mailed upon receipt of 10 cts.

The Blackwater State.

Nebraska has been termed the Blackwater State. The explanation of this poetical nickname is found in the fact that the water of the principal streams is as dark as that of the rivers flowing from the bogs of Ireland. The soil of Nebraska is very rich and loamy, and it is said there are peat beds in the state, the statement being apparently confirmed by the color of the water, which is caused by the presence of organic matter.

An empty head and a rattling tongue go well together.

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