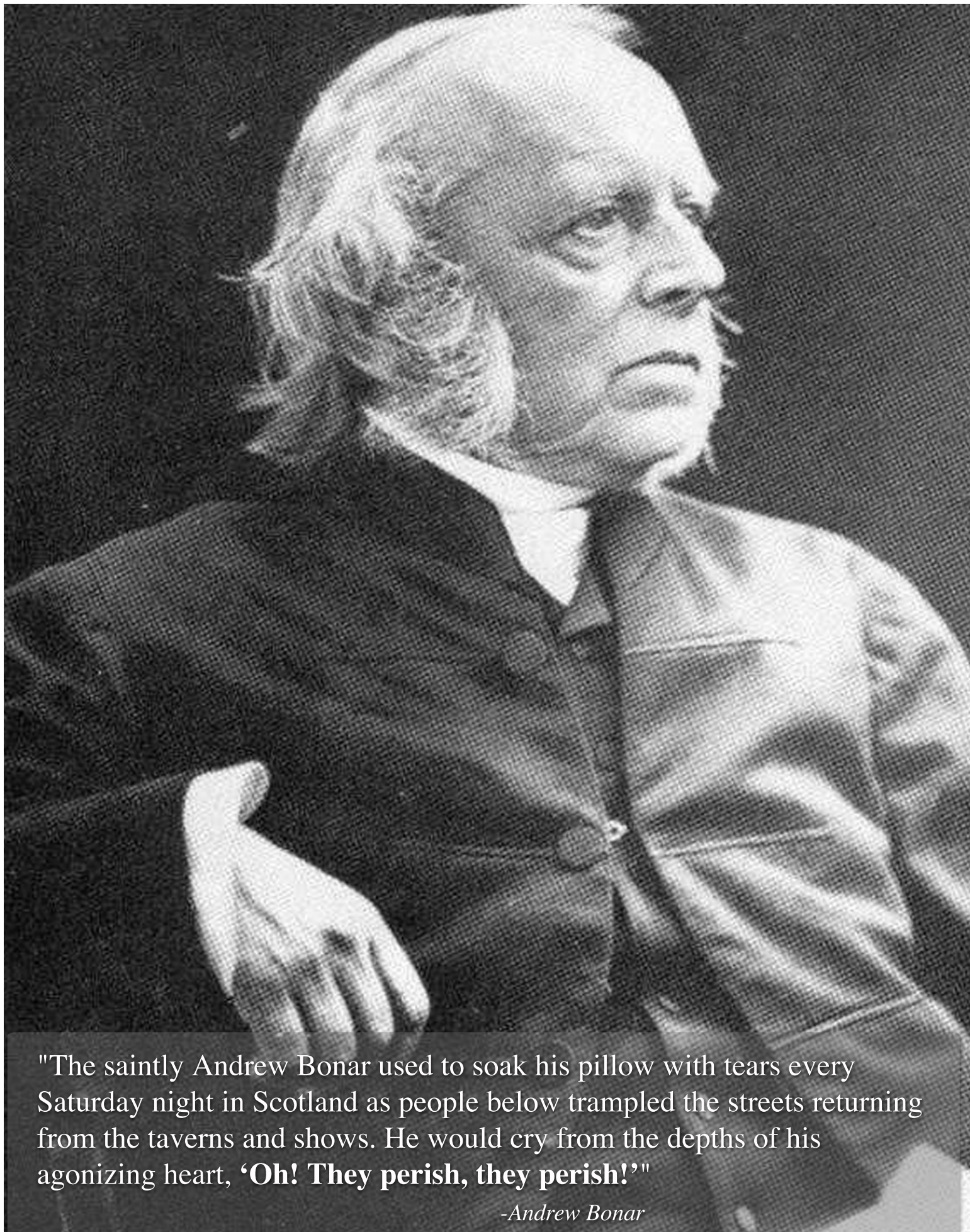




"The saintly Andrew Bonar used to soak his pillow with tears every Saturday night in Scotland as people below trampled the streets returning from the taverns and shows. He would cry from the depths of his agonizing heart, '**Oh! They perish, they perish!**'"

-Andrew Bonar