

The Best We Have.

Christ wants the best. He in the far-off ages
Once claimed the firstling of the flock,
the finest of the wheat,
And still He asks His own with gentlest
pleading.
To lay their highest hopes and talents
at His feet.
He'll not forget the feeblest service, hum-
blest love.
He only asks that of our store we give to
Him
The best we have.

Christ gives the best. He takes the hearts
we offer
And fills them with his glorious beauty,
joy, and peace.
And in His service, as we're growing
stronger
The calls to grand achievements still in-
crease.
The richest gifts for us on earth, or in the
heaven above,
Are hid in Christ. In Jesus we receive
The best we have.

And is our best too much? O friend, let us
remember
How once our Lord poured out His soul
for us,
And in the prime of His mysterious man-
hood
Gave up His precious life upon the
cross!
The Lord of lords, by whom the world's
were made,
Through bitter grief and tears gave us
The best He had.

—The Interior.

The Precious Blood of Christ.

GEORGE F. PENTECOST, D. D.

More than thirty years ago a young
man—no matter who—was in the ter-
ritory of Kansas, when the excitement
occasioned by the discovery of gold at
Pike's Peak broke over the country.
Filled with a desire to be in the field
of the New El Dorado, he bought an
Indian pony got together a few things,
and slung them in a little pack behind
him. After two days he came to a
long stretch of prairie, in width about
forty miles, which he must cross. It
was not a very hard day's ride, though
in was in the short November days.
Heedless of danger, early with the
rising sun he started across the grassy
desert. It was a beautiful day, clear
and cold. The path through the tall
grass was well marked, and for hours
the ride was made with pleasure and
good speed.

A little past noon the sky became
overcast with dull gray and flying
clouds. Nothing for a time was
thought of this. The journey was
more than half over, and the settle-
ment on the other side would soon be
reached. Presently the snow began to
fall. At first a few stray flakes
then faster and thicker still. The first
thought of anxiety began to creep into
the young man's heart. It was still
daylight and the fast falling snow by
this time had turned the wide prairie
into one fast field of white fleece.
Then, with increasing sense of cold,
came increasing anxiety.

The darkness gathered rapidly in
the thick and ever fast-falling snow.
For a time all attention was given to
keeping the body warm by beating
the snow about the body, halloing,
and slinging the legs against the sides
of the patient pony. But now another
horror came. How or when he knew
not, he had suffered the pony to step
aside from the trail through the grass
now filling with snow. He thought
he could easily find it again. A pull
of the bridle to the right, a hundred
yards or more in that direction, but
no path; then a pull to the left a hun-
dred yards or more in that direction,
but still no path. Now a standstill.
Where was he? No sun in the sky to
show the direction. No path under
foot. No compass. That had not
been thought of. Darkness like
prison walls gathered about. Blinding
snow ever falling, and clinging like a
winding sheet, the cold piercing to
the bones. The conviction now fast-
ening upon him: "I am lost in the
snowstorm on a trackless prairie."
Then thoughts of death came and
pressed him hard. Thoughts of his
mother in a far away southern home.
Even the fantastic thought, "Would
his body ever be found? Would any-
body ever know the story?"

Then the mental scenery was shifted,
and eternity opened before his
vision. The great white throne was
set. Heaven and hell in view. There
was the rejected Son of God seated as
Judge. Then thoughts of a lifetime
of sin—how he had revelled in them,
mocked and made light of them. How
he had scoffed at religion, turned away
from many kindly meant words of
warning by ministers and Sunday-
school teachers. And now he was to
die and go—where? Not to heaven—
he knew he was not fit for heaven.
He had rejected Christ. To hell—
what a place! Where else? From a frozen
prairie to a burning hell—a fantastic
but terrible thought.

Now he deplored his sins and cursed
his folly in not having spent a differ-
ent life; now wondered if God would

forgive; now what many things meant
he had heard in church. By this time
the cold seemed to abate. The pony
was wandering aimlessly about. There
came the fatal sense of drowsiness.
This awakened him to fresh fear. He
had been dreaming away and freezing.
Terror seized him. Leaping from the
pony, or rather stumbling off, he
gathered his numb limbs under him as
best he could, and began to stamp the
snow, and beat about with his arms
until circulation was again felt.

Then with the instinct of self-pres-
ervation, the thought of a fire occur-
red. Instantly falling down upon his
hands and knees, groping in the dark-
ness amidst the snow, he began to pull
up large handfuls of grass, and beat-
ing off the snow, lay it in a pile. Then,
as Providence would have it, his hands
fell on a little low brush growth—a
kind of hazel bush. Quickly breaking
its brittle branches, and laying them
on a pile of grass, the thought came,
"Now a fire, and all will be well." A
piece of newspaper for a kindling,
and then a match. A match! His
heart almost stopped beating. Had
he a match? Instantly finger and
thumb went into vest pocket. For a
moment hope died and then revived.
Yes, there was a match, but only one.
One little sulphur match—only one.

That young man's life, and his sal-
vation too, were wrapped in that
match. For should that fail him, he
must die in his sins, and go to hell.
No pleasing contemplation that. One
match. What do you suppose would
have bought from him that match?
One hundred of them could have
been bought in the next settlement
for a couple of cents, and yet if Pike's
Peak, with all its golden wealth, he
could have been crumbled into di-
amonds and laid at his feet as the price
of that match, he would have laughed
the offer to scorn. Why? Because it
was a match? No; but because it was
the only match he had. If that failed
him, he was a dead and damned soul.

Do you wonder that when he drew
that match across his sleeve his heart
well-nigh stopped beating? Do you
wonder that his eyes almost started
from their sockets as he watched,
with a great lump in his throat, that
little pale blue flame as it seemed now
to die out, and then struggle back to
life, until at last—oh, thank God!—it
reddened into flame, set alight the
paper waiting to receive it, and the
fire was kindled that saved his life?

I relate the incident to show you the
value that there is in an only Saviour.
If I now had that charred stump of
that match which I cast away that
awful night more than thirty years
ago, I would frame and hang it in my
study. I would write this legend
under it, "His only match; it saved
his life!"

Now what shall I say? The blood of
Jesus Christ is precious because it is
the sinner's only salvation. Jesus
Christ the crucified, stands between
you and the eternal burnings. If you
miss him, if you reject him, oh, then,
God pity you! you are a hopelessly
lost one; and in hell you will soon
lift up your eyes, being in torment,
"For without shedding of blood is
no remission." God has given his
Son to shed his blood for you. Reject
him, and you are utterly lost. When
he gave his Son, he gave all that he
had to give. After him there remains
no more sacrifice for sin. May the
Holy Spirit incline you to believe in
the Lord Jesus Christ this very hour
and be saved. Amen.—Evangelist.

The Strenuous Life and the Spirit-
ual Life.

This is an age of steam and elec-
tricity. Men and women are living
under whip and spur. They make
haste to get rich, make haste to get
learning, make haste to get office,
make haste to get fame, make haste to
read as many books as possible, to do
as much work as possible. They are
always in haste. A great manufactur-
ing establishment is a great machine in
which the employees are like the saws,
planes, augers, wheels and pulleys.
The men as well as the machines move
like clockwork. If a workman is one
minute behind time he loses a certain
amount from his wage. When the
whistle begins to blow for the noon
hour every man drops his work as
suddenly as if he had been shot with a
rifle.

Commercial houses, departments of
government, and schools are operated
on a similar plan. Men and women
and children must eat in haste, leave
home in haste, sleep in haste, read in
haste, and worship in haste, if they
worship at all. There is no delibera-
tion, no calmness, no reflection.
Catching trains and ferryboats, rushing
work and study are telling on the life
of the people. The nervous system
will not bear this strain without serious
consequences.

This kind of outer life tends to
abolish the divinely ordained means of

supporting and nourishing the inner
life. Where is the Sabbath? Some
men, not having time enough for
business during six days in the week,
bring a part of their business into the
Sabbath. Some, not finding time to
be with their families through the
week, take the Sabbath for communion
with their families. Some, not finding
time through the week for recreation,
take the Sabbath for recreation and
Sabbath, having no time to read through
the week, take the Sabbath for reading
secular papers and books. Sunday ex-
cursions, Sunday entertainments, Sun-
day theaters, Sunday newspapers,
Sunday concerts and lectures are rapidly
secularizing the Sabbath day. God
gave the Sabbath for rest from secular
toil and for spiritual improvement. If
it shall be made a secular day it will
no longer be a blessing.

Can this tide be rolled back? Can
the Sabbath be preserved? Can any-
thing be done to relax the awful strain
which modern life places on men and
women, and counteract the evil effects
of this kind of life on society? There
is but one thing to do. Christian peo-
ple must have more grace. The
Church must be filled with the Holy
Ghost. The Bible tells us that "when
the enemy shall come in like a flood,
the Spirit of the Lord has lifted up a
standard against him." Who will rally
to the standard? Who will consecrate
himself fully to God for these times?
The Church must be awake, alive,
bave, alert, active, powerful. Young
people will not listen to long dry ser-
mons, long, dry prayers, and long, dry
anthems. If our sermons are not on
fire with the Holy Spirit, the people
will not come to hear them. If our
songs are not spiritual and devotional,
the people will go elsewhere for their
music. If our prayers are not fervent
and effectual, the prayer meeting will
be deserted.

The Church has the advantage of all
worldly attractions and forces. But
we must use our advantage. We have
something that cannot be found else-
where. There is no Holy Ghost in
the theater, in the Sunday paper, in
the Sunday concert, in the Sunday ex-
cursion, or in the popular secular
literature. These are broken cisterns
which hold no water. The people
will run after them so long as the
Church does not furnish the water of
life. But they shall not be satisfied.
This busy multitude will still cry for
something better, saying, "Who will
show us any good?" Let the altars
of the Church be on fire with the
presence and love of God, and the peo-
ple will say, as Moses said when he
saw the burning bush on the plains of
Arabia, "I will turn aside and see
this strange sight."—Chris. Advocate.

Giving a Tenth.

The famous preacher, Cotten Mather,
said: "The main question is, 'What
proportion of a man's yearly income is
to be devoted to pious uses?' And
now let it not seem a hard saying if I
tell you that a tenth part is the least
you can bring under a solemn dedica-
tion to the Lord, for whom, in one
sense, we are to give our all. A farth-
ing less would make an enlightened
and considerate Christian suspicious of
his incurring the danger of sacrilege.
If the Lord himself, to whom thou art
but a steward, has fixed any part of
our usual income for himself, certainly
a tenth will be found the least that he
has called for. But let the demand of
liberal things grow upon you. A tenth
I have called the least; for some it is
much too little. Men of large income,
who would not 'sow to the flesh, and
of the flesh reap corruption,' may,
and often will, go beyond this propor-
tion. Some will rise to a fifth, and
the religious Countess of Warwick
would not stop short of a third."

Miss Havergal says: "Though we
place all our money at our Lord's dis-
posal and rejoice to spend it all for
him, directly or indirectly, yet I am
certain it is a great help and safeguard,
and what is more, a matter of simple
obedience to his commands, to set aside
a regular and definite proportion of
our income or receipts for his direct
service. It is a great mistake to sup-
pose that the law of giving the tenth
to God is merely Levitical. Search
and look for yourselves, and you will
find that it is like the Sabbath, a far
older rule, running all through the
Bible, and indorsed, not abrogated,
by Christ himself."

Dr. A. J. Gordon says: "Who can
say that we ought not to give at least
one-tenth of our income to the Lord?
If any Christian who has never tried
it will make the experience, conscien-
tiously following it through to the end
in prosperity and in adversity, we pre-
dict for him two surprises. First, he
will be astonished at the increased
amount which he is enabled by this
method to give the Lord, and secondly
he will be astonished at the increased
spiritual and temporal prosperity
which the Lord will give to him.

"There is a Christian league in this
country banded together to promote
systematic giving. It brings every
member into covenant to keep a strict
account with the Lord, and to render
him one-tenth of the income. An an-
nual report is made by each member,
giving a statement of his business and
spiritual prosperity. The secretary
recently told us that the results have
been surprising, even to the most sa-
guine advocate of the tithing system;
that not only has the income of the
missionary societies receiving the
funds been greatly increased, but out
of thousands entering into this league,
all but two or three have reported
greatly increased, business prosperity.
Are there not some things to be proved
which we have not yet dreamed of ei-
ther in our philosophy or our mathema-
tics?"—District Methodist.

An Old Error.

There is nothing new about this
doctrine of annihilation. It has been
held to by a good many people, and
has done no little mischief, but the
wonder is that it has not done more.

Annihilationism enters into a con-
siderable number of false systems and
theories of religion. It is supported
largely by the same arguments relied
upon by Universalists. There are
those who can not believe (at all
events they claim not to believe) that
the doom of the unrepentant sinner is a
continuous dying. They seize upon
certain passages which speak of the
"death" of the impenitent wicked, the
"destruction" of the same class of
persons, as though to destroy were to
annihilation, and as though death
were an annihilation, neither of which
is a true meaning of the words in the
Hebrew and the Greek, which are
translated by our English words,
"death," "destruction," "destruction,"
etc. In only a few instances do any
of those words (too many to be insert-
ed here) mean, in the places cited,
either annihilation or destruction, in
the sense of ceasing to exist. It is a
scientific principle that the destruc-
tion of a substance is not to annihi-
late it. Science tells us that nothing
in this world is annihilated. All that
can be said of the thing "destroyed"
is that its form has been changed. The
human body, put into the crematory,
vanishes from sight; and yet, if the
smoke, the gases, the ashes, etc., of
which it is composed, are kept and
weighed, we find that nothing has
gone away. All is there, but only in a
changed form. To "destroy" this
body is not to annihilate it. Jesus
really admitted that the Jews could
destroy his body, but he declared that
by so doing they would not annihilate
it. And when he died on the cross,
neither his body nor his soul, nor spirit,
was annihilated. Death no more des-
troys a wicked man than it destroys a
good man. When it is said that cer-
tain persons shall be "punished with
everlasting destruction from the pres-
ence of the Lord," it is not meant
that they shall be annihilated. Nei-
ther everlasting destruction, nor
everlasting death is annihilation. Both
phrases signify continued exist-
ence, everlasting existence.

When a man says that he cannot be-
lieve eternal misery to be the punish-
ment for sins committed in this world,
he simply assumes that he knows how
much punishment sin deserves, and
how God estimates it. There is no-
thing more certain than that the Bible
recognizes the existence of the wicked
after their departure from this present
world. It represents the wicked as
ever dying, yet never dead. Those
publications pushed out from Pitts-
burg, and that variety of doctrine
known as "Russellism" are probably
doing an immense amount of harm,
principally, however, by leading good
people to separate themselves from the
Churches and to give their influence
to the propagation of the theories by
no means new, but now and then
coming to the front, to continue for a
time and then vanish away again. It
is probable that the present craze will
have its day, as we believe will be
the case with Mormonism, Spiritualism,
Dowicism, Christian Science and all
such errors. We regret that they
take away from our churches men and
women whom we do not want to spare,
and who might be far more useful to
the cause of truth if they were to
remain steadfast in the doctrines and
practices taught by our Lord and
Master.—Journal and Messenger.

It is a great mercy to enjoy the
gospel of peace, but a greater to enjoy
the peace of the gospel.—Dyer.

EXCELLENT REASONS exist why Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil should be used
by persons troubled with affections
of the throat or lungs, sores upon
the skin, rheumatic pain, corns,
burns, or external injuries. The
reasons are, that it is speedy, pure
and unobjectionable, whether taken
internally or applied outwardly.

Mere belief would make religion a
mere theology. Mere emotion would
make it a mere excitement. The true,
divine idea of it is a life begotten of
grace in the depths of the soul, subdu-
ing to Christ all the powers of the
soul, and incarnating itself in a
patient, steady, sturdy service. In
short, it is doing the will of the
Father which entitles us to a solid
assurance of our redemption by the
Son.—Boswell D. Hitchcock.

WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH.

Did you ever wonder just what it is
that makes you cough? In a general
way it is understood to be an involun-
tary effort of nature to eject something
from the breath-pipe. As a matter of
fact, merely a slight throat inflammation
caused by a cold will cause a cough to
start, and the more you cough, the
more you want to cough. If you allay
the inflammation in your throat your
cough will stop.

Don't lul the sensitiveness of the
throat with medicine containing a
narcotic, but give it soothing and heal-
ing treatment. This is difficult because
the inflamed parts are in the way of
the passage of food and drink. The
true cough remedy is something that
will protect from the ill effect of cat-
arrhal discharges and also from the
irritation of a swallowing food. Such a
remedy is Adamson's Botanic Cough
Balm, which for many years has
been conquering the most obstinate
coughs. It is a soothing compound
prepared from barks and gums. Its
beneficent effect is quickly felt and the
work of healing promptly begun.
If you once take Adamson's Balm
for cough, you will never be satisfied
with some of it at hand for any
new cough. A trial size of the Balm
can be secured of any druggist for 10
cents. The regular size is 25c. In a
bottle for the Balm, be sure you get
the genuine, which has "F. W. Kin-
man & Co." blown in the bottle.

The privilege of laboring is to me
more and more precious. I would not
choose the spot; I would not choose
the circumstances. To be able to do
something is a privilege of which I am
altogether unworthy.—Mary Lyon.

In God's measurement of men, great
souls are often found in obscure places
which pigmies pose on pedestals which
stand in conspicuous places.

Between the great things that we
cannot do and the small things that
we will not do, the danger is that we
shall do nothing.—Monod.

Worms affect a child's health too
seriously to neglect. Sometimes they
cause convulsions and death. If
you suspect them to be present, give
Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup,
which destroys the worms without
injuring the child. Price 25c.

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Burning Scaly
HUMOURS
Instantly Relieved by
One Application of
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Complete External and Internal Treatment
Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP, to cleanse the skin
of crusts and scales, CUTICURA Ointment, to
instantly allay itching and irritation and soothe
and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, to cool
and cleanse the blood. A single set is often
sufficient to cure the severest humors.

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Cure Skin Humors," free.

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overs a wide field. There is no better
application for Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers and
Open Sores, as the soothing and healing
properties of this remedy are unsurpassed.
For Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Con-
tracted Muscles, Bites and Stings of Insects
and Painful Swellings of all kinds, bathe
the parts with hot water, then apply the
Troop Oil freely, and you will be surprised
how quickly pain will be eased and inflam-
mation subside.

In the case of Rheumatism, Neuralgia,
and Back, or muscular soreness the Oil
gives wonderful relief.
For Caked Breasts or Cracked Nipples,
rich cause women so much suffering
they will find nothing to equal Troop Oil
internally. The Oil may be taken with
tea or coffee, or with a little water, and
benefit for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis,
Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, etc., in addition
to the internal use of the Oil, the throat
and chest should be rubbed thorough-
ly with it.

Used as a gargle it is of inestimable
value in Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Quins,
and Ulcerated Tonsils. A large bottle 50c.

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Blood
BITTERS.Turns Bad Blood into
Rich Red Blood.

This spring you will need
something to take away that
tired, listless feeling brought
on by the system being clogged
with impurities which have
accumulated during the winter.
Burdock Blood Bitters is the
remedy you require.

It has no equal as a spring
medicine. It has been used by
thousands for a quarter of
a century with unequalled
success.

HERE IS PROOF.

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writes: "I have used Burdock Blood
Bitters as a spring medicine for the past
four years and don't think there is its equal.
When I feel drowsy, tired and have a
desire to eat I get a bottle of B.B.B.
It purifies the blood and builds up the con-
stitution better than any other remedy."

The Whole Story
in a letter:

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From Capt. F. Loye, Police Station No.
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Davis' Pain-Killer for pains in the stom-
ach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chil-
blains, cramps, and all afflictions which
befall men in our position. I have no hesi-
tation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the
best remedy to have near at hand."

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