

I have come here to day for a purpose — to see one who professes to have information which he will give to me, and me alone. And that reminds me that I have not more time to spare at present. I must take you back to the inn while I attend to this business."

"Can I not go down there and wait?" asked Armine, pointing to the shining beach below.

He shook his head. "No; I could not let you descend the path alone. Moreover, the place is too solitary. You might be annoyed."

"Then," said Armine with some hesitation, "I will go back through the village to the church. No one will annoy me there, and I should like to see it."

"You will probably find little to see," said her father indifferently; "but it is as good a place as another to wait. I will join you there, then, in the course of an hour."

And so Armine found herself walking back alone, her father, after some reluctance, having parted from her and gone his way, which led to the outskirts of the village in another direction. She walked rapidly, for she was glad of an opportunity to enter the church, which she had hardly hoped to be able to do; and she paid little attention to the appearance of the village, nor did she notice the people who looked at her curiously as she passed through it. But presently there came a sound which attracted her attention and made her almost unconsciously glance up. It was the clatter of a horse's feet along the street, and as she lifted her eyes they encountered the regard of the rider, who was no other than the Vicomte de Marigny.

It was the meeting she had vaguely dreaded ever since she entered Brittany, and quite especially feared in going to Marigny. Now that it had come to pass her first impulse was to hurry on, hoping to escape recognition. But even in the instant of the impulse she realized that she was fully recognized. Something of surprise the Vicomte's glance expressed, but there was not a shade of doubt in it, and as he met her eyes he lifted his hat and bowed.

It was the perfection of what such a greeting should have been, with not a shade too much or too little emphasis. The villagers looking on felt a sudden increase of respect for the lady walking down their street, to whom M. le Vicomte bowed as if she had been Madame la Comtesse from a neighboring chateau, and were quite sure that, notwithstanding her unattended condition, she must be a person of rank. Armine, meanwhile, acknowledged the salutation hastily, and dropping her eyes, again walked on even more rapidly than before, her face flushed and her heart beating as she said to herself: "He is worthy to be M. d'Antignac's friend. He knows who I am—he must know who I am here—and yet he greets me as if I were a princess. He is a true gentleman."

But after this burst of feeling a sense of keen regret overpowered her—regret that she had seen her, regret that she had ever consented to come to Marigny. For so little had she imbibed the spirit of modern democracy that it seemed to her a shameful thing to come into a man's own home, among his hereditary dependants, and endeavor to seduce them from allegiance to him. And that, she felt quite sure, was what her father was doing. Yet even as she thought this her heart was none the less loyal to that father. To him, she knew, the work in which he was engaged was the aspect of a high and holy duty; but it had no such aspect to her, and therefore she was sorry to be identified with it in the opinion of the Vicomte de Marigny. Why the opinion of the Vicomte de Marigny should have mattered to her she did not ask herself. She only felt that it was hard to be regarded as an enemy by one whom she would willingly have served as a friend.

But that life is full of hard things was no new experience to Armine. With the short, quick sigh of one who carries an habitual burden, she lifted her eyes again, and this time they fell on the group of Calvary in the churchyard which she was now approaching. Outlined against the fair blue sky stood the dark form of the cross, as another cross was once outlined against the sky of Palestine, and on it the divine figure hung with drooping, thorn-crowned head—the "sign of contradiction" now as of old. For even as the Jews gathered around the cross, reviling the Son of God in His agony, so modern revolutionists and infidels proclaim most clearly whose children they are and whose work they do when their first rage is directed against the crucifix, and their first work always and everywhere is to tear it down. Nor is it remarkable that they do so. For how should a rebellious and self-seeking generation endure to look upon the supreme type of obedience, patience, and sacrifice?

These things the crucifix preaches with a force which no eloquence of man can equal, and at this moment it had its message for Armine. She paused and stood for a moment motionless, her clear eyes uplifted with a wistful look and fastened on the touching form of Love divine. All was still around her. The quiet graves lay steeped in sunshine, which sparkled here and there on the little wells of holy water. The church stood in the midst, full of repose; from the gentle eminence on which it was placed there was a view of the country for miles around, and over the distant hills a glimpse of the sea could be seen.

Armine knew where to look for it. But she was not thinking of the prospect, fair though it was. A moment came to her like that of which she

had spoken to Egerton on the portico of the chateau—a moment when the pain of tuncit suddenly ceased and she felt herself in the guidance of a hand that never errs. After all, was it mere chance which brought her here? At this instant she felt a conviction, strong as a personal assurance, that it was not; and if it was not—if, for any reason now dark to her, it was God's will—then all was easy. She had only to bear with patience the old burden of pain and doubt, and a new burden of misunderstanding, which surely did not matter.

Saying this to herself, she walked up the grassy path and entered the little church.

TO BE CONTINUED.

#### A BRILLIANT IRISH WIT GONE.

Death of Father James Healy, of Whom There Are Many Clever Stories.

The death of Father James Healy, formerly of Little Bray, and latterly of Ballybrack, has been chronicled in nearly every London newspaper with an expression of regret. In the *Westminster Gazette*, "One who knew him" writes as follows: "Father James" was born in Dublin seventy years ago. "I'm one of the Heals of Healy's Court," he told an inquiring lady. When further pressed as to the whereabouts of the family seat, he mentioned a lane in the slums of the city, proverbial for poverty and dirt. This may or may not have been his birthplace, but he was certainly of humble origin. "I never realized the antiquity of the family," he said, after a trip to Egypt. "I'll visit Healyopolis." After leaving Maynooth he went back to Dublin, but was soon transferred to Bray, where he acted for a time as a curate to the late Monsignor Lee (who only died a year ago), a nephew of the Dr. Troy who was Archbishop of Dublin at the Union. There he remained for forty years becoming first administrator, then parish priest of Little Bray—a gloomy, squalid suburb of the once fashionable Dublin watering-place.

It was only a year ago that he was promoted by Father Walsh to the parish of Ballybrack, which lies "convenient" to Bray. "He has only sent me here because I won't last long," said Father Healy cheerfully, when congratulated on his appointment, "but I am delighted to be there. I have to keep saying, Ballybrack my boy, you're only mortal; don't be proud!" To have no political views is, in Ireland, well-nigh impossible. Father Healy managed to steer clear of party politics, and still be friendly with all men. He was non-political in the best sense. When men say they have no politics, one may, as a rule, assume that they are rabid partisans. But Father Healy treated both sides with a certain peculiar contempt. "What will Tim Healy be in the Irish Parliament?" asked somebody. "An old man," said Father Healy. "I'm glad this Coercion Act is safely through," said a well-known timber merchant to him in 1887. "It's a good thing for your business," said Healy, "plank-beds will go up."

He was on intimate terms with the "aristocracy," genuine and shoneen alike, and managed to bridge over the wide gulf which separates the Catholic and Protestant in Ireland. He was one of the few priests who accepted the hospitality of the Castle and the Viceregal Lodge. To be a "Castle hack" is bad enough in a layman. In an Irish parish priest it would be an unpardonable sin. But he was never looked upon as one of that despised race, and his parishioners tolerated in him what would have seriously imperilled the position of any other Catholic clergyman. They did not resent his yachting expeditions with a recently-enobled brewer, and they looked on with such great and suspicious persons as Peter the Packer, the late Chief Secretary, and the commander of the Forces found their way to his periodical dinners, cooked and served by the one domestic whom he described as "the establishment."

Lord Plunket, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who lives in Bray, used to be congratulated by Father Healy as being one of the model members of his parish. It was Dr. Plunket who asked him, as a theologian, whether the Protestant authorities ought to require converted Catholic priests to take Anglican Orders. "Make them take the pledge," said Father Healy. But he was something more than a cheery, hospitable man. He built schools, visited the sick, and gave in charity. The aged pony and battered trap which conveyed him on parochial visits to the outlying parts of his territory were familiar objects to the inhabitants of Bray. The pony died a few years back, and in its place there recently appeared a Rosinante of very unprepossessing exterior. "I don't want to die a millionaire," he said, "so I've invested my savings in him."

Should be used in attempting to cure that very disagreeable disease, catarrh. As catarrh originates in impurities in the blood, local applications can do no permanent good. The common sense method of treatment is to purify the blood, and for this purpose there is no preparation superior to Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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#### FATHER FIDELIS.

His Conversion to Catholicity a Quarter of a Century ago.

Chicago New World.

Twenty-five years ago the present month, in answer to the earnest invitation addressed to all Protestants and other non-Catholics to return to the true Church by the predecessor of the present illustrious Sovereign Pontiff, who is himself showing such apostolic zeal in behalf of Christian unity, there was penned, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1869, a reply which appeared as an introduction to "The Invitation Heeded," a work that issued that year from the press of the New York Publication Society, and which immediately commanded a large sale, and attracted profound attention both in this and other lands.

The writer of that reply and the author of the above mentioned book was James Kent Stone, the son of an old New England family, whose father was the first dean of the divinity school of Harvard University, a position that has since been held by many eminent Episcopalian divines, and which was occupied, up to the time of his recent consecration, by Bishop Lawrence, the present head of the Episcopalian Church in Massachusetts. Following in his father's footsteps, young Stone made his first collegiate course at Harvard, from which university he graduated, with distinguished honors, in 1861. He then went abroad for a post-graduate course, and spent two years at Göttingen, afterwards visiting Italy and other European countries. To his studious bent of mind there was united at this period of his life a passion for athletic exercise, which nearly cost him his life during an exploration of the Alps, but which, also won him—the first time such a distinction was conferred upon an American—an election as member of the English Alpine Club. On his return to this country, he enlisted for the defence of the Union but a short service satisfied him that he was not fitted for a soldier's life, so he resigned his commission and returned home. He was soon afterwards ordained a minister of the Episcopalian Church, and appointed professor of Latin at Kenyon College, an institution which the Church maintained at Gambier. In 1867 he became the president of this college, which has an average attendance of about 150 students; and the following year he was placed at the head of Hobart College, a similar Episcopalian institution located at Geneva, N. Y. It was while he was president of this college that Father Fidelis, who had for years previously been a diligent searcher after religious truth, made up his mind to become a Catholic, so convinced had he become that Catholicity was the only true religion. Accordingly, a few months after entering upon his duties at Hobart College, he sent in his resignation of his presidency, and that having been accepted, he openly announced his conversion. This announcement cost him the loss of many of his Protestant friends, and drew upon him the displeasure of his father, who considered his son's conduct rash and foolish, as it doubtless was from a worldly point of view; for had the convert remained in the Episcopalian fold, the path to high honors and preferments in that denomination lay at his feet.

Father Fidelis, however, was not a man to shrink from obligations of conscience, and once he had become convinced of the truth of Catholicity, he embraced that faith, heedless of what the consequences might be. After his reception into the Church, he, naturally, felt a desire to enter the priesthood; and his first intention was to apply for admission into the Congregation of St. Paul of the Cross, which is, as is well known, one of the most rigorous and austere of the religious orders. (Because of the condition of his health, which was then not robust, the convert was induced to forego the time being that ambition, and he was urged, if he was determined to become a regular priest, to join the Paulists, in whose ranks he would find a number of clergymen, like himself, converts from Protestantism. Acting upon this advice, he made application to the lamented Father Hecker for admission into the community of which that clergyman was the founder and head, and his application being favorably viewed, he became a Paulist scholastic, studied theology under the direction of Father Hewit, was ordained a priest in due season, and attached to the Church of St. Paul the Apostle in New York City. For a number of years after his ordination, in addition to his sacerdotal duties, Father Stone acted as master of novices at the New York house of the Paulists, and he speedily attracted attention, also, because of his eloquence in the pulpit, his fame as a preacher causing a great demand for his appearance as a missionary or lecturer throughout the country.

During the time that he was a member of the Paulist community, Father Stone continually entertained the hope that he would be enabled one day to carry out the design he had conceived, at the time of his conversion, of becoming a "Passionist"; and after the lapse of about half a dozen of years, his health having in the meantime greatly improved, the desire of joining the Passionists became so strong within him that he asked leave from Father Hecker to gratify it. This permission was reluctantly given, so loath was the Paulists to lose so valuable a man as Father Stone had proved himself; but it was, nevertheless, granted; and then the famous Episcopalian divine, famous author and eloquent preacher bade adieu to the world, and, veiling his identity under

the religious name of Father Fidelis, entered upon his novitiate in the Passionist monastery at Pittsburgh, where he was lost to sight for many months. His term of probation over, he was sent to Rome, to be perfected in the spirit of his chosen order; and on his return to his native land he was attached to the Monastery of St. Michael, at Hoboken, N. J., from whose cloisters he was often called, however, to preach missions in various dioceses. Six years ago the American Passionists were besought by the late Archbishop Anselmi, of Buenos Ayres, to send missionaries to Argentina, to minister to the large number of English speaking Catholics who had settled in that country; and in response to that appeal, Father Fidelis, with some other American Passionists, prominent among whom was Father Edmund Hill, an Oxford graduate, a convert and a well known Catholic poet, was sent to South America, where he labored, with signal success, up to quite recently, when he was recalled to Hoboken.

The work, alluded to at the beginning of this article, "The Invitation Heeded," which Father Fidelis wrote at the time of his conversion to Catholicity a quarter of a century ago, has been compared to Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" because of the beauty of its author's style and the force and lucidity of his arguments. It has been the means of bringing many a searcher after religious truths into the Catholic Church, and its sales are still deservedly large. Of one copy of it the tale is told that a lady who was visiting one of the warships that lay in New York harbor, accidentally dropped the book, which she had carried aboard the vessel, into the sea while descending to the boat that was to take her ashore. A young naval officer, who witnessed the incident, rescued the book and offered it to its owner, who, deeming it ruined, declined to take it. The rescuer accordingly kept the book himself, dried and read it, and became so convinced by the reading that his Protestant belief was erroneous that he became himself a convert to Catholicity.

The knowledge that his book has been the means of leading many wistful souls to acknowledging and embracing the truth in whose behalf it was written, must often have caused its gifted author to rejoice, for that was the chief aim he had in view when he penned its pages. "Yes," says he, in his preface, "I am sorry to say that I was once deceived by the unreal charms of a false prophesies; but now the thin mask has been torn away. I once had only better thoughts and scornful words for her whose glories I had never seen, and to whom I did not know that my soul owed high allegiance; but now divine compassion has led me to the feet of my true Mother, who through all my railing stood patiently and with tearful love awaiting my return. And in the joy of the present I cannot forget what now seems the gloom of the past. I have been brought into the fragrant garden, and I think of the weary wilderness, I have drunk of the flowing fountain; and I remember the broken cisterns over which I once labored."

"The toll of dropping buckets into empty wells, And growing old in drawing nothing up."

"Therefore I am fain to look back, and call to those whom I have left behind."

Father Fidelis is now in the prime of his life; he is the member of an order whose rule, despite its austerities, contributes to longevity, so that the Church confidently counts for many years yet upon his eminent usefulness and valuable services.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

#### The Bible.

Of all the changes that have come over Protestant sentiment of late years none is more striking than the new attitude of our separated brethren toward the Bible. It is notable, too, that with the dislodgment of Protestantism has come a return to Catholic belief respecting the Holy Book. Reviewing a recent work in which the author, the Rev. Dr. Cust, attempts to explain the failure of Protestant missions, the *Asiatic Review* observes: "Dr. Cust fails to class among the difficulties of converting the 'heathen,' the indiscriminate circulation of the Bible, sometimes wrongly translated. That book never was meant as a missionary agent; and if it bristles with difficulties which try the faith of even the Christian believer, it can simply be a means for defeating the object of its circulation, when read, uncommenced upon, by the non-Christian."

This is the reasonable view to take, and it is confirmed by the testimony of the missionaries themselves. However, "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers"; and our Protestant friends will no doubt continue to deluge pagan countries with copies of the Bible, whose leaves and covers the natives find various ways of utilizing.

—Ave Maria.

Eating is a necessity. To the healthy it is a pleasure; to the dyspeptic a torture. By the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the weakest and most disordered stomach is restored to its natural condition, and food is once more partaken of with youthful relish and satisfaction. Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep necessitates the elimination of all impurities with a few doses of Parlee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

#### REASON AND REVELATION.

Place These Thoughts Before Unbelievers.

Rev. John S. Vaughan, of England, writing on "Reason and Revelation," says:

"Either we must join the ranks of the silly atheist, and say there is no God, or else we must conclude that another sphere of human activity awaits us beyond the grave, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. We must postulate a future life where perfect justice shall be dealt out to all; where each shall receive with absolute impartiality according to his works, and where compensation shall be made to those who have suffered without cause, and where vengeance shall overtake all who have prospered by their iniquity and profited by their sin. This life in its present condition is inconceivable without a future, if we have any faith in our infinitely holy and just Creator. It were far easier to deny our own existence than to deny the absolute necessity of a future state, where the balance of justice shall be restored."

"If," said J. J. Rousseau, "I had no other proof of the immortality of the soul than the prosperity of the wicked and the oppression of the just in this world, that alone would be enough to convince me. I would feel constrained to explain such a manifest contradiction, such a terrible exception to the established harmony of the universe. I would be forced to exclaim within myself, 'All cannot end with death. All will be put into proper order and harmony after death.'"

"Do you believe in a future life?" asked a Judge at Lyons of one of the priests condemned to be executed during the awful French Revolution.

"How is it possible to doubt it," he replied, "seeing what is passing in this unhappy country? If I had begun by being an unbeliever that would have made me a believer (*je serais devenu croyant*). Nothing so proves the certainty of a future life as the impunity of the wicked and the prosperity of the greatest rascals in this."

"What! Is there to be no punishment for a Henry VIII., no redress for Thomas More? Is Queen Elizabeth to eternally triumph over the innocent, whose blood she ruthlessly shed? Never! It is clear to every man who has any faith in Divine justice that a day must come when iniquity shall be brought low and the cause of justice, purity and love shall triumph. If not, then there is nothing left but to blurt the very notion of God out of our minds and to try and persuade ourselves, if we can, that the universe made itself; that the marvellous body and yet more marvellous soul of man are the accidental results of the unconscious and fortuitous concurrence of atoms."

#### The Little White Wagon.

A little white hearse was passing by—  
Can it be but an hour—an hour ago  
Since Edith's grave had been laid?  
When it caught her wandering baby eye?  
"Pity white wagon! Oh, how I wish  
You'd stop! Pity, too, how I wish  
I could get up on wide on a wadon like  
yis."

And my heart stopped—as I thought of her,  
Dead.

The little white wagon was passing by—  
A sight that is common enough, you say?  
No; no; not so. Not till to day  
Had I known how it looks to a mother's eye,  
With its white, false face to her black grief  
wed.

Crushing her heart with its juggernaut  
wheels,  
Not till to day had I thought how it feels  
To be stabled by the hush where a baby lies  
dead.

The little white wagon was passing by—  
My God! Can it be but an hour ago?  
How would the age long seconds die?  
Into minutes ending, were she to die?  
So I clasp and love her as never before.  
One thought, one hope, is my frightened  
cry.

That the little white hearse may still go by  
And never stop at my darkened door.

Keep your blood pure and healthy and you will not have rheumatism. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives the blood vitality and richness.

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