

GENERAL READING. 'LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.'

A METHODIST MINISTER'S ZULU EXPERIENCE.

Under the title of "Life in South Africa," a highly entertaining lecture was given in the Corn Exchange Stourbridge, England, by the Rev. J. R. Sawtell, of the Stourbridge Wesleyan Circuit. Mr. Sawtell has only recently returned from a twelve months' missionary work amongst the tribes of Southern Africa, and was therefore well qualified to amuse and instruct his audience with his eventful experiences; while having regard to the present absorbing topic of the war in Zululand his personal reminiscences of life in that country were of a peculiar interest and value. The story was recounted with the aid of well managed dissolving views, showing the places and scenes of interest touched upon, and by the terse but vigorous and graphic descriptions which the series illustrated, the lecturer was able to hold the attention of his numerous hearers without flagging to the close. Mr. Sawtell at the outset took his audience with him on the voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, touching at St. Helena on the passage. Before landing at Cape Town he showed a map of the country, on which he traced the routes pursued by the great explorers, and he gave an outline of the geography of the southern portion of Africa. Table Mountain was then passed, and Cape Town, with its easy going shopkeepers, was described, after which the lecturer took a Cape travelling wagon with its team of oxen, and proceeded across the Kooroo Plain to Natal, en passant looking into a Dutch Boer's farm, and scampering over the diamond and gold fields, the story of the discovery of which was briefly told. Natal, the lecturer said, was 1,200 miles from Cape Town, and its first settlers were the Dutch Boers, who in their eagerness to remove from British authority, crossed the Drakenberg mountain and saw the beautiful well watered country at their feet. Imagining it to be the Promised Land, they immediately attempted to take possession, but found the native Zulu tribes more warlike than any they had yet met with. Dingaan, the Zulu chief, treacherously and cruelly murdered several hundred families of the Dutch, and a war ensued which ended in the assassination of Dingaan by his brother Panda, the ally of the Dutch. They assisted him to gain supreme power in Zululand. The country coming under the British in 1843, a large number of the Dutch emigrated again to the northward, and founded what was known as the Transvaal Republic. Two years ago the country, in extent equal to France, was annexed to our empire. Having glanced at the colonists, the lecturer proceeded to notice the more interesting features of native life and character. He said that while the European nations are advancing northward, there is a constant slow pressure of the Kaffir southward. Great changes have taken place in very recent times, and who were the aborigines cannot be definitely stated. The Europeans are practically masters of the country, the whites, Dutch or English, having dispossessed the owners of the soil; those whom they displaced having overcome the Hottentots, who in their day ejected the Bushmen. The various Kaffir tribes inhabit the tract of country between the Drakensburg mountain and the coast. Of the five Kaffir tribes, the Zulu is the chief type. The Zulus have their headquarters to the north of Natal, where may be found the best specimens of this splendid race. Belonging to the dark-skinned race, they are not so jetty black as the Negro. They have finely-modelled forms, are of tall stature, with high foreheads, and intelligent expression, and altogether they afford as fine specimens of the human race as perhaps are to be found anywhere. As a people they are free from care, undisturbed by the great causes for anxiety in civilized lands; and their food is easily got either by hunting the abundant game or by sharing the crops of more industrious cultivators. Clothing is of the most trifling description, and generally conspicuous by its absence; and as for a sleeping hut, it costs no more trouble than that of collecting a few wattle poles, shaping them into a huge beehive and thatching them with grass. Speaking of the absence in the Zulu of all care for to-morrow, the lecturer said that one cause is the absolute power of the chiefs, which in the logical mind of the Kaffir produces an instinctive fatalism. He knows that his chief may require his life at any moment, and therefore never troubles himself about a future which may have no existence for him; and the same time that his loyalty prompts him to constant self-sacrifice to obey the despotic orders of his chiefs. As an instance of this Mr. Sawtell mentioned that Dingaan a few years ago ordered his soldiers to catch a lion and bring it to him alive. The warriors attacked and overpowered by their number a lion, which they brought to Dingaan without a wound; and the fact that several lives were lost

in the capture was regarded as nothing extraordinary. The lecturer went on to describe the Zulu as the most intellectual of all savages, mentioning his delight in controversy and the special faculty he has for the Socratic form of argument, asking questions which he compels his opponent to pronounce his own defeat. Adverting to social customs, he said that the Zulu is of very hospitable disposition. The Bechuana, living in a hungry land, salutes significantly, "What are you eating?" and the answer is, "Nothing," for it is hidden away when the stranger arrives. With the Zulu food is abundant; hence he never eats alone, snuffs alone, or smokes alone. His fondness for children is remarkable, though his superstitious notions lead to a rather unpleasant mode of treating a "little stranger," on its arrival in the world. Shortly after birth it is inoculated by the "medicine man," and thoroughly smoked over a wood fire, and then daubed over with fat and red clay: after which its little finger is cut off, if the child is a member of a high family, and it is named. The young men practice running, leaping and dancing, speed being reckoned a great accomplishment; while their powers of endurance are so great that a runner will travel 50 or 60 miles a day. The lecturer described the young women as generally good-looking, but observed that they become changed in old age to very hags, under the hard treatment of married life. Their dresses are made of softened skins, generally dyed with red ochre, with a profusion of ornament. At this point Mr. Sawtell dealt with the custom of the Zulus of establishing military villages, and showed the arrangements of a military kraal, with its circle of habitations. The whole arrangement is to further the object of the Zulu nation in constituting itself one vast standing army. To this end all its efforts are directed, and he pointed out how the men are forbidden to marry until nearly 40 years of age, and even then only by the pleasure of their chiefs. Explaining the economy of the domestic cattle pen (a sacred spot to a Kaffir) and remarking that wealth is measured by cows, he showed how this, coupled with the fact that wives are purchased, polygamy being the keystone of Kaffir society, constitutes a fruitful source of trouble with the colonists. A young man offers a certain number of cattle, say half a dozen, for a girl he fancies, and her father having a higher offer from some old Blue-beard, the suitor despairs of out-bidding the patriarch, and accordingly finds a way out of the difficulty by making a raid upon the cattle of a convenient farm. This form of woman slavery has now for some years been sanctioned at Natal, by the Government requiring that all marriages shall be registered with a fee, and fixing the number of cows as the legal price to be paid by the bridegroom. The lecturer said that missionaries have strongly protested against this, and he condemned such class legislation, believing that in thus tampering with heathen customs we have sown the wind and are reaping the whirlwind. He passed on to picture one of the weird war-dances of the Zulus, which he had witnessed, and after speaking of other dances, sketched a portrait of the Witch Doctor, or Prophet, who next to the chief is the most important person in a tribe, and whose principal business it is to "make rain." A portrait of the Zulu blacksmith, gave an opportunity for introducing the native weapon—the assegai—which Mr. Sawtell said is a necessary of life to the Kaffir. The assegai was much altered by the terrible Tsharka, a great Zulu chief who lived but for war, and was a man of wonderful intellect, dauntless courage and great organizing power. In the first part of the lecture, Mr. Sawtell mentioned that this chief, hearing the career of the first Napoleon during the time of the Emperor, said he would be the Napoleon of South Africa, and consequently devastated the whole country with his army. He said the present chief, Cetewayo, follows the warlike tactics of Tsharka. The soldiers are armed with a very large shield and a single assegai; and when in action, after advancing in a compact body on the enemy, as soon as the first shower of spears fall they crouch beneath the shields, and then spring in with their short spears. The only piece of armor carried by the Zulus is their shield, which is made of ox-hide. By difference in colour the shields denote the department of the army to which the owner belongs, young men carrying black ones, the veterans white. The shields, which stand as high as the soldiers, are given out by the King for bravery. The black shields, or young men, are always placed in the van, with the white shields behind them to see they do their duty. After a battle the officers are questioned as to the conduct of their men, and those that have shown notable courage receive immediate promotion, while those suspected of cowardice are as quickly slain. Tsharka once ordered a whole regiment of white shields to be slain, commanding the boys to take the place and position of the slain. There are thirty-three regi-

ments in the Zulu army, and they can be as readily distinguished as those of our own army. The 33rd Regiment is the crack regiment, answering to our Household troops, being distinguished by entire absence of clothing. Those who are conscious of not having been successful in fight may think themselves fortunate if they are not pointed out as bad soldiers and at once executed. The Zulus under Cetewayo muster 50,000 fighting men, who are so well disciplined that they never fall out of the ranks. They march at the double, and can keep up fifty miles a day carrying their own provisions. The lecturer next described their mode of attack, which is to advance in a crescent or horse-shoe, pouring in a shower of spears or shot, and when within 200 yards they make a rush, and yelling, dash in with their short assegai to stab. Remarking that the King had insisted on each soldier providing himself with a breech-loader, Mr. Sawtell expressed the opinion that it was surely carrying the principles of free trade too far for our merchants to be allowed to supply ammunition and guns with which our brave troops were slaughtered. He went on to say that the Kaffirs in the colony are allied to the Zulus, and number 300,000 to only 20,000 whites. The fears that in case of a reverse to our arms the Natal Zulus would rise, have as yet not been realized, as there is, owing to missionary influence (said the lecturer) a large loyal native population in Natal. Small thanks, however, to the Government, for by legalizing polygamy and sanctioning heathen customs the difficulties in the way of elevating the people are immensely increased. The lecturer dilated on the subject of the war, and explained the causes which led to it, considering that the struggle was inevitable in the face of Cetewayo's standing army of 50,000 men. He defended Sir Bartle Frere, for whom he entertained the most profound respect, and he asserted that though Sir Bartle might have erred in bringing about the war a little sooner than it might have been, he could not join in the cry for his recall. As to promoting civilization amongst the savages, he was of opinion that the right way was to plant schools and spread education and missionaries amongst them, in order to secure lasting benefits. The lecture ended with some descriptions of the lake Scenery explored by Livingstone, Stanley and Cameron.

FAMILY READING

THE BOOK-KEEPER'S DREAM.

BY J. W. EDDY.

The day had wendly worn to its close, And the night had come down with its needed repose. As a Book-keeper wended his way from the store, Glad that the toilsome hours were o'er. The night was cheerless, and dismal and damp, As the flickering flame of the dim street lamp, Went out in the wild rough gust that beat, With furious speed through the gloomy street. Tired and cold, with pain throbbing head, He sank to repose in his lonely bed; Still through his brain, as the Book-keeper slept, Visions of Debtor and Creditor crept. The great Balance sheet he had finished that day, And Profit and Loss in the usual way, Showed how much money the merchant had made Or lost in the preceding twelve month's trade. And he dreamed that night that an Angel came, With the Ledger of Life; and against his name Were charges until there was no more room to spare, And nothing whatever was credited there: There were life, and its blessings, as intellect, health; There were charges of time, opportunities, wealth; Of talents for good, of friendships the best, Of nourishments, joys, affections and rest, And hundreds of others, and one as each great, All with interest accrued from the time of their date, Till, despairing of ever being able to pay, The Book-keeper shrank from the Angel away. But the Angel declared that the account must be paid, And protested it could no longer be delayed. The Book-keeper sighed, and began to deplore How meagre the treasure he'd laid up in store. He'd cheerfully render all he had acquired, And his note on demand for the balance required. Then quickly the Angel took paper and wrote The following as an acceptable note: On demand, without grace, from the close of to-day, For value received, I promise to pay To Him who has kept, and everywhere Has guarded his soul with infinite care. Whose blessings outnumber the drops of the ocean, While living, the sum of my heart's best devotion. In witness whereof, to be seen by all men, I fix the great seal of my soul's Amen. The Book-keeper added his name to the note, While the Angel across the great ledger-page wrote, In letters as crimson as human gore, "Settled in full," and was seen no more.

KAFFIRS AND ZULUS.

This morning's post (March 1, 1879) bring us another letter from South Africa, from our young Kaffir student, Charlie Maquba Sitwana. Two dear children had written to him from England some few months since, enclosing a gift in stamps; and lading to this little act, he says:— "I was very much pleased to receive my little friends' letter, and they have been very kind in sending me stamps, which I was much needing, and now I am writing to them with very great pleasure, and also I do not know them, but now I know them by their kindness. We stay now in Adam's Station. My hope is very, very great in the promise of our Lord,

that we shall go to the best school in Africa. LOVEDALE, very good Zulu college, where they learn many, many kind of things. Now I am going to tell you what things is trouble very much, the people are fighting against the English, and persecute or kill some people! Also we have no rain come down, very dry, nothing is growing out in the fields, and so we have famine. I have seen my dear parents only once, because it is very far distant to walk by foot, but I do anxious to see them again, but in this country very hard to walk, so many high hills and wide rivers, except you must have some horses for travelling, and sometimes people travel by waggons. Since I returned from them, I have not heard anything about them, and I am very sorry indeed. My brother joins me to send our best love to all."

About a week or ten days after writing the above, the brothers received a letter which conveyed not only the tidings that they were to have the desire of their heart granted in reference to going to Lovedale, but also the funds to defray the expenses of the journey. By this time they are probably on their way, if they have not already reached their destination.

But the above letter proves that Charlie has made very satisfactory progress during his stay at the American Mission School at Illovo. The fearful strife now raging in Zululand, suggests many a sad reflection. Alas! how readily England has rushed into war, and into an expenditure of millions in order to slay the Zulus, and how slow have English Christians been to evangelize them! They are now perishing in thousands, by our "Gatling guns" and "arms of precision." If earnest Christian efforts for their conversion had been carried on for the last twenty years, might not Cetewayo and his host have long ere this abandoned their sanguinary and cruel customs, and become neighbors endurable by a civilized colony? Missions have existed in Zululand, as is proved by the fact that the very centre of the awful Isandula massacre was a mission house; but they have produced no apparent effect, whether from their own insufficiency or from the fact that under Cetewayo's rule conversion was death, we cannot say. It is a sad fact that to make any profession of conversion is certain death to a Zulu, not only in Zululand, but throughout the whole vast Matabele country. The chiefs hold that a Zulu converted is a Zulu spoiled, and the sooner he is got rid of the better. The only chance for Christian Zulus is to settle in the colony of Natal. The present war is a terrible evil, but it may be and probably will be overruled in the providence of Him who brings good out of evil, for the furtherance of the Gospel, in securing religious toleration for countless thousands of the finest native race of the dark continent. The missions in Cetewayo's country were French, German, and Swedish. The Gordon Memorial mission is near the borders, but on the Natal side.

We had been feeling anxious about our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Aitchison, of Ikwezi Lamaci, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, of Ikopo, Natal, when we received the following letter from Mr. Fothergill, of Darlington:—

PIERREMONT CRESCENT, DARLINGTON, Feb'y. 22d, 1879.

"DEAR MR. G. GUINNESS.—You will be interested to know that we have just received a letter from Mrs. Clarke, from the new home at

ROCK FOUNTAIN, IKOPO, NATAL.

They were long delayed at the coast from the drought, and the war preparations having so enormously increased the cost of travelling. They have, however, surmounted every difficulty, and reached their new home in safety. They took advantage of a temporary fall in prices of transport, and set out on Christmas Day. They arrived at their destination 6th January. They found the hut, which Mr. Clarke had built some time before, in good condition. Mr. Clarke has been very busy preparing the soil and putting in seed for future crops, meales, &c. He next proposes to build another hut, for a school-house and place of worship, and they will then at once commence teaching the natives, many of whom express great anxiety to learn. The war that has broken out and the signal disaster to British arms, make us attentively anxious; but we trust in the Lord, and hope that all will yet be well with our loved ones, whose sole object is the good of those benighted people and the glory of God, who can keep them there, if it is His will, as safe as here at home.

You will be interested in two or three extracts from Mr. Clarke's letter. Having expressed their intention to build a proper kitchen and pantry, and to live in them till they can add the remainder of a proper house, she goes on:—

"When once more a fireplace is ours, I shall be so thankful; for really, cooking in a shed with one side open, the wind blowing through the top and sides, and the rain running through on the floor, is anything but exhilarating. Twice when my bread was ready to go into the bakepot, a thunderstorm burst over us, and the rain put out the fire; but by dint of Bertie's blowing, and the boys' digging a sluice around the fire, the bread turned out successfully."

Mrs. Clarke goes on:— "Some of the people seem pleasant enough, but as we have no interpreter yet our conversations with them have been limited. Kaffir of some kind we must talk, and now is our best opportunity of learning their language."

Having mentioned a prospect of having an interpreter from the training school at Illovo, she proceeds:—

"Some of our callers here are most inquisitive, wanting me to undo my hair for their inspection (of course I don't), touching the sunburnt skin of Bertie's arms, wondering at the small, light hairs on them, and shouting and almost running away if he lifts his sleeve above the elbow to show them the white skin which has been protected from the sun. They ask the most curious questions, and seem to peer into our faces as though they would look through us. Many of them express their wish to learn; and soon we hope to be settled enough to open a school. At present we have only the one small hut, so must wait till we get a second building up."

With regard to the prospect of war, she says,—

"So long as the English are successful, no danger is apprehended in Natal. Should, however, the Zulus gain a temporary victory, the Natal Kaffirs would probably rise, and one place would then be about as dangerous as another. Here we are further from whites and protection, but we are also further from the Zulus under Cetewayo and the seat of war—should it have broken out. We passed on our way here different places which have been hastily fortified as retreats for the white population in case of a rising. One is a court house with a wall around it, with holes for rifles. One is a Wesleyan chapel, round which a sod wall is to be built. As for us, surely God will protect us and suffer no evil to befall us, or any plague to come nigh our dwelling."

Little did Mr. Clarke, think while writing the above, how soon a terrible British defeat was to be experienced. We can only hope and trust and devoutly pray that the worst of the apprehended results will not be realized, but that a gracious Providence will give to the helpless settlers a measure of protection which their rulers are powerless to give.—The Regions Beyond.

A CHARGE INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

The respect paid to courage by the warlike tribes of the Anglo-Indian border is strikingly illustrated by an episode of Napier's famous campaign in Scinde. A detachment had been sent against one of the bravest of the native tribes, almost every warrior of which bore proof of his valor in the green thread tied around his waist, a badge more highly prized by the "hill-men" than the Cross of the Legion of Honor by a French soldier. In the course of skirmishing that ensued, an English sergeant and eleven of his men mistaking the order given them advanced up the gully, where they suddenly found themselves surrounded by over one hundred of the enemy. The gallant handful charged without a moment's hesitation, and were slain to a man, after killing nearly thirty of their opponents. When the last Englishman had fallen, the old chief of the tribe, one of the most renowned warriors of Northern India, turned to his men and said: "How say ye, my sons? were these Feringhees (Europeans) brave men?" "The bravest we have ever met," answered the mountaineers with one voice. "Then," cried the old man, taking the precious thread from his own wrist and fastening it to that of the dead sergeant, "bind the green thread around them all, and not around one wrist only, but around both. Unbelievers though they be there are no braver souls in heaven; and it may be that when God sees how we have decorated them he will grudge such heroes to Shaitaan (Satan) and give them a place beside his throne."

THE WIDOWS OF INDIA.

It is an appalling fact that there are in India to-day eighty thousand widows between the ages of six and sixteen! From the custom of early marriages in India arise the worst features of Hindoo widowhood; for many a child becomes a widow before she has reached the age of seven years. It may be that the child has never lived with her husband, and yet custom forbids her ever marrying again. From the hour of her widowhood her life becomes one of misery. She has no sympathy from friends, not even from members of her own family. She is bereft of all her ornaments; her hair is cut off. She is clothed in the commonest apparel, and acts in the capacity of a menial for all the household. Her jewels, which she valued so much in the days of her pride, are no longer on her person. She can never wear them again, never wear a nice dress, or cut other than a given quantity of poor food. She seldom mingles, or is allowed to mingle in the company of her more fortunate sisters. Her presence is considered a contamination. We cannot depict her misery. Her condition is almost hopeless. A childless widow, herself perhaps a child drinks to its dregs the bitterest cup of a soulless heathenism, whose only fate is law.

There was a time when many such preferred death to life, and the widow abandoned her home and earthly connections and committed herself to the flames upon the dead body of her husband. This practice was abolished by the government years ago, although there are occasional instances of it even in these days. Her life is thus spared, but the sentence upon her brow has only been commuted. A recent act of the British Government has rendered the re-marriage of widows lawful, and she is now no longer doomed to perpetual widowhood, yet custom and prejudice prevent this act from rapidly taking effect, but it will make its power felt in softening the lot of the Hindu widow.

How different the teachings of Christianity: "Ye shall not afflict the widows." "Let thy widows trust in me."

BLESSINGS BRIGHTEEN AS THEY TAKE THEIR FLIGHT.—If you have a good head of hair take care of it; once gone and we realize its loss far more than we appreciate its presence. The BEARINE is taking the place of all other hair dressings, because it is healthful to the hair and delightful to use.

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