

YOUTH'S CORNER.

THE HELMSMAN OF LAKE ERIE.

From the Church of England Magazine.

It was on a pleasant May morning that a steam-vessel was riding at anchor, opposite the town of Buffalo, on lake Erie. You know, I dare say, that Erie is one of those sea-lakes for which America is so famous; and, as you stand on its shore, and see the green waves dashing in one after another, you might well think that you were looking at the great ocean itself. The Jersey—for that was the name of the steamer—was dressed gaily out with many bright flags: the Blue Peter, the signal of immediate sailing, was at her mainmast-head; porters were hurrying along the narrow quay that juts out into the lake; boatmen quarrelling with each other for passengers; travellers hurrying backwards and forwards to look for their luggage: friends shaking hands, and bidding each other farewell: idlers lounging about with their hands in their pockets; card-drivers jangling for a larger fare: and all the various kinds of bustle and confusion that attend the departure of a packet from a watering-place.

But presently the anchor was heaved, the paddles began to turn, the sails were set, and leaving a broad track of foam behind her, the Jersey stood westward, and held on her course for the town of Erie. It was a bright blue day; and, as hour after hour went by, some mingled in the busy conversation on politics; some sat apart, and calculated the gains of the shop or the counting-house: some were wrapped up in the book with which they were engaged; and one or two, with whom time seemed to hang heavily, composed themselves to sleep. In short, one and all were like men who thought that, let danger come to them when it might, at least it would not be that day.

It drew towards four in the afternoon, and the steamer, which had hitherto been keeping the middle of the lake, stood southwards; Erie, the place to which it was bound, lying on the southern side. Old John Maynard was at the wheel, a bluff, weather-beaten sailor, tanned by many a burning summer day, and by many a winter tempest. He had truly learnt to be content with his situation: none could ever say that they had heard him repine at his hard labour and scanty pay. He had, in the worst time, a cheerful word and a kind look for those with whom he was thrown: cast, often enough, into bad company, he tried, at least, and generally succeeded, to say or do something for its good. He was known from one end of lake Erie to the other, by the name of honest John Maynard: and the secret of his honesty to his neighbours, was his love of God.

The land was about ten miles off, when the captain, coming up from his cabin, cried to a sailor, "Dick Fletcher, what's all that smoke I see coming out from the hold?" "It's from the engine-room, sir, I guess," said the man.

"Down with you, then, and let me know." The sailor began descending the ladder by which you go to the hold; but scarcely had he disappeared beneath the deck, when up he came again with much greater haste.

"The hold's on fire, sir," he said to the captain, who by this time was standing close to him.

The captain rushed down, and found the account too true. Some sparks had fallen on a bundle of tow: no one had seen the accident, and now not only much of the luggage, but the sides of the vessel were in a smouldering flame.

All hands, passengers as well as sailors, were called together; and, two lines being made, one on each side of the hold, buckets of water were passed and repassed; they were filled from the lake, they flew along a line of ready hands, were dashed hissing on the burning mass, and then passed on to the other side to be re-filled. For some few moments it seemed as if the flames were subdued.

In the meantime the women on board were clustering around John Maynard, the only man unemployed who was capable of answering their questions. "How far is it to land?" "How long shall we be getting in?" "Is it very deep?" "Is there no boat?" "Can they see us from shore?" The helmsman answered as well as he could. There was no boat, it had been left at Buffalo to be mended; they might be seven miles from shore; they would probably be in, in forty minutes; he could not tell how far the fire had reached. "But to speak truth, he added, "we are all in great danger; and I think if there were a little less talking, and a little more praying, it would be the better for us, and none the worse for the boat."

"How's her head?" shouted the captain. "West-sou'-west, sir!" answered Maynard. "Keep her sou' and by west," cried the captain.

"We must go on shore any where." It happened that a draft of wind drove back the flames, which soon began to blaze up more furiously against the saloon, and the partition betwixt it and the hold was soon on fire. Then long wreaths of smoke began to find their way through the sky-light; and the captain, seeing this, ordered all the women forward. The engineer put on his utmost steam; the American flag was run up and reversed in token of distress; water was flung over the sails to make them hold the wind. And still John Maynard stood by the wheel, though now he was cut off, by a sheet of smoke and flame, from the ship's crew.

Greater and greater grew the heat; the engineers fled from the engine-room; the passengers were clustering round the vessel's bow; the sailors were sawing planks to which to lash the women; the boldest were throwing off their

coats and waistcoats, and preparing for one long struggle for life. And still the coast grew plainer and plainer; the paddles, as yet, worked well; they could not be more than a mile from the shore, and boats were even now starting to their assistance.

"John Maynard!" cried the captain. "Aye, aye, sir!" said John. "Can you hold on five minutes longer?" "I'll try, sir."

And he did try; the flames came nearer and nearer; a sheet of smoke would sometimes almost suffocate him; his hair was singed; his blood seemed on fire with the great heat. Crouching as far back as he could, he held the wheel firmly with his left hand, till the flesh shrivelled and the muscles cracked in the flame; and then he stretched forth his right, and bore the agony without a scream or a groan. It was enough for him that he heard the cheer of the sailors to the approaching boats: the cry of the captain, "The women first, and then every man for himself, and God for us all." Probably they were the last sounds that he heard. How he perished was not known: whether, dizzied by the smoke, he lost his footing in endeavouring to come forward, and fell overboard, or whether he was suffocated by the dense smoke, his comrades could not tell. At the moment the vessel struck, the boats were at her side; passengers, sailors and captain leaped into them, or swam for their lives: all, save he to whom they owed every thing, escaped.

He had died the death of a Christian hero—I had almost said of a martyr; his spirit was commended into his Father's hands, and his body sleeps in peace by the green side of lake Erie.

LIVING TO SOME PURPOSE.

A rich Englishman, who lives near Pau, cannot be satisfied with the pleasures natural to the beautiful region at the foot of the Pyrenees; and he has astonished the Bordeaux people by having his thirteen horses and thirty couple of hounds landed at their quay from an English brig. The people assembled in multitudes to see the sight; and they will probably send down to posterity some tradition of the gentleman as the most devoted lover of pleasure in their day and neighbourhood.—Somewhat different was the taste in pleasure of a certain humble governess whom I have heard of, whose name was Jane Scott. She had a heart which was pained at seeing the toil and difficulty caused to the people of a certain district by want of access to water; and she had a heart which was pleased at the exertion of working hard and denying herself the expenditure of her own earnings for her own purposes. She laid by enough of her hard earnings to bequeath to the neighbourhood a pump, with a shed over it, for shelter for the women who came to draw. The grateful neighbours have added to the pump the best and greatest ornament it could have—the inscribed name of Jane Scott.—Some papers before me prove that among the worst consequences of seasons of distress among the workpeople is this: that men who are selfish discover on how little their wives and children can live, and thenceforward compel their wives to make that sum do, spending all the rest on their own indulgence. When I think of the childlikeness of the idle gentleman in his gambling and hunting pleasures abroad, and of the selfish working man over his pipe and can, or laying bets, or lounging away his Mondays, how sweet in comparison is the savour of the works of Jane Scott, or of the Wiltshire good-wife, who now stands immortalised in stone, on the top of a pillar, with her basket of eggs on her arm. This good-wife had to go to market by a dreadfully miry way. She worked and saved, and left money to pave this miry way, for the benefit of those who came after her. There was some money left over; and it accumulated, so that the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was a trustee, was perplexed what to do with it. He and others who honoured the woman's deed, subscribed a sufficient increase to erect the pillar and statue I have mentioned. There she stands, silently inciting the wayfarer to deeds of that virtue that they can never die.—People's Journal.

ANECDOTE OF THE HORSE.—After General Sir Robert R. Gillespie fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favourite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was at the sale of his effects competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th Dragoons, who contributed their prize-money to the amount of 500*l.* to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the colour-stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on review. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a relative of ours, who provided food and paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of the trumpet had departed, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down dead.—From Colonel Hamilton's Naturalist's Library.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"I think," said Quim, "I must do the boy so much justice, too, as to say he has seen the folly of his course, since Jack has brought in his fine crop of produce; and he says, if I let him have the lot of land again, next year, he will leave nothing of all his finery but the flower-borders, but will sow the main part of the ground for usefulness, like his brother." "I am disposed," said the Squire, "to make

another proposal to you, neighbour. If you would let Tom exchange the use of his lot for another equally good which I can spare, I would keep up his garden, only planting young fruit trees instead of the ever-greens which have not taken root. He may, moreover, undertake the care of the trees and have half the produce for his labour; that will give me an opportunity of advising him in the management of an orchard, and he will find the benefit of that in after-life. The garden may then remain a public walk under the restrictions which Tom has already laid down; those who come, must come as 'Ladies and gentlemen.'"

"There can be no objection on my part, I am sure," said the blacksmith; "and I have no doubt Tom will be glad to accept your offer and to profit by your instructions. It does my heart good, to think that his character does not turn out quite so bad as regards the value of his labour to the community. Jim, then, is the only one of the three boys for whom there is not a word to say that I can think of."

"Yes, Mr. Quim," replied the Squire, "I am afraid we must set him down not only as a useless, but as a hurtful member of society; and we must hope that he will come to see his folly and learn wisdom. He worked hard without producing any thing valuable, either as a matter of use or of taste; and he gave occasion to a kind of pastime which encourages betting, rouses evil passions, and gives occasion to malicious tricks. I have never heard of a race-course that did not inflict a deep injury to the neighbourhood where it was established."

"It seems quite possible, then," observed the shoemaker, "to show a good deal of produce from one's labour, and yet to diminish the wealth of the country rather than add to it. The making of whiskey, and of luxurious meats, of playing-cards, and of dice produces articles of commerce, but encourages habits in the population which can not fail to take from the amount of useful labour that might otherwise be bestowed. In truth, Squire, the question seems to be, after all, one of moral force rather than of physical labour or of mechanical skill."

"You only just apply to the case in hand," replied the Squire, "the words of the wise man in Proverbs XIV, 34: 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.' If folly and wickedness prevail among the inhabitants of a country, their industry will be perverted to their ruin. Their produce will be of a kind, the use of which begets bad habits, and so undermines the true strength of the nation."

"That makes me tell you a thought," said the blacksmith, "which has been troubling me since we have been speaking about my three boys, amongst whom Jack has obtained the highest credit on account of the profitable application of his labour. Perhaps you know, as well as I do,—or better, it may be, for it is a rare case that parents judge so correctly of their children as strangers do—but you do know that Tom is not the one of my boys that has the best moral qualities. I am proud of his farming, I must confess; but I am not a little disquieted by his grasping disposition. He has squeezed the very highest price out of me, and holds his earnings with such a close fist that I am afraid of covetousness springing up within him. Both Tom and Jim are of a more frank and generous disposition than Jack."

"You are acting wisely, Mr. Quim," said the Squire, "in watching the first indications of the evil root in your son. There can be no doubt, that danger lurks under the fair outside of his judgment and steadiness of exertion. As long as these are only the promptings of his nature, they are shots from the corrupt root—a depraved heart. They require to be sanctified, and then they will tell upon the true prosperity of the nation. The real friend of his own country and of his countrymen is not content when his possessions increase, while his neighbours are depressed in poverty. He will take of his abundance, and relieve distress; and he will take pleasure in encouraging his neighbours to do the best for themselves by industry and skill, so that they may rise upward toward himself; and he will not let it grieve him, if they attain an equality with him in temporal prosperity."

"Indeed, Squire," replied the shoemaker, "it seems to me as if the Saviour had directed us to that use of our worldly goods when he told his disciples that they have the poor always with them, and whosoever they will, they may do them good. It is a sad use to make of God's blessing upon our labour, when we only work for the accumulation of property in our own hands, without a dutiful regard to our poor neighbour's relief. Thousands of them are in want through no fault of theirs; and no one of us has abundance through any deserving of his own. Now it does seem as if we should have the poor with us, on purpose that there may be found in us the will to do them good."

"Yes, neighbours," rejoined the Squire, "we are far too apt to consider ourselves Masters of that which we are only Trustees of. There is no occasion for any one among us being in want. Those who have fallen into want by God's doing, are entitled to be provided for by us who have abundance, through God's doing likewise. But as to such people as Lazy Turner, to him applies the apostle's precept: 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat.'"

To be continued.

DEMISE OF A VETERAN HIGHLANDER.—Died on Friday evening, at his residence, the Foot Guards' Sutling-house, Whitehall, Mr. Drico McGregor, in the sixty-fifth year of his age, formerly of the 3rd Regiment of Foot Guards. He was a native of Argyshire, and enlisted at Glasgow into the 3d Guards in the year 1799, and went through the chief actions in the Peninsular war, under the Duke of Wellington. At Walcheren he was one of those unfortunates who caught fever, and was carried in a sheet from the sick ward to the dead-house,

and put into a shell. The nurse coming down a few minutes after, found M'Gregor sitting up in his temporary coffin; he by good nursing and a strong constitution soon recovered. At Waterloo he was a Sergeant-Major, and assisted Colonel Vere, and Lieutenant-General Sir James Macdonnell, of the Coldstream Guards, in barring the door at Hougoumont, and, being a man of great bodily strength, was of much use in keeping the enemy out of the house. He was also singly attacked by a French Cuirassier, who struck M'Gregor with his sword. The cut was parried, and M'Gregor shot the Cuirassier dead on the spot, and rode into the square on the horse of the vanquished Frenchman; M'Gregor cut the eagles from the saddle-cloth of the Cuirassier in remembrance of the event. In 1821 he was discharged from the Guards, receiving a handsome pension, and for his long service and good conduct the field officers of the Brigade of Guards appointed him keeper of the Foot Guards' Sutling-house. George IV. afterwards appointed him a Yeoman of the Guard at St. James's, which place he held until the time of his death. He was well known to many north countrymen visiting London, on account of his marked kindness and hospitality towards them. His hand was always open to the widow and fatherless, and he was a liberal subscriber to many institutions in his native country and to several in London. Deceased, we believe, has left a sum of not less than 15,000*l.* to his only son. He was also known to most of our townsmen who had occasion to visit London, to whom he was always ready to give a hearty reception.—Glasgow Chronicle.

SCIENCE OVERCOMING THE OBSTACLES OF NATURE.

Brunel's tunnel under the Thames has been ranked as a World's wonder, and so it is in comparison with any other subterranean structure, but its real merit can never be apparent to the multitude, until the design of its originator is fairly carried out, and its uses as a common thoroughfare are fully established.—Since that work was commenced, there have been many others involving difficulties of construction of a more complex nature, whose solution has never even been talked of, one may say, although thousands of persons are daily carried over these very works at the rate of 50 miles the hour. Such are many of the railway viaducts, embankments, and tunnels.

The boldest idea yet started by any living Engineer, is that of Robert Stephenson, now engaged upon the construction of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, who proposes and is now executing a tubular iron bridge over the Menai Straits, (to connect the shores of Carnarvonshire with the island of Anglesea—a feat accomplished previously by Telford, but on the old and well tested plan of suspension bridges. Mr. Stephenson's project is one purely original, and of gigantic proportions. He proposes to construct a tubular bridge of plate iron one inch thick—the plates to be riveted together in the form of a rectangular tube or tunnel, having a cross section 14 by 26 feet outside measurement, and to extend over the Straits in three spans of 450 feet each. Two lofty piers will be erected in the water to support the central span, at a sufficient height over the channel to allow the largest class of shipping to pass free, without striking their royal masts heads. There are to be two of these tubes laid parallel to each other, the entire length of each being 1350 feet, and thus allowing free transit of the trains in opposite directions at the same time. The clear space left in each tube for the passage of a train is 14 by 17 feet, leaving nine feet of vertical dimensions given above to be accounted for. This is appropriated to the purpose of rendering the tube sufficiently stiff to bear its own weight and that of the train, by dividing 6 by 14 feet of the upper portion of the tube into 8 smaller tubes arranged in two horizontal rows, to resist compression, and the lower portion or roadway of the tube, 3 by 14 feet, is divided into 4 similar small tubes, to resist tension. The two grand tubes containing the separate roadways for each train of cars, are to be bolted together side by side to resist lateral pressure from the heavy gales of wind common to this region. It is not to be supposed that any Board of Directors would have accepted such a formidable project as this, without first being well satisfied of the feasibility of executing it, and the sufficiency of the work for its intended purpose when done. Careful and most elaborate experiments were undertaken by Messrs. Fairbairn & Hodgkinson—men equally eminent for their practical and scientific knowledge of the strength of iron as a building material—and upon their joint verdict of approval, the tubular bridge is now going on, the stone piers being in progress, and the iron work contracted for in part. In conducting these experiments, the gentlemen above named discovered some valuable facts. They found that it was necessary to provide a much larger amount of strength in the tubes to resist compression than to resist tension; that wrought and cast iron stand directly opposite to each other in this particular; that cylindrical and elliptical tubes are far less able to resist weight applied horizontally than are tubes of the square or rectangular section. Hence, adopting the latter form, and stiffening it by making the depth of the tube nearly double its width, (26 by 14,) and then adding interiorly two rows of smaller tubes above and one below, they arrived at a form capable of sustaining 750 tons in the centre of a space of 450 feet, and, as they state in their report, fully competent for the purposes of a railway viaduct, tunnel or bridge.

The experiments were tried on a large scale, tubes of 8 by 16 inches square and 30 feet long being used. The successful issue of this great project will place Mr. Stephenson in the same rank as Telford, Brunel, and Smeaton.

WAR WASTE OF LIFE. During the last three years of the Peninsular War the total number of deaths in the British army amounted annually to about 16 per cent. of the whole force. Of these only four per cent. died in battle or of wounds which proved fatal soon after. The number of men sick in hospital usually averaged about one fourth of the whole. In less than three and a half years, out of a force, the average strength of which was 61,500 men, nearly 35,000 died, and of these only one fourth fell by the sword; and this enormous mortality occurred among a body of men all of whom a short time previously must have been in the healthiest vigour of youth and prime of manhood; so that it required the annual sacrifice of [9,810] able bodied men to keep in the field a working force of less than 50,000. If such was the amount of suffering and waste of life when every expedient was adopted that foresight could suggest to provide proper food and raiment and every other attainable comfort both in sickness and in health, what must it be when these precautions are neglected? Of such neglect and its terrible and execrable consequences, Napoleon's campaigns of 1812 and 1813 afford memorable examples. From want of proper supplies alone, the French troops perished literally by hundreds of thousands.—Quarterly Review.

WALKING WITH GOD, THE PATH TOWARDS PERFECTION.

Holy walking with God will increase your acquaintance with him. By this I mean, obedience to his precepts and delight in his ways. Walking implies life, exertion, perseverance, and progress. These are born again, and let their eyes look forward, and their eyelids straight before them. It does not consist in a rapturous enjoyment now and then, a satisfaction of interest in the covenant of grace, or some heavenly meditation, once a year; but a regular habitual persevering course of obedience to his commands. There must be a disposition, just, to say with David, "I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right, and I hate every false way"; and then a conduct corresponding, "My soul hath kept thy testimonies, for I love them exceedingly." Sherman's Guide to acquaintance with God.

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THE BEREAN, EDITED BY A CLERGYMAN OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

It is published every THURSDAY Morning, at 3, 5, 7, & 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 1577, 1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599, 1601, 1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1651, 1653, 1655, 1657, 1659, 1661, 1663, 1665, 1667, 1669, 1671, 1673, 1675, 1677, 1679, 1681, 1683, 1685, 1687, 1689, 1691, 1693, 1695, 1697, 1699, 1701, 1703, 1705, 1707, 1709, 1711, 1713, 1715,