

the least fear of that in my case, as I am perfectly determined to take all the food I possibly can.' He said, 'Of course, I know you would not do anything of that sort, but if the doctor thinks your life is in danger by your remaining naked all this time, he will be obliged to order that you should be put under mechanical restraint to save you.' I said, 'I am in your power, and it is, of course, perfectly within your power to put any mechanical restraint you please upon me; but I warn you that you will have to continue it to-day, to-morrow, next week, next month, until you have me either dead or mad, or until you return my clothes.' He said, 'You know it is perfectly impossible for the doctor to order your clothes to be returned.'

'They went away, and shortly afterwards the doctor entered the cell. I was under the impression from the governor's communication to me, that he had come to order the mechanical restraints that were threatened. To my surprise, he immediately began to express his regret that I was under the impression that he had treated me offensively. I said, unhappily the circumstances left me no other conclusion, this applying as to his manner, as to the cursory nature of the examination, as to his curtness in dealing with me, and as to the extraordinary place and mode of the medical examination. He told me that he was suffering from a heavy cold himself, and that that might have accounted for his manner, and that the place was the usual place for examination of the prisoners. He immediately ordered a bed. The governor asked, 'Will we bring the mattress?' and he said, 'Oh, certainly.' The plank bed, with the fibre mattress, was then brought into the cell and I was allowed to lie on it.

(To be continued.)

Church Education

"That the activity of the Church in the world may be fruitful, it is vital for her to have a succession of pious and capable priests. Moreover, a succession of pious and capable priests is one of God's best gifts to His own children. To obtain so rich a gift, no prayer can be too ardent, no sacrifice too great," says the Archbishop of Birmingham in a Mid-Lent Pastoral. His Grace dwells upon the long and costly studies which aspirants for the priesthood have to complete, and, proceeding, says:

"The requisite training which we are thus urged by law and official direction to give to aspirants to the priesthood can scarcely be given in a shorter time than twelve years. This means a very heavy expense to meet the ordinary needs of the diocese. The growing cost of living, the rise in rates and taxes, etc., have made the ordinary returns of the Ecclesiastical Education Fund insufficient to meet that expense. For the last two years we have had to face a serious deficit. Although we used up every penny of the church collections, of the private donations, and of the interest on capital, the income fell short of the expenditure by £842 15s 11d in the year 1921, and fell short by £1765 14s 4d in the year 1922.

"This deficit, even if it stood alone, would have been a grave financial problem. But it does not stand alone. There is a still graver problem. For a long time we have had to live, so to say, from hand to mouth. There has been no surplus that could be applied to necessary repairs, improvements, and fitting up of the buildings. These matters have been delayed so long that they can be delayed no longer. We have had expert examinations made, and the estimated cost of what needs doing, and ought to be begun at once, nearly reaches the sum of £20,000.

"To the terrible anxiety created by these figures there was added the perplexity of finding some method of raising the required funds. No small element in that perplexity was the consideration that most of you are suffering in the general financial crisis. The usual annual appeal was evidently insufficient to ward off the danger. Some additional means, besides the annual appeal, must be found for raising the necessary funds without putting too great a strain upon you. We have, therefore, decided to attempt a more regular system of contribution, so distributed as not to fall too heavily upon any.

For Children's Hacking Cough,
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

A Complete Story

A Pariah

(By J. M. CRONIN, in the *London Month.*)

I.

Nobody knew who Amelia's parents had been—she least of all; her origin baffled discovery. She had been adopted in her infancy by a poor woman with a kind heart and a taste for the bizarre, for Amelia was a colored child. Not quite an "image of God carved in ebony" but black enough to make her conspicuous and out of place in the city slum in which she lived. Whilst her foster-mother lived Amelia had been happy; but unfortunately for her that kindly woman had died, leaving her to the care of a sister but for whom Amelia would have been taken by the Poor Law authorities. This second mother was a shrewish woman with a family of young children, and as Amelia was then twelve years old and very willing and helpful, her charitableness had a measure of self-interest, although she roundly asserted that pity alone had inspired her act. Amelia seemed to have been born to misfortune, for in her childhood she had suffered an accident which had necessitated the amputation of her left arm.

She was a slenderly-fashioned little creature with the most beautiful dark eyes and, curiously enough, those delicate marks of breeding which are supposed to denote good birth. She had a timid, gentle nature, and was sensitive to the least sign of kindness, but, alas! little kindness was bestowed upon poor Amelia. In her, the confidence and trust of childhood had given place to dread; in her dark eyes there was a tragic look of fear as if she went in continual expectancy of a blow. In the sordid household to which she belonged, she was the drudgework. She was never idle when in the house and was seldom seen without a heavy baby on her arm. She was clothed in the meanest of garments and fed on the coarsest and most meagre fare. Of all the beauty and the wonder of the world Amelia knew only the slum quarter in which she was condemned to live.

When Amelia was fourteen she left school. All children of the slums, on leaving school, must immediately begin to contribute to the family income, and Amelia was no exception to this rule. Having only one arm she could not be employed in any public work, so she hired herself out to do odd jobs of charring for anyone who would engage her. Some of those who employed her did so because they could pay her less than a person with both arms, for there are people who take advantage of such a pitiful misfortune. Yet in spite of these diverse burdens Amelia would not have been quite unhappy if it had not been for the cruelty of the children of the street, from whom she suffered a hundred affronts daily. Those children, not troubled with lively emotions, could not understand Amelia's capacity for feeling those rude jests about her color; and Amelia, with no skill in voicing her thoughts, could not make them understand. She could only look at them with eyes which said, "You would not be so cruel to me if you knew how much it hurt." Those children made life a terror for her. They chased her and taunted her and made her feel a pariah.

II.

Amelia had one friend in a world of strangers. This friend was Joe, an old repairer of shoes who lived in the same tenement as Amelia, and pursued his calling there in his little apartment. Joe was very old—except for his eyes, which were bright and blue and happy-looking, as if they were a little bit of his youth that had forgotten to go with the rest. He was alone in the world, for his wife and children were dead. Exiled from Ireland, he had not found a fortune in a new country, but, instead, misfortune in plenty. Poverty had haunted a life chiefly made up of hard work and grief. He was a devout Catholic, and the things of faith were far more real to him than the things of sense—his every sentence contained a prayer. One loved Joe's goodness because of its humility. His was a character of great rarity. It is thus in the slums—amongst the weeds here and there a flower of surpassing beauty! Joe was not embittered by his troubles, his faith made

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