



HOLY NAME SODALITY MEMBERS AND ASPIRANTS, ST. PATRICK'S,
MASTERTON, N.Z.

MICKIE DALY'S DIARY

(Continued.)

Thursday. Family history! I'm suffering for it. It is my own fault. I was a big mug to go and tell Croftie all about the anishint glories of my family. I might have known he would not apreesheate the story. It was this way. I was looking at some of my father's books. One was views of Kilkenny. I like pictures about Ireland, espeshilly about Cork and Kilkenny, because my grandparents came from there. I saw Kilkenny Carsil—one of the oldest buildings in Ireland, and St. Canice's Church. When my father came in, I was looking at pictures of a little town called Goran.

"Ah, Horris," my father said. "If your grand-dad was here now, he'd reel you off some fine old tales about Ireland."

"I wish he was," I said; for I love old tales.

"Your grandfather's grandfather was born in that little town of Goran; and his name was Fitzpatrick—it's the grandest name in Kilkenny."

"Is it? Tell us about it."

"This is what he told me."

"Senchuries ago, when Ireland had kings, the King of Kilkenny was O' Dunphy. He had such a love and venerashin for St. Patrick's memory that he called his son Mac Giolla Phadraig (my father told me

how to spell it), which means the son or servant or one devoted to Patrick. The name was adopted as a family name. It became MacGilla Patrick, and when the Normans came it was called Fitzpatrick. Fitz is the Norman form of 'son of.' See?"

I nodded. It was very interesting to me. "Go on," I said, "tell me more. I like this kind of history."

"The Mac Gilla Patricks were the rightful rulers of Kilkenny, Ossory." There was a map of Ireland in the book, and we had a look at it. "Henry II. of England invaded Ireland. He was King of almost all of France as well as King of England; but he wanted Ireland, too."

"Gee! He was greedy."

"He landed here—Waterford—with his Norman and English soldiers. They overran Munster. Henry could not speak English, although he was the King of England."

"Gee! That's funny."

"He was a Norman. Well, Horris, that was the beginning of the English king's power in Ireland, and enough history for you, I think. When you are older you can study the history of Ireland if you want to. Henry rewarded his favourites with titles—made them earls and dukes and gave them land."

"Gee! What cheek! Giving away what wasn't his."

My father smiled.

"The King's butler was a man named Fitz-Walter; Henry made him Earl of Ormond and gave him great estates. I suppose the baker was also rewarded."

"And the butcher and the candlestick maker, too," I said, sarkastic-killy.

"Your grandfather said there was a tradishin that the Butlers were the hansumest men in Ireland. He said it was quite true of them, in his day."

"Gee! I know some boys named Butler—they go to the Brothers'. They are not hansum. They are as ugly as the Daceys."

A gentleman called to see my father just then, so I heard no more. I was thinking of the Butlers—they make fun of me and throw off at my hair and my freckills. They call me Ginger Mick and Ginny Fowl's Egg and Spotted Dog and Sun-kissed Baby and all silly things like that. I'll tell them, some day, that their first ancestor in Ireland was Henry II.'s butler. It was that Henry who had Thomas aBeckit murdered. A nice ancesstor to have; getting round with a King like that, and looking after his old wine for him. And then the cheek of Henry II. giving them land that wasn't his and making them Earls and Dukes. Why didn't he give them land in England, or in France, if he wanted to give them something? I'll tell them this, some day. I'll have to shout it. It wouldn't be safe to go too near them. They are much bigger than I am.

But to return to the suffering.

The next day I very foolishly told Croftie all about King O'Dunfy. Pride, I suppose. I might have known Croftie would not understand the story. He commenced to larf, and he called to the other boys. "Hi! Come over here! Mickie says he's the King of Ireland."

I hadn't said it, either.

They all came running over, and some of the girls, too. And Croftie told them—all jumbled up—about the O'Dunfys and the Mac Gilla Patrick's. He mixed it all up and said that I had said we were earls and dukes and kings and the hansumest people in Ireland. They all yelled dereyesively at this point.

"Hansumest people in Ireland! Oh, Daly—come off."

"You didn't get any of the butey," yelled ugly Dacey.

They danced round me like blacks at a corroboree. They made up potry about me.

"The King of Kilkenny,
Hasn't a penny."

"Run quick
From King Mick."

"Old King Mick
Was a silly old stick."

They marched round me (the in-
human hounds!) and sang:

"God save our grashis King,
Long live our nobil King,
God save King Mick."

"Send him vicktorius,
Happy and glorius,
Long to rane over us,
God save King Mick."

It's a hymn, too. They need not
have becum irreverint, anyhow.

I tried to be pashint. I tried to
ignaw them. I tried to count 10. I
tried to pray. I failed in all my
attempts. I was neerly demented
with them. So I charged into them.
I think the Kings of Kilkenny must
have had very bad tempers. Dacey
sneaked round and kicked me, and
said:

"King Mick,
Take a kick."

The coward! I bet the Daceys
are some of the crowd that went to
Ireland with old Henry II. I bet
they are, too. Big cowards! Kick-
ing.

The girls were larfing. Even Rosie
Morin larfed. I didn't think she'd
larf at their silly potry. But she
did. You can't trust girls. Even
the nicest of them turn you down in
an immergency of this kind.

Croftie made a crown of silver paper
—some of those mean girls gave it to
him, I bet. They tried to hold me,
to put it on. But some souperhum
strength came to me. They couldn't
hold me. They said De Valirra was

FIRST
COMMUNI-
CANTS,
WENDOUREE,
VIC.



sending over for me, and I was go-
ing to be crowned in Dublin. And
they asked could they come with me.

"Take me, your magisty."

"I'll be your valley, your grace."

"I'll be your shover, my lord."

"I'll be your seckretary, your ex-
sillinsy."

I lashed out right and left and
soon cleared a space about me.

Sister Allerwishes appeered on the
verander and clapped, so that was
the end of it. But all day I have
suffered for my pride in boasting of
the anshint glories of my ancestors.
The kids bow at me, and call me
your magisty and your grace, and
my lord and your exsillinsy. I have
had a mizeribble day. I past the
Butlers on the way home, and they
said:

"Hullo! What'r you using for your
complexyyn now? Gun-powder's
good. Blows the freckils off. Try
sum. Don't lose your school-boy
complexyyn, Spotty."

They think that is funny. I don't
think it is. It is what my father
would call feeblil wit. I was too near
them to make any retort. I was

wishing to say: Your first ancesstor
in Ireland wasn't Irish at all; and
he had to look after the English
King's wine. I suppose he used drink
plenty of it, too. I bet he did. He
was only a butler. My ancestors
were in Ireland donkey's years be-
fore the Dukes of Ormond. They
were Irish Kings even before St. Pat-
rick came to Ireland. Long before
Christeeanity."

It is foolish to boast about your
ainshint ancesstors. I know it is.
I've been punished enough, though.
Haven't I?

Father Dale must have heard about
the kids teasing me and making up
potry about me, for when he passed
me in the corridoor he said: "Well,
Mac Gilla Padraig, how are you?"

You wouldn't think a priest would
go and throw off at you—would you?
No one simpathized with me—Father
Dale throws off. Rosie Morin goes
and laughs at the potry, my father
enjoys it all, and my mother says
my head is full of nonsense and it
serves me right for expectting the
boys to admire me for knowing all
the things my father tells me. I

MOTHER

THE easiest word for a child to say,
And easy still when the head is grey,
Is the word for Mary every day—

Mother!

A word to tell of the love most kind
That man in a human heart can find,
The love that is stronger than steel to bind—

Mother.

Word that on lips of Christ was sweet,
Word He taught my lips to repeat,
When the wounds were wide in His hands and feet.

Mother,

First of all words He ever learned,
Word that in Mary's soul is burned,
Title her seven sorrows earned—

Mother.

The name that was music in Galilee
I echo to-day and cry to thee,
Mary, Mother of God—and of me,

Mother!

Mother He loved in Nazareth,
Given to me with His dying breath,
Pray for our souls that He cherisheth,
At this hour and the hour of our death,

Mother!

—Nanky Poo.

didn't expect them to admire me. Who wants their admirashin, anyhow? I suppose if I had been boasting about by ainshint ancesstors in Cork she would have taken my side.

I bet if my grandfather from Goran was alive, he'd simpathize with me. I bet he'd give the Butlers and the Daceys a bit of hurry-up for making fun of his grandson and of the Kings of Kilkenny. I bet he would, even if he did say the Butlers were the hansumest men in Ireland in his day.

No. I have no one to turn to. No human aid. No friend. Even Dickie larfed at the potry and I heard Sister Allerwishes telling Sister Ambroz about it, and they were larfing, too—just like wimmen, not a bit like nuns. I bet Sister Pawl wouldn't larf. That's life. A man is deserted by the whole world. That's the time your soul suffers great tribulashin. You should turn to God on such okayzjins, instead of being plunged into depreshin and dispair and anger. So I did.

I just washed my hands of the whole lot of them and turned to God.



ELAINE BEECHING, PROSPECT, S.A.

After I had prayed awhile I felt better. I should have larfed when the boys made up that potry—it was only fun. I went and turned it into a fight. What does it matter who your ancesstors were? Each man has to be judged on his own merits. Kings and dukes and poor men—

it's all the same—all have to go, alone, to be judged on what they have done, not on who they are. I'm sorry I was proud because my people were in Ireland before St. Patrick went there. It's none of my doings.

I'm sorry I said the Daceys were cowards—even if they are; I should have been silent about it.

I'm sorry I said—and wrote—that Mary Dacey is the ugliest girl in the school. My father told me, once, that no true man would ever say any girl or woman is ugly. He said no woman is ugly. (I've seen some who have a good go for it, anyhow.) A lady came to see my mother, and when she was gone I said she was ugly. My father roared on me and gave me a terrible leckchure. Now it is in my diery about Mary Dacey. It will be read by posterity. Perhaps one hundred years from now someone will be reading an old "Far East" and they will read about it. I said she was getting uglier every day. I suppose she couldn't. My father said: "The written word remains." So does the printed. Poor Mary!

I'm sorry I insinewated that the first Earl of Ormond used pinch Henry II.'s wine. Perhaps he didn't. Perhaps he used not get drunk at all. Anyhow, the poor man has been dead about seven hundred years; I might have left him in peece, had respekt for his bones—or his dust. I suppose his bones are gone now. But no—I drag him out of his peeceful grave and insinewate against his carrickter in my diery.

I'm sorry I said all the Daceys tell lies. Perhaps some of them don't.

I'm sorry for the whole thing. Mickie Daly, as usual, comes out worst. Because he is.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO HIS BRETHREN.

The story of Joseph is one of the loveliest in the Old Testament, and indeed in the whole world. His father's favourite, he was disliked by his brothers, who sold him as a slave to merchants going to Egypt. His father never ceased to lament his boy, whom he believed had been killed by a wild beast.

Meanwhile, Joseph grew up in Egypt and found favour with the Pharoah who was then reigning; he became Pharoah's second in command. Years afterwards, his brothers arrived at the palace one day to buy corn, for there was a famine in their own land. They did not recognise their brother, but Joseph made himself known to them, and Jacob, his father, was blessed by the sight of the son whom he had long given up as dead.

