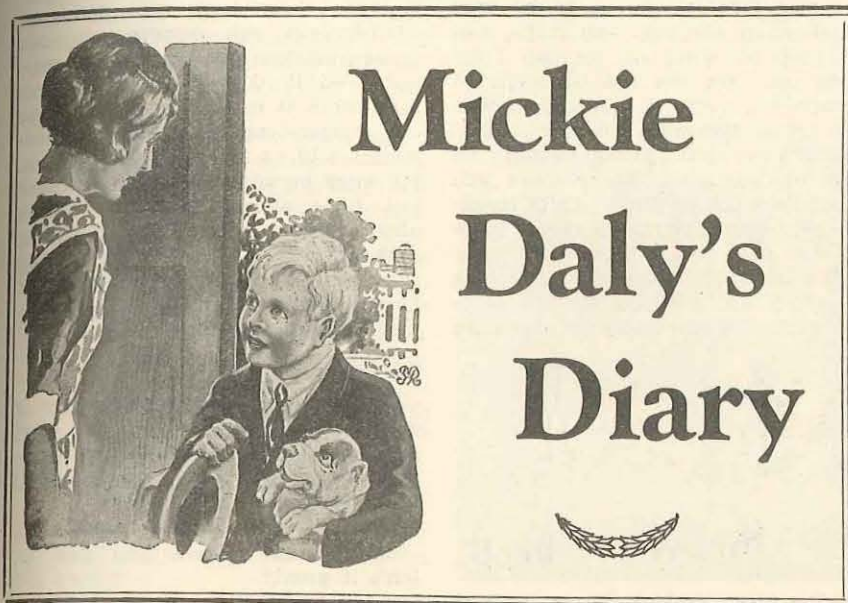




Munday.

I went away by myself at dinner time. I could not play. I could not stand the boys any longer. If I had stayed, I'd have cracked them.

So I went over to the church—sneaked over when they were not looking—to make a visit.

I cried a bit.

Father Dale had been on a sick call and came back through the church. I was ashamed of my tears and put my head down on the back of the seat before me. I hoped he would not notice me. I wasn't trying to deceive him into thinking I was absorbed in prayer. I just wanted to hide my tears. As he passed he put his hand on my head, but I did not look up. He stood beside me, and bent down and put his hand under my chin, and raised my face. It must have looked awful with tears and tribulashins, for Father Dale's face got quite sad. He generally has a smile in his eyes, even when he lectures. But to-day, I think he must have been nearly in tears himself.

"Well, what's got you now, Mick Daly?" he whispered. "Come out here and tell me."

(Perhaps he thought the lie was heavy on my soul.)

So we walked up and down outside the church—not on the school side; on the other, where the kids couldn't see us. We had a good talk. It's privit. So I won't put it all in here. But he believed me all the time, he said. He said he baptised me when I was three days old, and that he knew me inside and out, and that he knew I would never tell him a lie.

I went back to the school grounds comfortid.

Dacey tried to be funny and said: "Try to kill any more old men lately, Daly?" But I just ignawed him.

Father Dale came over in the afternoon and spoke to the children. He said that he had not found out who the cruel boy was who had put the stones in Mr. Ryan's chair. He said that the boy was no doubt more thoughtless than cruel. He told the children that he wished them to understand that Michael Daly was in no way held responsible. He, Father Dale, could rely on Michael Daly's word. He was sorry that people had spread a report that Michael Daly was the offender. He, Father Dale, had been up to the cottage to assure Mr. Ryan that Michael Daly had had no hand act or part in the crime, and Mr. Ryan was satisfied on the matter.

I blushed.

I think the souls of my feet went red.

The children craned their necks to see me. "Come out here, Michael, and let them have a good look at you," Father Dale called. So I went out and stood beside him, covered in confuzin. It was an ordeal.

Father Dale told the boys they were to be sports and not pursakute one of their companyins. "Michael Daly has been judged and acquitted. It is an offence to accuse him now. Anyone who does, Michael, you can have up for defamashin of character."

I hope that will scare them. Some of them will still do it on the quiet, I suppose.

It was a great trial. It is over. I did not bear it very well, I am sorry to have to admit.

My mother was very pleased. She knew I had been worrying, because

I could not eat so well. I told my parints about Father Dale speaking to the whole school about me. (I did not tell them the privit talk in the church yard.) My mother looked so happy.

"So the Church took up your cause," smiled my father.

Then he laughed at mother. "Why, mother, you'd think he was canonised," he said.

But mother did not mind his teasing a bit. "I am glad," she said. "Why should I not be? I was worried that people thought Michael would tell a lie to Father Dale (and to us), just to escape a punishment. Of course, I am proud and happy."

"Well, son," my father said, "I hope you will remember your mother's joy to-day, and try always to make her proud and happy."

"I'll try," I said. And what do you think? I commenced to howl again—just like a girl.

Afterwards I was thinking about it. Boys do not always tell a lie to get out of a flogging or a punishment of any kind. Sometimes they tell the lie because, when the wrong thing is done, they are ashamed. They can hardly believe they could have been so mean as to do it or so bad as to do it. They would gladly suffer three hidings if it would make things right again, and take the wrong-doing off their souls, make it as before—that they had not done it. That's why they deny the thing.

I must remember this, when I am a mishin priest in China.

I suppose the Chow boys are the same as we are—except for the colour.

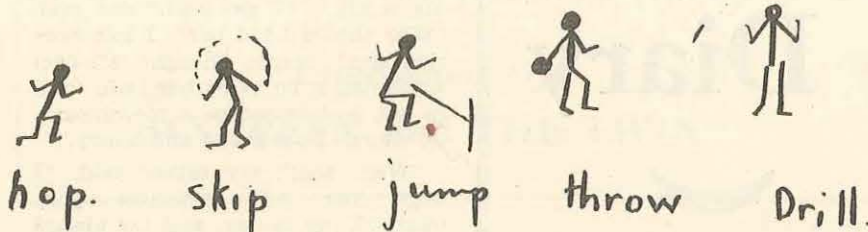


BETTY SHEARON, EDGECLIFFE, N.S.W., AS A GOLDEN BUTTERFLY AT THE CONVENT BALL.

Chesusday.

I saw a picture of Captin Cuttle in a pawn-shop to-day. He is a nice big man, with a jolly red face. He had baggy white trousers and a blue coat; he was smoking a long clay pipe. He had a hook for a hand—poor old chap. I suppose he lost one hand in a battle. There was the model of a sailing ship on a table at his side, and a picture of a sailing ship over his head.

How's my drawing getting on?
Won't the Chow kids like them?

**Munday.**

No wonder the Pope says men only should sing in the church. I was at ten-o'clock Mass yestirday, and the ladies screeched a treet. Dacey's big sister was the worst. She made a noise like a horse, when he put his head up in the air and whinees. I couldn't pray with her. She was a dredful distrackshin to me. She sang armen, armen, over and over again. There should be only one armen, because that's what armen means. It means the subject is closed, settled. So be it. We all agree. No more about it. No disputes. Yes. It means something like all these in one word. But Dacey's sister kept on. It was like saying yes,—yes,—yes,—yes, over and over. They should not compose such music for the Church. It should not be sung.

I was telling my father about her squeely voice, and he said she is a Casey-soprarno. He looked at my mother and smiled, and said: "Wouldn't you think they'd stop there screeching and let the people pray?" It's in a book. John Owe Brian's book of pouns. My father said he thinks that some of the men are as bad as the ladies. There is one old man who used to be a robust tenner, my father said, but that now he is a rusty tenner. He said the banks call in and retire the old tenners, and so should the quire.

In China the people let off crackers in the church at the Consecration. That is there way of showing honur and respectk. That is the Eastern way. We show respectk by silence and quiet. I suppose the priests get a fright at first, and think bandits are in the church. Dacey's big sister is worse than a whole heap of crackers—bungers and all. But she was finished screeching before the solum part of Mass.

Sister Pawl warns us to be very quiet when the first bell rings, and to keep as quiet as we can from then on. We are not to riggle or scrape our feet or coff or sneeze. We are pretty quiet, not just because Sister Pawl said so, but because we are intelligint, and know quiet well what happens at Mass. Only babies or silly people would make a noise at that part of the Mass.

It's beautiful when the church is all quiet, not a sound, the old quire stopped. You can easily see Our Lord

is truer than your eyes, for your earthly eyes can decieve you, can make mistakes, but God's word cannot. So it does not matter how mysterious it is, or how much above our under-standing. Sister All-wishes told us all this. I put it in my diery because some of you might not have thort about it. Think about it now; often think about it, and remember to be very quiet when the bells ring at Mass, because Our Lord comes then and is on the altar until Communion time.

Chewsday.

My spelling is still improoving. I can get ie and ei right now. You simply think of the Chinese food—what my father calls there staypil food—RICE.

After c you put ei
After other letters you put ie.
Isn't it great?

Wensday.

Nobody be-(rice)lieved me. (It's great to be able to spell properly.)

I knew they would not.

They said I made it all up. Dacey was most insulting to me. But I did see it. Right in the middle of the rode, trotting along qu-(rice) ietly, as if it were in its own natcheril horns.

It was a ellerfint!

A great big fellow—tons and tons wait.

My hat fell off in surprise when I gazed up at the beest. I dropped my books; my mouth fell open, and would not shut for me. I thort it would never shut again.

"It is not true," I was saying to myself. "It could not be true. This is not Indecar or Africar. I am sick. This must be what my father calls a hulloosinashin." But it was not. There were only a few people in the street at the time, and when I was able to tear my eyes from the mon-

MISSIONARY'S ADVENTURE WITH RHINOS.

Caught between two groups of charging rhinoceroses, a Consolata missionary of Meru, Kenya Colony, East Africa, barely saved his life and the life of his native "boy" by firing at one of the beasts. The shot went wide, but the detonation took the monsters by surprise, and sent both parties charging off at right angles. Hunting swamp-hens, he had come upon one group of rhinos at a water-hole, and stopped to study the animals from what he thought was a safe hiding place. One of them caught his scent and gave a cry of alarm, and when the missionary fled with his companion he ran into the second group charging to answer the alarm. (Fides.)



THIS IS NOT MICKIE DALY, BUT A LITTLE FRIEND OF MAUREEN, WHO LIVES AT MANILA, PHILIPPINES.

[Photo taken on occasion of First Communion.]

ster to look at them, I found they were all as astonished as myself. They all had their mouths open. One old man said: "The Lord save us. A man is not safe anywhere these days."

The ellerfint trotted away, and I was torn between a desire to follow him and a desire to do my duty and go on to school. So I went to school and told the boys about it. What did I get? Abewse and insult. That is what I got. If I had followed the animal and found out all about it, I would have been be-(rice)-lieved but I go and do my duty and am treeted as a publick lire.

The whole morning I had no peece. The boys would come up to me and grin and say silly things to me.

"How many tons wait was it?"

"Did you say it was a pink one or a green one?"

"How many tigers were riding on its back?"

"How many people did you save from being trampled to death?"

"How many shots did you fire in to the beggar?"

"How many ants got squashed?"

I could not write all the silly things they asked me. I was neerly mad before the bell rang.

Dacey was the worst; he kept following me about insulting me. I never tell lies, and I never swair. I am not boosting about it. I do lots of bad things. But I tell the truth and shame the devil, always. Now it hurt me very much to have Dacey following me about making out I was a lire.

(To be continued.)

For Noreen's

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Funny Painting Competition

(For Tiny Ones of Seven and under.)

Colour the picture with paints or chalks. Post to Noreen before September 26. She will give prizes for best efforts.

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NOREEN, "FAR EAST" OFFICE,
ESSENDON, W.5, VIC.



BLACKHEATH, N.S.W., CONVENT SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Aeroplane for Bishop Wade's Mission.

Rome.—An aeroplane and three motorboats have safely reached Bougainville for the use of Bishop Wade, S.M., Vicar-Apostolic of the North Solomon Islands, and his missionaries. The gift was arranged through the MIVA, a German association, which provides missionaries with modern means of communication.

Father Tonjes, S.M., who is an experienced aviator, and Herr Berkenheier, German engineer of Cologne, accompanied the machines to their destination.

Bishop Wade's territory is known as the "Boat Mission," because of the hundreds of small islands, among most of which there are no commercial lines of communication, and which the missionaries reach by motor launch or sailing boat.

