



circulate "The Far East" among all their friends; who are making Jackie Mite Box at home on their mantelpieces.

IN fact, Maureen saw a vision, and it was this:

Not twelve, but it must have been twelve million, Chinese

children were walking up to God's Altar to receive Our Lord into their hearts for the first time. And mingled with them she could see hundreds and thousands and millions of angels. . . . But that was where Maureen was mistaken. They were not angels at all.

They were Little Missionaries, without whose help those poor Chinese children would never have received Our Lord in Holy Communion!

No wonder Maureen felt glad again — and proud — and dried her tears!

May God bless you for all you are doing for God's own children in China.

Your own and only,

MAUREEN.

Mickie Daly's Diary

By MIRIAM AGATHA.

Munday.

A great day! What do you think? The postman brought me a big square envelope with 2 Chinese stamps in the corner—one brown and one green. In the other corner there was some Chinese writing, and in English: **The Prefecture of Kien-changfu, Nancheng, Kiangsi, China.** In the middle of the envelope was my name, Master Michael Daly.

A LETTER FROM DR. CLEARY. Jings! I was happy. I could not do a bit of school work. I was too excited. I got into orful rows, but I didn't care a bit. Sister Pawl was talking about nowns, but I could not follow her.

"Michael Daly, take that smile off your face and attend to me."

I didn't know I was smiling. I took out my hankerchief and wiped my lips. Sister Pawl went on again about common nowns—a lot of rub-bish; no use on a Mission at all. The Chows won't want to know about common nowns. Get them tracking their sins will be better.

"Michael Daly, your mind is wandering." So it was. It was away over in Kiangsi. So would hers wander, if she had a letter from Dr. Cleary. But she hadn't. He wouldn't go writing to nuns. His time is too preshis.

A little while after, Dacey whispered: "What are you grinning at, Daly?"

"I'm not grinning," I said.

"Well you must have St. Vi Tis Dance in your top lip," he replied. At lunch-time I showed them the envelope. Dacey turned as green as the stamp; he is of a jellis nachure, I think. He said it was all a frame-up; that it was an empty envelope. I showed them the letter, but would not let them read it. It is privit. I folded it over so that they could see, 'My dear Mickie.' Then I showed them Dr. Cleary's name at the end of the letter.

"Suppose you'll say it's a four-geree, Dacey. Go on. Say it." He was too frightened to say it.

My mother was delighted with the letter. She read it three times, right

off. Then she read it to my father when he came home. She read it to Mrs. Ryan next door, and to my auntie when she came. Think it was Mum's letter!

"Did a Monseenyour ever write to you when you were a boy, Dad?" I asked my father.

"No, Egbert. You beat me there. If one had, I am sure my father would have made me fast on bread and water for a week before he'd think me fit to open the letter. You are a very privilliged boy to have such a distingwished correspondint."

I know I am.

I think Dr. Cleary must be the nicest man in the world—well, a tie with Father Dale — and the nicest Monseenyour, too. Writing to a kid like me. Isn't he great? There's a secret in it, too. I didn't tell the boys. Dr. Cleary told me to write some potree in my diary! I wish I could. I wonder how you do it.

I approached my father. "Did you ever write potree, Dad?"

"Never, Horris. I have been guilty of most things in my foolish youth, but never of that."

I asked my mother.

"Good grashis—no, Michael," was my mother's emfatick answer. You'd think it was a sin.

So how can I? If there is no potree in the family tree, how can I projuce any?

Chewsday.

I've found a poet named O'Daly—in my father's big Irish book. Perhaps he was one of my ainshint ancestors. He lived, 700 years ago, at a placed called Lissadill, in Sligo. His name was Murray O'Daly—it sounds a bit like Mickie Daly, doesn't it? I had better keep quiet about him, or all the kids will be perserkuting me again. He was a feerce poet, because when O'Donnell, the Lord of Tirconnell, sent a man to O'Daly for the tax, O'Daly got mad with him. The man was not diplomattick. He came in, giving O'Daly cheek. So the poet took up a battle-axe and donged the man! My father hates paying his income tax, but he gets it in by the right date. He hasn't a battle-axe, anyhow.

Poor O'Daly was chased all over Ireland by O'Donnell's men—the Aboos; you know the song.

They chased him to Galway, Limerick, Dublin. People hid him, but the O'Donnell's were on his tracks all the time. At last he had to go right over to Scotland to escape the anger of Tirconnell. While he was there, he wrote 3 pouns about O'Donnell. They were so nice, O'Donnell forgave him. I wish I could write pouns about Sister Pawl when she's mad with me. They might soffeen her heart.

In my father's book I read that there were poets in Ireland long, long before the days of Christeenanity. These poets could draw down punishment on you if you angered them. A "Poet's Miracle" they called it. They would write something about you and it would happen to you. O'Daly should have done that to O'Donnell Aboo, instead of running away to Scotland.

But perhaps it was only the pagan poets used write these revengeful verses. Anyhow, O'Daly knew he was in the wrong; so perhaps he couldn't work the poet's miracle on O'Donnell Aboo. Gee! I wish I could do it. I'd work a poet's miracle on Dacey—make his hair turn redder than mine!

Wensday.

I was just dropping off to sleep last night, when I made a verse. I had been trying all the day, but could not get it. This is it:

The devil wants you on his side,
But don't be taken in;
He kids you'll have a lovely time—
But all he gives is—Sin!

How's that? Any good?

Now I should have kept this achievement to myself; but I couldn't. I'm only human; and I'm not a human saint—yet. Some day I might be. When the Chows get on to me a bit, and polish me up. I said the verse for Maurie. I deserve all I got. My father says you should not make the same mistake twice. Once, I told about the ainshint glory of my ancesstors in Kilkenny, and suffered for my boasting. Now I tell about Dr. Cleary telling me to write some verses. I go and tell the verse to Maurie.

It was like the measles. It spread all over the school. I deserve all I got; and I got plenty. Only that I am a roebusst boy I'd have a nervis breakdown by now. They made silly potree about me.

"He thinks he's a poet.
He's only a go—at."

Silly things like that. They said I was Australia's Great Poet. They called me The Famis Man.

I was as wild as Murray O'Daly, of Lissadill. Good thing I had only my fists—no battle-axe. I wish I could have worked poet's miracles on them. In class, all the afternoon,

DIPLOMACY.

"I take the mitebox around and collect the pennies. The girls are in the majority here, so I thought it wise to send the collection to Maureen, and not to The Twin."—Ronald Neve, St. Joseph's School, Elsternwick, Vic.

when Sister Pawl was not looking, they would lip-talk at me: "The Famis Man!"

Now Sister Pawl was called away to meet a visitor. She told us to study and to be silent. No one was to speak one word. I meant to be silent. I tried to be. But they made me break my silence. They wrote notes about me, folded them, and threw them at me. I did not open them. So then they wrote words on pieces of paper and held them up. I shut my eyes. Dacey went to the black-bord. Curriosity made me open my eyes. He drew a silly picture, supposed to be me—with very skinny legs and a great big head. He printed under it, "Michael Daly, Australia's Mug Poet." They all larfed. No one spoke. They kept, what my father would call, the letter of Sister Pawl's law, but not the spirit of it. One or two of them did a little bit of study in between; but even they had to look at the bord, when all the others larfed so up-raweously. I haven't skinny legs, either. Dacey's legs are bigger than mine, but they are only fat. Fred. Croft has good legs—great mussle. Anyhow, my legs are better than



PETER, CARMEL, JOHN AND JAMES HARGREAVES, OF DEDERANG, VIC.

BIG BUSINESS AT TRARALGON.

St. Michael's School, Traralgon, Vic., achieves things out of all proportion to its comparatively small numbers. Hence, when it set itself to mitebox work the sum of £3/3/- resulted. Well done, Traralgon!

"A very young L.M. went to Heaven from our home not long ago, and I am enclosing the contents of his money-box. His small banking account we gave to our church in his memory. I am sure he will be a very active missionary in Heaven."

—Mrs. N.G., Vic.

Dear Twin,—Do you know a cure for corns? We are practising dancing for the ball and I have got corns two inches high. If you know a cure for corns send it by next post. —Gordon Matlock, St. Mary's, Ringwood, Vic.
[Best cure for corns—care in the selection of your dancing partner.—T.T.]

Dacey's. When I run a message for old Mr. McTayg, he says: "You have a fine pair of legs on you, Michael, my boy. God bless them. Kind legs they are, too; always ready to run for a poor old crippled man. Kind Irish bones you have, Mickie." And then Dacey goes and draws a carickerchure of me with skinny legs and a big head. My head isn't out of proporshin either. My father said I have a good-shaped head, just like my Kilkenny grandfather's. Gee, I was wishing I could work a Poet's Miracle on Dacey.

I was telling Dacey what I thought of him and his fat legs when we heard Sister Pawl coming back. Dacey rubbed off the picture and slipped into his seat. The room was still as the grave when Sister came in.

She was very pleased.

"I am glad you can be trusted to keep silence. Stand up those who kept strict silence."

They all stood up. There was poor unforchinate me, left sitting.

"You cannot be trusted, Michael Daly," Sister said, and closed her eyes to shut out the sight of my face. If Rosie Moran had been at school, she would have explained to Sister that the class had been teasing and provoking me. But Rosie was away with the mumps.

Sister said no more. But that wasn't the end of it. I knew. Not with Sister Pawl. She would not let anything rest so easily.

(To be continued.)

Baptism Conferred by Non-Christian Child

In Ichang (China), many pagan children, belonging to the families of the boat people on the Yangtze attend the Sisters' school and learn the catechism. One of these little girls, on going back to the junk, found her father seriously ill, and in danger of death. As she had learned about baptism and knew how to confer the sacrament, she told her father of it, gave him instruction about God, Christ, sin, heaven and hell and, when he was sufficiently prepared, baptized him. The new Christian died very soon afterwards.

Other Little Missionaries have procured new "Far East" subscribers for Maureen. Why not you? Make your first "convert" to-day.