



So (I am sorry to say) we had a fight—only two hits. I hit Dacey, and Dacey hit the ground. He wouldn't get up, so Croftie counted ten. Maurie and Billy picked him up. Sister Pawl was very angry with me. She said she would have to send for my father and explain to him that I could not remain at the Sisters' school. I must go to the Brothers'. (I wish she would.) However, a good Sam-aritin spoke up for me and told Sister that Dacey had been following me about annoying me all the morning. So Sister said there was some excuse after all—that I was under great provokayshin. We got a lecktire, of course.

Dacey did not get a real K.O. He was just trying to pretend he was hurt to skare me. Of course, it was seerius enough. A bad temper always is. You never know where it will land you. I might have killed Dacey—if he had struck against the steps or the seats.

Thank God he has a hard head.

I was so happy, so thrilled, seeing that ellerfint this morning. (Wish he'd stayed in his circus, or wherever he belongs.) And I rushed off to share the wunder with the boys. You see, a fellow has good intenshins, and ends up getting in a temper and, perhaps, killing a companyin.

I told Sister Pawl I was sorry.

I told Dacey I was sorry. I am, too. Not because I hit old Dacey (he deserves it!) but because I got into a vilent temper. They do not want boys with vilent tempers at St. Columban's—I mean boys who cannot controle there vilent tempers. The temper is nothing. It is letting it get the best of you is the seerious thing. It could be a good thing to have a vilent temper, if you made it stay on the chain. You

would be getting merit every time you kept it down.

I bet Right Reverend Dr. Cleary has not a vilent temper, or he'd be knocking out Chows all day. I'm sure they are worse than poor old Muggins Dacey is to me.

To be a priest you must be payshint—very payshint. Espeshilly a mission priest.

I wish Dacey would move. Why should the Daceys pick this place to come and live? We were here first. I wish Mr. Dacey would get a very good job in Tasmania or over in West Australia, or up in Port Darwin, or in New Zealand.

But, then, I suppose, it is really myself. I suppose if Dacey were gone, there would be someone or something to rowze my horrible temper. I must get to the root of the tree and chop it down. No good in just moving things out of the way and giving it room to grow bigger.

Anyhow, it was true.

There was a p-(rice)-iece in the paper this evening about it. The



THE PREECE FAMILY (VIC.) IN ASCENDING ORDER.

ellerfint was out of Wurth's Circus. He was at libbertee only seven and a half minutes, and did no damidge, except to give people a bit of a shock. I am glad, after all, that I happened to come along during those seven and a half minutes. It was my opperchewnity of seeing a ellerfint at large. He was large all right. His keeper came for him, the paper said, and he went back to the circus as quiet as a little lamb. He did no harm to anyone. But Dacey got a sore head threw him, and I got a nasty temper mark on my poor soul. So in this way he did do damidge.

They say you should count ten when you feel your temper rising. We counted ten—at least Croftie did—and Dacey did not rise. That's why they said I gave him the K.O.

Sister Allerwishes told me to say: "Mary, help me," when my temper is rising, but I have not managed to follow this good advice often. I try.

My grandfather had a terrible temper. He was from Kilkenny. I don't say all the people in Kilkenny have bad tempers. My grandmother was from there, too, and everyone said she was a saint.

I made a longer Visit to-day. That is one good thing. I prayed against my temper. Then I prayed for all the missionaries in the world. I tried to kneel up straight all the time for an act. I thanked God that I live in a good country, where we can go in peece into the church and pray to Him. The poor Catholics in Mexico and in Russia must be very unhappy, with all their beautiful churches closed or destroyed. And in the Phillipine Islands there are not enough priests—not nearly enough to say Mass for the people.

I prayed against the Reds and the Communists and the atheeists and all the enemies of God. God is payshint with bad men. They say dredful things and write them, too. God does not strike them dead. He goes on loving them. Isn't that wonderful? There souls are preshis to Him. He is there Creator. He wants them in Heaven. These retched men go on talking about Him, writing about Him, keeping the children from Him, closing His churches, killing His priests. And all the time He wants them to repent. He wants there souls. He hates the sins they do, but He still wants there souls. Just like a kind father is payshint and loving with a bad son. Sister Allerwishes tells us all these things, or I would never think of them.

When I thort of all this I felt very much ashamed for giving in to my temper. I thort of the payshince of God with me and with everybody. I told Him I was very,

very sorry. And I said about 50 times: "Blessed be God," for myself and for the wicked people. Wicked men will be punished some day. Justis will over-take them in this world or in the next, or perhaps in both. But God gives them chances and chances to repent. While ever they live, there is hope for them. So you see, we must not look down on people we think are bad; we must pray for them. God wants there souls. They might be good some day. If they repent He takes them into His friendship. We must despise ourselves; no one else. Because we know all about our selves; but we don't know other people's effits to be good.

I meant to leave the church at four—that was twenty minutes of a Visit. I generally stay a quarter of an hour. When it was four, there was no one in the church, only me. I felt sorry to go away and leave Our Lord alone. I was not much company for Him, and I told Him so, but that I would stay until someone better came along. I am only a bad-tempered, jellis boy. That's all I am. But I know God loves me very much. I told Him I would try to be better. I told Him about the fight, and I cried a bit—there was no one to see me crying, only Him. I told Him I was sorry there were so many pagin people in the world still, and that when I was big I hoped, by His grace, to convert a lot of Chinese pagins. I told Him I was sorry so many little boys in

Russia were taught not to love Him, and taught to blasfeem. I promised to be very particular about my visits in fuchure. Some people came in to the church—some pius old men and some ladies, and a few big boys from the Brothers. So I went out, then.

At the corner I ran slap into Dacey.

"Hullo, Daly," he said. "Been crying?"

I could not tell a lie and say I was not; that I had a bad cold in the eyes; or I had just been sneezing; and I could not say—"It is your fault, if I have been crying. You big newsince."

"Someone cracked you," laughed Dacey.

"No," I said.

"Yes they did—but you won't own up. I wouldn't cry, anyhow, Daly—you big sissy."

I suffered torcher, but did not hit him. It is no use going into the church praying and crying and telling Our Lord you are going to try to do better, and then coming out and tumbling into the same old sin at the corner. It is no use telling Our Lord you are sorry the boys in Russia have no Christian teachers, and then acting like a wild man yourself right outside the church. I tried to suffer my trials and tribulay-shins.

At first I thort the old devil must have sent Tom Dacey into my parth. But then it came to me, like a flash

of lightning, that perhaps Our Lord sent him to meet me, to try me. So I held my fists clutched tightly; and my tongue I kept in a prisin with my teeth clenched tightly. I stood and watched Dacey walk on, calling out insults. The farther away he got, the louder he yelled, and the worse the insults were.

I did not call out one word, altho I thort of lots of sootable things to say. I imagined Our Lord was standing by the road-side looking at me. And, altho I was angry with Dacey, I began to get over it.

When Dacey reached the corner, he put his hands about his mouth and yelled: "Don't cry, little boy!"

I waved my hand.

And what do you think Dacey did? He waved back! and called out no more insulthing words to me, but went his way. Perhaps he thort he saw Our Lord by the wayside. It has never ocurred to me that Dacey may try to over-come his fondness for annoying me. Perhaps he does try. Perhaps I have an effect on him. It's a funny world. You never can tell. Perhaps when he sees me he has, what my father calls an ir-razistible impulse to annoy me. Perhaps he wishes the Dalys would move . . . perhaps he wishes my father would get a very good job right up on Cape York. Jings! It's funny. You never know. Do you?

I ran home. I felt very happy that I had not hit Dacey.

I had a very big tea.

For Noreen's

Tiny, Tiny Ones

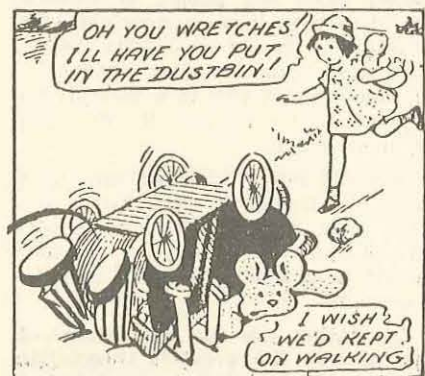
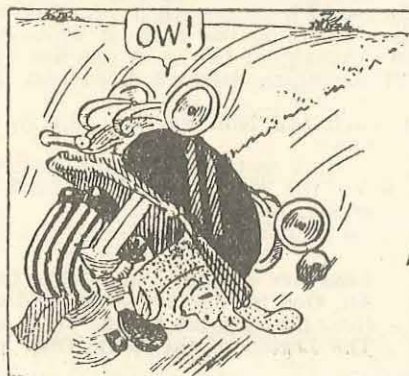
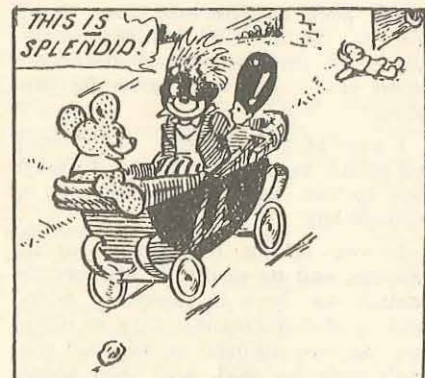
Funny Painting Competition

(For Tiny Ones of Seven and under.)

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

Address:—

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



Thursday.

What do you think? We had this sentence (and others, of course) for dictation to-day:

I saw the man sieze the boy. I thort of rice, and was happy. My book came back with the word sieze crossed out, and SEIZE written in big, blue letters. I might have known there was a catch in it somewhere. What can a fellow do. Spelling is MAD. Just as well I had not written to tell Right Reverend Dr. Cleary about my good spelling. I think I'll ask Dad to buy me an Oxford English Dickshinery.

I heard, to-day, of a boy who lives in Aderlaid. This boy never gets any words wrong in his dictation. His name is Maurie McGee. He goes to the Sisters' school. He must be a comfit to his teacher. I bet Sister Pawl wishes he would come and take my place here, and I could go to Aderlaid. I think I'll ask this Maurice McGee to tell me how he does the trick. Perhaps he has an Oxford English Dickshinery—only ten volums are done yet, my father told me. How could anyone learn to spell all the words in ten hewje volums? No wunder a lot of the men are dead who started on the job. It would kill any man. My father said the first volum was published in 1884. That shows you how hard English spelling must be. Fifty years—its Golden Jewbilee—and it is not over yet. My father said it will never be finished because new words keep coming and have to go into it. So how can you learn spelling when the Dickshinery isn't finished yet? And can never be finished?

I wish Maurice McGee would send his photo. to the "Far East." I would like to see him. He must be a ewneek boy.

I was telling my father about Maurie, and he said it is all because Maurie was born in Aderlaid. Aderlaid is the Australian City of Kultur. All the children in Aderlaid can spell well, he said, and they speak better than the people of Oxford. If I had been born in Aderlaid, very propably I should be a good speller, and have a much better acksint. I do not know if this is a joke on my father's part. He said it. So I put it in my diery.

He told me the Dominickins have been in Aderlaid for many years, and that they are the greatest skollers of the Church. I don't see how that would help a boy to learn spelling. Do you?

My father told me St. Thomas of Akwin was the greatest theoolojin of the Church, and he was a Do-

minickin. He said: "St. Thomas baptised your old enemy, Arrah Stottle."

"Did he? You said old Arrah Stottle was a pagin filosifer."

"So he was. St. Thomas baptised his book—turned it into a Christian book."

You can't baptise a book. My father was speaking in what you call a figger of speech.

I wonder if we went to live in Aderlaid would my spelling improve. Would I abzorb it from the air? If you can, the Aderlaid kids are lucky.

(To be continued.)



JACK HUNT, SEYMOUR, VIC., SEEMS TO LIVE UP TO HIS NAME.

A LITTLE LEADER

OH, she was born in a little town, in a little town she died,
And her name was known in a little place whence the world had
turned aside;
And the way she chose was a little way that a little while she trod—
Just a little while, for her littleness had won the Heart of God.

Hear her calling to the Little Ones, the feeble and afraid,
Ah, God be thanked—the children have again their own Crusade!
Hear her trumpet for the lowly, see her torchlight through the dark,
The Legion of the Little Ones hath found its Joan of Arc!

She was a little warrior, with a little cell for fort,
And she had the little plans for war whereof the world makes sport.
But 'round the earth her batteries roared to make the dark thrones fall.
While thundered the marching prayers of her, God's Little Corporal!

Things that are hidden from the wise, too proud and full of cares,
God whispered them to a little child, drowsy over her prayers.
Triumphs the strong have sought and missed, lo! they are won with ease
By a child who knows that her Mother's name is Our Lady of Victories.

The world hath dressed in its silken robes, the world hath sat in state,
Hath looked in the books it wrote itself and read that it was great;
And thought of her as of one beneath, so frail was she, so small—
Till something fluttered down past the stars as she let her roses fall!

If you'll call Him Saviour—His chosen Name—as long as your lips can
move,

If you dare to trust with the limitless trust that needs must turn to love,
Owning the while that your shield is marred, that your strength is a
broken reed,

You can enter God's Legion of Little Ones that He sends a child to lead.

Hear her calling to the Little Ones, the feeble and afraid,
Ah, God be thanked—the children have again their own Crusade!
Hear her trumpet for the lowly, see her torchlight through the dark,
The Legion of the Little Ones hath found its Joan of Arc!

—Nanky Poo.