



FACING LIFE WITH A SMILE.

MICKIE DALY'S DIARY

By ————— MIRIAM AGATHA

That afternoon Sister had to go round to the rooms to visit the classes. Once a week she goes visiting like this. Generally another Sister takes our class, but sometimes she leaves us on our own with plenty of work to do. Plenty. She's generous giving away work. After Sister had set all the work, she said: "Michael Daly, you cannot be trusted. Follow me. Bring your spelling list with you."

At the door I turned and looked back. I gave Dacey a murderous look—a battle-axe look!

It was a dreadful ordeal, following Sister about. In all the rooms the

children knew I was in punishment. They knew I was not going with Sister just for company for her. It was very humilleeating for me, going into the Infants' Room. My father called it the refinement of torchure, when I told him about it.

The Kindergarten is a room on its own. We had to go down the playground and across the grass. I lagged behind Sister. I was almost enjoying myself watching the pigns over my head, when Sister turned round suddenly and said: "Michael Daly, spell pigin?" I jumped. I did not know weather it was j or g., so I took a sporting chance and said: "P I J I N, Sister."

"Wrong," Sister said, and closed her eyes. I suppose it must be pigin. Anyhow, j and g are the same.

We went on.

The little Kinders stood up and said: "Good afternoon, Sister," in sqweky voices. They all stared at me, as if I had a couple of heads and a few dozen legs. They are nice little kids; I am sorry I skandilized them. I know I did, because I knew they knew I had displeased Sister Pawl in some way.

I felt my face burning. It is a terrible thing to shock little children. Our Lord said it is. I felt the millstone was round my neck all right.

On the way back, in the corridor, of course we must meet Father Dale. You bet we would. My luck. He stood and stared at us. I was trotting along behind Sister, my spelling list in my hand and (I am sure) a most mizeribbble look on my face.

"Ah, now—what is this? Are you going in for the perripatettic style of teaching, Sister Pawl? Has the fashion of Michael's old friend, Arrah Stottle, come back again?"

LITTLE NEW ZEALANDERS ADDRESS LUCY
CHAN, OF HANYANG.

Dear Lucy,—My friend and I were reading your letter and it was lovely. Do you think Mickie Daly can spell, because I don't? Mickie Daly's Diary makes me laugh. I wonder how Sister Paul can teach him! How is your Sister Paul? Our teacher's name is Sister Ita. We are in Standard III., and like stories best.—Your new friends, Kath. Curran and Doreen McDowell, Ohakune, N.Z.

VOICES OUT OF KELLYS'

HAVE you ever passed by Kellys' home at nine o'clock or so? Have you heard the sound of voices rising high and falling low? It's too strong for common talking, it's too peaceful for a fight, And there isn't any laughing. Guess the answer. Yes, you're right.

The Kellys are saying the Rosary,
The Kellys are saying their prayers.
The big and the small, the tiny and tall,
Kneel up against tables and chairs,
And travel the round of decades,
Though muffled it sounds on the street,
The message goes far, beyond steeple and star,
And oh, to Our Lady it's sweet!

A gentle voice begins the Creed, it's Murr who gives it out;
The rest proclaim their full accord in something like a shout;
The beads move on, the voices change, from Dad's that's strong and deep,
To piping tones of Pudsy (who's been known to fall asleep).

The years are passing Kellys' home while bringing griefs and joys,
And also bringing blessings to the Kelly girls and boys.
It's really quite extraordinary, everyone agrees;
But an angel smiles in heaven as he lists those Rosaries!

The Kellys are saying the Rosary,
The Kellys are ending the day,
If you're visiting there, just grab hold of a chair,
And join with the others and pray.
Your rosary's lost? That's a pity.
Your knees have got stiff? That's another.
Watch Pudsy beside you, perhaps he will guide you
(And more) to our Heavenly Mother.

—Nanky Poo.

I didn't know what he was talking about; but I hate that brainy old Greek guy. People are always calling him my friend. He isn't. Ever since that abominable ball he's been a trile to me. I hate his name. Father Dale must go and drag him in on me again.

Sister Pawl's face looked as if it were made out of a piece of the North Pole. No. Worse. She looked like the North Pole dressed up as a nun. She spoke. Her voice was like frozen music all right. In one of my father's books it says that a beautiful cathedral in Europe is like frozen music. I saw the picture. It wasn't like it a bit. How could it? How could a cathedral be like music? Frozen music? Rot! But Sister Pawl's voice was. It was frozen music. Flat, too.

She said: "Michael Daly cannot be trusted. I cannot leave him in the class-room when I am not there."

"So he has to follow you on your round of visits to the classes."

"Yes, Father."

"Do you like it, Michael?"

"No, Father," I said imfatically.

"You wouldn't—poor boy. It is a dreadful punishment for a sensitive soul. Leave him with me, Sister. Do you go on with your visitashins. I'll leckchure this lad."

Sister bowed. And went.

We sat in the corridor, and Father Dale asked for an explanashin of the affare. So I told him—most of it. I did not give any names. I told about the carickachure on the bord and the potree. And I told him that I could not keep quite. He said it was hard to be silent under such provakashin. I showed him my legs, too. And told him about the skinny ones in the picture. A feeerce desire to say Dacey's name came over me, but I resisted it. I just said "a boy." I asked Father Dale not to tell Sister Pawl anything about it. She would not let it rest at "a boy." She'd know the boy, or we'd never know any peece after. I felt a desire to let her know about Dacey and about the others writing notes. (It is just as bad as talking.) But I did not.

Father Dale gave me great comfort. I told him about my letter from Kiangsi. He was nearly as pleased as my mother. So I was sent back to my class. I promised I would not say one word, no matter what happened. Father Dale said he would explain to Sister Pawl that he had sent me to my class.

When I entered the room they all looked at me. I drew a solum face and went to my desk. I glewed my eyes to my spelling list and did not look up. I was nearly blind by the time Sister Pawl came back; but I cannot remember now what words I was looking at.

After school they talked about me.

PROUD OF HER CONVENT CHAPEL.

Our convent chapel is exquisite, and people who see it say that they have never seen a more beautiful chapel than that at the Convent of Mercy, North Melbourne. When making their daily visit, the girls have to pass through what is called Gethsemane, in which is some beautiful statuary, and on the rocky are shells which have been sent from Beagle Bay, some being carved by the natives. In the chapel itself is a large image of Our Lord after having been scourged, and there are representations of the instruments used in the Passion. Opposite this is a very realistic Calvary with a relic of the True Cross. In the Sanctuary are represented the nine choirs of angels, and there are many relics of saints in the Little Flower's Court. But even the best of writers could not adequately describe "Our Chapel," and much less can I, Maureen.—Veronica Evans, Vic.

"You looked like a dog, Daly, trotting after Sister Pawl."

They whistled to me, and bowed at me, and called me pup, and offered me an old bone out of the gutter. They called me Sister Pawl's Pom, and Sister Pawl's bulldog, and Sister Pawl's mong, and Sister Pawl's alsayshin, and—I could not tell you all the things they called me.

But Father Dale's word's sustained me. I was frozen meat—not music. I was like a boy turned into ice. I took no notis of them at all. I walked threw them as if they weren't there. It was a great vicktorie. A bloodless one. I did not hit anyone on the nose and make the blood flow. No. I triumphed over them without vilence. You can. But it is a great strain on you—particularly if your grandfather was a Kilkenny man.

It is over now. Thank God.

I asked my father about that funny word—peripatettic. He said it means walking about. and that Arrah Stottle used walk about while

he gave leckchures in the Lyseum at Athens. It sounds like something he would do. Why couldn't he stand, or sit down? He just wanted to be different. Vanity.

Thirsday.

Gee! I don't know how men amas millyins. I've been putting money in my Mite Box for ages. I opened it to-day and there was only five shillings and tenpence in it. Mother gave me the tuppence to make it six shillings. I must send it to Maureen. Six shillings! There are about 400 millyin pagins in China. Makes you giddy, doesn't it?

Saturday.

My auntie brort the Marist Messenger to-day. I must confess I neglecketed my dewties to look at it. I was tideeing the yard when it came, and I turned the job in. There was a very intristing account of a school in one of the Pacifick islands. A nun wrote it. She said that when the black children, in this school, get tired of a lesson, they just lie down and take no more notise of it. If the Sister tries to insist on atten-shin, the black kids just run out and their pagin parints will not bother to chase them back to school. A half hour is the limit of their indurins. No matter how hard the teacher works to make the lesson intristing and attracttive, the children cannot konsintrate any longer.

I would lie down at dicktashin and at sums if I could. I'd thankfully lie on rocks or in snow or in thorns or anything. How would Sister Pawl go off? And my father? And Father Dale?

Sister said that if the black children hear the cry: "Sail! Sail!" the whose school stands up in a body and runs outside!

We would all run out, too, when there's any exsightment outside—if we could! So you see, black children and white and red and yellow are all the same. We'd run out everytime we heard a band or a man playing the kornit or the pie-man, or the ice cream man's bewgill, or the fire enjin or the ambulinse or an airoplane or the man with the monkie or a dog fite, or anything at all. Children are cureeus. They get excited when there is anything on and they cannot get an eyeful of it.

The arival of a boat is a very impawtint thing in the islands. I suppose the black children would turn green and take fits if Sister locked the door.

My father explained to me about the children's inatenshin. You see, our ancesstors and four fathers have been sitting in schools, when they were little, for generashins past. They were civilized a long time. So



YUEN DIN, OF ST. JOSEPH'S SCHOOL, CUMBERLAND PLACE, MELBOURNE, IS A GREAT FRIEND OF ST. COLUMBAN'S.

we poor white children can control ourselves and sit up in misery all day. It is dew to our foolish four fathers who made up school. We have inherited the school habit. Black children have not yet done so. It will take generashins. There four fathers had to go out hunting for food, and the boys had to learn to hunt. That was there school—out under the sky. The girls had to learn to dig for yams and things and how to cook and make the close. All the same, I think I know a way to cure them before generashins.

Send Sister Pawl over!

She'll stop it, if any one can. The black kids would not run out if the whole Australian Navy hove in sight if Sister Pawl was there. Four fathers, four mothers, ancesstors, inherited habbits are nothing to her. She'd have the black kids sitting up like Jacky and paying attenshin in no time.

Jings! I wish she'd go!

If I ran out of school my mother would see that I went back again, and would make me apologize to Sister Pawl. Fred Croft's mother would not. Perhaps she is not properly civilized yet. Croftie's cured of inherited habits, anyhow. He won't run out. He gets his eyes fixed on Sister Pawl and he can't look away. He's mesmerized.

Munday.

Another new boy from Queensland. He is much better-looking than Gandee—not so pale and skinny and lanky-legged. His name is Jackie Bell, so we call him Ding Dong. He reckins that he has a cousin who knows Father McGoldrick over in Shanghi, and that Father McGoldrick writes to him. I think he's skiting. I would not be a bit surprised if Dacey put him up to it. Just because Dr. Cleary writes to me, Dacey is jellis. He wants someone else to get letters from the priests on the China Mishin. So he might have got hold of Ding Dong and indewed him to skite about his cousin and Father McGoldrick. I know Father McGoldrick is a Queenslander, because my father read out to my mother all about him in a paper. He has charge of the whole of China. I don't mean the whole of pagin China. I mean charge of the Irish Mishin parts. Anyhow, young Ding Dong will have to prove it. I can prowduce the letters from Dr. Cleary. He'll have to prowduce one from Father McGoldrick. That's only fair.

Dickie and I had a seerius talk this afternoon. Dickie has no vocayshin for the religus life. He wants to be a great singer like John Mick Cormick. John must be getting old, so Dickie might be the next World's Tenner. He ust want to



ST. THERESE AT THE AGE OF THREE AND A HALF YEARS.

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be an airman, but he's not keen on that now. He's all for singing. I think it is all the Canary Lady's inflewinse. If she'd let him alone he might have seen the folly of the world and have come with me to St. Columban's and over to China. But no—she has fostered this idear of a carear on the concert platform.

He'll make tons of money, of course. John Mick Cormick did. They say he bort a carsill in Ireland. That would cost a pretty penny. My mother always says a pretty penny—it means a large sum; I don't know how much. If Dickie buys a carsill in Ireland, when he's rich, I hope he will buy it in Cork or Kilkenny. I

suppose there are lots of carsills for sale. Then, when I am worn out with work on the China Mishin (if I am not martired), I will need a rest. I'll be gone pale and skinny with work and with eating dog and rice and sharks' fins and birds' nest all the time. (The Mishin priests must get sea-sick eating all those things. Gee! I'm nearly sick writing about them. But you have to over-come nachure if you want to be a mishiner.)

I could stay at Dickie's carsill to get up strength to go back to China to work a little longer before I get done up altogether and leave my bones in China.

When Dickie is rich, I'll send to him for a doughnashin for my mishin—for my poor leppers and orfins. I'll remind him of the days when we were little boys together. That will make him come good for the poor and the afflicted.

(To be continued.)

It is God Himself who receives what we give in charity, and is it not an incomparable happiness to give Him what belongs to Him, and what we have received from His goodness alone? —St. Vincent de Paul.

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You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.—John 8: 32.

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Jesus Christ, our great Model, suffered much for us: let us bear our afflictions cheerfully, seeing that through them we have the happiness of resembling Him.—Blessed Henry Suso.



TAKE THE FIELD AGAINST ALL COMERS. SOME ARDENT "FAR EASTERS" OF BURKE HALL, KEW, VIC.