

MICKIE DALY'S DIARY

By ————— MIRIAM AGATHA

Thirsday.

I got such a frite to-day. I thort a terribble affickshin had come upon me. I'll tell you about it. Down our street lives a man who has a horse—a great, big, white draft horse. He drives it in a cart. Sometimes he passes our place leading the horse to a paddick or to the troff to get a drink. Well, this afternoon, the man gave me a ride. He's a kind man. The horse has a very wide back. I did not fit him well. I think he's O.S. in horses. My legs would not go down comfortibble, over his ribs; they stuck out a bit. All the same, I enjoyed it. I like new ex-peereensis. But when I got off. Oh, Boy! That's when I got the dredful frite.

When I got off the horse, my legs felt all bandy and bowleggedy, like a old sailir's. Jingy! I felt sick. It was a fritful sensayshin. At once my imaginayshin—my father said I have an aktive imaginayshin—got to work. I saw myself arriving at school and all the kids larfing at me—espehillly Dacey and his moony-faced sister. I saw the boys kicking a football through my poor legs, and yelling out—"Gole!" I saw myself presenting myself at St. Columban's, and all the other stewdints looking in amaizement at me. I thort perhaps it was a punishment on me for being proud of my legs. Dacey says I have skinny legs; but I have not. I ran home as fast as my stiff legs would allow; I rushed threw the house, alarming my mother. I was afraid to look in the mirrer. But, thank God, it was only imaginayshin. My legs were perfecttly strait; but they felt bandy for a long time after.

I would like to be a good rider. It might be useful to me when I am in China. I've heard of a boy who is a beaut rider. His name is Bill Borthissle, and he lives on a farm near Gunnerdar, in N.S.W. I've been told that he rides down the hills with his arms out and a rabbit in each hand—not holding the rains at all. His mother gets dredful frites. It is a wonder she has not Hart's Diseeze. My mother would have Hart's Diseeze if I did it. But she is quite safe. I could not do it. I nearly rolled off the old draft horse when he comensed to trot. Jig! Jog! I went up and down. Flip! Flop! My

father says, when he was a boy they ust call it making pan-cakes. My father larfed at my account of the ride. He said the old draft horse goes quietly and slowly enough—he's no Pegasis. I think Pegasis was a horse that won the Melbourne Cup when my father was a young man.

Bill Borthissle is lucky. He can ride like a cowboy, and he has an uncle a priest—a mishin priest, too. But he's not in China. I don't know where he is.

I must not be enveeus. You should be content with what you have, and what you haven't—even if your hair is red and you have no priest-uncle.

I saw in "The Far East" about a poor mishin priest who has red hair. The Chows stare at him as if he were a monstrossity. His name in Father Patrick Hennessee. He lives at Pin Shih Ho. I suppose the Chows call him "Hoong t'ou." I saw in one of my father's book that the Sick Poleecmen wore red turbins, and that the Chows ust call them "Hoong t'ou."

No Chinaman has red hair. It is a fisickil impossibillity for a Chinaman to have red hair. They can't produce red hair.

I think I will write to that poor mishin priest and offer him my sympathy. I am sure it would not be a sin if he died his hair. It would not be for vanity—only for peece of mind. Ladies die their hair for vanity. I know a old lady whose hair is as black as stove-polish. It gives her a percuylar appearanse, for her face is all wrinklely. She would need to have her face ironed out and new skin on it to stand that black hair.



FATHER PATRICK HENNESSY WITH SOME
LITTLE VISITORS TO ST. COLUMBAN'S,
HANYANG.

Now it would be different with Father Patrick Hennessee. He would not look like that; and he would have peece. He would not be a sauce of wonder and distrackshin to the Chows at their prayers, either. Mrs.— (I nearly wrote the lady's name. That would be uncharitibble.) But I wanted to say her hair distracted me one day, because the week before it was a different culler. I told my father about Mrs.—'s hair, and he gave me this verse out of one of his books:—

"Chloe, these locks of raven hair—
Some people say you dye them
black;

But that's a libel, I can swear
For I know where you buy them
black."

My father seems to think this is clever. I do not. But just not to dissapoint him I put it in. I don't know who wrote it. Some old chap. I forget the name. It wasn't Shakespeare or Henery Lawsin. It was a funny name. I'll copy it out next time I get hold of that partickular book.

My father said all the Red-Headed people in the Whole World should have an Assoceashin for mutuil sympathy and encourajment and defense against all the people with white, black, brown or yellow hair. I'd join. Anyhow, they say red-haired men are clever, and red-haired women charming. I cannot prove either—at present. I am not a man yet. I might be clever. The only charming wimmen I know are my mother and Sister Allerwishes. My mother has nice, curly, brown hair. I can't see what culler Sister Allerwishes has. The Daceys have black hair, as black as any Chow's. Its horrible and strait.

Friday.

I had a dreem. I was riding an ellerfint over the Allps to China. It was dredfil. My legs were out almost horrizontill. It was the biggest ellerfint ever. I don't know why I had such a dreem. I saw a picture of a man riding over the Allps on an ellerfint. I don't know why I took such an out-of-the-way track to get to China in my dreem. I suppose riding the old grey horse put riding in my head, and the picture in my father's book did the rest. The dreem changed, and I was on a giraffe; rite up on his neck, with my legs locked round it. As he jogged along I slipped round and round his neck, like a ring on a skinny finger. It was a dredful sensashin. I felt quite giddy. I was glad to awake and find myself in bed, and not up in the Allps on an ellerfint or on a giraff's neck.

Chewsday.

Sister Allerwishes was telling us about God's love for us. When Sister talks like this I wish I were a better boy.

It's mean to be bad when God is so good.

I feel sorry. I want to be good—not just because you are happy and at peeece when you try to be good; not just because you want to escape hell and get to Heaven. Not for any of these reasons, but just because God is so good. God loves us. If there were only one soul to be saved, Our Lord would have died on the Cross for that one preshis soul, Sister said. This shows us how preshis each soul is. God made us. God loves us. God wants us to love Him, and to be with Him for ever in Heaven. We turn away from God for some horrible sin.

I wish everyone in the world would be better. What a lot of souls are going to waste working for the devil. It's strange that we are so ungreatful. (It is, of course, our fallen nachure, oweing to Adam and Eve's sin. This is why we are so hard-hearted, so blind, so foolish.) Now look at it—there is God, Who gives us everything we have here, and offers us Heaven for ever. We just have to keep His Commandments. And He gives us the grace to keep them. He has promised to give

everyone grace enough to save his soul. It is such a very good offer, that you would think nobody would refuse it. You would not think anyone would be fool enough to go to hell, when they need not. No matter how strong temtashins are, God gives us grace to resist. No one need go to hell. But even if there was no hell at all, no punishment at all, you would think we would love God just out of pure gratitude for all He gives us. You would think we would love Him just because He is so great and wonderful.

Sister said that in anshint days, before Our Lord came on earth, people served God in great fear. They had no Saviour, no Redeemer to interseed for them. He was promised. They waited for Him. They were afraid to approach God; they had no one to plead for them.

Even the High Priest was allowed only once in the year to go into the Holiest part of the Temple. It was a sin for ordinary people to go into the parts of the Temple, even close to the Holy of Holies. No one but the High Priest went into the holiest part, and then only on that one day in the year.

When we think of God—how great and wonderful He is—we are afraid, too. We are afraid, almost to pray. But then we think of Our Lord—our Friend. He belongs to us—to

the human race. He is our Brother. We are not fritened then. We can pray to God, because Our Lord is God.

If we think of God we hide our faces and cannot pray. Then we look again and see it is Our Lord, and we feel quite at home. We can say "Our Father," because He taught us. Our love over-comes our fear. Sister explained this very beautifully. I would want the pen of a angle to write all Sister said. And I have not the pen of a angle.

The High Priest of the Old Law went into the Holy part of the Temple once a year. Our priests of the New Law offer Mass every day, and we can all go to Mass and offer it with the priest. The old sacrifice was fruit or wine or animils. The New Sacrifice of the Mass is Our Lord Himself. The people of the Old Law ate part of the sacrifice. We can go to kneel at the sanctuary rail and receive Our Lord, the Food of our souls. The anshint people had not Our Lord; they had no Blessed Eucharist. That is why they feared God more than they loved Him. I am glad I was not an anshint boy.

Sister told us all this and much more.

All around us is God's love—the sunshine, the air, our food. Everything was made for our use and bennerfit.

We would die without air. We would die if God left us for one instant. God is Life. He keeps everyone, everything alive for the time marked out. Our souls He will keep alive in the next world for everan- ever. Everything is in the hollow of God's Hand—the whole world and stars and sun and all are held in God's Hand.

His Grace is all about us—like a sea. We cannot do the tiniest good without His grace. He pours it down on all the souls in the world, just as He pours the sunshine for our bodies. Even wicked men do some good things. That is God's grace. Even the wickedest man in the world (Gee! I wonder who the wretch is—the poor, silly wretch!) does some little good, but only when he makes use of the grace offered him. If he made use of all the grace offered him, he would not be the wickedest man in the world, he would be a saint. What a difference! Saints are saints because they make use of God's grace. They use all He offers them, they beg and pray for more.

Sinners are sinners because they refuse the grace God offers them. They make use of only a very, very little, and neglect the rest. Isn't it terrible? It makes you sad to think of it. It makes you regret all the

KELLY'S OLD ALARM CLOCK

Though there's one leg missing and the case is battered,
And long, long years ago the glass was shattered,
The hour hand is broken and the minute hand is twisted,
Oh, it still has a voice that can't be resisted.

It's the Kellys' old alarm clock, the biggest ever seen,
Its tick is like the hammer of a riveting machine,
But when it starts a-ringing, it would nearly split your head,
And that hurricane of noise would blow an army out of bed!

It may go off ahead of time, it may go off in error,
A burglar once upset it and he's running still in terror,
Twice it sent the Kellys running madly scarcely hopin'
They'd be in time for Mass—to find the church not even open!

It gets the youngsters up—they call it Kelly's "elevator,"
You just jump out in panic, but you vow to smash it later;
They call it Disillusionment—no dream can e'er survive it,
And in the cold gray dawn they call it ruder names, in private!

But it's thanks to that timepiece, with its din unnerving
That Pudsy won a medal for his loyal Mass-serving.
That old alarm kept after him, by morning repetitions,
Till one day it roused him up to catch a train for the missions!

It's the Kellys' old alarm clock, the loudest in the block,
The neighbours hear it ticking like a motor with a knock,
But to morning Mass it sends you and it keeps your soul from harm
So no wonder it's most often called the Kellys' fire alarm!

—Nanky Poo.



A CLASS OF FIRST COMMUNICANTS FROM ST. BRENDAN'S SCHOOL, FLEMINGTON, VIC.

grace you have wasted yourself. Riches of God offered us; and we stay poor.

Sister said that a time comes, in the sinner's life, when he has refused all the grace that was sufficient to save his soul. **Then God offers him no more.** He has been offered his share. That makes you tremble to think of it.

It would be a dreadful thing if your mother did not love you. I think I'd drop down and die immediately if my mother did not love me. But I know she does. She does not say all the day: "Mickie, I love you," over and over again. But I know my mother's love flows all over me. I know she would do anything for me, face any danger for me.

I'm not much of a good boy to her—I'm sorry to say. But I know if I were the poor wretch who is the wickedest man in the world, my poor mother would still love me, and would spend her whole life praying for me to repent. I know she would. So would **your** mother, if it were you. So would any mother. Your mother can hate the bad things you do, but she cannot hate **you**. If you had a horrible disease, and no one would even look at you, your mother would. She would nurse you in your sickness; she would kiss your disfigured face. **You** would still be beautiful to her. The disease would be horrible to her, but **you** wouldn't. She would look through the sickness to **you**.

God's love is more than your mother's. When your soul is covered in horrible sin, God still wants you. You can run to Him. You are all over the filth of sin, but He does not drive you away. He holds out His arms to you, and cures you. **In Confession.**

How it must hurt a mother if her child is ungrateful and does not love her.

Then how much must it hurt God when a soul is ungrateful and does

not love Him? Millions and millions of times more. We could not measure it.

I hope you will not think this part of my diary is too holey. I hope you will profit by it. You might not have an opportunity of hearing Sister Allerwishes' instructions. I wish I could write as Sister spoke, but, as I said before, I have not the pen of a angel. I have resolved to pray more for poor sinners. I'm a poor sinner myself. Pray for me, please, all you who read this diary. Pray for the writer, a poor sinner. I charge you solemnly to do so. If you pray for me, I'll pray for you—for everyone who reads this diary I will pray. That's fare. Isn't it? Don't forget.



BASKET-BALL IS EASY TO THIS TEAM FROM ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, KILMORE, VIC.



A "LITTLE" SISTER.

Patricia Beehan, of St. Catherine's Dominican College, Invercargill, N.Z.

Now I must go to my dinner. There's pork. I like it. So do the Chinese. My father read for me an amusing story about the first roast pork—in China—and about a Chinese boy named Bo-Bo. Ask your father to read it for you. A man named Charles Lamb wrote it. He lived about a hundred years ago. My father likes him. He was a kind man, and fond of children, altho he had none. That is why he was fond of them, my uncle said. But my uncle is a sinick sometimes. A sinick is a surly person, so the dickshinery says. My uncle only pretends to be one, I think. I think he likes me.

Charles Lamb did not write about roast lamb. Think he would.

(To be continued.)

"There is a greater greatness than the greatness of success, and that is the greatness of failure."