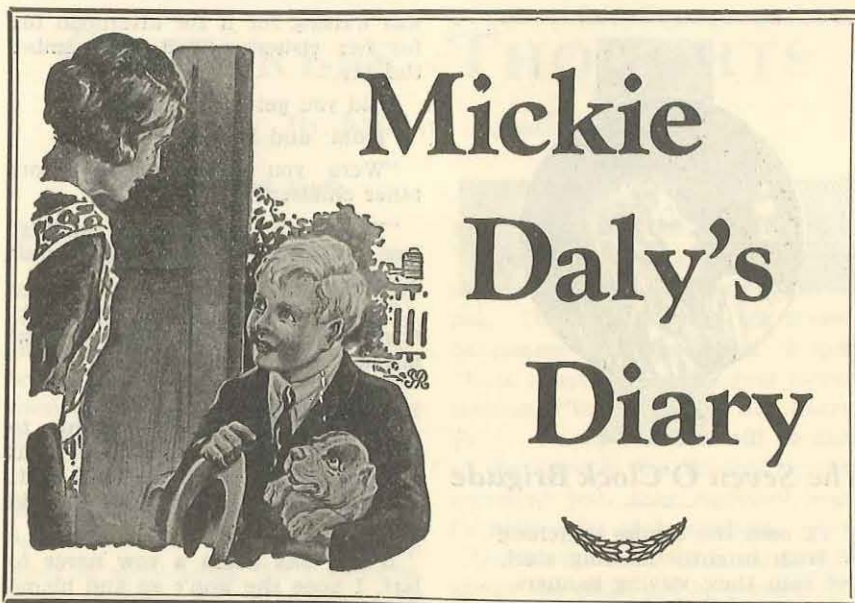




Wensday.

I was the cause of sin to a man to-day. I am very sorry. I am glad to say I was the innercint cause of the sin. A man was mending a fence near the school. He was putting a long, thin piece of hoop-iron from paling to paling. It looked like a silver ribbin along the fence. He was going like a masheen. Bang. Bang. Bang—three times on each nail, and then on to the next nail in the next paling. His blows were even-timed like a clock. I stood to watch and to admire him. I like watching the men working. They can do some wonderful things. I learn a lot, too. I might want to put up a fence over in Han Yang some day. I don't know if they have fences; I think they have walls. I've heard something about the Walls of China.

Anyhow, I was watching this man and thinking what a fine workman he was, so quick, so sure. Men are clever, no dowt. Of course, it's about time they were. They have been learning to work ever since Adam was chased out of the Garden of Paradise. It's about time they could do something worth while. Each new lot of men should know as much as all the others—way back. Gee! What about the poor chaps at the end of the world. There will be so many things found out by then, so many new things to learn. It makes you ready to drop unconshis at the thort of all the books there'll be by then, and all the masheens and things to understand.

But the man—

I spoke to him, and he answered in a friendly tone. He seemed a very nice man. But again—never judge by appeerinsez.

He went on with his work while he talked to me.

I said: "How do you get the bangs of the hammer so regulilly? Think there was a clock inside you."

He larfed.

"Oh, just like this," he said.

But he missed, and the hammer came whaick on his thum. The langwidge that man used was orful. I am sure my hair stood up strait on my head, and my head must have looked like mum's scrubbing brush—only red.

"Clear out, you——!" (I will not write what he called me.) "Coming here, putting a man out of his stride. Clear out before I bring this — hammer down on your — red head!"

He looked as if he ment to put his thret into eckerquishin. So I flew. I looked back. He had his thum in his mouth (I was glad; it would stop his swearing.), and was moving his feet up and down as if he were marking time on the drill line. I was very sorry for him (altho he had used such bad langwidge.), and wished I could have done something to eese his pain. But I was afraid to return. I told my parints. My farther larfed. My mother was sorry for the man, but advised me not to talk to strange men. It is good advice. You never know which ones are good and which swear.

I said a prayer for the man. That is all I could do to make up to him for the pain I had caused him and for the sins he had put upon his soul threw me. I made reparashin (at my visit) for the bad words he had used.

Thirsday.

Croftie showed us a good trick to-day. You fill a can with water and then swing it round your head and the water will not spill. True. It won't. Try it.

We all had a go. There was an old billy-can in the drink shed—the plumber left it. (My father said he will come back for it when he gets his next job.) It was great fun.

The girls stood in a ring round us. They were charmed by this clever eckerbishin.

Of course it had to be my turn!

I was just swinging a treet—a real bute—when Sister Pawl must come out on the verander. She hates us to play with water. She hates the waste of water. I think she must have lived in a desert, or somewhere where there was a seventy years' drowt. My mother is like it, too. She hates me to waste any water. She said that when she was a little girl her mother had to pay a shilling for a bucket of water, and it was not very clear water either. They had to boil it before they could drink it. She said water is a precious gift of God. So it is. I know it is. I know we would all perrish without water.

Sister Pawl and my mother go mad on you if you leave a tap dripping.

Well—Sister Pawl comes out, just when I was whirling the can round like a wheel of fire around my head—the old can was flashing in the sun like fire. The girls were watching with their mouths open. Dacey looked green with envy.

"Mickie's the best."

"Mickie's the best."

"Mickie wins!"

"Mickie is keeping on longest, and he's quickest."



META MEAGHER, RAKAIA, N.Z., WHO DIED RECENTLY, WAS A MODEL LITTLE MISSIONARY. MAY HER SOUL REST IN PEACE.

"Three cheers for Mickie."

The girls were all calling out, and I was feeling very wonderful and clever. You do if the girls cheer for you—altho they are the silliest things under the sun, you like them to think you are strong, and that you can do wonderful things. I felt I was a night at the toornamint.

Sister Pawl must clap just then. Everyone looked round. Someone bumped my elbow. (Bet it was Dacey, and that he did it on perpose.)

The water came all over me.

Didn't they all laugh at me. I believe Sister Pawl larfed, two. I am not sure. She went inside very quickly. I could not say for sartin that she larfed. I was so surprized when the water came over me that I was, perhaps, partly dazed. I fancied I saw Sister Pawl larfing as she hurried in from the verander. It may have been an optickle der-luzgin.

My head was wet, and it looks orful when it's wet—my mother says so. It was all down in red tails on my forrid. Now if your mother says you look orful, you must look a feerful site. My father says so. He said that Love is blind, but that a mother's love is the blindest of all. So you may beleeve me (I don't know weather it is "ei" or "ie" now, so I'll put dubble "e"; it should be dubble "e," anyhow.) that I did look a site. It would be no wunder if Sister Pawl larfed. It would be a wunder if she did not. I'd like to no for sartin if she did, but I suppose I never will no.

One good thing.

I had not to go into class. My coat was put in the Convent kitchen to dry. Sister Zita gave me a towil to dry my hair. I sat in the kitchen with Sister Zita. I like Sister Zita. I peeled some potatoes for her. She told me stories about her little brothers in Ireland long ago. One was named Mickie. She gave me a cup of coco and some bread and butter.

So the Billy Can epersoad ended hapily.

I told my father about it. I tell him everything. It's best. It makes you feel free if your parints know all about you. Anyhow, some mean cow would tell on you if you did not.

My father larfed immoderitly. He said: "Pride goes before a fall always, Horris, my boy."

"Did you ever do it?"

"I did. But mine was worse."

"How could it?" I said, thinking my father was boasting just to beat my reckord.

"There was milk in my can," grinned my father, "and my mother



The Seven O'Clock Brigade

I'VE seen the armies marching
With brightly flashing steel,
I've seen their waving banners,
I've heard their trumpets peal;
But there's a sight more stirring
Than all their proud parade;
I wonder if you've seen it—
The Seven O'Clock Brigade.

On dark days, rainy days, bright
days, blowy days,
Hear the marching footsteps as the
night's shadows fade.
Down the steps and up the street,
hear the eager, hurrying feet.
Within an hour they've won the day,
the Seven O'Clock Brigade!

They form no ranks or columns,
In ones and twos they pass;
But they're in step with angels
Along the way to Mass.
They sound no horns or bugles,
They wear no golden braid;
They're fighters, though, and win-
ners,
The Seven O'Clock Brigade.

Their eyes are ofttn heavy,
You'll even see them yawn.
(The urge was strong to murder
That noisy clock at dawn!)
That chill, grey, sleepy moment
Wherein the choice is made
Is when they win their battles,
The Seven O'Clock Brigade.

The world takes little notice
Of these, the fine and few,
Who keep before the altar
A daily rendez-vous.
But in the end you'll see them
Most gloriously arrayed,
God's morning guard of honour,
His Seven O'Clock Brigade.

On dark days, rainy days, bright
days, blowy days,
Hear the marching footsteps as the
night's shadows fade.
Down the steps and up the street,
hear the eager, hurrying feet.
Within an hour they've won the day,
the Seven O'Clock Brigade!

—Nanky Poo.

was waiting for it for afternoon tea for her visiter. Well I remember the day."

"Did you get into trubble?"

"I did; and I deserved it."

"Were you showing off before other children?"

"Yes. I thort I was the cleverest boy in Australia; I was the sorriest a little later."

"Dad," I said, in a voice that trembled, "I think Sister Pawl larfed."

"I'm sure she did," he said.

It gave me a queer sensashin to think Sister Pawl larfed. As if it were a sin to think she could larf; as if it were my forlt that she did larf.

If she has taken a vow never to larf, I hope she won't go and blame me on the Last Day. I didn't mean to make her larf. I'll put the blame on to Dacey. I bet it was he bumped my elbo.

It will be funny going to school to-morrow. When I see Sister Pawl I'll be wondering if she larfed. And I'll be wondering if she is blaming me for making her do it. I'd like to appollergize. But I don't know how to start it. If I said: "Sister, I'm sorry I made you larf."

She might say: "Michael Daly, I never larfed in my life. I am never going to."

I'll have to leave it alone. Another mistery to be solved on the Last Day.

Munday.

A quite day—no trials or trubbles. All went well. We got out of our dictashin lesson because Father Dale came over to give us an instruckshin on the Mass. He has a big roll of pictures, each picture showing an action of the priest at Mass. The priest cannot change any action; cannot put one in or take one out; he cannot change any words. It must be all as it is set down. Father Dale got as far as the Epistle to-day. Next Munday we will have another instruckshin—every Munday for four weeks. I hope Father Dale picks dictashin time each Munday.

I did not know that the congrigashin should pray for the priest when he kneels at the foot of the altar at the beginning of Mass. You should. Fr. Dale said so. You should pray to God to forgive him his sins and make him worthy to offer the Mass. When he goes up and kisses the altar, too, and at the Kyrie. Father Dale said that Catholics do not pray enough for their priests. They pray for everyone else, but leave the poor priests out of it. They say: "Oh, the

(Continued on page 32.)

MICKIE DALY'S DIARY

(Continued from page 30.)

priests are good; they don't want prayers." Father Dale said this is very wrong of them. Their duty is to pray for their own priest, and for all the priests of the world. Priests are human, and need prayers, he said. Now, I am sure Father Dale has no sins. But it is this way—Priests are God's special friends and favourites, and therefore He expects them to be a million times better than ordinary people. Saint John was Our Lord's favourite. Now, if St. John did the tiniest thing that was dis-loyal, Our Lord would be hurt very much. It must be like that. I have always prayed for Father Dale, ever since I could speak. When my mother used teach me my prayers, she used tell me to say: "God bless Father Dale." I have always remembered to pray for him—since I got big—at Mass and at Holy Communion, and when I make a visit. But I didn't do it because I thought he was in need of prayers. I did it because I wanted God to send him lots of beautiful blessings. Ever since I became a "Far East" L.M. I have prayed for the priests at St. Columban's, and, since Dr. Cleary wrote to me, I put him in, too. You see, I like the three of

them, and I cannot do anything for them to prove it, so I just ask God to do it for me. I suppose asking for blessings for them is the same as asking to help them, because Father Dale said they are all human, and need prayers. It's all the same. Blessings are graces, and grace helps you to keep good.

Father Dale did not say anything about praying for the nuns. I am sure nuns do not need prayers. I am quite sure Sister Pawl is not human. So I'll konsintrate on praying for priests. The nuns can look after themselves, all right. I bet Sister Pawl can. They have not to do the hard things the priests have.

(To be Continued.)

PRIZE WINNERS IN NOREEN'S OCTOBER COMPETITION.

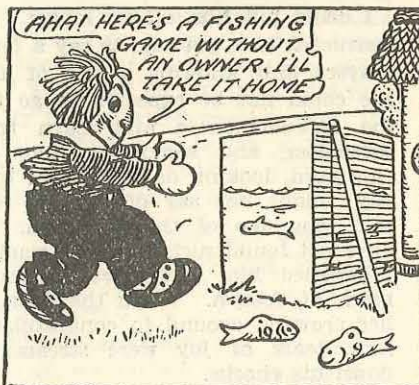
1. Peter Nichols, Gisborne, N.Z.
2. Mary Sheridan, Wellington, N.S.W.
3. Aileen Crothers, Northampton, W.A.

Commended:

Evelyn Ostini, Bernadette Matthews, Nancy Carter, Bernie McGrath, Jack Wilson, John Kirby, Mary Guthrie, Jean Barberler, Rita Carey, James Sheehan, Willie Howard, Gerard Keady.



SOME WELL-BALANCED PUPILS OF THE HANYANG SISTERS' SCHOOL.



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 December 26. She will give prizes for best efforts.

Address:—

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