

OUR BREAK-UP CONCERT.

WE'RE going to have a play,
We're practising every day,
I'm to wear a gold crown
And a long purple gown,
And I've hard, big words to say.

Pudsy's a Christian slave,
Found saying his prayers in a cave,
I take a deep breath
And condemn him to death,
And call him some kind of knave.

Rosemary Casey in white,
Comes in as the angel of light.
She has silvery wings,
But I think, while she sings,
How she pulled Kitty's hair in a fight!

Tony's a bishop who'll say
Why I ought to turn Christian to-day.
Though, of course, I know well
What he's trying to tell,
I must stay very dense in the play.

To courtiers, guards and police
I give orders for Pudsy's release.
His hair has turned grey,
But I won't face that way,
Or we'll laugh when he's speaking his piece.

Pudsy says it's a sin
How Rosemary Casey butts in.
"But for her and her light,
I'd be martyred all right,
And think of the glory I'd win!"

I die in a banquet hall,
With arrows and things on the wall;
But before I fall flat,
I'm converted, and that
Means the curtain is now to fall.

The scenery's fixed with glue.
Sister was painting it, too,
When out Pudsy ran
And fell over the can—
His martyrdom nearly came true.

We're mad for the programme to start;
I'm always rehearsing my part.
When our folk see this play,
They'll be able to say
"We know it already by heart!"
—Nanky Poo.

"IN THAT ORDER."

My husband is a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and takes Catholic papers to the hospital, so that "The Far East" gets an additional opportunity of bringing its message to some poor invalid. I must say that I simply could not live without Mickie Daly and "The Masterful Monk," and I mention them in that order.—Mrs. M., N.Z.

MICKIE DALY'S DIARY.

By ————— MIRIAM AGATHA

Munday.

Those Butlers perserkute me. They pass most personal remarks. Red hair is as good as black or white or yellow. It covers and protects the head, and that is what nachure intended. Culler does not matter. My mother said, that only fine, good skin will freckil, and that if I lived in Ireland, or some other cold country, I would have a butiful complexshin. If my mother heard the insulting



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things the Butlers say about my appeerince, I belceve she would go down and complane them to the Brothers. My father would laugh. But not my mother. I could not stand her going to complane. So I don't tell her all they say. They would not win a Buty Competishin, anyhow. My grandfather said, that even in his days, the Butlers of Ormond were the hansumest men in Ireland. The Butlers of Australia are not this branch of the family, anyhow.

Tom Butler, of Naremburn, N.S.W., is all right. I bet he would not throw off at me. But these hounds—

There jokes are flat and stale, too. To-day one said to the other: "Oh —Daly's face is not too bad. You get used to it. It grows on you."

"Glad it did not grow on me," the other Butler said.

"Old as the hills! Flat as a bussted tire!" I yelled, and ran for my life from my ancesstril enemies. My father told me that joke. He heard it 20 years ago.

I'd like to go to the Brothers' School, but I hope the Butlers will be gone on to the universitee or somewhere, when I do. It's hard to put up with people. Suppose I make it hard for others. Sometimes I hope I do. That's revenge, and a very wicked thing. I must try to overcome it. You must try to love your neighbour—no matter who he is or what he does.

I have to try to wish well to the Daceys and the Butlers. I know we are all God's people, and should be like brothers. You should pray to be charitibble in words and ackshins, and even in thorts. You are not allowed even to think uncharitibbly. There is a saying: "You can't get touched for thinking." It is not true. You can.

God reads our thorts, and when they are uncharitibble he punishes us for them. Of course, you are not expected to run after people you don't like (only saints do that). You need not go out of your way to meet them and fall on there necks and kiss them. Oh, no. You are wise to keep away from them. But you must wish them well, and when you do meet them you must be kind and payshint.

I'll try.

Chewsday.

How do you like this?—

**Tell the truth and shame the devil;
Live your life upon the level.**

I don't know if it's good potree. It's a good mottoe anyway.

Shakespeare wrote about all the world is a stage, and all the people taking parts—like in a play. Our first part is being a baby, and the last part is being old and feeble. We can all see those around us playing there part in this hewje play, but we cannot understand there ackshins. We judge them by what we see. We

do not know what is in the mind or the heart of others. We do not know what training they have had for there part. We must not think we do our part better than they do there, because we don't really know. God knows.

I wrote a poun about this. I think it is rather good.

**Men see my face;
God sees my heart:
God give me grace
To play my part.**

Wensday.

My father told me that George Bernid Shore said that English spelling is ridickulus. "Who is George Bernid Shore?" I asked my father. He told me that he is a clever, con-seated old man that likes to say things to surprise people and make them talk about him. I knew at once that my father has no admirashin for this man. I have. I have plenty of time and admirashin for any man who owns up that English spelling is ridickulus.

My father went on to tell me that over in London at a Counsill called the Welfare and Youth Counsill of the Presberteerein Church of England, some clever man named Dr. England, was lamentting that girls wrote novels and acheeved real fame, but that these writers could not spell. (I do it myself. I achieve fame, and I cannot spell. What matter? The book's the thing—not the spelling.) Mr. Shore was asked about it, and he said spelling is ridickulus. He's rite. I'm with him. I bet Sister Pawl would be on the side of the Presberteereins. It would not be a sin in this case. There would be no herissy about it. Spelling has nothing to do with religion. My father said that herrer ticks speak Latin wrongly. That Oxford Latin is different to the Church Latin. They do it on perpose, I suppose. Just to keep on protessting about something.

I was astonished and delited to find that in London there is a Society called the Simplified Spelling Society. I copied this from my father's paper. At first I thort my father was having a joke about it, just to tease me. But it is true. I read it with my own eyes. Sir George Hunter is the chairman. I should belong to this Society. If I were a rich boy I would have a radio talk with Sir George, or at least send him a cable, assurhing him of my admirashin and support. He said—again I copy from my father's paper: "There are many politicians and parsons who cannot spell. And no wonder, for our system is so absurd and difficult, and such an impediment to education and the adoption of English as a

BOTTLED WEALTH.

"Please find enclosed the sum of 2/- for the Mission. I collected bottles and sold them, and that is all I could get."—V. Connell, Vic.

second world language, that I cannot conceive how we can possibly refrain much longer from simplifying it." George Bernid Shore agreed, and said spelling is ridickulus.

I hope they won't refrain much longer, but will make it simple and sensible very soon.

Hoo-Ray! Hoo-jolly-ray! I won't get 12 mistakes in dictashin then.

Thirsday.

Ding Dong Bell has not prowduced a letter from Father McGoldrick to his cozin, yet. He says his cozin will not let him touch his letters. He reckins that his mother



MERLE CLAIR GUTHRIE, GIRRAL, N.S.W.

said that his cozin's mother told her that she thinks her son—that's Ding Dong's cozin—has thorts of being a priest. More skite, I suppose. Even if the letters are privit, he could bring an envillope. I did. And I showed the top line of the letter. **My dear Mickie.** Couldn't he do that? Wouldn't his cozin let him show that much? (My father says it should be **thus** much. I don't think it should—thus much, sounds like a German or some other for-riner speaking English.)

Fryday.

My father told me that there is an old blackfellow up in the Northern Territry, and he's sick and says he cannot get better. He must die, because his enemy is making up songs about him and singing him to death. Now what do you know about that? It's like a "Poet's Miracle." (That's spelt correctkly. I got it out of the book.)

The black poets must be like the pagin poets in Ireland, senshuries ago. This proves that all the people spread from the same place, where the first men and women lived. My father says some tribes went through Europe. That's where the Irish come in. On the way up through the cold lands they kept white, and some of them, unfor-chinitely, developed red hair. Other tribes went thru Asia. That's where our blacks come in. On the way down thru the hot lands they became black. Our country got washed away from Asia, and so the blacks were by themselves. They had no boats. They did not get on in the world. Just stayed wild. Anyhow, the tribes knew about making up songs about their enemies and singing them to death. The Irish gave up the bad practise when they became Christian. The blacks kept it on because they are still pagins. Perhaps the blacks are the descendints of Cane. When Cane killed Abil they say he (Cane) turned black.

I think this is all very interesting about the blacks and the poets. I told the boys about it. They larfed, and said: "You might be related to the abos, Daly, we are not." But, of course, they are. All people are related. They called me Professor Daly, and asked how were my black cozins up at the Daly River. They said I wrote such awful potree that it made a pore, old blackfellow die. There you are! That shows you what talk and rumirs do, and how truth is twisted and disstorted, and caurses many trubbles in this world.

My father told me not to take any notis of the boys. He says I give too much time to worrying about what people say and what they think of me. I must get over this habit.

He also said that there were men in England writing a new kind of potree that is enough to make any one sickin and die. He said the worst offender is an Irishman. I am sorry to hear this. Very sorry. Murray O'Daly would turn in his grave if he knew about it. So would all the old bards. Somehow, the whole world expects Irishmen to be moril, so my father says.

Sunday.

To-day I warned Dickie to pray about his futchure. The glamir of the concert stage is dazzling him. If he loses his vocayshin it will be all due to the Canary Lady. Women corse a lot of mischief in the world. I think I gave Dickie something to ponder on. He has promised to pray every day to know his vocayshin. Every boy and girl should.



IMPOSING FIRST COMMUNION CLASSES OF GIRLS AND (Below) BOYS FROM ST. BRIGID'S, NORTH FITZROY, VIC.

There is no use in saying "Oh! I'd like to be a mishin priest."

Girls sometimes say: "I'd love to be a nun." There is no good at all in talk. Girls need not think that being a nun means having a vale on and looking luvuly and saying prayers and walking up and down with rosary beads in there fingers. Being a nun means tons of hard work. Sister Allerwishes says so. I've heard her telling the girls.

Boys need not think you just go to a seminiry and get a sutan. Oh, no. Study and prayer, and doing what you are told are pretty tuff. You see the thing is—**not only what you think you would like, but what God wants you to be.** This is what you must pray for—to know what God wants you to do, to be. When you know what it is, you must go after it and stick to it, no matter what happens, or how hard it is.

I advise every girl and boy who reads this diery to pray every day

to know what God wants them to be. If you do, you can't go wrong. Don't say: "I'm going to be a nun." "I'm going to be a priest." Say: "I'm going to ask God to let me become just whatever He wants me to be. I don't care what it is—as long as it is what God wants." Sister Allerwishes told us this. If God wants you to do something that seems very dull and not important, you should be as pleased to do it as if He wanted you to be a King or a Cardinal, a saint or a martyr. Sister says when we reach Heaven we will find that in God's Plan every soul had an important part to take. It does not matter what it looked like from our side of the world. It is how it looked from God's side of the Plan. We must pray to find our part in God's Plan.

I'll pray harder than ever. I won't ask to be a martir any more. I won't ask to go to Kiangsi just because Dr. Cleary is there. I won't

go mad because I have red hair. I'll just say—or try to say, and try to mean it—"Please, God, do with Mickie Daly just whatever You like. Put him wherever You like." I will ackcept everything. I must have another seerius talk with Dickie. If any of you think you have a vo-cayshin don't listen to anyone who tries to put you off. Just pray hard and stick to it. Don't talk much. Pray more than talk; and work like a slave at your books at book time. Have plenty of fun when it's the time for it. Eat plenty to grow strong; but don't be a glutton. At every meal do a little act of mortiffacayshin of the appertite. Leave a spoonful of the pudding you like best. Do without salt sometimes, or sugar sometimes. Do some little thing at every meal, and you will never be a glutton. Greedy girls and greedy boys never become priests or nuns. Never.

(To be continued.)

