

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"GO AHEAD!"

"Go ahead." This phrase is almost as much used as "Hurry Up" in the America of today. Only the first is unmistakably a man's expression; few women use it. It is "Go ahead" in business, or the professions, or in amusements, or whatever the persons are engaged in. Every one wishes them to go ahead. It's an inspiring phrase, and one that has helped many people, particularly when they had arrived at a point of the road of life where seemingly insurmountable difficulties beset them. It is then the cheery "Go ahead" of a friend, and the helping hand stretched out, and with a bound, the jump is often made that leads to success.

The "Go ahead" phrase was intended, it would seem only for the weak, the shrinking, the people who require a helping hand—yet at times the strong require these encouraging words as much as their weaker brothers. To the man embarking in business and from whom the future is hidden, how sweet the words are, when coming from a friend, "Try it, old fellow, go ahead; I'll help you." What courage it inspires to do and dare on the chance of coming out the victor.

And yet there are a great many men to-day who haven't time to say these encouraging words to a brother—at least they say they haven't time which is quite another matter. Everybody has time to say a kindly word of encouragement or to do a kind act for a fellow creature, if he but will it. It's all nonsense, that saying "I haven't time"—when it comes their way to be kind and true—they have so much time for other things—things not half so essential, that this is a poor excuse under which to hide their selfishness.

The prosperous merchant of the selfish class, when the poor man approaches him somewhat timidly to ask a favor, generally replies, "I haven't time; come to me when I am not busy"—and the poor man takes him at his word and calls again and again until at last the truth forces itself upon him that the rich man has no time to give to him, and that he is only wasting his own time in running after him.

If that selfish, prosperous merchant had only given a few minutes to his poorer brother to find out whether he was really worth wasting his time over, he might have helped him and said, "Go ahead, I see you have enough grit in you to succeed." But being selfish, he doesn't wish any person to succeed but himself. Of course, his attitude would have been very different if, instead of a poor man, a rich man had dropped in to ask his help to build "a refuge for stray dogs." That would be another matter entirely. He would have given his rich friend his whole attention, signed his name to a check of goodly proportions, and, likely as not, patting himself on the back—as the saying is—over his own generosity and shrewdness, simply because it brought him in closer contact with a man whom he could use in business later on if he wanted him.

Among the rich and the people who have at least a competency, the phrase "Go ahead," loses half its value and usefulness because it is merely a hackneyed expression made to supply a certain forced heartiness that they would wish the world to think they possessed. Of course, there are exceptions even among these men in both walks of life, men who do say these inspiring words to their poorer brothers—and mean them. But they are the exception, not the rule. It is among what might be called the poor people who have to work hard for a livelihood that it is said with a force which raises it to divine heights. The poor man hears his neighbor has a good job, but has not a decent suit of clothes to appear before his employer to make a respectable appearance.

He says, "Jack, take the loan of my Sunday best. Go ahead, old man and win—there are good times before you." And he won't hear the thanks that is heaped upon him as he shoves him out with his cheery "Go ahead."

That is the real meaning of the phrase, "Go ahead." It must have a kind action with it, to complete its worth. Empty words don't fill empty stomachs, and many a poor man has died of starvation who had to live on them. As a diet they are unsatisfactory in the highest degree, and God pity such sufferers, for they are filled with hot air—to use a colloquialism—and not the plain, wholesome diet they craved for.

There is one phase of the "Go ahead" slogan that might be imitated by thousands—nay hundreds of thousands. It is as a spiritual watchword. If a man goes ahead spiritually, there can be no one to cast reproach on him, for he does not merit it. The man who goes ahead spiritually, has a kind word and, if the occasion arises, is ready to do a good turn to his neighbor. His "Go ahead" has the cheery ring which fills the heart with fresh hope and a desire to conquer in the battle of life.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Holy Name Society have many of these men enrolled under their banner of charity as well as the Knights of Columbus—the latter are generally members of both societies. But they have not half enough. There are too many selfish Catholic men in the ranks—too many who think only of their own particular selves and cannot make room for others—poor men who are struggling

along worn down with sorrow and trouble. But, being members of these societies these men are in the fair way of conquering their selfishness and going ahead spiritually to the goal of a heavenly reward.

What about our Catholic men who do not try to "go ahead spiritually," and won't join these bodies? I mean those who are so engrossed in trying to persuade their separated brethren in the business world that they are Catholics of course—they don't deny it—but not bigoted in a religious sense, and "don't believe in men being too religious; Mass on Sunday and perhaps on holidays is enough religion for them." This class of men will give a cheery "Go ahead" slogan to their Protestant brothers—which is but right—but charity begins at home, and mother Church requires the strong arms and the strong hearts of her sons to-day as she never required them before—particularly in the world of business. "Help one another," should be our Catholic men's slogan, and the "Go ahead, brother," should be cheerily passed around from one end of America to another. It is only thus we shall conquer. The times are stormy. Mexico is not far away. Spiritual armor is needed amongst our Catholic men never more so than to-day, so "Go ahead brothers,"—Sheila Mahon in Brooklyn Tablet.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A BOYS TRIBUTE

Prettiest girl I've ever seen
Is Ma;
Lovelier than any queen
Is Ma.
Girls with curls go walking by,
Dainty, graceful, bold and shy,
But the one that takes my eye
Is Ma.

Every girl made into one
Is Ma.
Sweetest girl to look upon
Is Ma.
Seen 'em short and seen 'em tall,
Seen 'em big and seen 'em small,
But the finest one of all
Is Ma.

Best of all the girls on earth
Is Ma.
One that all the rest is worth
Is Ma.
Some have beauty, some have grace,
Some look nice in silk and lace,
But the one that takes first place
Is Ma.

Sweetest singer in the land
Is Ma.
She that has the softest hand
Is Ma.
Tenderest, gentlest nurse is she,
Full of fun as she can be,
An' the only girl for me
Is Ma.

But if there's an angel here
It's Ma.
If God has a sweetheart dear,
It's Ma.
Take the girls that artists draw,
An' all the girls I ever saw,
The only one without a flaw
Is Ma.

—EDGAR A. GUEST

MOTHER'S "JOB"

The mother of the family announced at the supper table that she was about to make an experiment—that she meant to take up work outside of her home.

"Just for a couple of weeks," she said, smiling at the consternation mirrored on the faces of her flock. "An old school friend of mine has opened a Red Cross station, and wants me to teach crocheting and sewing. That gives me the opportunity to have a salary all my own, and—think of it!—office hours, too."

That was all she said. After supper she arose, folded her napkin neatly and slipped into the library to glance at the evening newspaper. The dinner table depleted and disarranged, stood—stood.

Finally, Grace, mindful that the friend who meant to call on her was about due, began the task of clearing away the dinner dishes.

The mother of the family went to her room at about 10 o'clock. The dishes remained on the kitchen table—there were no plans for breakfast. "Have I some fresh lingerie?" she called out after a few minutes' silence.

And then again she asked hopefully, but without eliciting any response:

"Where are all my stockings—aren't they mended yet?" Grace looked at Anne, Anne glanced furtively at Grace. The boys' eyes met—they grinned.

But each remained silent. Upstairs dresser and chiffonier were being opened and shut in the bedroom of the mother of the family. "I can't find my cuff buttons!" she was heard to exclaim, tragically. "Here I've got to get up bright and early, and am expected down town at 8:30. Of course, I can't find anything!"

Two or three more appeals of similar tenor came from the bedroom, and then silence ensued.

In the morning there was the usual rush for the bathtub—but the door to the bathroom was locked, and the bath preempted.

"I'll be ready shortly!" said the mother of the family, sweetly, from the inside. "I'm just getting my hair in shape—it's dreadfully hard to do today, somehow, when I'm in a hurry! Is breakfast nearly ready?"

Every one gasped. Anne stole into the kitchen, Grace followed. There were the used dishes of the evening before, in untidy array, and no one had thought of starting breakfast.

Pretty soon the mother of the family came downstairs, all fresh

and smiling, ready for her new office hours.

"Breakfast not ready yet?" she said with a touch of petulance in her voice. "And I won't get any opportunity for lunch until twelve or one! I should think you might have considered that I'll have to be on time—you know how important it is! Do hurry with it!" she insisted. "For I can't wait all day!"

Awed, Grace and Anne hastily washed the dishes and searched the pantry for something that might be quickly prepared. In ten minutes there was a semblance of breakfast on the table.

"Is this all you've got?" asked the mother disdainfully. "I should think you might have had something I like for a change."

But she ate what was set before her, and, hastily pinning on her hat fled out the front door.

"And I wanted to bring company home to dinner!" sighed Anne, wringing out of her kitchen apron, and smoothing her hair hastily, ready to hurry off.

Just then one of the boys called from his room:

"Where is my—," he began and then followed silence, as if he, too, had suddenly remembered.

"Two weeks!" exclaimed Grace, tragically.

Tired and unexpected, they returned, wearily unlocking the door that night. Somebody was busily setting the table for supper. It was the mother of the family!

"Mother! You!" they exclaimed, "and what about your office hours?" "I've changed my mind," replied the mother, mysteriously—and no one has yet discovered whether she really had a job and tired of it, or whether she merely meant to drive home a needed lesson.—Exchange.

THE AUSTRALASIAN CHURCH

In an article welcoming Monsignor Ceretti, the Papal Delegate, to Australasia, the Tablet of New Zealand recalls the coming of the first priests to those Southern lands. "It is now more than a hundred years," says our esteemed contemporary, "since the long-drawn-out sufferings of Ireland allowed, according to the plans of Divine Providence, poor trembling bands of Irish exiles to creep from their cells and their hard taskmasters in order to carry the light of faith to these Southern lands. Their companions in exile were three priests. But if these first Catholic missionaries came to teach and console their poor flock, it was not owing to the wise and humane provision of the English Government, for they were branded as convicts for a supposed share in the so-called Irish Rebellion. One of these priests was almost immediately on arrival pardoned and returned to Ireland; the second was sent to Norfolk Island, while the third remained in Sydney. That 'poor, gentle, priestly convict' then represented the Church which today finds its representatives in a Hierarchy of thirty-six Archbishops and Bishops, and an Apostolic Delegate. His place is now occupied by seven Ecclesiastical Provinces—Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Tasmania, Perth, Brisbane, New Zealand; by twelve Apostolic Vicariates and Prefectures. The public worship of the Church is celebrated in 2,054 churches by 1,256 priests, and there are 679 Brothers of religious orders and 7,083 nuns. There are five ecclesiastical seminaries for the training of priests, 40 colleges for boys and 218 for girls, 189 superior day schools, 1,029 primary schools, and charitable institutions to the number of 116 for the orphans, the fallen, the aged, the sick and the dying. Over 150,000 children receive a Christian education in Catholic schools, and there is a Catholic population of 1,043,027. A century ago life stirred in the acorn, and the sapling pushed its slender head above the ground; now the great oak dominates the forest. Many a scar does the giant bear; fire has burned it and storms have twisted it; but year by year the sap rises beneath its healthy bark, the buds swell, the leaves unfold, the branches multiply, and the birds of the air find shelter in its boughs."

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Give me the heart that is honest and true;
Give me the smiles that true friendship engender,
Eyes that rob heaven of half of its blue,
Give me the cheery word, eerie word, dreary word
Breathed from the lips of an innocent child,
Asking a favor you cannot deny him,
Just a sweet creature of earth, undetected.

Watching the witching sweet curl of his lip there,
Watching the sparkle of fun in his eye;
Watching the warmth as his face is alighting—
Never a dawning more fair in the sky!
Watching him, loving him, proud of his cunning,
Knowing that he, too, is one of your own;
Perhaps you have just a wee rollicker like him,
Keeping the love and the light in your home.

—DR. JAMES HENDERSON in Canadian Freeman

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