

Our Boys and Girls...

ED. ED. AUNT BUSY.

This department is conducted solely in the interest of our girl and boy readers. Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the boys and girls who read this page, and to give them all the advice and help in her power. Write on one side of the paper only. Do not have letters too long. Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited. The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned. Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

LUCILE'S EASTER LILY.

(By Grace Strong.)

Lucile was a charming girl, but those who knew her best found a streak of selfishness in her which they regretted. Loving her they tried to expose her, by pointing out that circumstances had conspired to aid in its development. She had lost her mother early in life, and having only a father who spoiled and petted her while a child, and gave her all his time and money when she was young. She knew nothing of the duties and responsibilities of life. In the practice of her religion she lived strictly by the letter, and missed entirely the spirit of its teaching.

If only something would happen, her friends thought, to rouse her good heart sufficiently to break the ever-hardening crust of selfishness, Lucile would not be only more lovable, but happier. She was given to bewailing the loneliness of her life, without a mother, and sisters or brothers; and this complaining spirit was increasing as she grew older. Selfishness and melancholy are undesirable life-companions. They are more powerful in driving off friends than poverty and affliction.

When Lent began this year, Lucile, as usual, was one of its strictest observers. She sought no dispensation from the flesh, the weather was never so inclement to prevent her from attending the morning and evening services; and all social pleasures were rigorously avoided. The one diversion she permitted herself was inspection of the shops; but that she felt was somewhat of a duty, for one owed it to others as well as to oneself to appear in new garb on the feast of the Resurrection.

A careful study of new styles and new materials, and many an earnest conversation with her dressmaker, had resulted in a selection of gown and hat that promised to be among the most beautiful of the season. This morning Lucile had received her allowance from her father. In view of the change of seasons it had been made more liberal than usual, but as he gave it to her, he said a word of advice as to care in its expending, since times were still hard.

Lucile drank her coffee and ate her regulation slice of thin bread; then hurried off to the half-past six o'clock Mass. As she prayed, she tried to drive off the distracting thought of the pleasure ahead of her, when the sharp scissors of the clerk would give to her the dainty material she had selected, and the charming hat she had induced the milliner to set aside for her, would repose in her own wardrobe.

After carefully performing her devotions, Lucile left the church. She proceeded leisurely along the street. The day was fair, with the hint of spring in the mellow sunshine. The sparrows appreciated this, and their twitter was gay. The homeless dog curled up against the wall where the sun fell, looked supremely contented. The poor human strays also looked less desolate, as they walked aimlessly along, or stood on street corners watching the hurrying crowds of the world's workers—the men who had found the places which the others had missed.

Lucile thought the city was exceedingly pleasant that morning, for we are apt to view the world through the spectacles of our own mood. As she was thus sauntering along, she heard a piping voice at her side saying:

"Please lead me across the street."

Lucile turned her head, and saw a fragile little girl standing near the electric light pole. Dark, pathetic eyes were set in a pale, but pretty face. An old thin shawl covered the thin form, hiding the patched and faded calico dress.

"You are big enough to cross the street by yourself," said Lucile, who had rigid notions regarding the instillation of self-reliance in the hearts of the young.

"But I am blind," said the little girl, sadly. "Oh! forgive me!" cried Lucile, with swift sorrow, as she hurried to the child's side. She took the child's little hand in hers, and led her across the street; while the thought beat against her brain that all the fairness of the day was lost to this helpless creature.

They reached the opposite side, but Lucile did not relinquish the child's hand.

"Were you always blind?" asked Lucile.

"No, ma'am," said the child. "I could see until about two years ago. The doctor says I could see again, if I could go to the hospital."

"And why do you not?" asked Lucile.

"Why, you see, ma'am," said the child, turning her pathetic little face toward the speaker, "there is no one to work but mother. She has to go out every day and I have to stay with the baby."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Lucile, "that there is no neighbor who would take care of the baby for your mother?"

"No, ma'am," said the child.

"What selfish people!" she cried, her heart burning with indignation. "Even when they know they are depriving you of your eye-sight!"

"Mother says people have troubles enough of their own and do not want to have to share other's troubles," said the child. "But, oh! I wish I could see! I could be so much help to mother. She has to work so hard, and she is not strong and she says if anything were to happen to her, she does not know what would become of me and little brother."

"Unconsciously the child was leading Lucile into the swatched tenement district where she lived. Presently she stopped, and said:

"I am now home, ma'am, and I am much obliged to you for coming with me."

"I would like to go in and see your mother," said Lucile. The delighted child escorted her to the dark stairway and together they mounted the steps. The poverty, the distress of the situation overwhelmed Lucile. How could people live in such places! The air seemed to stifle her, and she felt as if she should never free her clothes of the dirt that covered the place. The child's mother, in the patient way of the poor, repeated the story Lucile had earlier heard; and when she looked from the sad, delicate mother to the fragile, pathetic child, Lucile's good heart took on strength sufficient to burst its bonds of selfishness.

In her purse lay money enough to free the child from this perpetual night, and lift the burden somewhat from the shoulders of the poor mother. But to do so meant the sacrifice of her spring outfit, meant the wearing on Easter Sunday and many a following Sunday of last year's hat. But the reflection did not cause her a moment's hesitation.

"Get the little girl ready, Mrs. Mays," she said. "She must go immediately to the hospital. These beautiful eyes must not be sacrificed because of a few dollars."

Lucile, once engaged in a good cause, did not

stop half-way. After seeing the little girl in the hospital, and promising to return in the morning to be with her during the operation, she went back to the mother. Mrs. Mays told her story. Her husband was dead. She had been well trained in housework, but, on account of the children she could not take a place as housekeeper or cook; and had to earn her livelihood by cleaning during the day and washing.

Lucile thought of the inefficient service she was receiving from her ill-trained cook and maid, and she resolved to give this woman, whom none wanted on account of her children, a chance. There was plenty of room, she reflected, in the house for the children, and their presence would brighten its loneliness. So she engaged the surprised Mrs. Mays to come as soon as her cook's month was up; and then with the blessings of the widow showered upon her, Lucile hurried away.

Little Lillian Mays had not kept silent regarding Lucile's goodness, and the physicians and nurses were kindly disposed toward her and came to look forward to her daily visits to her protegee. Among the former was one who was especially impressed by Lillian's story and the oftener young Dr. Lawton saw Lucile, the greater became his admiration for her.

The operation was successful, and one joyous day, it was announced that the bandages might be removed on Easter Sunday. During Holy Week Mrs. Mays entered Lucile's service, and in the course of a few days, preparations began to be made for the coming of Little Lillian.

"Where, Lucile, did you get the money to do all this?" asked Lucile's father, as they walked home, arm-in-arm, from the early Mass on Easter morning.

"You dear old daddy!" cried Lucile, "I think you need an operation on your eyes, too! Don't you recognize this hat and gown and don't you remember this is Easter Sunday?"

"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed, "you gave up your spring outfit! My sweet, unselfish daughter! How like your mother in all things!"

"Oh, no, daddy!" she cried. "I was a selfish girl until God led me that morning to meet blind Lillian. She was not only the one who gained sight, I have learned that observance is the mere shell of religion, and service for others its fruit. Oh! there is the carriage! Lillian has come home. Daddy, I have invited Dr. Lawton to take breakfast with us. He was very good to my little girl."

In the library Dr. Lawton and Lillian were waiting for them.

"Call Mrs. Mays and tell her to bring the baby," said Lucile to the maid. "I have a surprise for Lillian," she said, in a low voice to Dr. Lawton. "Her mother is keeping house for us now."

Trembling with emotion, Mrs. Mays came in, and then the bandages were removed.

"Oh, mother, I see you!" cried Lillian. "And little brother! O Miss Lucile!" and she threw her arms around the young woman's neck. "I knew you were lovely before I saw you."

"And here is Dr. Lawton!" cried Lucile, who was crying and laughing at the same time.

Afterward, the bandages were put on and leaving Lillian with her little brother in the library, Lucile and her father, with their guest, went out to breakfast.

That was the beginning of Dr. Lawton's visits to the old home, and when the next Easter rolled around Lucile walked between her husband and father to the late Mass at St. X—, and on this occasion she was not wearing her winter hat and gown.

AN EASTER LILY.

(Dr. William J. Fischer.)

She grew, and God's smile kissed her face,
And filled her pure, young soul with grace;
And good Saint Anne—the mother fair—
Upon her lips a gentle prayer,
Folded her child in sweet embrace,
And when star legions filled the skies,
Sang: "Lily mine! Come, close thine eyes!"

In Bethlehem's stall, a Lily glows—
It smiles upon an opening Rose;
And shepherd-stars night's high peaks climb,
And angels carol forth sublime.
While midnight shadows, silent, still,
Creep swift around glad Judea's hill.

On Calvary's mount, a faded Rose,
Its blood-stained petals does disclose;
And tear-kissed, 'neath the sacred Cross,
The Lily weeps—a lover's loss—
And mourns upon its tender stem,
Love's death—the Rose of Bethlehem!

Good Friday's lights sad, mournful burn
But with the Easter gleams' return
They fade, the shades of fear and gloom—
A dead Rose blushes into bloom!
A Lily, with re-pure soul, brave,
Glow's sweet beside an empty grave.

OUR LADY'S EASTER.

The Gospel says nothing of the appearance of Our Lord to the Blessed Virgin on the first Easter morning; but neither does it describe His appearance to St. Peter, which we hear of only in the Acts of the Apostles.

There is a beautiful old Italian version of the legend, which describes Our Lady, who had kept all Christ's sayings in her heart, waiting in her chamber for the fulfillment of His promise: "After three days I will rise again." While she waited, longing and praying, came angels who knelt before her and sang the anthem Regina Cali, which is sung after Compline, and said instead of the Angelus by the Church during Paschal Time. While the angels sang, Christ, clothed in the white garment of victory, stood in His risen glory before His Blessed Mother. And she worshipped Him, and thanked Him for having deigned to make her the instrument of redemption.—Ave Maria.

CATCHING THE TEACHER.

A young teacher who had a good opinion of his ability to catch the pupils tripping was conducting an oral examination. Calling on the "smart boy" of the class, he asked:

"How many sides has a square?"

"Four."

"And a hexagon?"

"Six."

"And an octagon?"

"Eight."

"And a circle?"

"Two, sir."

"What!" exclaimed the examiner, delighted at the boy's apparent error.

"Yes, sir, two—inside and outside."

AN ALPINE CUSTOM.

In some of the Alpine districts of Piedmont and Savoy, in which the entire population consists of shepherds dwelling in scattered habitations, a beautiful and reverent custom still prevails. As the shades of evening are closing in on the valley, and only the crests of the mountain ridges remain lighted by the last rays of the departing sun, the shepherd whose dwelling is situated highest on the mountain side takes his Alpen-horn, and using it as a speaking trumpet, cries to the valley below—

"Praise God the Lord." Each of the neighboring shepherds takes up the cry in turn as it reaches

them, and thus for a space of about a quarter of an hour the quiet Alpine glen echoes from side to side with the solemn cry of "Praise the Lord," until the reiterated call dies away in the far distance.

CANONICAL BOOKS.

Continued from Page 1.

Jews, and of the Christian Church, attributes the Book of Proverbs to Solomon, whose name appears at the head and in the body of the Book. In the third Book of Kings we read that King Solomon had composed three thousand parables.

Ecclesiastes means preacher, because the book preaches against the folly of all earthly things, and exalts, in glorious terms, the happiness of a saintly life. The author styles himself in the opening words, the son of David, and King of Jerusalem, hence it is considered to be the work of Solomon, in fact, many passages have no bearing unless applied to this prince. The "Canticle of Canticles," the Hebrews having no word to express the superlative degree, were wont to repeat the same word to give greater force to the idea. Hence the "Canticle of Canticles" means the most excellent of all canticles. It is a poetical description of the love of a bridegroom for his bride. It is a canticle and a hymn of joy, wherein the author, thought to be Solomon, celebrates, in a figurative sense, the happy union of Christ and His Spouse; Union begun here by love; to be eternal in Heaven. The Spouse of Christ is the Church, more especially as to the happiest part thereof, viz.:—perfect souls, every one of whom is His beloved, but, above all others, the immaculate and ever blessed Virgin Mother Mary. In olden times it was forbidden among the Jews to those who were under the age of thirty years.

The Book of Wisdom has, for object, as the name clearly indicates, the science and practice of wisdom. Written in the person of Solomon, it contains his sentiments, but the real author is uncertain. Some will have it that it was written in Greek about the time of the Septuagint by a holy person filled with the literature and eloquence of Greece, but whose name is unknown. The last of the doctrinal books of the Old Testament is that of Ecclesiastes, thus called from a Greek word which signifies a preacher. The other doctrinal books are those of Job—the Psalms, the Proverbs, the books of Ecclesiastes, and that of Wisdom.

Ecclesiastes, like an excellent preacher, gives admirable lessons of all virtues. The author was Jesus, the son of Sirach of Jerusalem, who flourished about two hundred years before Christ. As it was written after the time of Esdras, it is not in the Jewish canon. The Catholic Church, directed by the spirit of God, and instructed by apostolical tradition, received it as canonical and divine. It was first written in Hebrew, and afterwards translated into Greek by another Jesus, the grandson of the author, to whom we are indebted for the Prologue to the Book of Ecclesiastes. The Prophetic Books comprise the four great Prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel, and the twelve lesser prophets, as Jonas, Habacuc, etc.

Like the Greater, the Minor Prophets sought to strengthen the faith of the people in one only God, to inspire a horror of idolatry and superstition, and to instruct the people to cherish virtue.

All the Prophets wrote in ancient Hebrew, except, perhaps, Daniel and Baruch, who are supposed to have written in modern Hebrew or in Chaldean. The first and second Book of Machabees, which end the Old Testament, contain the history of the tribulations of God's chosen people, and of their glorious combats against the Assyrian kings, two centuries before the coming of Christ. Fighting under the command of the priest Mathathias and his sons, called the Machabees, in defense of their religion and country, they were visibly helped by the Almighty. After several defeats they routed the Pagans, and freed Judea from the yoke of the stranger. Their successors degenerated, quarrelled among themselves, till the Romans found occasion to interfere. Jerusalem and its temple were besieged and pillaged thirty-seven years before Christ, by the Romans, who made Herod, an Idumean, King of Judea. Though not received by the Jews, the Church has declared the Books of the Machabees authentic and canonical in her two general councils of Florence and Trent.

The historical Books of the New Testament are the Four Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles. The Doctrinal Books are the twenty-one Epistles, including fourteen from the pen of St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles. The Prophetic Book, often called the Book of Revelations, is the Apocalypse of St. John. It was inserted in the canon of Scripture in the year 377, by the third Council of Carthage.

The writers of the Four Gospels are called "The Four Evangelists." Saints Matthew and John were also Apostles. St. Mark was a companion of St. Peter, St. Luke accompanied St. Paul in his apostolic journeys. The Gospel of St. Matthew was written in Hebrew, for the benefit of the Jews of Palestine. It shows how the prophecies of the Old Testament were literally fulfilled in the person of Christ Jesus, who clearly proved Himself to be the long-promised Messiah.

St. Mark wrote for the Christians of Rome, and proves to a demonstration the Divinity of Jesus Christ, whom he proclaims and shows to be the Son of God. St. Luke wrote for a distinguished Roman citizen named Theophilus, whom he would instruct in the life and doctrine of our Blessed Redeemer. St. Luke furnishes us with many details about the life of our Blessed Lady, and many parables not given by the other Evangelists.

St. John was advanced in years when he wrote his Gospel, to prove, against the heretics of his time, that Jesus Christ is truly God. His beautiful Gospel contains the sayings of our Lord, from which His divinity is most abundantly proved.

St. Matthew wrote about the year forty of the Christian era. St. Mark and St. Luke some twenty-five years later. The Gospel of St. John was written about the year ninety. It was not till the second century that the Gospels were collected into one volume.

Our non-Catholic brethren, reading the list of books which the Catholic Church, having carefully followed the tradition of ages, recognizes as Divine, and which she has consequently inserted in her canon or special catalogue, called therefore, canonical, will see several books which are not to be found in their Bible. For instance, the First and Second Book of Esdras, and the Books of Machabees, which, in their version, are numbered amongst the Apocryphal. In some parts of the Bible they will find a verse, or several verses, which are omitted, both in the older version and in the Revised Version of the Anglican church. Why this is so, we need not stop to say. It is enough for us Catholics to know that neither the mightiest monarch nor the most powerful prelate, nor priest, nor any of the most influential bodies of priests or laymen, have received authority from God to add to or to detract one iota from His Inspired Word. It is enough to know, and to believe, that anyone who dared to do so were guilty of heinous crime.

It is enough to say that we accept, and we glory in accepting, the whole Bible. From the first chapter of the Book of Genesis to the last verse of the Apocalypse, we accept, and we glory in accepting, every book, every chapter, every verse. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever."—I. Pet., i. 25. Is it not written in the last chapter of the Inspired Pages, "I testify to everyone that heareth the

words of the prophecy of this Book. If any man shall add to these things, God shall add unto him the plagues written in this Book?"

"And if any man shall take away from the words of the Book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the Holy City, and from these things that are written in this Book."—Apoc. xxii., 18-20.

In the 36th Chapter of the Book of Jeremiah we read that, at the bidding of this great Prophet, Baruch, the son of Nerias "wrote from the mouth of Jeremiah all the words of the Lord which he spoke to him, upon the roll of a book." As Jeremiah was "shut up," he commanded Baruch to read the written word in the temple "in the hearing of all Judea," which he did. This having come to the knowledge of Joakim, the king, he sent for the book that it might be read to him. Finding that it contained denunciations unpalatable to himself, he took the book and "cut it with a pen-knife, and cast it upon the fire that was upon the hearth till the volume was consumed."—Jerem. xxxvi., 4-23.

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