

## The Resting-Place of Father Tom Burke.

Katharine Tynan in the Rosary.

Tallaght, the little village where the Irish novitiate of the Dominicans is situated, has been a place of ecclesiastical pretensions since St. Molan founded his monastery there in the eighth century. The monastery gave place to the castle, built for a bishop's palace by Alexander de Bicknor in 1324, and inhabited afterwards by several archbishops of Dublin, Catholic and Protestant. In time, what with sieges by the hill-tribes—for the Irish mountaineers were not minded to reverence any Englishman, even though he were archbishop—and the passage of years, the place became ruinous, till it was rebuilt by Archbishop Hoadley, the Protestant holder of the See of Dublin, in 1724. From that time it was used once more as archbishop's palace till 1821, when it fell in private hands, and so came gradually back to the ownership of Catholic monks. To day it has a fame apart from itself as the resting-place of the beloved Dominican, Father Tom Burke, who sleeps below a niche destined for a little mortuary chapel, within the walls of his own stately memorial church.

The novitiate at Tallaght is very beautifully situated. Dublin is four Irish miles away, but is brought to one's doors by the steam-train that runs through Tallaght. Yet despite the city's nearness, this is the heart of the country. It is a smiling country of pasture and corn-fields, ringed about with the most gracious and lovable hills in the world—Irish hills, undulating, misty, yesterday green and blue, like the splendors of the peacock, to-day with hints of scarlet through the brown, like a peasant's breast. There is no end to their varying; they will be so intense a blue one day that they make the senes ache with pleasure. Towards evening the high lights will be touched with pink; again, they will be a uniform grey-green, like a distant great wall of glass; or the pink and purple will flash through veils of silver, and diffuse a delicious rosy radiance over the whole lovely line.

The grounds of the Tallaght convent are dark with greenery, and silent, save for the songs of birds. It is difficult to realize in those arcades full of green light, by the shores of that pellucid strip of water where the swans float, and the water lion rears her brood in safety, that the city is so near, and that the village and the country-road bound the territory on three sides of it. If it were another garden than a monk's, and those monks novices, one might murmur over the Laureate's dreamy lines—

Not wholly in the busy world, or quite  
Beyond it, lies the garden that I love.  
News of the busy city comes to it  
In sound of funeral and marriage bell,  
And sitting, muffled in dark leaves, I hear  
The windy clanging of the monaster clock.

The bells of the city or the sounds of it have little enough interest for the hermit novices whom you shall see in their stalls at church, looking unearthly innocent and childlike in those white robes that are the most beautiful of any worn by the Church's many orders.

It was in 1821, as I have said, that the then Protestant Archbishop of Dublin decided that the revenues of his See did not permit of two residences for him. So the place was sold to a Major Palmer, with a curious provision that before it left his custody he should take the old palace, stone from stone, lest it should in time become a monkery. His foresight, if exercised generally, could have embarrassed a good many religious communities of Dublin, for it is wonderful how monks and nuns have found shelter in the town and country houses of Protestant prelates, who had no use for such mansions when the Parliament moved to London, and in the stately houses whose persecutors of

the faith planned their acts of repression against the contumacious Papists. Major Palmer faithfully adhered to his bargain, and in the destruction but one part of the old building survived—that is the square tower which belonged to the old castle, and is therefore very ancient. It is a tower like a keep, with many narrow eyes of windows looking from it. Time has clothed it kindly with ivy, and has made it a colony of birds. When Mr. Lontaigno took the place in 1846, he explored the tower and found many curious relics of the past within it. He repaired it, too, wherever it was weakened, and it now stands up strong and massive, its chambers undisturbed except for the bats and the birds.

Major Palmer, of the ruins of the palace, built a charming and homely house, which you are startled to find nestling behind the great convent when you go exploring in Tallaght. It is used now for such birds of passage as come and go, priests on a flying visit, or such like, and it has an enchanting prospect of green glades and cool water, and laurel hedge, twenty feet or more of noble height. On the lawns of this home-like house are the novices' tennis-courts, and when I was there a trio of handsome dogs were gambolling on the smooth grass, there was nothing of coldness or austerity.

The great house turns its coldest side to the world. The garden side, with its open windows framed in ivy, had much quiet and solemn beauty. The side all the world may see is austere conventual, with its long, high walls, pierced with gothic windows, and the huge chimney-stacks standing out prominently from the sloping roof. Over across the lawn, where are beds of flowers in the verdure, and a couple of purple mounds of pansies, crowned with statues of our Blessed Lady and St. Dominic, is the church, a beautiful building, severely simple, after the best models of ecclesiastical architecture. Before the church was built, Father Burke lay in a temporary grave, beneath the convent windows, there were always pilgrims there, and the grave was heaped with wreaths and crosses.

The church which is his monument is long, and not wide, divided midway by a rood-screen of carved oak, and lit by narrow, high lancet windows. It is the ideal of a community church, though the faithful are not forgotten in it. Beyond the rood-screen is the choir, with stalls and canopies of carved oak, rich and handsome. The beautiful altar of white marble is the gift of the Royal Irish Constabulary. About the altar is rich and decorative. The rosary makes a series of wall-paintings around the altar, and between the pictures there are finely-carved statues of Dominican saints. Behind the altar the three lancet windows are filled with stained glass, each window being a gift. The altar-lamp is a beautiful one of pierced brass. Some day I hope all the church windows will be of stained glass, for at present there is too much daylight. I would like to paint those grey walls with lilies, or apple boughs in blossom. I am sure bare walls were primarily designed as a background for fresco, and one sighs, surveying these, for the brush of a painter of old, who would patiently paint there spray after spray, and tenderly after tenderly, and praise God with every stroke of his brush, and having made the walls beautiful for God's sake, would die, and leave no echo of his name.

The rood-screen in the Dominicans' church is fine. We have not revived half enough this inspiration of the architects of long ago. I love the great brown screen, with the crucified Lord raised on high in sight of all sinners. There is nothing so noble in religion, or so beautiful in all the world, as the crucifix. Where it is no place can be lonely, and the barest wall is made beautiful by it. Yet one

goes into churches full of painted statues from Munich, and looks in vain for that one most tender and glorious emblem. You cannot multiply the crucifix sufficiently. I would have it everywhere—in our churches, on the walls of our homes, in our schools and hospitals, on our hearts and in our hearts—and I would that we might, as they do in foreign countries, set it up by our road-sides and at our street-corners. There is no sign in all the world so noble and simple, and none that so touches hearts.

The Dominicans' church has many little altars for special devotions, and they are always bright with flowers, for the Community has a rare florist in Brother Joseph, who is one of those persons of all the talents of whom you generally find one attached to a large religious community. I wonder what the Dominicans at Tallaght would do without Brother Joseph! He is their intermediary with the outside world, their man of business, their mine of shrewd, common sense. The Preaching Friars may go about, preaching for God's glory, they may bring sinners home for Him in the confessional, they may study and meditate, and give themselves up to the spiritual life, well satisfied that the temporal affairs of the house go prosperously in Brother Joseph's hands. He is farmer and gardener, and buyer and seller of cattle and crops—and within the house, where one's knowledge does not penetrate, he seems to be many things beside. He is shrewd and simple and humble as any monk of old, who might have watched the mundane affairs of a monastery while the founder was rapt away from earth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## St. Swithin and the Rain.

The old superstition about St. Swithin and the rain has very generally died out. There are still, however, a good many who incline to the belief that such a notion must have had a basis of scientific fact, or it could not have obtained as it has done for centuries, says the Cork Examiner. Some years ago the records of Greenwich Observatory were examined for twenty years, with a view to ascertaining whether, as a matter of fact, a rainy 15th of July is usually followed by a rainy period approximating to forty days. It was found that the years in which St. Swithin's day had given no rain were rather wetter during the following forty days than other years. It was concluded that the tradition had no meteorological facts whatever to support it. Everybody has heard the old story about the removal of St. Swithin's bones on 15th of July, and of the manner in which the saint resented it by deluging the district. It is a curious fact, but well authenticated, that the good man's bones were shifted from their original resting place in circumstances of considerable pomp and splendor, and without a drop of rain falling. The origin of the superstition was probably a terrible flood which in 1313 devastated crops to such an extent that a famine prevailed over a great part of the country, and tens of thousands are said to have died of hunger. This flood commenced on St. Swithin's day, and that date would be likely to be associated with disaster for many a long year afterwards. If anything were wanting to prove the uselessness of the popular tradition it would be found in the fact that the almanac reform, which of course brought the 15th of July round earlier by eleven days, has never been taken into account. "St. Swithin's" is not at all the same day that it used to be.

To draw linen threads for hemstitching take a lather brush and soap and lather well the parts where the threads are to be drawn. Let the linen dry, and the threads will come out easily.

## Furnishing the Kitchen.

Few women are strong enough to keep a bare floor properly scrubbed, and a carpet absorbing the odors and greases of cooking is an abomination, therefore, it is a good plan to buy brown oilcloth for the kitchen floor, as it shows wear less readily than other colors and blends better with the wood work, writes Helen Jay in an article on "Furnishing a Moderate Home," in the September *Ladies' Home Journal*. To be sure this seems like a little thing, but attention to details is an essential in the harmonious evolution of a home. In buying this oilcloth the housewife's labors will be lessened if enough more is bought to cover the closet floors. Few kitchens are commodious—for this reason a flap table which, when not in use, can be folded up and fastened against the wall, is a positive boon. If not obtainable in the shops one can be easily made by taking a dressmaker's stationary cutting board as a model. The top of this table should be covered with white marble-cloth, and if the closet shelves are covered with the same material they can more easily be kept clean and sweet. Besides this table two chairs are needed for the kitchen. They should be made entirely of wood, as cane seats areacherous things and repairing them expensive work. Small cooking utensils are kept in better condition if hung. A wide, painted board, made after the model of the small keyracks sold in fancy shops, can be hung by means of picture-hooks fastened in the top edge back of the table. On it small hooks, such as are used by upholsterers, can be screwed in rows. There is no better harbor for knives, spoons and small tinware. Back of the sink should hang the dishpan, soaprack and small scrubbing broom. The ordinary kitchen has two or three closets. It simplifies the work to devote each of these to a definite purpose. For instance, in one place the ironing board, irons, etc.; in another everything used in baking, and in a third the paraphernalia of the ordinary work.

## Fulfilled Her Promise.

A few weeks ago an old negress came from Bridgetown, on the Island of Barbadoes, to a missionary and asked him to read three masses for Victor Hugo. The missionary was astonished, and at first believed that he had misunderstood the visitor. But the negress replied to his questions that years ago she had given aid to Hugo's daughter, who had married an English officer against the will of her father, and had fled with him to Barbadoes. The officer deserted his wife, who consequently became almost insane, and was cared for in that condition by the negress. The negress wrote to the poet of the sad condition of his child. Hugo sent her 2,000 francs and had her go to Paris with his daughter. After remaining a time in the house of the author the negress decided to return to Barbadoes. One reason for this was the fact that the poor daughter had become incurably insane and had been consigned to an asylum. The poet, who respected the negress because of the love she had borne his daughter, said to her before her departure from Paris: "When you hear of my death in your native country have three masses read for me." The old woman, who first heard of the death of Victor Hugo a few months ago, has now fulfilled the wishes of the poet.

The fumes of a brimstone match will quickly remove berry stains from the fingers.

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