Fuzet, the Metropolitan of Rouen, delivered the funeral oration and gave the final absolution; the Mass, as was fitting, being celebrated by the Dominicans, the religious confrères of the illustrious preacher. His mortal remains lie at rest in the cemetery of St. Mary, at Havre, but the spirit by which he was animated lives on in his works and in the Order of which he was such a faithful member; and though the influence for good which he exerted, and still exerts, cannot be fully known by finite minds, we may feel certain that it is looked upon with favor by Him for whom Monsabré lived and labored and endured—God.


—Bro. Justin Kennedy, O. P.

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A WISH

Sweet violets, you now have taught
A lesson, for I see
Where ne'er before I vainly thought
A living thing could be,
Upon the barren rocky wall
You came, and suddenly
Held all the woodland world athrall
With your dear witchery!

So too, though my own weary life
May seem a loveless task,
And fruitless all the constant strife,
And man a lying mask,
Perhaps a few stray golden deeds
May root, and blooming, bask
Within the smiles of sated needs:
Ah, more I do not ask!

—Bro. Gregory Herold, O. P.