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Religious Bulletin  
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The Passing of Edwin Rowley.

St. Francis de Sales tells us that one day when St. Charles Borromeo was engaged in a game of chess he was asked what he would do if he were assured by an angel that he would die within half an hour. "I would finish the game", St. Charles is said to have replied. "I began it for the honor and glory of God, and I can imagine no better ending for my life than to be called when I am engaged in furthering God's glory."

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God called Edwin Rowley at the end of an evening's honest recreation, and if we may without presumption interpret the justice and mercy of God, we may feel that if this poor boy had known that his hour was at hand, his conduct would not have been other than it was, for he had a deep and abiding reverence for God and the things of God, he made the love of God a part of his daily life, and his abundance of faith, hope and charity made him always ready to meet his Just and Merciful Saviour.

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Ed Rowley was an honest, happy, gentlemanly boy. No one who knew him could help liking him. He had a keen sense of humor and an open-heartedness that always smiled at you, and you had to smile in return. His was the smile that comes from a clean heart; there was mischief in it at times, but never trickery, and when there was mischief the twinkling eyes betrayed it lest you be led astray.

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Given these characteristics, Notre Dame need hardly be told that he was a frequent communicant during all his time at Notre Dame. Even during the summer school, when keen devotion is inclined to lag, Edwin visited the basement chapel most every morning. That's the sort of thing that makes a man ready to go whenever God wants him.

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There is something significant in the fact that he died on the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin in the Temple. If you have ever noticed the tender affection a Southern boy has for his mother, you can understand something of the devotion of Edwin Rowley to the Blessed Virgin. It was frank, simple, child-like, direct, and thorough. This was her school, and it stood to reason that he was her boy; that is the way his mind worked.

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And now for a startling fact. You will recall that Jimmie Powers offered all his sufferings for the conversion of sinners, that all men at Notre Dame might have the grace to be Notre Dame men. Edwin Rowley did not regain consciousness, or he would have made the same offering. This can be said with assurance, because last Summer when he was assigned as a class duty to write a Religious Bulletin he wrote on "Easter Birds", vagrants of the winds who come back to Holy Mother Church only at Easter time; and he wrote with earnestness, cleverness and unction.

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Perhaps the Easter Birds who were deaf to the prayers of Jimmie Powers will hear the silent sermon in the passing of Edwin Rowley.