

Religious Bulletin
November 1, 1926

Silas Ballou.

Today is the feast of All Saints, and it is a proper day to talk about Silas Ballou.

At Mass yesterday you heard about his death, which occurred Friday. Not so many of you knew him, because he was not the sort of fellow who would push his way into the company of the great or near-great and shine in their reflected glory. But he had a beautiful soul and a strong courage, and he fought one of the gamest battles that a Notre Dame man ever fought.

He came here first in 1922. His mother was a widow, not overly blessed with the goods of this world, but she was willing to struggle with him to give him a college education. He worked hard at his classes and at his religion, and made good progress at both. The year brought its tragedy, however, and in the midst of his work he was forced to leave his books and go back to the specialist who had already removed the traces of a cancer from his eye.

He had hopes of returning to school the next fall, but between long treatments and hospital bills he found himself unable to carry out his wishes. It was then that he wrote the letter in which he asked the students to pray for a boy who longed to come back to Notre Dame so that he could practice his religion as he had learned it here, saying that he found it hard to do this at times in the world.

Two years passed before he found the faintest hope of realizing his ambitions. He came back to Notre Dame last fall with a few dollars in his pocket -- whatever the amount was it was only a pittance -- and announced his intention of trying once more. Hospital bills for himself and his mother had made it impossible for him to lay by a fund for his education. His faith and his courage found the means for continuing his classes, and he made his start again, knowing full well that the disease was in his system, and that he might never live to enjoy the fruits of his college education.

The beginning of the end came in May. He received clear evidence at that time that the disease was reaching its final manifestations, and he withdrew with a cheerful request for a remembrance in the prayers of his schoolmates. A terse telegram announcing his death is the only word received thus far, but since the source of his courage and manliness was devotion to the Holy Eucharist, we know that he has found peace with God. We must remember him in our prayers, and we need to ask God to give us the light that was his so that we may view our little troubles and weigh our things of importance in his scale.

John Egan.

Another tragedy, and a deep one, reached the campus yesterday, when John Egan, of Lyons Hall, broke a leg in an interhall game. The break is pronounced the worst one that has come to attention of the doctors in South Bend, and John is far from being sure of his life. Superhuman grit has marked his conduct in this accident, and if you appreciate grit, as a Notre Dame man does, you will work hard with him for his life. He knows the value of daily Communion, and he is counting on your prayers. We can't disappoint him.

Prayers.

Frank and James O'Toole received word yesterday of the death of their father at his home in San Diego, California. Please remember him in your visits for the Poor Souls today and tomorrow. Another student asks prayers for a friend who was injured and another for a friend killed in accidents Saturday.