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Religious Bulletin

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Death Knows No Distinctions.

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Death's hand was not stayed this summer, and we greet you with heavy hearts. Only one student died this vacation, as compared with three a year ago, but we lost one friend of God whose personal influence no one can supply, Father Albertson. A learned and inspiring professor and a cheerful, popular prefect, Father Albertson was above everything else a faithful, devoted priest, untiring in his zeal for the glory of God and the good of souls.

He was found in his chair Friday evening, June 7. He felt very tired after his year of exceptionally hard work, and had gone to the infirmary for a rest and a medical examination. He was organically sound, but the exhaustion he was suffering brought on a stroke. He had hardly been alone ten minutes when the infirmarian found him in his last gasp. A priest was summoned quickly and he was anointed.

He had complained that day of difficulty in breathing, and some one had warned him to be careful, lest he drop off suddenly. His reply was: "I don't care; I'm ready to go any time." He did not realize it, but that was an epitome of his beautiful life. He was ready to go at any time, and God took him when his merits were filled up. His zeal for the confessional made him a great friend of sinners and brought him close to the Sacred Heart of his Master. God gave him only a few years in His ministry, but the abundant fruit of those years will be a great crown of glory for all eternity.

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Orlando Pucci, a sophomore, was drowned with a companion off Barnegat City, N.J., on August 5th. It is reported that he gave his life in a vain attempt to save a friend. The only swimmer of four young men who were thrown into the water when their boat sank, he dove to save one of his companions whose hold on the boat had slipped; the effort cost him his life. He had a beautiful attractive nature. Your prayers are besought for the repose of his soul.

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Andrew J. Hanhauser, of Philadelphia, who was registered as a freshman for this year, was also drowned during the summer. Another registered freshman, Jack Spalding, died in Denver of pneumonia, contracted while on a trip through the west; Jack was a daily communicant from the age of five, and had long looked forward to finishing his education at Notre Dame. He was prepared for death on Saturday night, August 17; he then requested the priest to return with Holy Communion the first thing the next morning. The priest came to him at 5:30 and he received very devoutly; ten minutes later he was dead. The Communion of the Mass that morning, the 13th Sunday after Pentecost, reads: "Thou has given us, O Lord, bread from heaven, having in it all that is delicious, and the sweetness of every taste."

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Rupe Mills, an alumnus, gave his life to save a friend from drowning this summer. Rupe was one of the most beautiful characters ever graduated from Notre Dame. He was one of the first daily communicants among the college men at the University, and he was faithful to the practices all through his days here; many a time since then, when he took a weekend in the country, he walked from ten to twenty miles to Bear Mass. His funeral was one of the largest ever held in Newark. -- John Yeazel, a student here a few years ago, died a beautiful death this summer after an automobile accident. John's life was a perpetual sunshine, and his death was like his life.

Your prayers are requested for these and for the following who died this summer: Hugh Ball's mother; John Colerick's father; Father Cannon's sister; Jas. D. Bresnahan's mother; Father Healey's father; Andrew Hayes' father; Carl Cronin's mother; Jack Nowery's father; Gerald DuWan's brother; Governor Hawley, of Idaho; Brother Canute's brother; a son of Theodore McManus, LL.D.; a relative of John McMullen, an alumnus.