
A HOLY CROSS MISSIONARY MEETS GOD.



People expect much more of a priest than they do of a layman. And so does God. By his vocation, which is one of great dignity, the priest is called to a life of work. And unless he labors for God's honor and the sanctification of souls, he is falling down on his job.

Neither God nor men will ever complain that Father Bernard B. Mulloy, C.S.C., who died yesterday afternoon in Saint Joseph's Hospital, was not a busy priest. Almost without ceasing since his ordination in 1916, he was occupied with retreats and missions. Thousands of the faithful in Chicago, his native city, Detroit, New York and cities in New Jersey and Texas will be saddened to hear of his death. And they will surely pray for him.

Essentially he was a preacher for men; rugged, whole-souled, direct and powerfully eloquent. And he had an extraordinary sympathy for suffering human nature. Undoubtedly his own experience of tedious and agonizing illness, lasting over a period of eighteen years taught

him to treat with men, whether sick in body or soul, patiently and understandingly. There were countless occasions when he was so physically fatigued that he never should have mounted the pulpit. Still the thought of working for God and souls drove him on. His missionary work in Texas would have broken the back of many another man less disposed to accept work along with privileged vocation. *** Father James Leahy, C.S.C., of the faculty of Religion, a nephew of Father Mulloy will lead the Office of the Dead for him tomorrow at eight o'clock in Sacred Heart Church and sing the Requiem Mass at nine. *** The Congregation of Holy Cross would be honored if one of you were called by God to fill the vacancy left by this toiler for souls!

GREG'S MASTER DIES.

As the Bulletin for Father Mulloy was in preparation last night, Coach John P. Nicholson, famed trackman (Olympic star, 1912) and since '28 coach of the Notre Dame thinlies, dropped dead in the South Bend Y.M.C.A., where he had just finished a speech. "Nick," as he was affectionately referred to by everyone on the campus, had been directing practice in the University gym as late as five-thirty last night. For the last few days he complained of heart-burn. This afternoon he was to receive a report on his cardiograph made yesterday! His death could hardly have been more sudden and unexpected. Remember "Nick" very specially these days in your prayers and Masses. To his wife and family, Faculty and Students express sincerest sympathy. "Greg" Rice, whom "Nick" trained to the heights says he feels almost fatherless. We all learn again to prize the uninterrupted possession of grace!

