

FOR HIS NAME'S SAKE.

The following is an incident related by John Fleming, a travelling salesman in the employ of a large firm in the Empire City. It happened on one of his trips between this city and Altoona, Pennsylvania. On the Sunday preceding the day of his journey, Fleming had attended a meeting of the Holy Name Society to which he belonged. It so happened that at this meeting the Spiritual Director had delivered a very interesting sermon on the Lay Apostolate. Comfortably seated in his Pullman in a meditative mode, Fleming began to ponder within himself the words he had heard at the last meeting. He had indeed been a hearer of the word, but this for him was not sufficient; he hoped for an opportunity of carrying out the instructions of the Director. He wished to become an apostle in his own way.

After Fleming had been occupied with these reflections for some time, he was awakened from his reverie by a gentleman who occupied the seat opposite his. The name of this man, Fleming ascertained later was Chester Ormsby, a Doctor of Medicine who resided in Saint Paul, Minnesota. He was just returning from a trip to Europe and had in his possession a number of interesting views

which he had collected while abroad.

"Pardon me, sir," said the doctor, "but you seem rather lonesome. I am just returning from Europe and have with me some interesting pictures of places of note abroad which you might like to see."

"Thank you, I would indeed be delighted to do so," said Fleming.

After they had finished with the scenes, the doctor began to converse on different topics of interest. Soon his eye caught sight of a small badge which Fleming wore on the lapel of his coat. "That button which you wear," said the doctor, "is very artistic. May I ask what it is?"

"That," replied Fleming, "is a representation of the Christ Child. Above the image you will notice are to be found the letters H. N. S. They stand for the words Holy Name Society."

"You are then a Catholic?"

Fleming replied in the affirmative.

"Well," continued Ormsby, "religion has been a subject that has troubled me but little. Some years ago, I was seriously thinking of joining your Church, but a certain incident of which I shall tell you totally dissuaded me from the intention. It came about in this

way. On the corner of a certain street in my home town at which I was standing on a certain Sunday morning awaiting the arrival of a street car, there was a Catholic Church from which the worshippers were issuing after the morning service. Among those who came out was a group of young men who placed themselves at this corner and began a conversation in which profanity was used quite extensively. During this conversation the people were still coming out of the edifice, in fact the altar was clearly to be seen from the point at which the group was standing. Now I had a sufficient conception of your belief to know that you hold the presence of Christ upon your altars. The thought which immediately suggested itself to me at hearing the words of the conversation was this. If these people believe their God to be present there, why do they not act respectfully in His presence? To this incident, my friend, I attribute the fact that I am not a member of your Creed to-day."

"My dear sir," rejoined Fleming, "pardon me for saying so, but it surprises me, in fact, it grieves me to think that a man of your mental calibre and experience should form a judgment of a whole class of people from the conduct of a few thoughtless individuals. What you should have

done was to regard the respectful conduct of the other worshippers whom you saw leaving the church. But let me invite your consideration of another point. You say it was a case of profanity and irreverence which caused your disedification. Now, permit me to refer you to the little button on my coat which you admired just a short while ago. That is the emblem of a society whose express object is to check profanity among its members. It is a society, in short that wishes to honor the Holy Name of God and, consequently, anything that promotes the honor of that Name is worthy of the consideration of its members. Why not, I ask consider things such as these and then you will find that you did a most rash thing in forming a conclusion such as the one at which you arrived. You said also that before that deplorable happening you had intentions of joining the Church. Why not give it a fair trial? Read up matter on the subject and give it the reflection which it merits. If agreeable to you, I shall, upon my return to New York, send you some books on the subject at no expense on your part further than that you give them a thorough perusal."

The doctor remained for some moments in silence and then said: "What you have said is indeed true, I formed an all too hasty

conclusion which was due to narrowmindedness on my part. In response to your kind offer, allow me to say that I shall be greatly pleased to accept the same. And I promise to read carefully everything the books contain."

In the meantime they were fast approaching the station which was Fleming's destination. They exchanged cards and, after a few minutes, separated.

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Two years had elapsed since the events related above. During this time, Mr. Fleming had heard nothing from his friend of the Pullman car. One day however during the summer when he was enjoying his vacation at home, the door bell rang and a visitor was announced who proved to be Doctor Ormsby. After exchanging greetings, Ormsby said: "Mister

Fleming, I owe you a deep debt of gratitude. The books which you so kindly sent me were received and were the objects of a most careful perusal. After reading these books, I heard there was to be a mission conducted in a town in the vicinity of my home city and I resolved to attend the exercises. I did this with the result that at the close of the same, I underwent the necessary instructions preparatory to my entrance to the Church. After a short time I was baptized, my First Communion and Confirmation following soon after. I have experienced the greatest happiness ever since. One thing more, Mister Fleming, should you not have noticed it, allow me to call your attention to the button which I wear on the lapel of my coat. Do you recognize it?"

Boniface Stratemeier, O. P.

WITHIN THE CLOISTER.

Important events which take place within the Dominican cloister will be recorded here in each issue. They will not be confined to our own Province alone, but include the great things that our Brothers of other climes and cloisters are doing. The influence of the cloister, however, is not limited by convent walls. It is charitable and progressive. Consequently events of general Dominican interest will also be given

welcome. In a word, anything that may interest every member of the great Dominican family—Fathers, Sisters and Tertiaries—will have a home "Within The Cloister."

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Father V. F. O'Daniel, O. P., Historian of St. Joseph's Province, is carrying on a pioneer and monumental work that is of great interest to every lover of St. Dominic in the United States. As the