

JAMES CARMICHAEL

fact that this choice preacher believed in and acted up to what he said. Whether pleading with men to relinquish evil, or denouncing error in outspoken fearlessness, or exalting Christ as the Saviour of men, behind and beneath all the eloquence and histrionic power that attracted, there was the human personality of the preacher whose sincerity convinced. The charm and music of his eloquence were intensified by the reality of his religious convictions and the straightforwardness of his life. Men knew that he meant and practised what he preached. They believed in him and then they believed in his message. Greater than his eloquence, greater than anything else about him was the man himself—the man whose culture found its foundation and culmination in Jesus Christ and whose great heart was brimming over with deep, human sympathy.

This sketch may end with the recital of an interesting incident in Bishop Carmichael's early ministry. While he was in Clinton there came to him the distinction of being initiated into the Mohawk tribe of Indians. The ceremony evidently took place at Brantford. A striking photograph of this new member of the tribe, in full Indian costume, still exists. On that occasion the Indians, according to ancient customs, gave a name to their newly admitted clansman. The writer will not attempt to spell this name but its interpretation is, "He does all things well." Many of Bishop Carmichael's friends will feel that the Indian name was a sort of prophecy upon the young clergyman's subsequent career.

I have been obliged owing to lack of space to eliminate certain parts of this article.—EDITOR.