

two troubles arose, and his ministry was not a success. He received a call to Halifax, remained there a few years, and then returned to Scotland.

Then there was a long vacancy, and many of the Presbyterians drifted into St. Paul's where they became warmly attached to "Parsons Jenkins" as the Rector was familiarly called in those days. He and his wife were examples of Christian philanthropy, and many a kind deed was done in that primitive little Episcopal parsonage.

The second minister who filled the pulpit of St. James' was a queer little man named McIntyre. He was not much of a preacher. I remember one incident that happened during his ministry. The disruption was just then rending the Scottish Church, leaving it crippled and shaken. Dr. Burns, so well known in Canada later on, was sent out by the Free Church, as a delegate to the colonies. He arrived in Charlottetown and was offered St. James' Church as a place in which to hold a meeting. We had news from Scotland so rarely in these early days, and the intelligence that reached us was so scanty that we had no idea of the bitterness of the conflict going on in the Old land. So when Dr. Burns, who was a remarkably earnest, vigorous speaker, began denouncing the old Kirk in pretty strong language, the Highlanders present became greatly incensed, and at last little Mr McIntyre jumped up in a fury, made a violent protest, and then walked down the aisle out of the church. Dr. Burns, leaning over the pulpit, watched his departure, and then repeated quietly :

" He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day."

Another amusing incident connected with the early days of old St. James' occurs to my mind. This was a daring attempt at musical innovation. Of course we had the old fashioned Precentor who led the singing, reading out every two lines of the psalm separately, according to wont. His name escapes