

for ministers to mount the pulpit armed with daggers and pistols.

In 1700 the population was about 14,000. Shortly after this Glasgow began to show signs of becoming a commercial city. The union with England opened up great advantages, more especially in the trade with America, which even then was considerable, and exceedingly profitable. It was at that time, what were commonly called the Tobacco Lords, arose in Glasgow, who made immense fortunes in the tobacco trade with Virginia. The American Revolution came, and Glasgow thought she was ruined for ever by the destruction of her darling tobacco trade. She was mistaken, however; her prosperity experienced no material check, and she now advances at a much more rapid rate than before. Glasgow reaped the full advantage of the genius of her great citizen Watt.

The channel of her shallow and crooked river was widened and deepened, and obliged to run in a somewhat straighter course. The first steamer that ever broke the waters of a British river was launched on the Clyde. As the steam engine began to be introduced, huge brick buildings rapidly rose up, spinning and weaving cloth of almost every texture—adding immensely to the wealth of the city, but not much to its adornment. From this time forward, its progress has resembled that of a modern American town more nearly than a staid and respectable European city of undoubted pedigree. The Clyde, though not 100 miles in length, is now one of the great commercial rivers of the world. On its banks are built the mightiest and swiftest steamers that plough the ocean. The Trustees of that river have besides their available funds borrowed £800,000 to deepen its channel, while it yields an annual revenue of more than £80,000. One hundred years ago, it was navigable only for fishing shallops—now it can float a steamer with all her armament of 4000 tons. There are people living whose fathers remember when the population was barely 14,000, now it is nearly 400,000.

Nor has Glasgow ever disgraced the motto on her coat of arms "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word." In the midst of much outlying wickedness she has ever been a determined upholder of our Presbyterian faith, and has held out a warm and open hand to the support of the Gospel. There are in the city, 55 churches in connection with the Established Church, and 48 with the Free Church, besides the other Presbyterian Dissenters, as well as the very numerous other sects. At the Secession in 1843, it was thought by many, and we fear hoped by not a few, that our Church in Glasgow would scarcely recover from the blow; but the truth is, never since she was a Church, was she so powerful for good, as she is at this moment in Glasgow. In 1843, many excellent and able men left her; Dr. Brown, the worthy successor of Chalmers, taking

with him almost to a man, a congregation whose average attendance on the Sabbath day was upwards of 1600. To-day that church is quite as crowded with devoted adherents to the Church of Scotland. The same might be said of almost all the other churches. Indeed, we believe that without almost one exception, the churches are far better filled than they were previous to 1843. Much of this no doubt due to the care with which able ministers were sought to fill these important charges, and the ability and devotion with which these excellent men have performed their duty. Glasgow has seldom been without some great leading divine: during the last generation, Chalmers was not only her pride, but the light and ornament of Christendom. During the present generation she possesses not one star, but almost a galaxy. Caird the earnest, the eloquent, the classical the McLeods, father and son; J. R. McMurdo Gillan, Robertson, and Runciman—all able and popular men, any one of whom would be an ornament and a distinction to any Church. In such a city as Glasgow, a minister, to be successful, must, in addition to other gifts, possess, above all, that of popular eloquence. Though of itself, that never will, never has kept a Church in a really sound and flourishing state. There is a good deal of truth in the saying of good old John Wesley, that "no amount of eloquence in the pulpit will keep your church full unless you visit constantly from house to house." This is, perhaps, true to a greater extent of the country than of a large city; but there can be no doubt that it applies largely to both. We have some notable instances of the different degrees of success of different ministers in this same city of Glasgow. The Church of St. Andrew's, a noble structure, had for many a long year been so deserted, that all hope of its ever being again filled had almost disappeared. Dr. Patterson, its incumbent, was an able and amiable man; he left it in 1844 as everybody thought, to the moles and to the bats; but Dr. Runciman had not been in it many months before not sitting but almost standing room was wanting. Kingston Church was so far reduced, that the congregation was to be counted by the dozen, not by the hundred. Yet Mr. Gibson, its then occupant, was an able man, though a little controversialist. He too left it, as he fondly hoped, an undisturbed refuge to the spiders and her brood, but Mr. Pollok, who succeeded, in a short time filled it to the door.

Such are a few unconnected jottings of this fine old city, abode of many a warm and generous heart, great in performance, greater still in promise. How often has the stranger blessed thee for thy unbounded hospitality. Thou hast done much, thou hast much to do, and much ability has been granted you to do it. May the blazon of thy shield shine forth in letters of gold. "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word," and may thy