

STIRLING CASTLE—FROM THE LADIES' ROCK.

yard being, with true Glasgow thrift, cut down to make them, but it was expressly ordered that women were not to make use of them, but to "sit laigh" (on the floor) or bring stools with them.

The men of these days, in truth—in more respects

gown over his arm, drew his quhingear, and, with the assistance of the Parson of Renfrew, who opportunely appeared upon the scene with *his* quhingear, put his enemies to flight. Another minister, who had taken possession of a pulpit to which he had no right, fared not so well. "Honest Master Howie," it is recorded, "was pulled out of the pulpit and had the hair of his head, which was very long, very ill torn, and several of his teeth beaten out, to the great effusion of his blood and the manifest danger of his life."

rather—that uninviting-looking town, on the railway bridge, is startled to discern through the thick smoke that always veils and blackens it, a graceful Gothic ruin. It is that of the Abbey Church, dedicated to St. James and St. Miren by its founder, Walter Stewart, the husband of Marjory—daughter



THE NAVE, GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

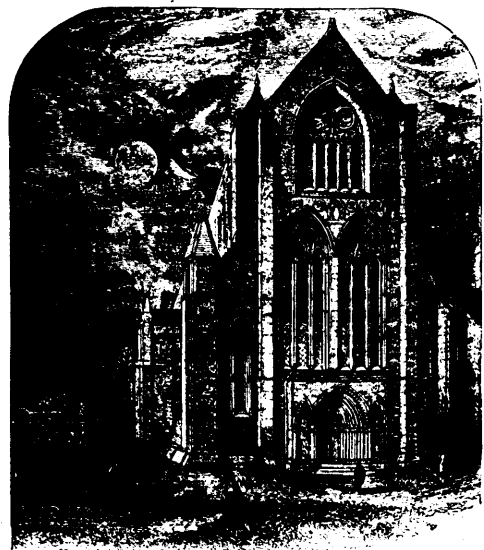
than this ungallant order—would seem to have been strangers to the motto of good old William of Wykeham, *Manners makyth man*. Even clergymen went armed; brawls were constant, and blood was shed on the slightest provocation. In 1587 a minister, being attacked by an unfriendly pair, father and son, who called him a liar and drew on him a "quhingear" and a "pistolet,"—cast his



THE CRYPT, GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

After reading this solemn statement, I think we may give ourselves the credit of being not only a more polished, but a more courageous generation, than that of Glasgow three hundred years ago. Had "honest Master Howie" been educated at a modern school, or operated upon by a modern dentist, he would not have made such a fuss about nothing.

As for the men who spared St. Mungo's, they probably indemnified themselves by taking a hand in the destruction of the neighbouring Abbey of Paisley. The traveller who is rushed past—or over



PAISLEY ABBEY, WEST FRONT.

or Robert Bruce—and the ancestor of the royal line of Stewarts.

To return to Glasgow—it is needless to say that all that the wealth and taste of our day are capable of doing, has been done for St. Mungo's. The nave has been opened up, restoring its original noble proportions, and the windows filled with beautiful stained glass. And there the old Cathedral stands: the great city not encroaching on the greensward on which its shadow falls; the ship-laden Clyde in the fore-ground; the rocky eminence of the Necropolis throwing it into bolder relief; and in the distance the blue hills, alone unchanged since the days when—Cathedral, and Bishop, and Saint, and Christianity itself, unheard of there—the arch-priest of the sun, in the groves that then crowned the Necropolis height, cut with his golden sickle the sacred mistletoe.

A. M. MACLEOD.