

family, and from the Reformation downwards it seems to have enjoyed the pastoral services of a succession of pious ministers. About the middle of the seventeenth century, "the Ness," as it was called, had become the residence of not a few enterprising persons connected with the navigation and commerce of the Firth of Forth. For their accommodation a Church was built and endowed by the liberality of the inhabitants of the town, aided by the Lord of the Manor, and in a short time the two places were associated together as one pastoral charge. For half a century prior to the year 1693, the united parish was presided over by the Reverend Patrick Baillie, a pious and laborious evangelist, the very *beau ideal* of a truly consistent Scottish Presbyterian pastor of the olden times. He was succeeded by a well-meaning man, of weak parts, both mental and bodily, who retired from the charge within two years, and the people having had granted to them by the patron the privilege of election, Dr. Robert Rennie was chosen, who, till 1833, occupied the charge with credit and usefulness. His successor, Mr. Mackenzie, lately deceased, was also the choice of the congregation. At the disruption, in 1843, he remained with the Establishment. A portion of his flock united with a similar portion from the neighbouring Parish of Carriden, and formed the "Free Church" of the district, which has prospered under several faithful ministers in succession.*

From the under shelf of my library, a large, well-bound folio protrudes at this moment, its venerable head bearing the title, "Flavel's Works." In 1754, when this edition was printed, Glasgow enjoyed the able and faithful ministrations of a Maclaurin, a Gillies, a Findlay, a Corse, and others of high evangelical position, and real vital godliness flourished, for the motto of the city had not as yet been

* Like other mansions of Scotland, Kinnell House has been haunted for a century at least by the ghost of Lady Lilburn, wife of one of Cromwell's Generals, said to have been murdered here. In the interesting work of Mr. Smiles, on "Industrial Biography," we have the following curious statement:—

"Sir David Wilkie having been on a visit to Dugald Stewart, at Kinnell, the learned Professor told him one night, as he was going to bed, of the unearthly wallings which he himself had heard proceeding from the old apartments, but to him, at least, they had been explained by an old door opening out upon the roof being blown in on gusty nights, when a jarring and creaking noise was heard all over the house.