

He heard Loudon's revilings and sentence, repeated that nothing might be wanting to his humiliation, made his dignified, eloquent protest, and returned to the Tolbooth—to be comforted by Mr. Robert Baillie, Mr. Mungo Law and others, a dreary, dreary ministry. He turned away from them. What use to argue or answer any more? And at that sign of contumacy (as they construed it) they waxed the more bitter. Once when Mungo Law surpassed all his fellows, my lord said wearily, like one who has endured the worst, "Rail on, Rabshakeh; rail on."

"Unrepentant wretch!" screamed Mungo. "Oh! thou miserable abandoned sinner!"

Montrose looked in the flaming face steadily. "One there was who came to save sinners," he answered quietly. "In this hour my trust is in Him."

Thus passed two days and nights of unremitting torture. On the third morning he awoke from a momentary sleep with a start. Drums were beating; trumpets clanging. Was he again at the head of his clans? A look brought his spirit back.

"What means that noise?" he asked his jailer.

"'Tis to keep order and stave off malignants for an event ye wot of," was the answer.

"Am I still, then, a terror to them?" smiled Montrose. "Well, we will array ourselves for that event you speak of."

He was in the midst of his toilet when there entered his cell that malicious minion of Argyle, Johnston of Warriston.

"Ah!" he cried in great heart. "Methinks