

but far left to yoursel's, to put your heads intil the hangman's halter o' a law-plea anent my intellectuals."

Gabriel Pitwinnoch, who began to distrust the effect of the evidence, was troubled not a little at this observation ; for he thought that if Walter spoke as well to the point before the court the cause must be abandoned. As for George, he was scarcely in a state to think of anything, so much was he confounded and vexed by the impression of Dr Denholm's evidence, the tenor of which was so decidedly at variance with all he had flattered himself it would be. He, however, said—

"Ye're to be examined to-morrow, and what will you say for yourself?"

"I hae mair modesty," replied Walter, "than to be my ain trumpeter. I'll say naething but what Mr Keelevin bids me."

Gabriel smiled encouragingly to George at this, who continued—

"You had better tak care what ye say."

"Na," cried Watty ; "an' that's the gait o't, I'll keep a calm sough : least said's soonest mended—I'll haud my tongue."

"But you must answer every question."

"Is't in the Shorter or the Larger Catechism?" said Walter. "I can say till the third petition o' the t'ane, and frae end to end o' the t'ither."

"That's quite enough," replied Gabriel, "and more than will be required of you."

But the satisfaction which such an agreeable