

"And poor Mag!" he said, more quietly.

"She died trying to save you," said the little missionary. "In some ways you owe her your life—at least your first reprieve. Otherwise all this would have come out too late to do you any good in this world!"

"Poor Mag!" said the Knifer, putting his hand to his brow.

"Now, as to yourself, Jackson," the missionary went on. "Mr. Hearne will set you down in a new country where you can begin afresh, where you will be as good as any man——"

"It *might* come over me again," said the Knifer sadly. "You see I have been at it a long time. I would not like to disgrace you or Mr. Hearne."

"There will not be a locked door nor a sixpence worth for the taking within a hundred miles!" Mr. Molesay assured him. "You can do smithwork and woodwork—you have the ready hand that can turn itself to anything. You will climb to the top of the tree like a man going up a ladder!"

"And the Kid?" asked the Knifer, suddenly.

"Lord Athabasca—that is—Mr. Hearne is bent on giving him a good education," said Mr. Molesay. "He is to learn mining engineering. Some day you may have him out there for a comrade—if you are lucky, Jackson."

"For a boss!" said the Knifer, more clear-sightedly.

Mr. Molesay nodded approval, and left, only telling Jackson that he would get news when he was to be set at liberty, and that then he must come straight to his house. Indeed, he (Mr. Molesay) would endeavour to be in waiting for him at the prison gates. After that they would go to Three Ridings and see Mr. Hearne.

At this the face of the Knifer fell. And the little missionary remembered what was the last time he had been there.

"Well, then," he hastened to add, "to Egham