

to go home, and when somebody proposed to come to New Ontario and try our luck in prospecting, I said 'all right, that will bring me so much nearer home.' It was there the devil got hold of me again. I needn't tell you how it happened, but it was a mistake at first, and after that, I didn't care. I broke loose worse than ever. Then I took down sick with typhoid, and my chum proposed after I got better that we come down to this cabin and stay for a few weeks, till I got strong again. He wasn't busy and he came with me. He'd been here before, you see. It was lonesome and not much to do, and he took to drinking hard. He hasn't been sober for over a week. Poor old Jack; he's had his faults, but he's looked after me like a brother. We went out to get provisions and more whisky. You know the rest. Jack's gone, and I ought to have gone too, for all the good I am. I tell you, it was horrible when I was clinging to that rock out there.

"Every sin I had ever committed rose up to mock me. I even dared to pray. I, who have been such a traitor. But, oh, it is no use; it's no use!"

He had been sitting on the side of the bunk, talking feverishly and excitedly, but he threw himself down again with a gesture of despair.

"There's a great deal of use," said Griswold quietly, "and there's no need for despair. Come back to Him, Don, just as you did at first and start all over again."

"How can I? Oh, you don't know what you are saying!"