

smoke and nearly smothered with heat, I felt a smart twitch in my side like a red-hot iron running into my flesh, and then a ringing, singing sound in my ears, a confused sound of voices, and a blank. When I recovered consciousness, I found myself lying in a bed, weak, and with a strange feeling of lassitude which was new to me. I had been badly wounded, and loss of blood had nearly killed me. It was many weeks before I was well enough to hear all the particulars of that night, and many more ere I was strong enough to go down to Melbourne, where I was wanted to identify the bushrangers taken by the police. Arthur soon got well, as his wound was not a very serious one although one of the bones in his arm was broken.

The brave girl who saved her brother's life and mine married about two years afterwards, and, with her husband, went back to dear old England, where they are now living, near a quiet, pretty village, and where she leads a peaceful, happy life, without fear of such interruptions to her happiness as she met with in this hot-bed of crime, wickedness, and sin, where the stern arm of law is the only check on the evil passions of ruffians who in their cowardice, fear man but who, worse than devils, neither acknowledge nor honor their God.

GRAND MASONIC CELEBRATION, ON DOMINION DAY, AT HAMILTON, ONT.

SIX HUNDRED BRETHREN IN GRAND PROCESSION.—THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW MASONIC HALL.—THE ASSEMBLAGE.—THE DAY.—THE CEREMONY.—THE DINNER, ETC., ETC.

It has long been known and it has been the proud boast of many a mason, that Hamilton is, and for years has been, one of the most thriving centres of that wide spread and eminently respected body of brethren, who, by the mystic tie, not revealed to men outside the brotherhood, are known to each other as fellows whom neither creed, color nor nation may sever, and who rejoice in the ancient name of Freemasons. In Hamilton at an early day, before the woods had ceased to grow almost unmolested on the very ground we now tread, a lodge was opened, and in Hamilton, too, in 1855 was constituted the Grand Lodge of Canada, with the M.W. Bro. W.M. Wilson, as Grand Master. Now there are four blue lodges, two chapters, a Commandery, a Consistory, etc., while in our midst live revered and respected, many a brother who now enjoys or has enjoyed the excellent reputation and *status* earned by being a high dignitary in the ranks of the A.F. & A. Masons of Canada. We had intended to have given a sketch of the birth, development and growth in this locality of the Order, but we have to succumb to that severest of all masters—want of space on a day succeeding one in which a Nation has been having a gala day in celebration of Confederation, and therefore restrict our efforts to the events of yesterday—events which will live fresh and green in memories now young, when the chief actors have laid aside their duties and gone to their long rest.

It had long been felt in this Ambitious City that the lodge accommodation of the Craft was far too small and on a scale unworthy the wealth, strength and influence of the resident Masons, and consequently efforts have been made to put on foot a scheme which should commend itself to the people as well as the Craft, and ensure the construction of an edifice that would be a double honor to all concerned. In accordance with this desire and by the suggestions of some gentlemen not in the