

THE CRAFTSMAN;

AND

CANADIAN MASONIC RECORD.

Bros. T. & R. WHITE, }
Publishers. }

'The Queen and the Craft.'

} \$1.50 Per Annum,
in advance.

VOL. IV.

HAMILTON, ONT., MAY, 1870.

No. 8.

MASONS AND MASONS.

—
FOR THE CRAFTSMAN, BY G. S.

CHAPTER VII.—LIGHT.

So the name was given boldly enough under all the circumstances. The bushranger heard it thoughtfully, and then repeated it slowly.

"Henry Haywood! I thought so. Sir, you are safe. We have no demand on you."

Where was it that voice had once struck upon my ear before? How was it that that figure seemed familiar as the recollection of a dream?

These two questions I pondered meditatively as their subject walked up the line. It is unnecessary here to recite the terms he made in doing so for the future ransom of his victims. Unnecessary, because these terms were never to be exacted, and thus came the reason why.

Their negotiation had occupied a full hour or more. Till there came a curiously strange rustle down the west-wind, and the brigand had paused to turn his head and listen. His band were gathered idly round, smoking short black pipes for the most part, and chatting idly over their recent outrage-reminiscences, and present prospects of plunder. At a wave from their leader's hand, they had sprung to their feet, on the alert once again, and making nimbly for their horses picketed within the cover. No light cavalry corps ever answered more promptly to the call of Boot and Saddle.

And then—then there flashed a gleam of white and blue, of shining pistol-barrel, and of glancing sword-blade, and there was a fight roaring and clanging among the Acacias, such as those who looked upon it never wish to see the like of once again.