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NATIVE AND AMERICAN FREEMASONRY—A CONTRAST.

Yearly reports of institutions, as a rule, are very dry reading. Few care to peruse them, unless personally interested. The loss is not great, except it be to the institutions themselves. A mere record of work done is not enough to awake dormant interest. An anecdote, an apt illustration, or facts marshalled in graphic and bold array, as if the writer were thoroughly in earnest, are qualities far more likely to be successful than the dry-as-dust reports that answer enough to the letter of requirements, but do not breathe an inspiring spirit. Our American brethren seem to have unconsciously fallen into the habit of making the reports of their proceedings attractive. We say unconsciously, because there is no appearance of design. What they say is natural enough. Sometimes their language is magniloquent, and frequently takes a "high falutin'" tone, common to that class of Yankees who believe that England can lick creation, and that they can lick England. Pathos and boasting now and then commingle and disturb the sensitive nerves of the staid Britisher. Beneath it all there is an intense love of Freemasonry—a right genuine human feeling,—“a heart that leaps at every bound” to assert right and help the distressed brother. It should never be forgotten, in estimating the character of American Freemasons, that they have

had to fight a long and severe war against opposition and calumny, and that battle is still going on. We in England have never known such bitter struggles as have marred and damaged the brethren in America. Our path has been smoothed by the patronage and support of the wealthy and powerful—by princes and statesmen—by the very executive of national power. Freemasonry to us has always been fashionable, and with the exception of the Pope and a few of his more ardent disciples, we have hardly known what opposition is. Even the anathemas of the Pope, terrible as they are regarded by some people, have passed over our heads without leaving us one whit the worse, either in reputation or in influence. Our progress has been like the rippling stream, with just enough disturbance on the surface to show that it is moving. Now and then it hastens its progress when bearing royalty on its surface. It rarely, however, loses its dignity, and the only fear is that it may become too cold and impassive. As a counterpoise to this calmness we have our Charities. These keep alive and foster the warmer instincts of the brethren, and are the best correctives of that spirit of selfishness which is too often the offspring of exclusiveness and of unchequered peace. If anything, we are too respectable, too anxious for the proprieties of