

many of us have such a slight knowledge of our own understanding that we never think but jump at conclusions and then through stubbornness stick to them? How much trouble and heart ache this rashness often causes?

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Bro. Malone spoke nobly on the ballot. I admired his manly tone; the position he took. There are far too many of these mean, disreputable blackballers in the Craft. However, no society can be perfect. Even the Apostles had their Judas, and I suppose there are not many lodges without one. He may not have the opportunity, but that is all he requires.

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There was another thing in connection with the lecture I admired, that was what he said about masters. Man is an imitator. The first efforts of his intellect are to reproduce sounds heard. From that time forward, through childhood and youth, there is a repetition of the acts and habits of those around him. He is but the reflex of his surroundings, the representation of the atmosphere in which he lives modified or varied according to his mental endowments and temperament. "Show me good mothers," said Napoleon, "and I will show you noble sons." The Master is everything in a Masonic lodge. Masonry teaches morality, brotherly love, relief and truth, spoken through the lips of the Master. To teach these principles only the good are worthy. Why should the moral teachings of the Craft be polluted by the lips of a vile Master. We cannot handle mud without being soiled, and, who will deny that the snow white lambskin, handed to an apprentice, is not soiled by the hands of an unworthy Master. Let us think of this at elections.

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He also spoke of some gross things that often pass at the refreshment table. I believe that it is the duty of the Master to bring down the gavel when anything is said, or attempted to be said at refreshment that could not be repeated

before the mothers, wives, daughters and sisters of those present. I have sat and heard remarks that brought the blush to my cheeks, remarks better fitted for the brothel than the sacred precincts of a Masonic lodge. A Master surely is Master of his lodge, and these are the occasions when he should rule.

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Rev. Dr. Wild, Chaplain of Doric Lodge, gave a very interesting lecture 22nd ult., on the origin of Freemasonry. The lecture was in the Rev. brother's usual telling style. A man who can handle the lost Ten Tribes as he can should be an authority on Masonic law.

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The visit of Grand Master Walkem to Doric Lodge was a very brilliant affair. The initiation was well conducted, although in some places slips in the ritual were made, that is, the old was confounded with the new. After all, as Most Worshipful Bro. Walkem says, ritual is not everything. Bro. Morsen is stirring Ionic Lodge up as only he knows how. COSMOS.

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#### M. W. G. M. WALKEM IN TORONTO.

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Masonic hall, Toronto street, has been the scene of many brilliant gatherings, but never within the history of the oldest member of the Craft was there a larger or more representative gathering in the "blue room" than on the evening of the 13th ult. Ionic Lodge is one of the finest lodges in the city, and it had invited the members of city lodges to meet with them and do honor to M. W. Grand Master Walkem. About four hundred masons replied to the kind invitation, and the lodge-room was crowded to its utmost capacity. Every spare room and bench in the building had to be utilized. The Grand Master was received with Masonic honors, and in a short opening address stated that it afforded him much pleasure to visit Ionic Lodge, and that he was proud to see so many members of