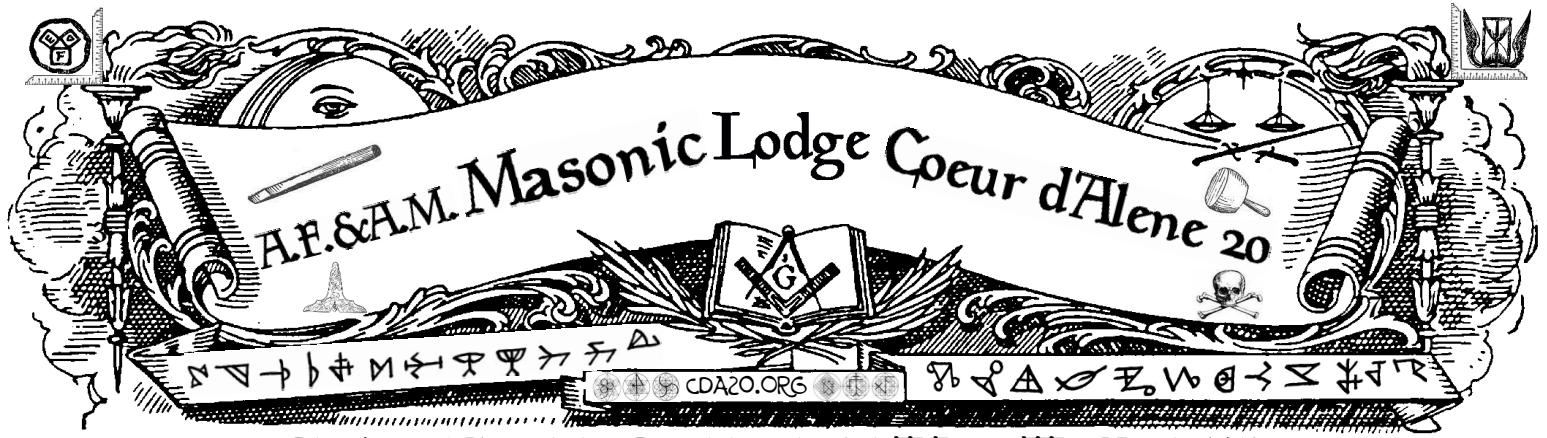




Happy St. Patrick's Day!  
from the Brothers of CDA 20





**The Seat of Knowledge Trestleboard -Vol. II Issue III - March 6018**

The Seat of Knowledge Trestleboard is an education based newsletter extracting articles and knowledge of interest from the past. Freemasonry is a rich and diversified field with world renown scholars who have contributed their knowledge to enhance ours, therein lies the reason for this particular Trestleboard. We are however happy to receive any articles or news including pictures from brothers of CDA 20 as well as recommendations and or suggestions. Please email submissions to: DB Jordan: [CDA20.org@gmail.com](mailto:CDA20.org@gmail.com)

*"Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's writings so that you shall come easily by what others have labored hard for."*  
 ~Socrates



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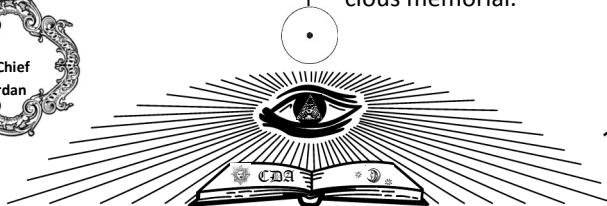
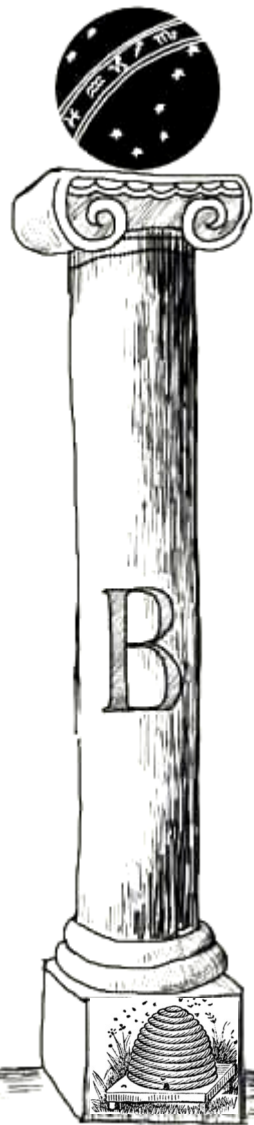
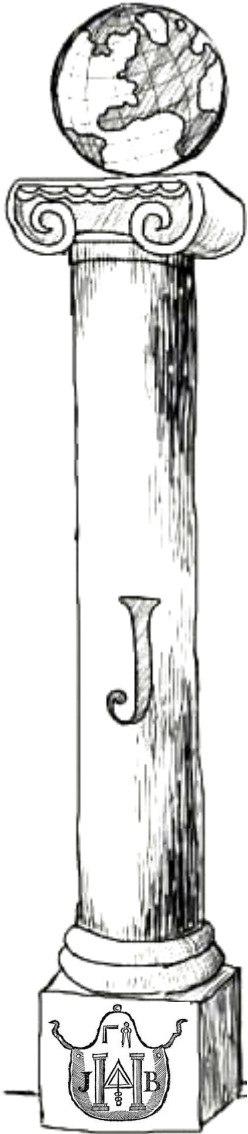


Bro. DB Jordan  
 Publisher - Editor & Chief  
 Cover design: DB Jordan

**OBJECTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

The harmony and work of our Institution has suffered materially in consequence of permitting political differences to influence Brethren in electing candidates. The objections come from all parties, and from all directions. Brethren! Our Grand Lodge has said that the Lodges have no right to interfere in political or religious matters. Let no differences of a political or religious character cross your thresholds. In the election of candidates you should be satisfied that the candidate is physically and mentally fit to be made a Mason, and competent to earn a living. Beyond that, you should be satisfied that the candidate is a moral and discreet man, a believer in God, a good citizen, a good son, husband or father, and that he obeys the laws of the land, and is a friend to good order. Having ascertained that much, I would then cast my ballot as I should wish him to give his were I in his situation.

*"That man is truly rich and happy who has a heart to give freely of what he hath to the cause of human happiness. He may of his abundance be able to give his thousands and tens of thousands. But, if you have only the widow's two mites to give, you shall have the reward. No man was ever the poorer for what he gave from a benevolent feeling to promote God's glory on the Earth and advance human happiness. And it is only when we give so as to feel it—give so as to call the spirit of self-denial into action—give so as to bring the soul into sympathy with the Cross, that we experience the full luxury of giving—the value of property as a means of noble happiness. There it is that the increase, a thousand fold, returns into our own heart, and the two mites of pious sacrifice swell into a great blessing and a precious memorial."*







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### THE IMPORTANCE OF SECRECY 1859

By Thomas Smith Webb

Remarks by Rob Morris

The fifth class consists of those who, having acquired a proficiency of knowledge to become teachers, have been elected to preside over regularly constituted bodies of Masons.

The sixth class consists of those who, having discharged the duties of the chair with honor and reputation, are acknowledged and recorded as Most Excellent Masters, The seventh class consists of a select few whom years and experience have improved, and whom merit and abilities have entitled to preferment. With this class the ancient landmarks of the Order are preserved ; and from them we learn and practice the necessary and instructive lessons, which at once dignify the art, and qualify its professors to illustrate its excellence and utility.

This is the established mode of the Masonic government, when the rules of the system are observed. By this judicious arrangement, true friendship is cultivated among different ranks and degrees of men, hospitality promoted, industry rewarded, and ingenuity encouraged.

This is according to the American System. In other countries the degree of Royal Arch is communicated without the intermediate degrees of Mark Master and Most Excellent Master.

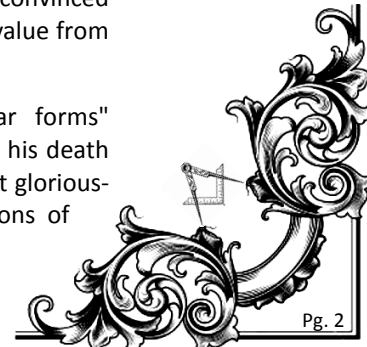
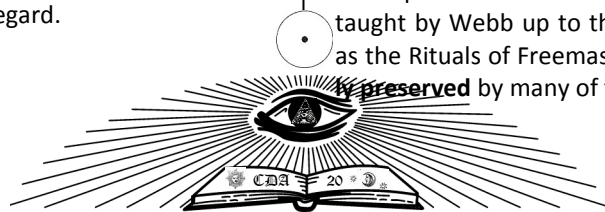
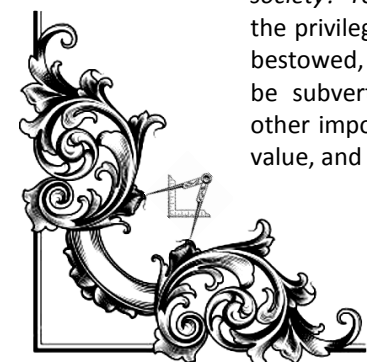
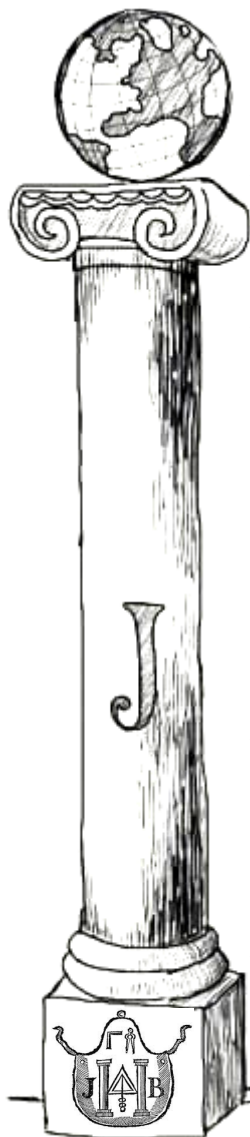
If the secrets of Masonry are replete with such advantages to mankind, it may be asked, Why are they not divulged for the general *good of society?* To which it may be answered; "Were the privileges of Masonry to be indiscriminately bestowed, the design of the institution would be subverted; and, being familiar, like many other important matters, would soon lose their value, and sink into disregard.

A better reason than this is that we as Masons have received them under a binding pledge to preserve them as secrets from the world and can not, short of the most horrible falsehood, violate our covenant. This is well understood by the community at large, who stamped the seal of perjury so deeply into the forehead of those who in the last generation pretended to expose our mysteries to the world, that but few of them ever recovered from the disgrace.

It is a weakness in human nature, that men are generally more charmed with novelty, than the real worth or intrinsic value of things. Novelty influences all our actions and determinations. What is new, or difficult in the acquisition, however trifling or insignificant, readily captivates the imagination, and ensures a temporary admiration; while what is familiar, or easily obtained, however noble and eminent for its utility, is sure to be disregarded by the giddy and unthinking.

Did the particular secrets or peculiar forms prevalent among Masons constitute the essence of the art, it might be alleged that our amusements were trifling, and our ceremonies superficial. But this is not the case. Having their use, they are preserved; and from the recollection of the lessons they inculcate, the well-informed Mason derives instruction. Drawing them to a near inspection, he views them through a proper medium; adverts to the circumstances which gave them rise; dwells upon the tenets they convey ; and, finding them replete with useful information, adopts them as keys to the privileges of his art, and prized them as sacred. Thus convinced of their propriety, he estimates the value from their utility.

The "particular secrets or peculiar forms" taught by Webb up to the period of his death as the Rituals of Freemasonry are yet gloriously preserved by many of the old Masons of





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New England and elsewhere. The writer has received them from various persons in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, etc., and has found them in the main, uniform and consistent. The changes made-by Masonic lecturers subsequently to 1810, have not been for the better.

Many persons are deluded by their vague supposition that our mysteries are merely nominal; that the practices established among us are frivolous; and that our ceremonies might be adopted, or waived, at pleasure. On this false foundation, we have found them hurrying through all the degrees, without adverting to the propriety of one step they pursue, or possessing a single qualification requisite for advancement. Passing through the usual formalities, they have accepted offices, and assumed the government of Lodges, equally unacquainted with the rules of the institution they pretended to support, or the nature of the trust reposed in them. The consequence is obvious; wherever such practices have been allowed, anarchy and confusion have ensued, and the substance has been lost in the shadow.

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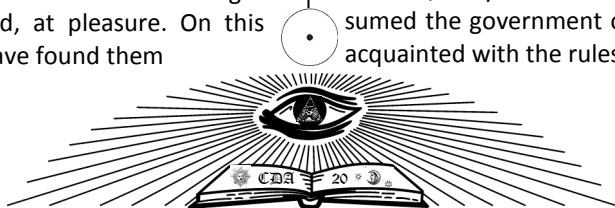
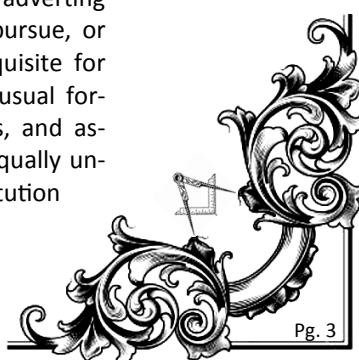
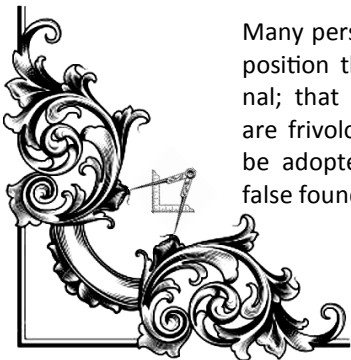
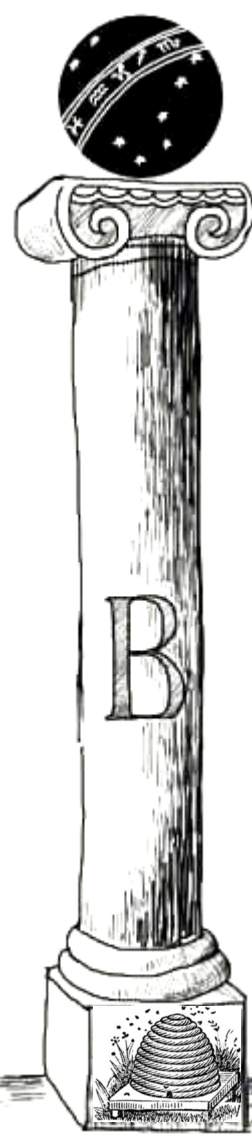
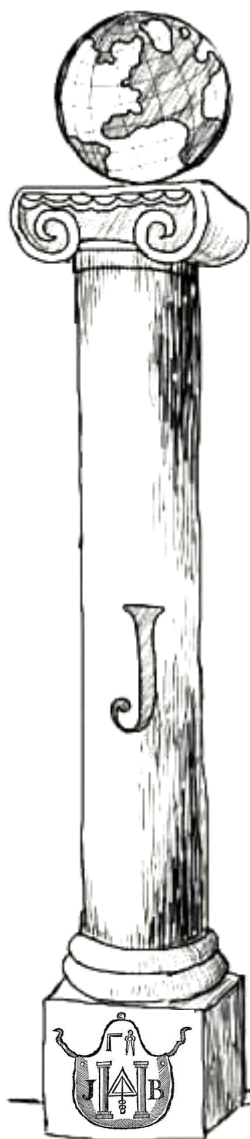
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This grievous fault, as common at the present day as in 1797, is chargeable upon the Masters of Lodges and can not justly be imputed to the candidates themselves. If the blind lead the blind what other result can be expected!

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Were the brethren who preside over Lodges properly instructed previous to their appointment, and regularly apprised of the importance of their respective offices, a general reformation would speedily take place. This would evince the propriety of our mode of government, and lead men to acknowledge, that our honors were deservedly conferred. The ancient consequence of the Order would be restored, and the reputation of the society preserved.

A careful study of the ancient laws of the Institution develops seventeen main principles, or landmarks which the intelligent officer of the Lodge may well commit to memory. They are as follows: 1, The Masonic landmarks are unchangeable, and imperative. 2, Masonry is a system teaching, symbolically, piety, morality, science, charity, and self-discipline. 3, The law of God is the rule and limit of Masonry. 4, The Civil law, so far as it accords with the Divine, is obligatory upon Masons. 6, The Masonic Lodge, and the Masonic institution, are one and indivisible. 6, Masonic qualifications regard the mental, moral, and physical nature of man. 7, Personal worth and merit are the basis of official worth

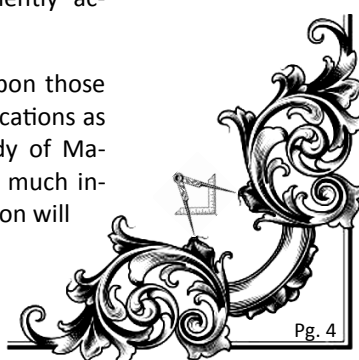
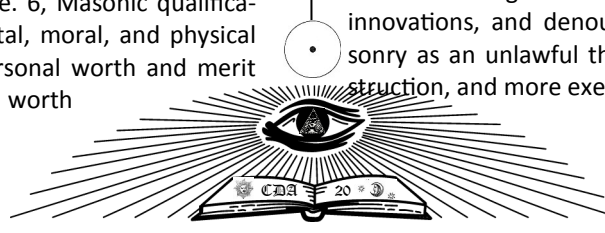
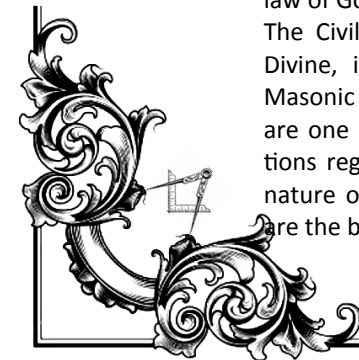
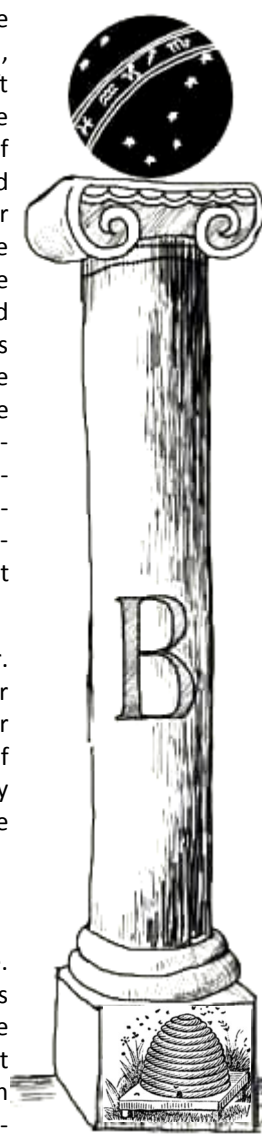
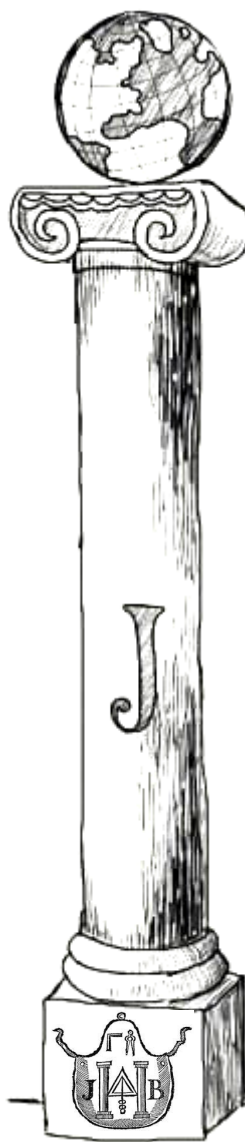
and merit. 8, The official duties of Masonry are esoteric. 9, The selection of Masonic material, and the general labors of the Masonic Craft are exoteric. 10, The honors of Masonry are the gratitude of the Craft, and the approval of God. 11, Masonic promotion, both official and private, is by grades. 12, The Grand Master may have a deputy. 13, The head of the Lodge is the Master duly elected by the Craft. 14, The medium of communication between the head and the body of the Lodge, is the Wardens duly elected by the Craft. 15, Obedience to the Master and Wardens is obligatory upon the members. 16, Secrecy is an indispensable element of Masonry. 17, The Grand Lodge is supreme in its sphere of jurisdiction, and controls both the Subordinate Lodges and individual Masons, but always subject to the ancient landmarks.

Such conduct alone can support our character. Unless prudent actions shall distinguish our title to the honors of Masonry, and regular deportment display the influence and utility of our rules, the world in general will not easily be led to reconcile our proceedings with the tenets of our profession.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Masonry is an art equally useful and extensive. In every art there is a mystery, which requires a gradual progression of knowledge to arrive at any degree of perfection in it. Without much instruction, and more exercise, no man can be skillful in any art: in like manner, without an assiduous application to the various subjects treated of in the different lectures of Masonry, no person can be sufficiently acquainted with its true value.

This sentiment is a severe rebuke upon those who declaim against all written publications as innovations, and denounce the study of Masonry as an unlawful thing. Without much instruction, and more exercise, no person will





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appreciate the wisdom, strength, and beauty of Freemasonry.

It must not, however, be inferred from this remark, that persons who labor under the disadvantages of a confined education, or whose sphere of life requires a more intense application to business or study, are to be discouraged in their endeavors to gain a knowledge of Masonry.

The peculiarly difficult manner in which the essential secrets of Masonry are necessarily communicated to the American brethren, renders it a matter of time as well as labor, to acquire them. No such auxiliaries as go to the acquisition of other sciences are permitted here; frequent rehearsals impressing retentive memories, form the only road to this learning. It is not strange, therefore, that we have so few proficient.

To qualify an individual to enjoy the benefits of the society at large, or to partake of its privileges, it is not absolutely necessary that he should be acquainted with all the intricate parts of the science. These are only intended for the diligent and assiduous Mason, who may have leisure and opportunity to indulge such pursuits.

Though some are more able than others, some more eminent, some more useful, yet all, in their different spheres, may prove advantageous to the community. As the nature of every man's profession will not admit of that leisure which is necessary to qualify him to become an expert Mason, it is highly proper that the official duties of a Lodge should be executed by

persons whose education and situation in life enable them to become adepts; as it must be allowed, that all who accept offices, and exercise authority, should be properly qualified to discharge the task assigned them, with honor to themselves, and credit to their sundry stations.

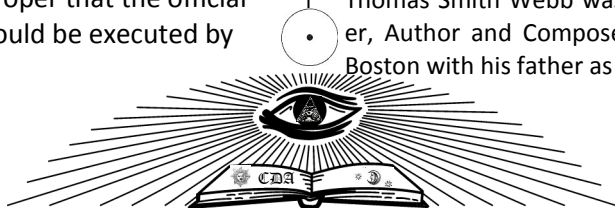
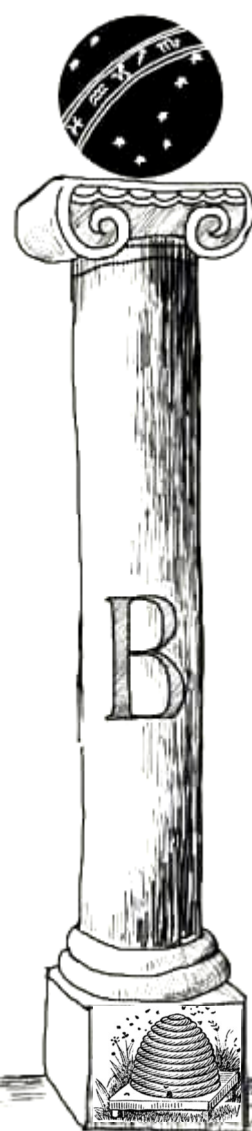
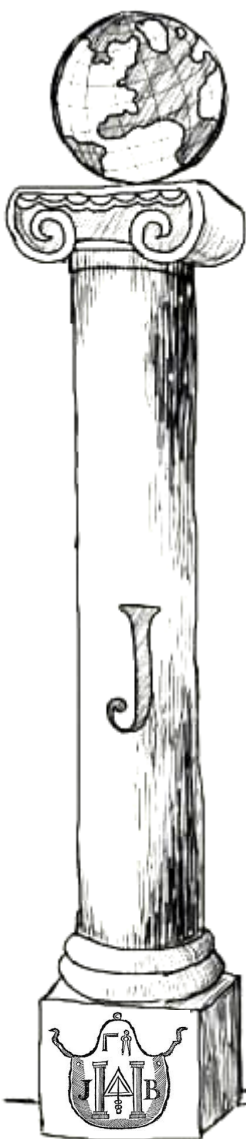
**Thomas Smith Webb**



Biography By Jay Webb, P M. A F & A M

Thomas Smith Webb was born October 30th 1771 in Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts and came from the great northern Webb family of early colonial Massachusetts. His father was Samuel Webb b. 1733, d.1792, and his mother was Margaret Cookson, b. May 29, 1740, both from Boston, Suffolk County, Massachusetts. His grandfather was Samuel Webb, and grandmother Deborah Belknap. His great grandfather was Samuel Webb and great grandmother was Abigail Austin. Looking back further, his great, great grandfather was John Webb, wife, Bethiah Adams, and still further back to his GGGG grandfather who was Christopher Webb, wife Hannah Scott of Braintree, and his GGGGG grandfather who was Christopher Webb, wife Humility Cooper.

Thomas Smith Webb was a Printer, Bookbinder, Author and Composer. He apprenticed in Boston with his father as a printer and book







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binder, and after completing his apprenticeship he moved to Keene, New Hampshire. In New Hampshire he started a bookstore and binder business. He lived there for a few years, when in 1790, at the age of 19, he joined the Fraternal Order of Freemasonry at "Rising Sun Lodge of Keene" with a special dispensation. He then moved to Albany, New York where he started a business manufacturing wallpaper with great success.

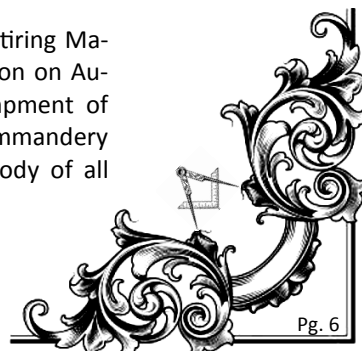
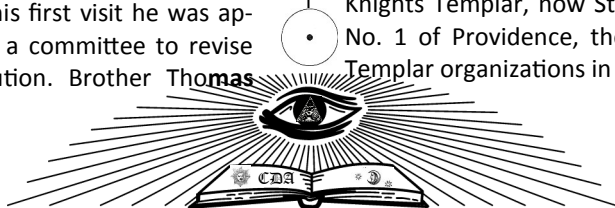
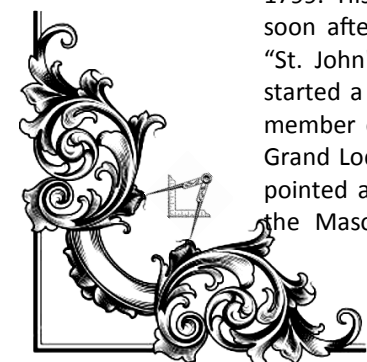
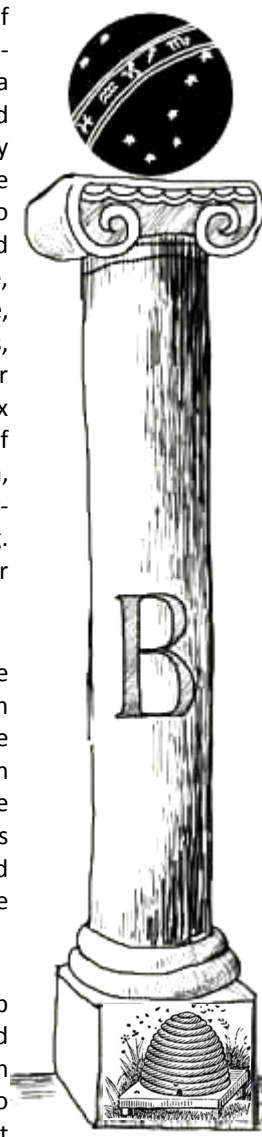
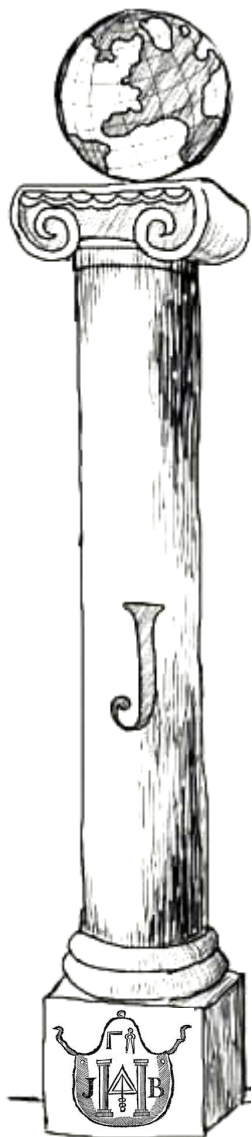
"The earliest account of the introduction of Masonry into the United States, is the history of a lodge organized in Rhode Island, in 1658, and the first lawful lodge of Masons ever convened in this jurisdiction was the one which met in Newport in 1749" Thomas Smith Webb joined "Union Lodge #1 of Albany, New York." He moved through the chairs and became its Worshipful Master, then helped form the "Temple Royal Arch Chapter" to become the High Priest. In 1797 Albany, at the age of 26, he authored his first book "The Freemason's Monitor or Illustrations of Masonry", that ultimately had seven editions published. It brought him international fame among the Fraternal Order of Mason's and it became the standard of ritual exemplification for many Lodges through out early America. In October 1797, he married Martha/Patty Hopkins in Boston. The marriage is said to have produced five children. Three died young. Following the death of his wife perhaps in 1808, Webb then married her sister, Mehitable (Hitty) Hopkins, with whom he had four more children. Thomas, now 28 years old, moved to Providence, Rhode Island in 1799. His reputation was well known, and soon after his arrival he was invited to join "St. John's Lodge #1 of Rhode Island", and started a school of Masonic instruction. As a member of Rhode Island Lodge he attended Grand Lodge and on his first visit he was appointed a member of a committee to revise the Masonic Constitution. Brother Thomas

Smith Webb was elected Grand Master of Rhode Island in 1813 and 1814 and was nominated again in 1815 but declined. In 1814 a British man-of-war appeared off Newport, and in Providence, like other coastal cities, they were fearful of possible invasion. The State House in Providence called for volunteers to erect breastworks to protect the town, and Webb who was Grand Master at the time, called a special meeting of the Grand Lodge, instructing the brethren to bring shovels, spades or axe and one day's provisions. After closing the Lodge the brethren marched to Fox Hill and by sunset had erected 430 feet of breastworks, 10 feet wide, and 5 feet high, and gave it the name of Fort Hiram. The Governor confirmed this breastwork that evening. This was one of only two Masonic Forts ever erected in this country.

Brother Webb was invited to join Providence "Royal Arch Chapter" and was elected to High Priest from 1804 to 1814, and with others he organized the "General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States" and guided the operation as Deputy Grand High Priest until his death on July 6th 1819. The "General Grand Chapter" is now the oldest National York Rite Masonic body in America.

On one of his travels to the Midwest, Webb found that in Kentucky and Ohio the Grand Lodges had sole power to charter Royal Arch Chapters, but he was able to influence them to permit the formation of Grand Chapters that would be subservient only to the General Grand Chapter.

During this same period, Webb's untiring Masonic zeal accomplished the formation on August 11, 1802, of St. John's Encampment of Knights Templar, now St. John's Commandery No. 1 of Providence, the ranking body of all Templar organizations in America.





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Webb provided the ritual and ceremonial procedure of the Templar Orders and was elected its first Eminent Commander. He was elected annually until 1814 when he declined re-election. In 1805, with others, he organized the now Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island and presided therein until he retired in 1817. The achievement, which has been declared the crowning glory of Webb's Masonic career, was the formation of the "Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States" which he accomplished in 1816 in New York City.

One of Freemasonry's most dedicated workers passed with a record of accomplishment second to none, and a Lodge, a Council, and a Commandery bearing his name perpetuate his memory in Rhode Island. The Grand Lodge of Rhode Island erected a monument to the memory of Thomas Smith Webb at the North Burial Ground in Providence. Mr. Webb is regarded as the creator of the American Masonic system of Chapters and Encampments and the founder of the York Rite, which includes three bodies (Royal Arch, Council of Royal & Select Masters, and Knights Templar) that a Master Mason may join to obtain advanced degrees. Thomas Webb was also a poet and composer. He was also the first President of the Psallonian Society, and in addition, Mr. Webb was a founder of the Handel and Haydn Philharmonic Society.

Masonic Lodges named in honor of Thomas Smith Webb: In Augusta, Georgia, Thomas Smith Webb was so respected they named there Lodge in his Honor. Originally chartered as Webb Lodge #19, the lodge was created after a meeting of Social Lodge #18 that was held on November 5th, 1819. A petition was then sent to the Grand Lodge for creation of Webb Lodge, and in the petition it stated that James A. Black was recommended as Worshipful Master, Augustin Slaughter to be the S

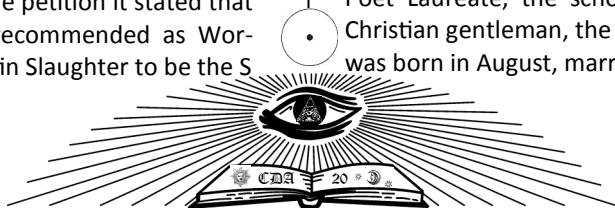
enior Warden, and J. W. Wilder to be the Junior Warden. The first meeting was held on November 25, 1819 for organization of the lodge. It was not until September 21st, 1821 that the By-Laws were read for the first time. They were then adopted and confirmed on April 19th, 1822. Webb Lodge #19 was destroyed by fire many times, and the official history of Webb Lodge ends in 1968 when the present Masonic Temple was relocated on Wrightsboro Road, Augusta Georgia. At that time the Lodge number was then changed to Webb Lodge #166. Thomas Smith Webb Lodge #43, Cranston, Rhode Island. Thomas Smith Webb Chapter #16, Providence, Rhode Island. Thomas Smith Webb Commandery #51, Providence Rhode Island. Webb Lodge #24, Richmond, Indiana, that was chartered on October 27, 1823. Webb Lodge #182, Sigourney, Iowa. Webb Commandery #1, Lexington, Kentucky. Webb Chapter #14, Cleveland, Ohio, was organized in 1836. There was no greater Man of Freemasonry then Thomas Smith Webb, who stands a "Just and Upright Man among Men and Masons Forever"

Rob Morris



Biography by Mrs. Arabella O. Houston, P.M., of Hendersonville Chapter No. 61.

The month of August was an important one in the life of Dr. Rob Morris, the master builder of the Order of the Eastern Star, the Masonic Poet Laureate, the scholar, the teacher, the Christian gentleman, the friend of mankind. He was born in August, married in August, and







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buried in August.

Rob Morris was born near Boston, Massachusetts, on August 31, 1818. He was the youngest of a family, all of whom had been born in New York City, and shortly after his birth the family returned to New York. His childhood and early manhood was spent in New York where he had the best educational advantages. Following his graduation from college, he went to Mt. Sylvan Academy, near Oxford, Mississippi, where he became principal of the Academy. Here he met Miss Charlotte Mendenhall, a daughter of one of the most prominent families in Mississippi. They were married August 26, 1841.

We are not told very much about Mrs. Morris except that she was a loving, faithful wife, in sympathy with her husband's work, and that during the singing of hymns, at the hour of family worship in their home, the air was led by Mrs. Morris. She was the mother of seven children, which was considered a rather small family in those days. There were three boys, John, Alfred and Robert, Jr., four girls, Sarah, Charlotte, Ruth and Ella. After a lingering illness, the youngest daughter, Ella Wilson Morris, passed away on July 29, 1877, at the age of twenty. In June of that year Dr. Morris wrote a poem entitled, "The Father To The Dying Daughter" which portrays a beautiful family life and his faith in a future life.

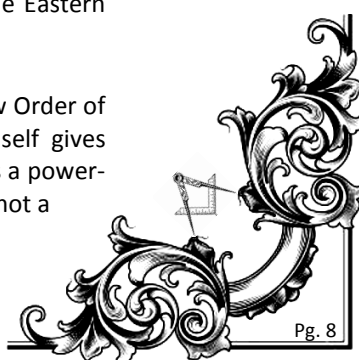
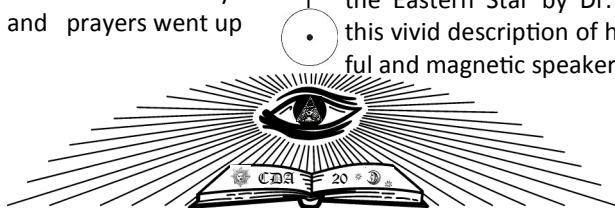
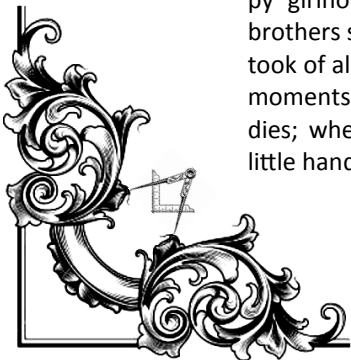
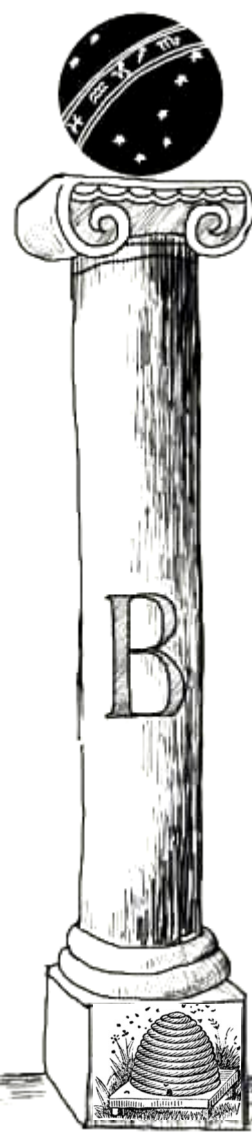
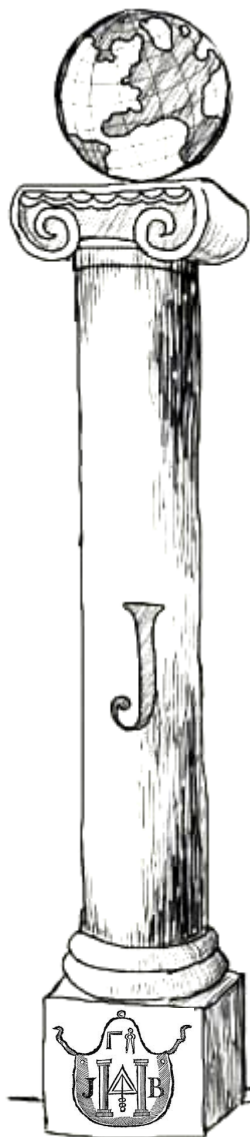
Dear Ella, as you watch the flowers of June,  
 And wear away the summer days in pain,  
 Do you not often think of seasons gone  
 And wish that childhood's days were back again?  
 I know you do; they were such sunny days;  
 Your happy girlhood never knew a care;  
 Sisters and brothers shared your merry plays,  
 Your parents took of all your pains the share.  
 How sweet the moments fled we use to sing  
 Such joyful melodies; when evening fell  
 To father's knee your little hand would cling,  
 and prayers went up

to HIM we loved so well. We sang sweet,  
 "Mary at the Saviour's Tomb";  
 We sang "Thus far the Lord hath led us on";  
 And in dear mother's own domestic room  
 We kissed good-night, and then to bed were gone.

Ah, Ella, there is nothing left like this,  
 In womanhood there dwells such woe and pain;  
 Had we but known, it was our time of bliss;  
 Oh that my children were but young again.  
 Gray-haired and sad, I meditate to-day,  
 My tears fast dropping through the lonely hours;  
 Is there not somewhere, somewhere far away  
 A home where bitter memories come no more?  
 We do believe there is, we will believe,  
 You learned such faith, my daughter, at my knee;  
 The Holy One, who never can deceive,  
 Assures us of a blest eternity.  
 Read it again, "All tears are wiped away".  
 The saints with crowns and harps all radiant stand,  
 The LAMB sits on the throne, and endless day  
 And jubilant song pervade the happy Land.  
 Then bow with patience, Dearest, 'neath your load;  
 A mighty Saviour waits to be your Guide;  
 JESUS the painful pilgrimage hath trod,  
 Eternal life and light with Him that died.

Dr. Morris was named "Robert," but he says: "I adopted the apparently quaint and odd cognomen 'of Rob' as a prefix. The immediate cause 'of this was my determination not any longer to be confounded with Mr. Robert Morris, the author and poet of Philadelphia". Dr. Rob Morris was a poet, and a writer of note. He was the composer of many Sunday School songs, poems and lectures. He wrote more than three hundred poems in the interest of Masonry, and many for the Order of the Eastern Star.

A lady who was initiated into the new Order of the Eastern Star by Dr. Morris himself gives this vivid description of him: "He was a powerful and magnetic speaker; there was not a





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movement in the hall while he was speaking for he held his audience spellbound. He was a small man with brown curly hair and a short full beard. He had the merriest blue eyes you ever saw and everyone who heard his voice or had shaken hands with him could never forget that hearty, brotherly handclasp of his". And a Mason said this of him: "Brother Morris' marked trait was industry. He made little pretension to genius or talent of the high order, but he always made the best use of his time. I never saw him idle for a moment, in the lodge or out of it he was ever seeking or communicating Masonic light. He visited sick brethren, if there were any, at their houses, and imparted comfort. He inquired for destitute brethren and tendered them aid. He looked up the graves of departed Masons and suggested better care of them."

We are also told that he was extremely fond of Nature—a collector of shells, arrow-heads and eccentric stones. The lilies of the field and the wayside flowers were very dear to him. In February, 1850, he was confined to the house with an attack of rheumatism, and it was at this time he worked out the theme and name of the Order of the Eastern Star. One sultry afternoon, in August, 1854, Dr. Morris was walking home from a neighbors he sat upon a fallen tree, and upon the back of a letter dashed off, under momentary impulse and in stenographic character, the lines of his famous poem,

"The Level and the Square". In one sentence of that poem he breathes his belief in the leveling influence of death and the hope of the immortality of the soul: "There is a world where all are equal, We're hurrying to it fast; We shall meet upon the level When the gates of death are passed."

Many of his poems have a sad and melancholy note, especially those written during the Civil War. Let us remember he was born and reared in the North, and spent the remainder of his life in the South, so his heart must have been very heavy at the bitterness in the land. He was a man of peace and brotherly love, and had kindred and friends on both sides of the Mason and Dixon line.

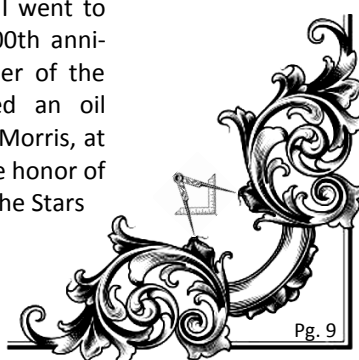
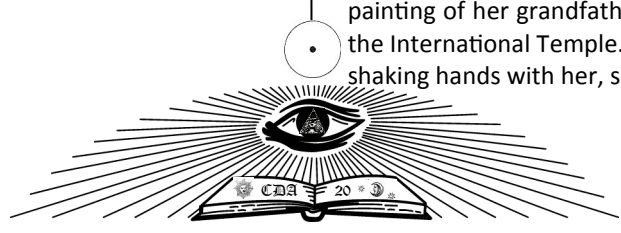
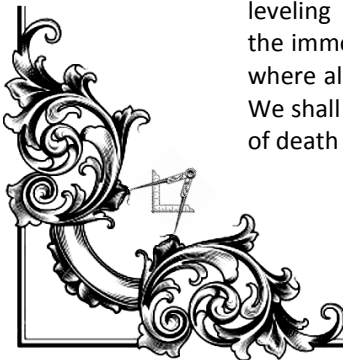
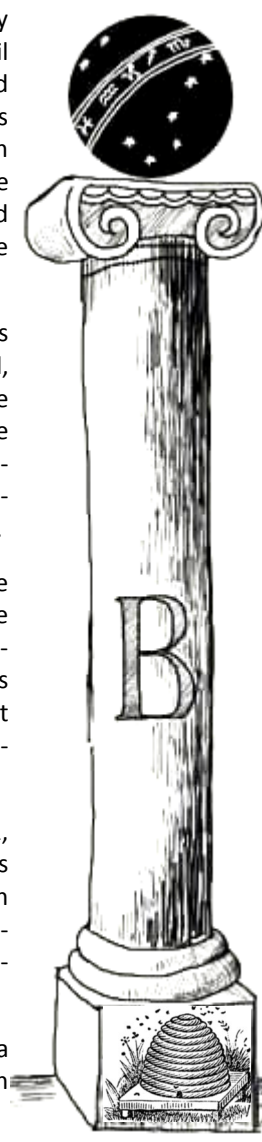
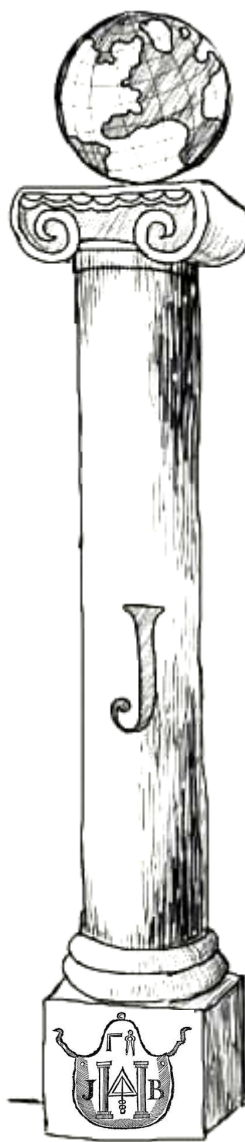
He traveled extensively in foreign countries and spent nearly a year in the Holy Land, where he wrote many of his poems. While seated on the shore of the Sea of Galilee he wrote the beautiful song. "Memories of Galilee". The scarlet lily blossoms profusely in Palestine, and on the shores of the Sea of Galilee.

On November 8, 1861, Dr. Morris' home, "The Three Cedars," was destroyed by fire. This fire cost him the loss of many of his Masonic jewels, diplomas and certificates. Numerous books, papers and manuscripts were lost, but his courage was not destroyed. He built another home and continued writing.

Dr. Morris entered life eternal on July 31, 1888, lacking just one month of reaching his three score years and ten. He was buried on August 1st. Mrs. Morris passed away on August 14, 1893, and was buried beside her husband.

A grand-daughter, Miss Ella Morris Mount, is a Past Grand Matron of Kentucky, and has been Grand Secretary of Kentucky for many years.

In 1950, when your first Worthy Matron, Mrs. Fay Lockman, was Grand Marshal of the Grand Chapter of North Carolina, she and I went to Washington, D. C., to attend the 100th anniversary of the founding of the Order of the Eastern Star. Miss Mount unveiled an oil painting of her grandfather, Dr. Rob Morris, at the International Temple. We had the honor of shaking hands with her, so we had "The Stars







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our Fingertips".

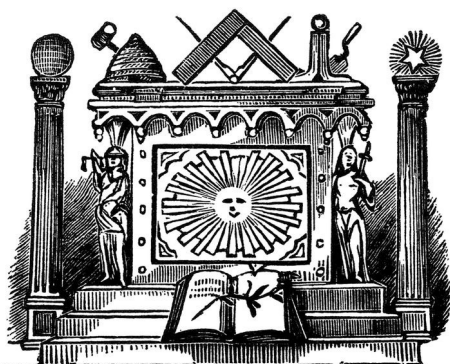
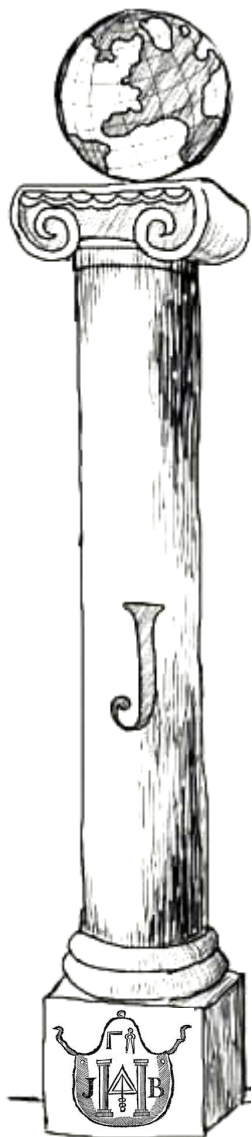
The Morris home, at LaGrangfe, Kentucky, is owned by the Grand Chapter of Kentucky, Order of the Eastern Star. In the autumn of 1947, my husband and I visited the Rob Morris Home. We were graciously received by the caretaker, who conducted us through the eight rooms of the two-story building. Some of the furniture is of that period but we were shown several pieces that belonged to the Morris family. One that was especially interesting was a little old-fashioned organ. Enlarged pictures of Dr. and Mrs. Morris were in the living room. The original desk, used by Dr. Morris, was in his office on the second floor. On this desk was a map of the Holy Land and his Bible. On the fly leaf of the Bible, written in his own hand, was "Rob Morris, LaGrange, Kentucky, U.S.A." In his office were shells and bottles of seeds, and a bookcase contained a number of scrap-books. In a glass case was a letter written to a grandchild. The salutation was: "My dear Namesake" and closed "Your affectionate Grandfather". We walked to the cemetery, which is just a few hundred yards from the Morris home, to visit the graves of Dr. and Mrs. Morris. A tall marble shaft marks their resting places. On one side is the Square and Compasses, and on the other the Five-Pointed Star. On the iron gate to the cemetery are these words: "Valley of Rest".

THE CITY OF GOD 1917

"For the finer spirits of Europe there are two dwelling-places: our earthly fatherland and that other City of God. Of the one we are the guests; of the other the builders. To the one let us give our lives and our faithful hearts; but neither family, friend, nor fatherland, nor aught that we love has power over the spirit. The spirit is light! It is our duty to lift it above tempests, and thrust aside the clouds which threaten to obscure it; to build higher and stronger, dominating the injustice and hatred of nations, the walls of that city wherein the souls of the whole world may assemble."

Surely that is a true, prophetic voice - Romain Holland, speaking from "Above the Battle," - the grandest utterance that has yet been heard above the din of war and the thunder of great guns, if heard only by a few who refuse to share in the wide-sown hatreds and madness of the hour. If the House of Life seems suddenly shattered, as if by a shrieking, screaming shell, leaving us shelterless, it is because, having lost our sense of common humanity, we have lost our citizenship in the City of God. Either we are all citizens of the same City, and war between us is civil war, or else there is no City of God and no home for man in the universe, nor any hope ahead save an endless conflict of beings that have nothing in common and no place where they can gather and be at rest. Hear now a voice from Germany - Forster of Munich - speaking in sober, searching words which rebuke the false philosophies and fanatical folly of the day: "We have been misunderstood, and have misunderstood others."

Who can wish in this chaos of deception to lay all the faults upon one side? Let him who is without sin cast the first stone. The traditions of all nations are stained with blood and guilt, and this world war is the culmination of the





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slowly working world judgment on the terrible course of European history in the past. For us here, behind the lines, it is a sacred duty to do all we can to bring about an atmosphere in which passions can be soothed and the voice of reason make itself heard. What matters is a new spirit; in each nation men must make themselves felt who will say openly that there is no way out of the hell of madness and obstinacy, unless we all resolve to give up the old evil spirit that ruled the intercourse of nations, confess, openly and honestly, our own share in its sins, and from the bottom of our hearts learn to love and to think out a new Europe."

Truly, here is deep wisdom, going down to the roots of our woes, and if this war ends in a league of men who think lovingly, it will be worth all its frightful cost in blood and tears. The fact stands before us, nobody can dispute it. Humanity began low and has been going higher ever since, pushed upward by compulsions it could not escape, pulled upward by influences it could not resist. Slowly, through ages of pain, through untold sorrow and sacrifice, our race has been climbing, throwing off one dead weight after another, and making its way toward liberty and light. Its ascent is inevitable, and not even the tragedy of world-war can stay it, much less stop it.

History, in the great conception of it, reveals an onward movement. There was Greece, after her twenty-seven years of civil war, exhausted, demoralized, fallen - but she rose again and her soul goes marching on. Mighty Rome, full of decadence, reeled to her ruin, and the world moved on, but the spirit and genius of Rome were not conquered by the barbarians thundering at her gates. The Reformation made protest against a corrupt church in behalf of the home and the rights of the soul, and nothing could stop it. The

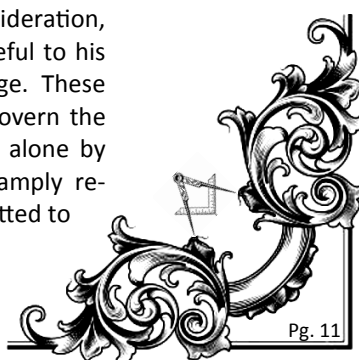
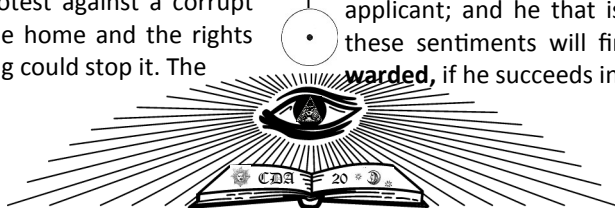
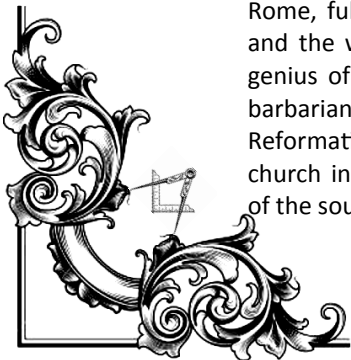
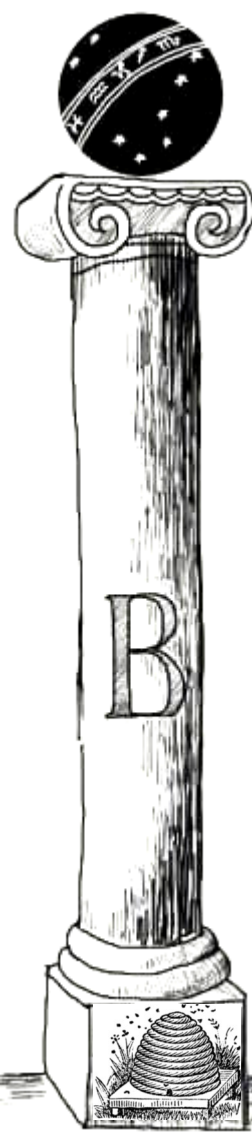
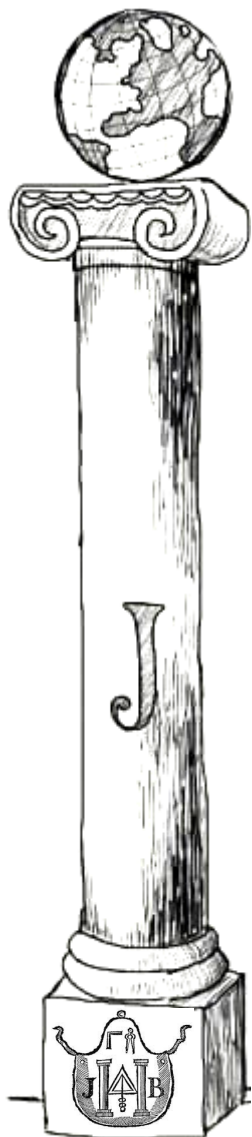
French Revolution was a human earthquake, terrible in its atheism and inhumanity, but out of it rose a new day radiant with unguessed promise.

Make no mistake; out of this world-war incredible good will issue and the race will move forward at a pace unmatched before in its annals. As the long wars of the Middle Ages overthrew feudalism and ushered in nationalism, so this war will mean the end of narrow, bigoted nationalism and the advent of a closer world-fellowship. Already, above the din of battle, we hear prophetic voices proclaiming the necessity of things hitherto held to be impractical dreams, so slowly does man learn that his dreams are his redemption, and his ideals his beacon lights. Surely, in the new day that is to be, there will be a ministry for Masonry, which is a world-order of closely limited men who work for the welfare of mankind, "striving morally to ennoble themselves and others, and thereby to bring about a universal league of mankind, which it aspires to exhibit even now on a small scale."

PROSELYTING

It is a matter well understood by every member of the Craft — and he is deficient in knowledge of one of the moat essential points of Freemasonry, if it has not been taught him— that it is contrary to the spirit and laws of the Order to solicit friends or acquaintances to become united with us in the bonds of Brotherhood.

He that is desirous of being admitted into our Fraternity must do so of his own free will and accord unbiased by any selfish consideration, but with the sole desire of being useful to his fellow-man, and to attain knowledge. These motives should alone actuate and govern the applicant; and he that is influenced alone by these sentiments will find himself amply rewarded, if he succeeds in being admitted to







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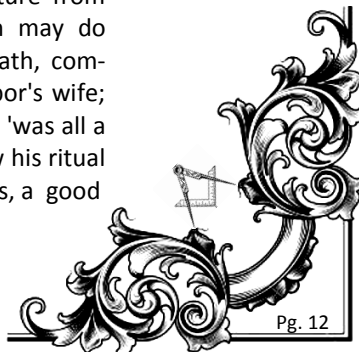
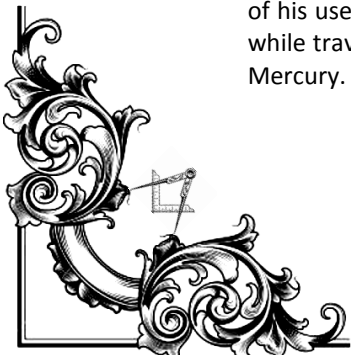
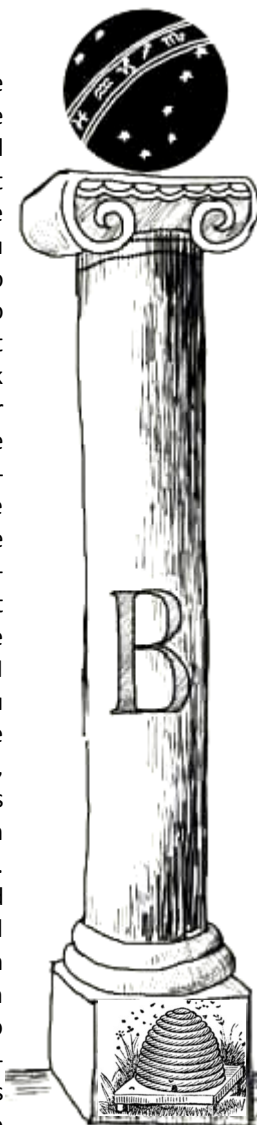
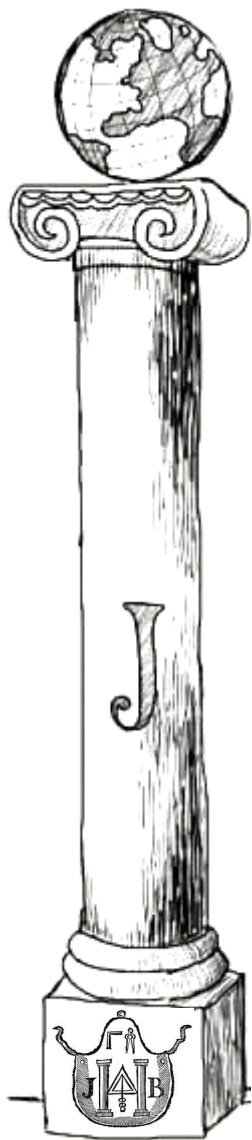
membership with us.

A Brother who could so far forget himself as to solicit, influence, or urge any one to become a member of our Order, is recreant to the trust reposed in him. Friendship, high position, or wealth, can form no excuse for solicitation to our mysteries. The applicant, ere he can be admitted as a member, must avow that he has not been prompted to request admission in consequence of the solicitation of friends. Each and every Brother has himself so affirmed prior to his initiation.

Would it not, then, be doing a great wrong to use the art of persuasion to induce a friend to make application to become one of us? Surely it would be wrong. Every applicant should knock at our portals with pure hand and sincere heart. Influences of the noblest character should prompt to attain this privilege. Should it not be thought prudent by the Brethren to grant this favor to the applicant; he can have no just cause to complain, be he rich or poor, high or low, as the Brethren are the best judges of whom they will admit to membership amongst them. It can be no detriment to the Order that an individual enjoying high position and great popularity among his fellow-citizens is refused admission among us; for, although all may have a right to seek this favor, it remains with the Brethren to say whether they will grant it. In seeking admission, however, all should come unbiased and free, not for the purpose of gratifying an idle curiosity, but for the purpose of benevolence and charity, with a desire for useful knowledge, and to extend the sphere of his usefulness among his fellow-sojourners while travelling through this world of care. — Mercury.

The Old Tyler Talks

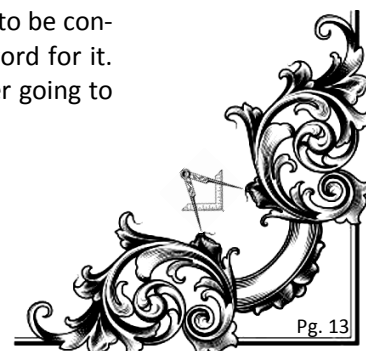
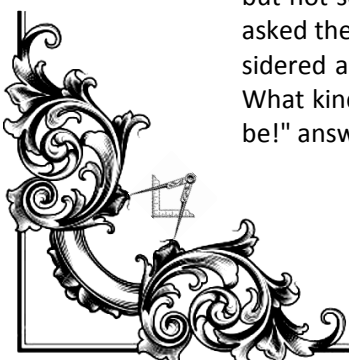
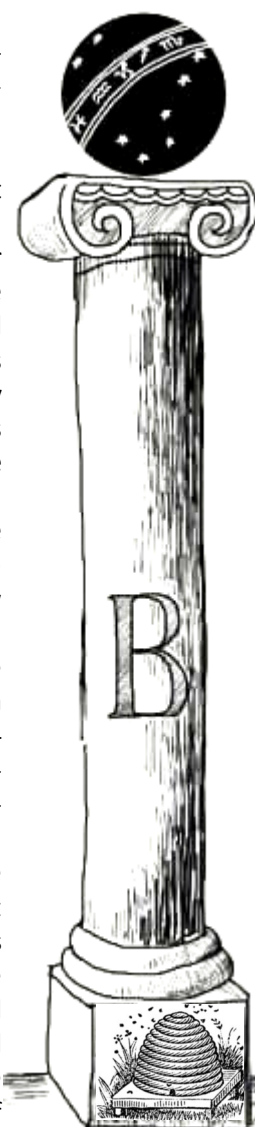
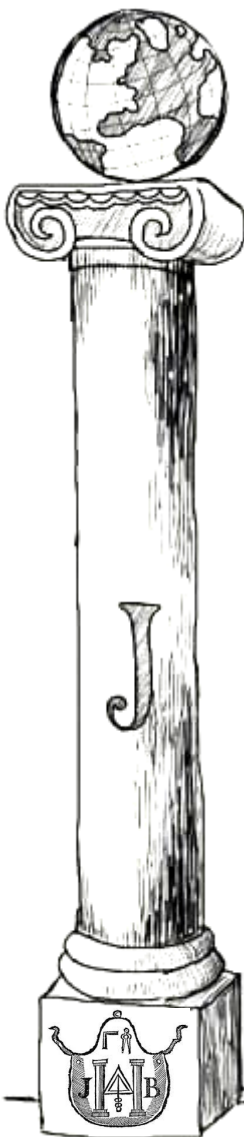
KINDS OF MASONS "I am almost through!" The New Brother displayed a sheaf of cards to the Old Tiler. "Soon I will have joined them all and become every kind of Mason there is." "What do you know about the kinds of Masons there are?" asked the Old Tiler, interested. "You have not been a Master Mason long enough to gain all that knowledge!" "That's not hard to gain, with all the brethren poking petitions at you. There are Scottish Rite Masons and York Rite Masons and Templar Masons and Chapter Masons and council Masons and..." "Oh!" the syllable said much. The Old Tiler added, "I didn't understand. I thought you couldn't have learned yet." "Learned what? Are there some more kinds of Masons?" "Indeed, yes!" answered the Old Tiler. "A great many kinds. But seven you haven't mentioned stand out more prominently than others." "Do tell me! I thought I had joined most of them..." "You don't join these. You become one, or are made one, or grow into one of them. For instance, there is the King Solomon Mason. He thinks that everything that Solomon did as a Mason is right and everything he didn't do is wrong. To him Masonry was conceived, born and grew up in the shadow of King Solomon, and every word of the legend is literally true, much like the man who refuses to believe the earth is round, because a verse in the Bible refers to the 'four corners of the earth!' The King Solomon Mason lives his Masonry according to his light; perhaps it's not his fault it is so dim. "To the ritual Mason the importance of Masonry is the form of its words. A good Mason in his belief is one who can repeat a lecture from end to end without a slip. A man may do battle, murder, or cause sudden death, commit arson or run away with a neighbor's wife; if he knows his ritual letter perfect, it 'was all a mistake!' The man who doesn't know his ritual letter perfect is not, in this man's eyes, a good





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Mason not though he give to charity with both hands and carry love for his fellowman in both head and heart. "The practical Mason looks at life from a utilitarian standpoint. He prefers electricity to candles for Lesser Lights because they are simpler and prefers candles to electricity because they are cheaper. He thinks a choir impractical because it produces nothing permanent, and would rather spend the money for printed matter or a new carpet. He is at his best when raising money for a new temple and at his worst when asked to express himself upon the spirit of Masonry. His hand is in his pocket for charity, but never for entertainment. He is usually on the finance committee, and recommends a budget in which rent and heat and light are bigger than relief. Lodge of "The heart Mason is the opposite. He is full of impractical schemes. He wants to start a new temple which will never be built. He talks much of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, but is absent when the hat is passed and the committee on funds needs a few workers to go out and gather it. The heart Mason is the lodge sob-sister; he usually seconds any motion to spend any amount of money for flowers or to send a brother away for his health, and always makes a little tear-filled speech about the fatherless loved ones, even if the dear departed died a bachelor. The business Mason belongs because he thinks it helps his job. He usually sits next to the solid businessman in lodge and likes to tell people what he does. If he is a Past Master, he never comes to lodge on time, so that he can get a special welcome at the Altar. His favorite speech is about the man who tried to advertise his business in lodge and how evil this was; in the speech he always mentions his own business. He wears an extra large sized pin and prints squares and compasses on his letterheads. "We dominate another kind by the expressive term of belly Mason. He is most faithful in attendance at lodges where there may be a feed. He will cheerfully spend twenty cents carfare and a long evening to get a fifteen-cent sandwich. If there is to be a sit-down meal he will sit up all night to be on time. If the affair is in another lodge and needs tickets he will take time off from his job to hunt a brother who has a ticket and doesn't want it. He usually manages to cross the lodge room while the cigars are passed so he can dig into the box twice. If the crowd is small, he is the last man to get a smoke, so he can take all that are left. If the crowd is large, he is among the first, to make sure he doesn't get left. "And then there is the regular Mason- the fellow who does his best with the time and brains he has. He is the great bulk of the fraternity. He pays the dues and fills the chairs and does the work. He is seldom a fine ritualist, but he is usually an earnest one. He is not very practical, and would spend more than we have if it wasn't that he is too sentimental to permit the charity fund to be robbed. He passes the sandwiches and coffee, and if there is any left he gets his; but he doesn't care so long as the evening is a success. He isn't a student, but something in the heart of Masonry has reached deep into his heart, and so he comes to lodge and does his best. He is not learned, but he is not stupid. He is not hidebound, and yet he is conservative. He loves his lodge, but not so much he cannot see her faults. He is most of us." "And what class of Mason am I?" asked the New Brother, uneasily looking at his sheaf of cards. "You have cards enough to be considered a Mason for almost any reason," answered the Old Tiler. "But I'll take your word for it. What kind of Mason are you?" "I don't know for sure, but I know what kind I am never going to be!" answered the New Brother, putting his many cards away.







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HUMOR

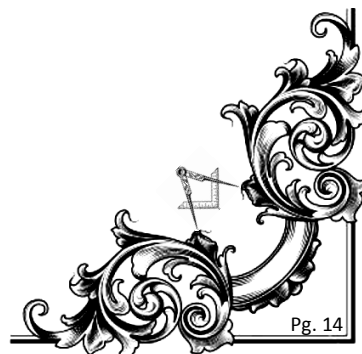
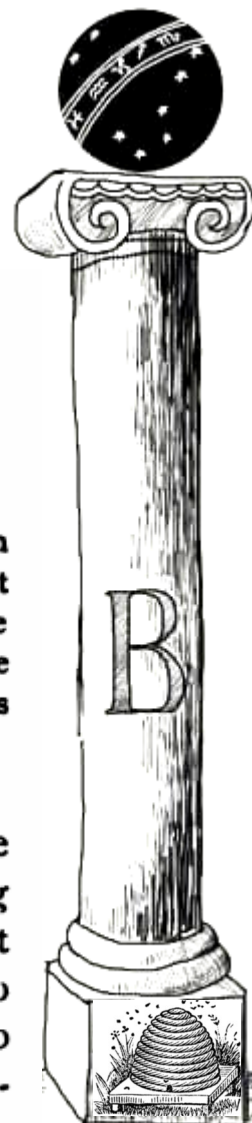
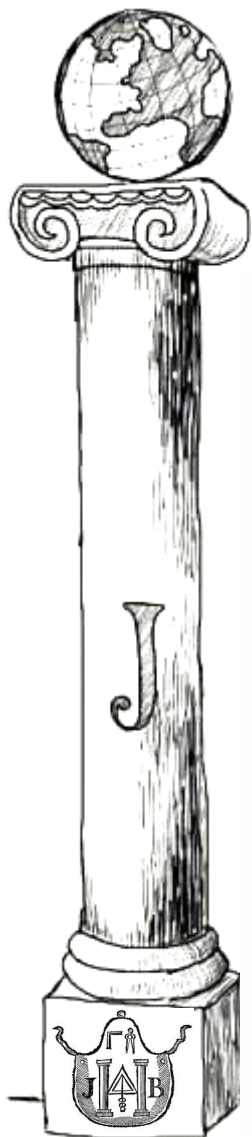


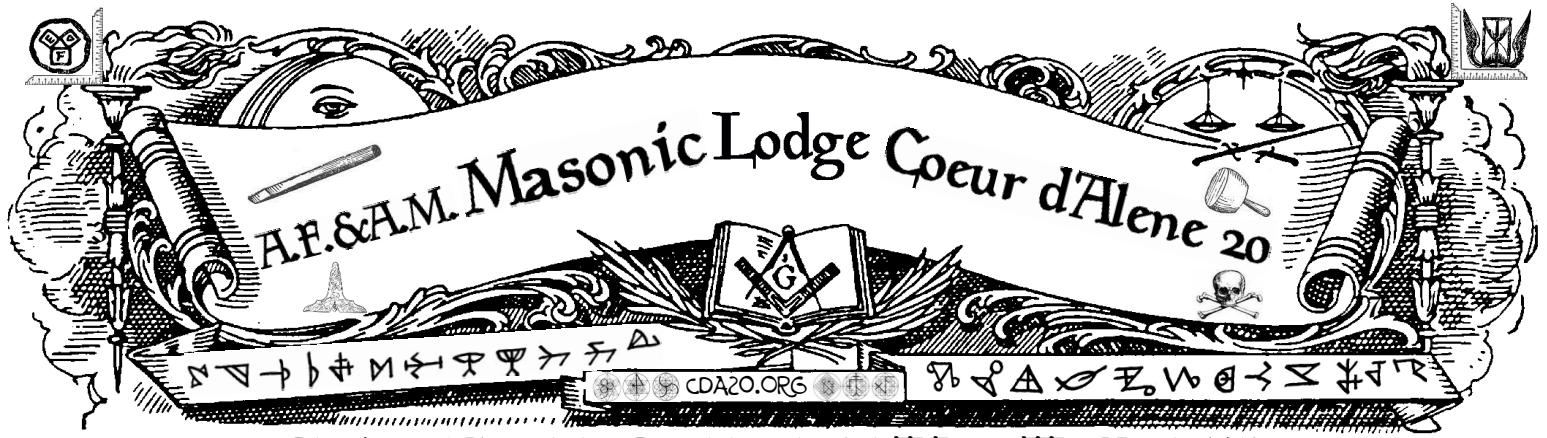
## THE VILLAGER AND THE SNAKE.

BY GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN.

**G**EOERGE THOMAS LANIGAN, author of the "*World's Fables*," was born at St. Charles, P. Q., Canada, December 10, 1846. He was educated at the High School, Montreal, Canada, and was upon the editorial staff of the *New York World* from 1874 until 1883. In 1884 he joined the staff of the *Philadelphia Record*, and he was connected with that journal at the time of his death, which occurred at Philadelphia, February 5, 1886.

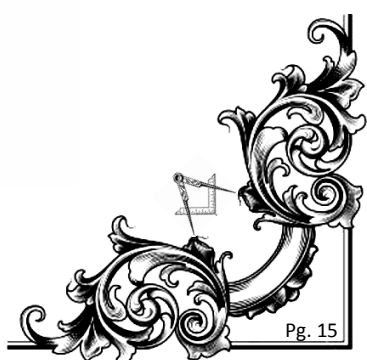
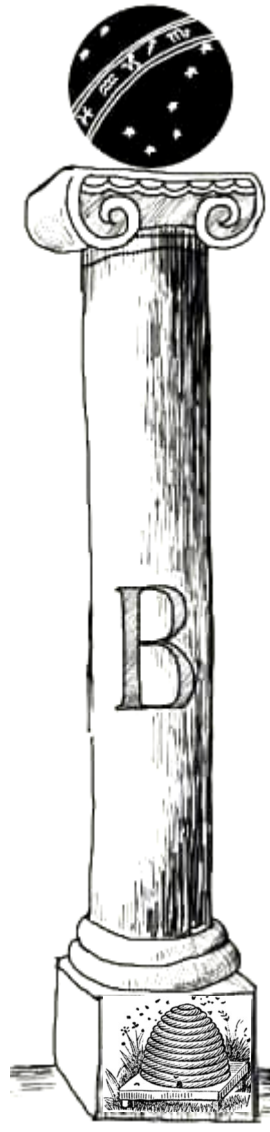
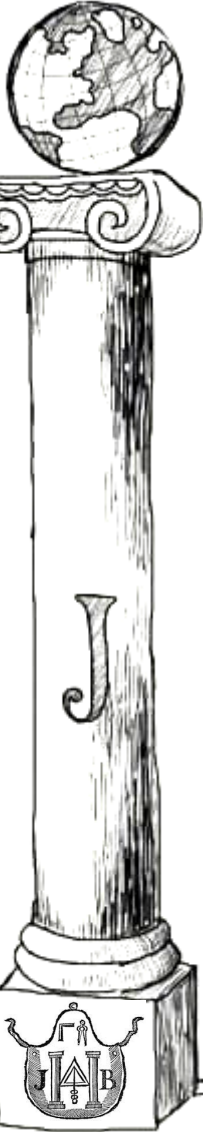
A VILLAGER, one frosty day, found under a Hedge a Snake almost dead with cold. Moved with compassion, and having heard that Snake Oil was good for the Rheumatiz, he took it home and placed it on the Hearth, where it shortly began to wake and crawl. Meanwhile, the Villager having gone out to keep an Engagement with a Man 'round the Corner, the Vil-





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lager's Son (who had not drawn a sober Breath for a Week) entered, and, beholding the Serpent unfolding its plain, unvarnished Tail, with the cry, "I've got 'em again!" fled to the office of the nearest Justice of the Peace, swore off, and became an Apostle of Temperance at \$700 a week. The beneficent







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Snake next bit the Villager's Mother-in-law so severely that Death soon ended her sufferings—and his; then silently stole away, leaving the Villager deeply and doubly in its Debt.

**Moral**—A Virtuous Action is not always its only Reward. A Snake in the Grass is Worth two in the Boot.



Murphy and O'Brien go out into the woods, they come a clearing and see an abandoned well. Murphy said 'I wonder how deep that well is?' O'Brien said, 'There's one way we could figure it out'. Murphy says, 'What's that?' O'Brien says, 'We drop something down it, we time how long it takes to hit the bottom, you multiply that time 32 feet per second squared, the rate at which objects fall in a vacuum, subtract a little for wind resistance and we've got the depth of the well'. Murphy says, 'What are you going to drop down it?' Then O'Brien looked all around and he saw this big heavy log lying on the ground. Next he squats down by the log and, using his legs correctly, he gets it up onto his shoulders and staggers over to the edge of the well, tips it up, drops it into the well and they start to count, 'One hippopotamus, two hippopotamus, three .....

SPLASH!!!!

Murphy said, 'Three seconds!' O'Brien said, 'Quick, multiply that time 32 feet per second squared!' '288 feet!', Murphy said. 'Subtract a little for wind resistance, let's say 18 feet. The depth of that well is 270 feet deep'. As he finished the calculation Murphy shouts, 'LOOK OUT!!' and he pushed O'Brien backwards and a goat ran between them and jumped head first down the well. Murphy said, 'My God, I've never seen anything like that'. Just then a farmer walks into the clearing and said, 'What's going on here boys?' O'Brien says, 'We just figured out the depth of this well to be about 270 feet deep and then the strangest thing happened. A goat ran between the two of us and jumped head first down into the well.' The farmer says, 'Thank heaven it wasn't one of my goats.' Murphy says, 'How do you know it wasn't?' And the farmer says, 'Because all of my goats are tethered to big heavy logs.'

