

he reckons too fast. The family was sheltered by the clapboard roof and rough walls of one cabin, but at the distance of ten or fifteen yards there was another, designed on the same rule of architecture, constructed of similar materials, erected about the same period, both bearing the burden of years, that rested not lightly upon them, but the second edifice was surpassed in each of the three dimensions by the first. The walls were raised so that there was but one log above the low door. The roof rose by easy grades to a low apex, and there was no other ceiling to the space enclosed. And this den, known in the family as "the office," with some shelves made of rough boards, an improvised desk of the same material, at which there was but room for the great and good man to stand when at work, his head being in close proximity to the clapboard roof and the rough boards which supported it.

From this rude hamlet came the *American Freemason*. Rob Morris had already gathered great stores of material for his work. Every corner was filled with books, pamphlets, manuscripts, or odds and ends that would bring delight to the heart of an antiquarian. His correspondence was immense. Letters and papers were everywhere. Rude shelves, rough boxes, and the numerous crevices in the walls contained hundreds of letters and valuable papers. But the most convenient "files" consisted of the inner ends of the rows of clapboards that formed the roof. These were everywhere within easy reach, and by exercise of memory he supplied the lack of labels and lettered pigeon holes, and would lay his hand readily on whatever he might wish to use.

For his own convenience he had secured the establishment of a post-office, named Lodgeton, of which he was the "Nasby," and his man, Joe, was contractor and mail carrier. The "office" above described was also the despatchery of the mails, and everything without bar, bolt or lock, was acces-

sible to all comers or goers, with no more obstruction than the tumble down rail fence, the rude door on its wooden hinges and a mangy cur that warned against the approach of cowans and eaves droppers, as well as other welcome visitors.

On the day mentioned the lord of this goodly manor was not at home. He had crossed the state line, having gone some miles to attend a Lodge meeting in Tennessee. He was not expected before "the wee, sma' hours, ayont the twal." No Lodge at which Rob Morris was a visitor was ever known to hasten its closing, or to speed the departure of its guests. The loving and patient wife accepted what the fates decreed and gave no encouragement that I should see mine absent host before the light of another day should shine. The alternative was to enjoy the homely fare, the hard couch, and inspection of the treasures at hand, and await his advent.

Nearly forty years have passed, but that Sunday in September which was my first day in the home of Rob Morris still "in memory is green." In the afternoon, at the house of a neighbor, there was the customary meeting for simple forms of worship, at which he was the leader. The remainder of the day was given to exchange of thought and memories, at times in the office, at times wandering in the woods, and as the sunset approached we were found by Charlotte, his little girl, seated on the fence near the house. She bashfully whispered in her father's ear. In a few moments, with an air of reverence, he announced that the hour had come in which it was their custom to offer adoration to the Deity, and invited me to join, if it were my pleasure to do so. I will always be glad that I accepted the invitation.

On entering the room the children were seen to be promiscuously seated about the mother, who with a child in her arms was gently rocking and crooning to the babe. On a small stand near the center were a bible and a book of hymns. The two vacant