

W.M - Cousar

King Solomon- Cousar

Jubela-Levy

Jubelo- Murphy

Jubelum- Arku

Captain-Noel

place the jewel of the Junior Warden on his neck. He then returns to the Lodge, salutes the Master, and takes a seat among the other brethren.

Grand SW- James

The Junior Warden, on yielding up his jewel, vacates his station in the South, and does not resume it until the conferring of the degree is fully completed.

Craftman 1- Raye

Creatman 2-JT

After a short pause, the Master orders the Senior Deacon to conduct the new brother to the East, where he is addressed as follows:

Craftman 3- McGourty

Charge-Raye

*W.M. to Candidate.* My brother, you have this evening been obligated by the very solemn and weighty ties of a Master Mason. Having voluntarily assumed this obligation, you were then brought to light and invested. You have been taught to wear your apron as a Master Mason, and are so wearing it among us at this moment. Even our working tools, the implements of Masonry, have all been explained to you, you have been exhorted to make a proper use of the trowel, the principal working tool of this degree. All this would imply that you are a Master Mason, and qualified to travel and work as such. Nay, more, I observe that you have upon your person a badge of office, the jewel of the Junior Warden, one of the principal officers of the Lodge. This mark of distinction must be highly pleasing to you, and doubtless confirms you in the belief that you are a Master Mason. Is it so?

After a moment's pause, the Senior Deacon answers for the candidate:

*S.D. to W.M.* He is of that opinion, Worshipful Master.

*W.M. to Candidate.* My brother, however natural this supposition may be to you, yet it is erroneous. You have not yet attained to the sublime degree of a Master Mason. You are not yet a Master Mason so far as to enable you to prove yourself one, or to travel or work as one. Nor do I know that ever you will become a Master Mason, You have a way to travel over that is extremely perilous. You will be beset with dangers of many kinds, and may perhaps meet with death, as did once befall an eminent brother of this degree. But your trust is in God and your faith is well founded. Before setting out, therefore, upon so serious an enterprise as this, you will repair to the altar for the purpose of prayer. Heretofore you had a brother to pray for you; now you must pray for yourself. Go, therefore, my brother, and may the blessing of God accompany you.

The candidate is now conducted to the altar by the Senior Deacon, who hoodwinks him, and directs him to kneel and offer a prayer, mentally or audibly, at the candidate's own discretion.

As he kneels to pray the Master calls up the Lodge by three raps, himself rising last, and when the prayer is ended he seats the Lodge by one rap. The Senior Deacon raises up the candidate and says:

*S.D. to Candidate.* My brother, heretofore you have represented a candidate in search of more light; now you will represent another character, no less a person than our Grand Master. Hiram Abiff, who was grand architect at the building of King Solomon's Temple. It was the usual custom of this great and good man. at high twelve, when the craft were called from labor to refreshment, to enter into the sanctum sanctorum or Holy of Holies, to offer up his adorations to Deity and draw his designs upon his tressel board. This you have done. He then passed out of the south gate to the workmen, as you will now do.

The Senior Deacon takes the candidate by the left hand, conducts him a few steps, and is accosted by a brother representing Jubela.

(This character is usually assumed by the Junior Warden.)

*Jubela to Candidate.* Grand Master Hiram, I am glad to meet you thus alone. I have long sought this opportunity. You promised us that when the Temple was completed we should receive the secrets of a Master Mason, whereby we could travel in foreign countries and receive wages as such. Behold! the temple is almost completed, and we have not received what we sought for! At first I did not doubt your veracity, but now I do. I therefore demand of you the secrets of a Master Mason.

*S.D. to Ja.* Craftsman, this is neither a proper time nor place. Wait until the Temple is completed, and then, if you are found worthy, you shall receive them; otherwise you cannot.

*Ja. to Candidate.* Talk not to me of time or place. Now is the time and here is the place; none other will suit me. I therefore demand of you the secrets of a Master Mason.

*S.D. to Ja.* I cannot give them.

*Ja. to Candidate.* Grand Master Hiram, for the third and last time I demand of you the secrets of a Master Mason.

*S.D. to Ja.* Craftsman, I cannot and I will not give them.

Jubela now strikes the candidate a blow across the throat with the twenty-four inch gauge. The Senior Deacon hurries him away a short distance towards the West, where he is accosted by a brother (usually the Senior Warden) representing Jubelo, who says:

*Jubelo to Candidate.* Grand Master Hiram, most of the craft are waiting, and many are exceedingly anxious to receive the secrets of a

Master Mason ; and we can see no good reason why we are put off so long. And some of us have determined that we will wait no longer. I therefore demand of you the secrets of a Master Mason.

*S.D. to Jo.* Craftsman, why this violence? I cannot give them; nor can they be given except in the presence of Solomon King of Israel, Hiram King of Tyre, and myself.

*Jo. to Candidate.* Grand Master Hiram, your life is in danger; the avenues of the Temple are securely guarded, and escape is impossible! I therefore demand of you the secrets of a Master Mason.

*S.D. to Jo.* Craftsman, I cannot give them. Wait with patience for the proper time.

*Jo. to Candidate.* Grand Master Hiram, I again and for the last time, demand of you the secrets of a Master Mason, or your life.

*S.D. to Jo.* My life you can have; my integrity, never!

Jubelo strikes a blow across the Candidate's breast with the square. He is then hustled away by the Senior Deacon in a direction towards the East, where he is accosted by a brother (generally the Master) representing Jubelum, who says:

*Jubelum to Candidate.* Grand Master Hiram, I have heard you caviling with Jubela and Jubelo. From them you have escaped; but from me, never. My name is Jubelum. What I purpose that I perform. I hold in my hand an instrument of death: If you refuse me now, you do it at your peril! I say, give me the secrets of a Master Mason, or I will take your life.

*S.D. to Jm.* Craftsman, I have often refused you, and shall always refuse when attacked in this manner. Your demands are vain!

*Jm. to Candidate.* Grand Master Hiram, I for the second time demand of you the secrets of a Master Mason.

*S.D. to Jm.* Craftsman, your demands are vain! I shall not give them. Wait until the Temple is completed, and then I will do my best to serve you.

*Jm. to Candidate.* Grand Master Hiram, I for the third and last time demand of you the secrets of a Master Mason.

*S.D. to Jm.* And I for the third time refuse you.

Jubelum, whose instrument of death is the setting maul, or something representing it, strikes the candidate with it on the forehead. At the

same instant the latter is suddenly jerked backwards with sufficient force to throw him down, but is caught in falling so as to prevent any injury being done to him. The three ruffians then address one another as follows:

*Jubela.* What have we done?

*Jubelo.* We have slain our Grand Master Hiram Abiff! What shall we do with the body?

*Jubelum.* Let us carry it to a retired corner, and bury it in the rubbish of the Temple.

The candidate is carried to a corner of the Lodge and covered over.

*Jubelum.* Now let us retire until low twelve, when we will meet here again.

They all three go away to the Western side of the Lodge, and after a few moments of deathlike stillness twelve strokes are made upon a bell. They then return, noiselessly, to the spot where the candidate is lying.

*Jubela.* This is the hour —

*Jubelo.* This is the place —

*Jubelum.* And here is the body. Assist me to carry it a due West course from the Temple to the brow of a hill, where I have dug a grave six feet due East and West, and six feet perpendicular, in which we will bury it.

They take up the body (the candidate) and carry it to the West side of the Lodge, depositing it with the feet to the East between the Master's and Senior Warden's stations. The lowering of the body to the floor is done by letting it down a little at a time, so as to admit of three distinct pauses during the action.

*Jubelum.* I will set this sprig of acacia at the head of the grave, that the place may be known should occasion require it. And now let us make our escape, by way of Joppa, out of the country.

After a short interval of perfect silence, during which the three ruffians are supposed to have reached Joppa, the following conversation takes place between Jubelum and a sea captain:

*Jubelum to Captain.* Is that your ship yonder?

*Capt.* It is.

*Jubelum.* Where are you bound?

*Capt.* To Ethiopia.

*Jubelum.* When do you sail?

*Capt.* Immediately.

*Jubelum.* Do you take passengers?

*Capt.* I do.

*Jubelum.* Will you take us?

*Capt.* I will, if you have King Solomon's permission to leave the country. Present your passports.

*Jubelum.* We will pay you your demands, but we have no passports.

*Capt.* Then you cannot go, for I am strictly forbidden to take any of the workmen from the Temple out of the country without King Solomon's express permission.

*Jubelum* (*to his companions*). Then let us return back to the country.

There is now another short interval of perfect quiet, followed by confused noises and talking among the craft. The Master, as King Solomon, restores silence by one rap, and says:

*W.M.* to *S.W.* Brother Grand Senior Warden, why is this confusion in the Temple, and why are the craft not at their labors?

*S.W.* to *W.M.* Our Grand Master, Hiram Abiff, is missing, most excellent King Solomon, and there are no designs upon his tressel board.

*W.M.* That is very singular. He has ever been punctual and faithful to his trust. He must be indisposed. Order strict search to be made for him through the several apartments of the Temple.

The brethren pass indiscriminately and noisily about the Lodge, as if searching, until again brought to order and silence by one rap, given by the Senior Warden, who then reports thus:

*S.W.* to *W.M.* Your orders have been obeyed, most excellent King Solomon. The several apartments of the Temple have been strictly searched, but our Grand Master, Hiram Abiff, cannot be found.

*W.M.* to *S.W.* I fear, then, some accident has befallen him.

An alarm is now heard at the door, which is duly inquired into by the Junior Deacon, who reports as follows:

*J.D.* to *W.M.* Most excellent King Solomon, twelve Fellow Crafts, clothed in white gloves and aprons, crave audience of the most excellent King Solomon.

*W.M.* Admit them.

The twelve Fellow Crafts approach the Master's station in the East, and one of them, acting as spokesman, reports thus:

*Craftsman* to *W.M.* Most excellent King Solomon, we twelve who appear before you are clothed in white gloves and aprons in token of our innocence. We twelve, with three others, seeing the Temple about to be completed, and being desirous of receiving the secrets of a Master Mason, whereby we could travel in foreign countries and receive wages as such, entered into the horrid conspiracy of extorting them from our Grand Master, Hiram Abiff, or taking his life. But, reflecting on the atrocity of our intentions, being struck with horror, we twelve recanted; but we fear the other three have persisted in their murderous designs. And we twelve have come before you to make this confession and implore your pardon.

*W.M.* to *Sec.* Brother Grand Secretary, call the rolls of the workmen.

The Secretary calls out a list of names taken from the book of Nehemiah, chap, x, introducing among them the names of Jubela, Jubelo and Jubelum. As the names are called they are responded to, except the three last, by the different brethren present. As no response is made to the names of the three ruffians, the Master inquires of the craftsmen if they were the three who were associated with them in the conspiracy.

*Craftsmen* to *W.M.* They are the three, most excellent King Solomon.

*W.M.* It is my will and pleasure that you twelve divide yourselves into parties of three, and travel, three East, three West, three North and three South, in pursuit of the ruffians.

The twelve craftsmen depart their several ways, and there is an interval of quiet, during which the three who travel West are supposed to meet a wayfaring man, and the following conversation takes place between him and one of the three craftsmen:

*Craftsman* to *Wayfaring Man*. Have you seen any strangers pass this way recently?

*Wayfarer*. I saw some yesterday; three, who from their appearance were workmen from the Temple.

*Craftsman*. Where were they going?

*Wayfarer*. They were seeking a passage into Ethiopia.

*Craftsman*. Did they obtain one?

*Wayfarer*. They did not.

*Craftsman*. What followed?

*Wayfarer*. They returned back into the country.

*Craftsman (to his companions)*. Let us return and report this to King Solomon.

After a short silence, they report to the Master as follows:

*Craftsman* to *W.M.* Tidings from the West, most excellent King Solomon.

*W.M.* Report them.

*Craftsman*. We three, who pursued a due westerly course from the Temple, went until we met with a wayfaring man, of whom we inquired if he had seen any strangers pass that way; who informed us he had, three, who from their appearance were workmen from the Temple, seeking a passage into Ethiopia, but not having obtained one, had returned back into the country. Deeming this of great importance, we have returned to bring this information to you, most excellent King Solomon.

*W.M.* Your intelligence proves but one thing to me, viz., that these ruffians are still in the country, and within our power. You will divide yourselves as before, and travel as before. I now give you positive injunctions to find these criminals, and as positive assurance that if you do not you yourselves will be deemed the murderers, and shall suffer for the enormous crime.

They depart westwards, and there is another short interval of silence and quiet, when the craftsman who has been acting throughout as spokesman is heard to say that he is weary and must sit down to rest and refresh himself. He sits down near the head of the candidate. He is then advised by his two companions to arise and pursue the journey;

and, in rising, he grasps the sprig of acacia to assist him, which easily giving way, he calls in surprise the attention of his companions to the singular occurrence.

Immediately after a voice is heard in a corner of the Lodge, saying mournfully:

*Jubela.* Oh that my throat had been cut from ear to ear, my tongue torn out by its roots, and buried in the sands of the sea at low water mark, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours, ere I had been accessory to the death of so great and good a man as our Grand Master, Hiram Abiff.

The three craftsmen whisper to each other that it is the voice of Jubela. After which Jubelo's voice is heard as follows:

*Jubelo.* Oh that my left breast had been torn open, my heart plucked from thence and given to the beasts of the field and the birds of the air as a prey, ere I had been accessory to the death of so great and good a man as our Grand Master, Hiram Abiff.

The three craftsmen whisper to one another that this is the voice of Jubelo. Then Jubelum's voice is heard, hoarsely exclaiming:

*Jubelum.* It was I that gave the fatal blow. It was I that slew him. Oh! that my body had been severed in twain, my bowels taken from thence and burned to ashes, and these scattered before the four winds of heaven, that no more remembrance might be had among men or Masons of so vile a wretch as I am, ere I had been accessory to the death of so great and good a man as our Grand Master, Hiram Abiff.

The three craftsmen now consult together as follows:

*1st Craftsman.* What shall we do? These are the murderers of whom we are in search.

*2d Craftsman.* They are desperate men. It will be a serious undertaking to capture these murderers.

*3d Craftsman.* There are but three of them, and there are three of us. We have truth and justice on our side and our trust is in God. Let us rush in, seize, bind, and take them before King Solomon.

This being agreed upon, they do as proposed, and bring the culprits with them to the Master, where the spokesman reports as follows:

*Craftsman to W.M.* Tidings from the West, most excellent King Solomon.



*W.M.* Report them.

*Craftsman.* As we three, who had pursued a due westerly course from the Temple, were returning, one of us, being more weary than the rest, sat down on the brow of a hill to rest and refresh himself; and on rising up, caught hold of a sprig of acacia, which easily giving way excited his curiosity; and, while we were meditating on this singular circumstance, we heard three frightful exclamations from the cleft of an adjacent rock. The first was the voice of Jubela, exclaiming: "Oh! that my throat had been cut from ear to ear, my tongue torn out by its roots, and buried in the sands of the sea at low water mark, where the tide ebbs and flows twice in twenty-four hours, ere I had been accessory to the death of so great and good a man as our Grand Master, Hiram Abiff." The second was the voice of Jubelo, exclaiming: "Oh that my left breast had been torn open, my heart plucked from thence and given to the beasts of the field and the birds of the air as a prey, ere I had been accessory to the death of so great and good a man as our Grand Master, Hiram Abiff." The third was the voice of Jubelum, exclaiming more horridly than the rest: "It was I that gave the fatal blow! It was I that slew him! Oh that my body had been severed in twain, my bowels taken from thence and burned to ashes, and these scattered before the four winds of heaven, that no more remembrance might be had among men or Masons of so vile a wretch as I am, ere I had been accessory to the death of so great and good a man as our Grand Master, Hiram Abiff." Upon which we rushed in, seized, bound, and have brought them before you, most excellent King Solomon.

*W.M. to Jubela.* Jubela, are you guilty of this horrid deed?

*Jubela.* I am guilty, most excellent King Solomon.

*W.M. to Jubelo.* Jubelo, are you also guilty?

*Jubelo.* I am indeed guilty, most excellent King Solomon.

*W.M. to Jubelum.* Jubelum, are you likewise guilty?

*Jubelum.* I am most guilty, most excellent King Solomon. Yes, I am more guilty than the rest!

*W.M. (to Ruffians).* Then you shall die! Impious wretches. To conspire against the life of so good and great a man as your Grand Master, Hiram Abiff. (*To the three Craftsmen.*) Take them without the gates of the city and execute them according to their several imprecations.

The three craftsmen conduct the ruffians out of the Lodge, and a noise is made outside as if the execution was being done. After which the three craftsmen return into the Lodge, and their spokesman reports as follows:

*Craftsman to W.M.* Most excellent King Solomon, your orders have been obeyed. The murderers have been put to death agreeably to their several imprecations.

*W.M.* It is well. Go now, you twelve craftsmen, in search of the body of your Grand Master, Hiram Abiff; and, if found, observe whether the Master's Word, or a key to it, is on or about it.

The twelve now repair to the grave, make the Penal sign over it, uncover the body, and take off the jewel. They then return and report:

*Craftsman to W.M.* Most excellent King Solomon, your orders have been obeyed. We traveled a due westerly course from the Temple, and on the brow of the hill where our weary brother sat down to rest and refresh himself, we discovered the appearance of a newly-made grave. This we opened and discovered a body, but in so mangled a condition that it could not be raised; nor could the Master's Word or a key to it, be found on or about it. However, we found this jewel upon its breast, which we removed and have brought to you.

*W.M. to S.W.* Brother Grand Senior Warden, this is the jewel of the Grand Master, Hiram Abiff. No doubt can now remain as to his lamentable fate.

*(To the twelve Craftsmen.)* Craftsmen, the pardon you seek for I now give you, in token of my appreciation of your endeavors to detect the murderers and to discover the body of your Grand Master, Hiram Abiff.

The twelve Craftsmen now take their seats, and the Master continues as follows:

*W.M. to S.W.* Brother Grand Senior Warden, you will form the craft in grand procession, to go with me to endeavor to raise the body of the Grand Master, Hiram Abiff. And as the Master's Word is now lost, it is my will and pleasure that the first sign given at the grave, and the first word spoken after the body shall be raised, shall be adopted for the regulation of all Master Masons' Lodges until future ages shall find out the right.

*S.W. to Lodge.* Craftsmen, form yourselves in grand procession to go with the most excellent King Solomon to endeavor to raise the body of the Grand Master, Hiram Abiff.

They are formed, two by two, in procession; and, singing the funeral dirge, they march around the body, leaving it on their right. The Senior Warden marches behind them, and the Master closes the procession last of all. Meanwhile the Senior Deacon removes the hoodwink from the candidate. The procession passes three times around the body, and

halts with the Master standing at the head of the body and the Senior Warden on the right. The Master and the craft all give the Penal sign, and the Master makes the following address:

*W.M.* Here, then, lie the remains of your Grand Master, Hiram Abiff. Stricken down in the performance of duty, a martyr to his fidelity, he was borne to this lonely spot by unhallowed hands at a midnight hour, under the hope that the eye of man would never more find him, nor the hand of justice be laid upon his guilty murderers. Vain hope. Here lie the remains of your Grand Master, Hiram Abiff. His work was not done, yet his column is broken! The honors so justly his due have not been paid him. His death was untimely and his brethren mourn! His body shall be raised; shall be honored; shall be borne to the Temple for more decent interment; and a monument shall be erected to commemorate his labors, his fidelity and his untimely death. Brother Grand Senior Warden, apply to the body the grip of the Eternal Apprentice, and endeavor to raise it.

The Senior Warden obeys, and reports:

*S.W.* Most excellent King Solomon, your order has been obeyed, but the body is putrid, it having been dead fifteen days; the skin slips from the flesh and it cannot be so raised.

The Master then makes the grand hailing sign of distress once, with the appropriate words, which is imitated by the craft.

*W.M. to S.W.* Brother Grand Senior Warden, you have a stronger grip, the grip of the Fellow Craft. Apply to the body that grip and endeavor to raise it.

The Senior Warden again obeys, and reports:

*S.W. to W.M.* Most excellent King Solomon, your order has been obeyed, but the flesh cleaves from the bone, and it cannot be so raised.

The grand hailing sign of distress is repeated as before, and the Master continues:

*W.M. to S.W.* Brother Grand Senior Warden, our attempts are vain! What shall we do?

*S.W.* Pray.

The brethren all stand with folded arms, while the Master offers the following prayer:

Thou, O God! knowest our downsitting and our uprising, and understandest our thought afar off. Shield and defend us from the evil

intentions of our enemies, and support us under the trials and afflictions we are destined to endure while traveling through this vale of tears. Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou has appointed his bounds that he cannot pass; turn from him that he may rest, till he shall accomplish his day. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down, and riseth not up till the heavens shall be no more. Yet, O Lord! have compassion on the children of thy creation, administer them comfort in time of trouble, and save them with an everlasting salvation. *Amen. So mote it be.*

After a short pause at the conclusion of the prayer, the Master says:

*W.M.* to *S.W.* Brother Grand Senior Warden your counsel was timely and good. Masons should ever remember that when the strength and wisdom of man fails, there is an inexhaustible supply above yielded to us through the power of prayer. My mind is now clear, and the body shall be raised. (*To the Craft.*) Craftsmen, you have labored upon the Temple more than seven years, honestly toiling, encouraged and buoyed up by the promise that when the Temple was completed those of you who were faithful should receive the secrets of a Master Mason. The Master's Word is lost in the death of your Grand Master, Hiram Abiff. But I will substitute a word, which shall be adopted for the regulation of all Master Masons' Lodges until future ages shall find out the right. And the first word I utter when the body is raised from a dead level to a living perpendicular shall be such substituted word. Yea, my brethren, I have a word; and though the skin may slip from the flesh, and the flesh cleave from the bone, there is strength in the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, and he shall prevail.

The Master now changes his position to the feet of the candidate; he places his right foot firmly against them, and taking the candidate by the strong grip of a Master Mason, or Lion's Paw, he raises him up, aided by the Senior Warden and Senior Deacon. He then, on the five points of fellowship, whispers the Grand Masonic Word in the candidate's ear, and requires him to return it in the same manner. The Master next explains to him the strong grip of a Master Mason, which he follows with the explanation of the five points of fellowship, as follows:

*W.M.* The five points of fellowship are foot to foot, knee to knee, breast to breast, hand to back, and cheek to cheek or mouth to ear. Foot to foot, that we will never hesitate to go on foot, and out of our way, to aid and succor a needy brother; knee to knee, that we will ever remember a brother's welfare in all our applications to Deity; breast to breast, that

we will ever keep in our breasts a brother's secret, when communicated as such, murder and treason excepted; hand to back, that we will ever be ready to stretch forth our hand to aid and support a fallen brother; cheek to cheek or mouth to ear, that we will ever whisper good counsel in the ear of a brother, and in the most tender manner remind him of his faults, and endeavor to aid his reformation, and will give him due and timely notice, that he may ward off all approaching danger.

The Master next explains to the candidate the grand hailing sign of distress, and then resumes his station in the East, the candidate being conducted to a position at the right hand of the Master, who proceeds to deliver the following charge:

*W.M. to Candidate.* Brother, your zeal for the institution of Masonry, the progress you have made in the mystery, and your conformity to our regulations, have pointed you out as a proper object of our favor and esteem.

You are now bound by duty, honor and gratitude to be faithful to your trust; to support the dignity of your character on every occasion; and to enforce by precept and example, obedience to the tenets of the Order.

In the character of a Master Mason, you are authorized to correct the errors and irregularities of your uninformed brethren, and to guard them against a breach of fidelity. To preserve the reputation of the Fraternity unsullied must be your constant care; and for this purpose it is your province to recommend to your inferiors obedience and submission; to your equals, courtesy and affability; to your superiors, kindness and condescension. Universal benevolence you are always to inculcate; and, by the regularity of your own behavior, afford the best example for the conduct of others less informed. The ancient landmarks of the Order, intrusted to your care, you are carefully to preserve, and never suffer them to be infringed, or countenance a deviation from the established usages and customs of the Fraternity.

Your virtue, honor and reputation are concerned in supporting with dignity the character you now bear. Let no motive, therefore, make you swerve from your duty, violate your vows, or betray your trust; but be true and faithful, and imitate the example of that celebrated artist whom you this evening represent. Thus you will render yourself deserving of the honor which we have conferred upon, and merit the confidence that we have reposed in, you.

At the conclusion of the charge the Master takes his seat, and then seats the Lodge by one rap; and the newly-made Master Mason is seated in front of the Master during the rehearsal of the entire lecture of the third degree by the Master, assisted by the Senior Warden.