

the various Masonic meetings were most excellent, and it was evident that our Ancient Order had many true friends in the town.

Underneath the lodge rooms we dined at the "Frimurare Restaurant," or Freemasons Restaurant, and were much pleased with the viands and attendance. It was unfortunate for us that the long passage of the steamer—the longest on record—prevented our reaching Gottenburgh in time to attend a lodge meeting, but we hope we may have another opportunity of meeting our brethren.

Herr Rudolf Lessler, of Gottenburgh, told us that he had an uncle who was a Craftsman, and who, being recked on the coast of China, was left bereft of everything but bare life. He, however, sought out a brother Mason with whom he had no previous acquaintance, but who fed, clothed, and equipped him for his onward journey. "So mote it be." "Let brotherly love continue." J. A. H.

A CONFIDENT INDIVIDUAL.

A good story is told of a confident individual, evidently well "read up" in the mysteries, who applied at the outer reception room of a Boston Masonic Lodge for admission. An eminent brother, who was quietly sitting there, but made no sign that he was anybody, requested the stranger to be seated and he would send in for proper persons to examine the credentials of the visitor.

"O, it's no matter about that; I'm all right," said the applicant, making sundry extraordinary passes with his hands, and contortions of his visage.

"That may be, but I think they always examine strangers who desire to visit the lodge," said the attending brother.

"Well, I'm ready for 'em," said the visitor confidently.

"Glad to hear it;—that is quite an elaborate breastpin you have there," said the other, looking with some interest at a big gilt letter G, which the visitor had conspicuously displayed upon his shirt bosom.

"Ya-as, that's a Masonic pin," replied the wearer, swelling out his breast.

"Indeed! Letter G. Well I suppose you know what that means."

"O, yes—certainly—letter G—stands for Jerusalem—a sorter headquarters of us Masons, you know."

The querist didn't know it, and the applicant, it is almost unnecessary to state, did not get any further into the Lodge.

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.

Brother James Brooks, in a letter from the Holy Land, says:

Upon my return to Bethlehem I rode to the tomb of Rachel, a small building, with a whitened dome, and having within it a high, oblong monument, built of brick, and stuccoed over. This spot is wild and solitary—and not a tree spreads its shadow where rests the beautiful mother of Israel. Christian, Jew and Moslem all agree this is just the spot where Rachel was buried, and all unite in honoring

it. The Turks are anxious that their ashes may rest near hers, and hence their bodies have been strewn under tombs all around the tomb of Rachel. The sweet domestic virtues of the wife have won their love and admiration, as the tomb of Absalom, near the brook of Kedron, their detestation. Upon the latter they throw a stone, to mark their horror of the disobedient son, while around the former they wish, when they die, their bodies may be interred. Nor is this wonderful. The wife worth fourteen years' service as shepherd must have been a wife worth having. The whole life of Rachel is, indeed, one of the most touching in biblical history. The sweet shepherdess has left her mark upon the memory of men, as well as her tomb. The tribute to her is a tribute to a good wife, and Infidel, Jew and Christian all combine to pay it. The great women of the earth—the Zenobias and Cleopatras—have died, been buried, and their very places of burial have been forgotten; to this day stands over the grave of Rachel, not the pillar Jacob set up, but a modern monument in its place, around which pilgrims from every land under the sun gather, in respect and reverence for the faithful wife and good mother of Israel.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF DR. W. B. HERAPATH.

The death is recorded of Dr. William Bird Herapath, of Bristol. He died on Monday, the 12th Oct., at his residence, Old Market-street, Bristol. Dr. Herapath, was a son of the late Mr. William Herapath, so eminent as an analytical chymist, and, like his father, had attained to a high degree of knowledge and skill in the same science. Dr. Herapath's name has also been associated with some useful discoveries in the microscope. Deceased, the cause of whose death was jaundice, leaves a widow and six children. On passing his M.B. examination, in 1844, at the London University he took honours in no fewer than six branches of medical knowledge. He subsequently became an M.D. of the same institution, and his rapid and brilliant succession of chymical and toxicological discoveries was rewarded by the Fellowships of the Royal Societies of Edinburgh and London, and corresponding membership of most of our learned bodies. Among a mass of scientific communications to various periodicals, we may mention his papers on the "Optical and Chymical Characters," "Sulphate of Soda Quinine," on "the Iodo-Sulphate of the Cinchona Alkaloids," "Discovery and Manufacture of Artificial Tourmalines," "Address on Chymistry in its Relation to Medicine and the Collateral Sciences," on "A New Method of Detecting the Hydrogen, Arsenic, and Phosphorus when in company as Mixed Gases," &c. Although suffering from an exhausting and painful disease, his zeal for science remained until the last, and within a few days of his decease he was engaged in laborious researches with spectrum analyses, more especially as to bloodstains and the chlorophyll of plants. His early death, at 48 years of age, will be deeply regretted by a large circle of professional and other friends.

Dr. W. Bird Herapath was during his college life a member of a small literary society in London called the Hengist Guild, which met at the house of Mr. Hyde Clarke, and which included Dr. Robert Barnes, M.D., Mr. P. E. Barnes, B.A., Mr. Edwin Hyde Clarke, Dr. Rosenthal, Mr. Thomas Milnes, the sculptor (cousin of Lord Houghton), Mr. Spencer Herapath, Mr. E. J. Herapath, Mr. Thomas Gibson, the artist, Mr. J. T. Hackett, Dr. Morfold, Mr. Weiss (the founder of the Dental Collage), Mr. H. P. Hinde, Mr. C. Nightingale, and other young literary men and artists, many of whom will be recognized as Masons. In this company Dr. Herapath read some able papers on physiological subjects.—*Freemason's Magazine*.

The deceased was a Freemason of high standing, holding official position in the Grand Lodge of England. The coffin in which he was interred was, at his own request, constructed of polished oak, and bore upon the lid various masonic emblems. He was a first cousin to our R. W. Bro. T. B. Harris, Grand Secretary of Canada.