

day. When he had been over it all and had finished cleaning up the last path, he went to the house, dropping the rake as he walked. For the first time in years his rake was not hung in its place. Inside the door he fell and in two hours was at rest. One who was there writes: "He attended the last Covenant Meeting at the church before he died and seemed unusually happy in his expressions of brotherly love and loyalty to Christ. In a clear, sweet voice he sang a verse of an old parting hymn. I can recall but one line: 'And we must take the parting hand.' He looked so well and stood up so straight and firm that all were deeply impressed."

For sixty-one eventful years man and wife had walked together, sharing life's joys and sorrows, and who can tell of her loneliness. Children and grandchildren gave her of their love in warmer measure, but she gradually faded away. All had known that his masterfulness had been softened by her tenderness, and perhaps she missed his strength more than we thought. Her work, too, seemed to be done. The fragrance of her sweetest and purest and most beautiful character had touched and moulded more lives than we can tell. Love and tenderness kept her for a year, then she fell asleep, at the old homestead, on Sunday, August, 1896.

Three sons and two daughters were given to them. One son, J. G. Goble, Esq., of Woodstock, Ontario, and a daughter, Mrs. George Milmine, of New York City, remain.

May the Lord of the harvest give to the church many more such Deacons as William L. Goble, and many more such Mothers in Israel as Laura Green Goble.

N. WOLVERTON.