

thoroughly practical knowledge of the most minute details of the several branches of his profession, but he is a conscientiously honest and honourable gentleman, and as a consequence he is at times under quite a pressure of business engagements, not only in Goshen, but in neighbouring towns and cities, so that he is at times obliged to employ quite a number of men. One special branch of his profession is the making of cement or artificial stone vaults for graves, and in this line his services have been called into requisition for scores if not for hundreds of Goshen's most respected citizens who are now sleeping their last long sleep in the beautiful Oakwood cemetery in the north-western suburbs of the city, near the softly murmuring waters of the smoothly flowing Elkhart river. Next to St. James' Cemetery in the north-eastern suburbs of Toronto, where we often went when we were boys to meditate on the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, this graveyard, with its rich profusion of rare and beautiful flowers and flower-decorated graves, its many beautiful evergreen and other shade trees, its neat and well kept gravel walks, and its grand wealth of beautiful granite, marble and porphyry, tomb stones and memorial monuments, is one of the most beautiful burial grounds we have yet seen anywhere. It occupies a prominent position in the topography of Goshen, and it is here that we ourselves have some faint hope of being laid to rest when our pilgrimage on earth shall have come to an end. A day or two before leaving Goshen for Canada, last October (1888), we canvassed for the names of a few of the most distinguished citizens of the city—certain that the honour of having their names would greatly aid in popularizing the Goshen pages of our little book, but we have lost or mislaid our note book containing the names of those who favored us by writing their names in it, so that we are only able to give a few of these names: James Grant, Mayor Miller, Hon. Daniel Wilson, Hon. John Baker, Major Reith, Mr. John Holloway, and last but not least, Mr. F.