

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Death of Mr. Alexander McBean.

A gloom has been hanging over Yass during the past week caused by the announcement that Mr. Alexander McBean, of Springmount, was seriously ill, and that there was no hope of his recovery. The townspeople could hardly realise that such was the case, for Mr. McBean had been in town conversing with his friends up to Saturday afternoon, 27th July. Although living five miles from the town, the telephone in answer to many anxious enquiries every morning, conveyed the bad news that there was no change and that the doctor held out no hope. On Saturday morning he seemed to rally—and as the slightest gleam of hope comes to those who, clinging to shipwreck during a stormy night, see a colored light approaching—so were the hearts of those dear to the suffering one buoyed up when they saw the slight gleam of hope on Saturday; but alas, their fond hopes were dashed against the rocks of disappointment, for he who was their only thought, took a serious change in the afternoon and all chance of recovery vanished. All that could be done was to stand by and watch him pass peacefully away. Mr. McBean realised that his end was approaching, and being prepared for death he spoke words of consolation to his loving wife, and after taking a fond farewell of all those near and dear to him, he calmly sent messages to a number of friends bidding them good-bye and thanking them for any little acts of kindness that they had rendered him at any time.

When the worst news was received in town on Sunday morning shortly after 10 o'clock, although surprised, it came as a great shock to the townspeople, many of those with whom he was intimately associated with being moved to tears.

Mr. McBean was the eldest son of the late William McBean, of Springmount, and was born at Springmount just 40 years ago. The writer has known him almost since his birth, has seen him in every walk of life, and can say that a more honorable, a more just, and a more honest man could not be found than Alexander McBean. He was respected by all classes, and to hear the many kind things said of him during the past week was a proof of the high estimation in which he was held by the people of Yass and district. Well might they say:—

Thou art gone to the grave; we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world
by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread
to enfold thee
And sinners may die for the Sinless has died.

Mr. Alexander McBean was always a good-living man. He was for many years superintendent of the Presbyterian Sunday School; although living a few miles from Yass was always in attendance whether wet or dry. After his father's death he was unanimously appointed Elder of the Presbyterian Church, which position he held up to the time of his death—being a good supporter, earnest worker, and regular attendant he will be sadly missed by the Presbyterian body. Last year he laid the foundation stone of the new Presbyterian Church, and was the recipient of a silver trowel, which was presented to him as a memento of the occasion. Little did the large number present at the ceremony think that his time in this world would be so short.

On Sunday morning shortly after the service started, the Rev. A. J. Doug, who had been in constant attendance and who had only left the bedside of his dying friend about one hour, announced that he had received the news they all dreaded to hear—the one they all loved and respected had passed away. A prayer was said and the congregation dismissed, many of those present being quite overcome.

The deceased took a great interest in public matters, and his purse was always open to assist in any public or charitable movement. He was for years on the Committee of the Yass P. and A. Association, and for many years a steward in the cattle section, being a good judge of stock.

About eight years ago Mr. McBean was married to Miss Weir, youngest daughter of Mr. George Weir, of Blackburn Hall, Yass, who with four young children will mourn the loss of a devoted and kind husband, and loving father.

The deceased's mother, brother and sisters, also his uncle (Mr. Alex. McBean, of Little River) were summoned to the bedside. Messrs A. B. Friggs, R. Connell, and R. Harvey were in constant attendance, helping to soothe and soften the feelings of the almost distracted wife. If there is any consolation in sympathetic and kind messages, from the inhabitants of a deeply grieved town and district, Mrs. McBean has that and more.

The funeral will take place to-day at 3 p.m. when the last mark of respect

The funeral will take place to-day at 3 p.m. when the last mark of respect will be paid to the memory of Alex. McBean, and those present can say:—

“Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honored, beloved, and wept, here Alex. lies.”

AT THE CHURCHES.

The Rev. Canon Martin, B.A., in St. Clement's on Sunday morning feelingly referred to the death of Mr. McBean, and at the evening service he spoke in a very pathetic way of the sad death that had taken place that day, and of the sad home and grief-stricken widow. He (the Canon) was speaking to Mr. McBean just over a week ago and he invited the Canon out to his home before he went away. During all last week he heard nothing but kind things said of him who had gone. Everyone had something good to say and he was sure they all sympathised with the bereaved family.

In the Presbyterian Church on Sun-

day evening the Rev. A. J. Doig, B.A., referred in most eulogistic terms on the past life of the deceased.

In the Methodist Church, the Rev. L. H. Kelynack, B.A., referred in sympathetic terms to the death of Mr. McBean, and to the sorrowing widow and family.