

# Morris Armstrong

The funeral of little Morris, the eight-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Armstrong, took place from the home at 2:30 p. m. yesterday.

Little Morris was an exceptionally bright boy, and had an experimental knowledge of Salvation through Jesus the Savior.

Though sick a long time he bore his suffering with a Christian faith and fortitude such as is rarely excelled by those much more advanced in years.

He enjoyed hearing about Jesus. When in the hospital in St. Paul one of the ministers visited him during the absence of his mother from his room. When his mother returned, little Morris told her that a minister had been to see him, and that, "he was a real Christian, too." He said he asked me if "I loved Jesus, and talked so nice and good to me."

Morris knew for some time that he could not get well, but it seemed not to trouble him as he desired to go to meet the brother who fell in France, and to be with Jesus. He was a lovable Christian boy.

That the parents and sisters have the sympathy of the entire community was evidenced by the large attendance at the funeral Monday.

Though little Morris had a good home, kind parents, sisters and friends, his translation should be a cause for rejoicing rather than that of sorrow, for "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

## In Memory of Little Morris Armstrong.

(Composed by Rev. N. Wood)

As shades of evening gather round  
And stars from clear blue skies look  
down

They seem to say, while bright they  
shine,

"Why mourn, sad soul, that boy of  
thine?"

"God calls men there to shop and  
store,

To pulpit, press and foreign shore,  
To leave dear friends, perhaps, be-  
hind

Their work in distant lands to find,

"And, watching those who heed the  
call

Of Him who rules that earthly ball,  
Not one there is but finds his place,  
Wherein he works with joy and  
grace,

"So, if in Heaven thou couldst behold  
The loved one taken from thy fold,  
With loving smile and heavenly  
grace

He'd say, "Rejoice, I've found my  
place,

"The joys of earth were not com-  
plete,

Its paths were rough for little feet,  
So God took me above the sky,  
To work for Him as years go by.

I'm happy here the fields are bright,  
The angels sing with glad delight,  
And lovely flowers, unfading bloom  
Through all the years in rich per-  
fume.

"All children here are full of glee,  
Love is our song of victory,  
For He, who sits upon the throne,  
Calls little children all His own.

Don't wish me back to earth again,  
It's hard there, e'en for grown up  
men,

Be patient, kind, and then some day,  
I'll come for thee, so angels say."

Sweet to my heart that message dear  
It brought me hope, sweet peace and  
cheer,

I said in spite of doubts of men,  
I'll live to see my boy again.

So to my work with cheerful heart,  
I turn to play a nobler part,  
That when I'm done with labor here  
I may meet grim death without a  
fear.

Then rise to yonder world, on high,  
To meet my loved one in the sky,  
And others, too, who've gone before,  
I'll meet, greet, and part no more.

O, Thou blest Man of Galilee  
I thank Thee for the life to be,  
For faith that bids me now behold  
My loved within the heavenly fold.

## NOTICE

I am making Hannaford one of my stopping points, which I will make not less than once a month. My business is tuning and repairing pianos. If you have a key sticking on your piano, or if it needs tuning just drop me a postal card.

H. L. PETERS,  
Valley City, N. D.

## RAIL ROAD TIME TABLE

**GREAT NORTHERN—West Bound**  
No. 3 . . . . . 8:44 A. M.  
No. 199 . . . . . 10:28 A. M.  
No. 27, Mail Only . . . . . 5:03 P. M.  
No. 603, Local Freight 12:35 P. M.

**GREAT NORTHERN — Eastbound**  
No. 200 . . . . . 4:00 P. M.  
No. 2 . . . . . 9:11 P. M.  
No. 28, Express Only . . . . . 4:25 A. M.  
No. 604, Local Freight 10:28 A. M.

**NORTHERN PACIFIC—Westbound**

No. 141 . . . . . 11:58 A. M.

**NORTHERN PACIFIC — Eastbound**

No. 142 . . . . . 5:13 P. M.

Dr. O. H. HOFFMAN

Dentist

Phone 52.

Hours 9 to 12 and 1 to 6

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