

## IN MEMORIAM.

At his residence near Spiritwood station, on Saturday of last week James Thomas Wynes passed peacefully away after a lingering illness borne with remarkable patience and Christian fortitude. He had learned the Master's deepest lesson—the lesson of obedience, cheerful submission. Thus early in life, the great end of all earthly life seemed to have been fully attained. His spirit had been brought into harmony with God's spirit his life purpose into harmony with the divine purpose. He was a son of J. H. Wynes living south of town. He was married in Iowa and moved to North Dakota, where he has since resided. First just south of town and three years ago he moved to Spiritwood station where he bought a farm and with his faithful wife has done his best to make it their own. In his business relations he was always upright and honorable and was esteemed as a man of the strictest integrity. He will be greatly missed in the community.

Mr. Wynes was thirty nine years of age, having been born in 1865 at Alton, Iowa. He leaves a wife and four little children, his father and mother, two sisters and four brothers to mourn his untimely death.

The funeral service was held in the M. E. church of this place and was attended by a large concourse of friends who sympathize with those who sorrow most.

"I shine in the light of God,  
His likeness stamps my brow,  
Thru the valley of death my feet have trod,  
And I rest in glory now.

"No breaking heart is there,  
No keen and thrilling pain,  
No wasted cheek with the frequent tear  
Hath rolled and left its stain.

"I have reached the joys of heaven,  
I am one of the sainted band,  
For my head a crown of gold is given,  
And harp is in my hand.

"I have learned the song they sing,  
Whom Jesus hath set free,  
And the glorious walls of heaven shall ring  
With my new born melody.

"Oh, friends of mortal years,  
The trusted and the true,  
Ye are watching still in the valley of tears,  
But I wait to welcome you.

"Do I forget? Ah no!  
For memory's golden chain  
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,  
Till they meet to touch again.

"Each link is strong and bright,  
And loves electric flame  
Flows freely down like a river of light  
To the world from whence I came.

"Do you mourn when another star  
Shines out from the glittering sky?  
Do you weep when the raging noise of war  
And the storms of conflict die?

"Then why should your tears run down,  
And your hearts be sorely riven,  
For another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
And another soul in heaven."

(Communicated.)

James Thomas Wynes of Spiritwood, N. D., aged 39 years, 3 months and 4 days, died last Saturday July 16, 1904 of typhoid fever, was buried in the Wimbledon cemetery Monday, funeral conducted by Rev. Hewson of the M. E. church where a large number of friends and neighbors met to pay the last tribute of respect to the dead.

The deceased was born near Alton, Iowa and had resided there all his life until 1899 he moved to North Dakota.

He was married in 1892 to Miss Elizabeth Snider of Tingley, Iowa, to this union was born four children of whom all are living.

For the greater part of his life he was a member of the Christian church and death had no fear for him.

He was a devoted son, a loving husband and kind neighbor. He leaves a wife, four children, father, mother, two sisters and four brothers to mourn his loss

### Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank the kind friends and neighbors of Wimbledon and Spiritwood for their kindness in the sickness and death of our dear departed son, husband and brother.

J. H. Wynes and Family.

Mrs. James Wynes.