

TY, KANSAS, FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1919

Do I tell it as 'twas told to me."

"The Eyes of the Blind Are Opened"

Never, perhaps, was death more welcomed by one who so much appreciated life, than when the Reaper came Sunday afternoon at 12:30 o'clock for W. H. Ireland, who left us "as one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to peaceful dreams," for death came as a relief from blindness, deafness, physical feebleness brot on by years of suffering from cancer, and a peculiar nervous affection of the lower limbs of which he at times almost wholly lost the use.

William Henry Ireland was born in Cincinnati, Ohio on March 30, 1840, in the old Ninth Street Baptist church, in the living rooms of which the family resided.

When William was eight years of age the family left Cincinnati for a farm in Clairmont county, Ohio, on the banks of the Ohio river, where they lived until he was 23 years of age. The father died in 1863 leaving William to take the place of the head of the family of seven children, which place he filled with remarkable efficiency.

Leaving Ohio in 1863 they moved to Macon, Illinois, where Mr. Ireland met Miss Maria McDool whom he married on April 22, 1868. He and his family moved to DuKalo county, Mo. in 1870 and lived there until 1882, when they came to Kansas and bot and settled on the farm always now known as the Ireland home two miles southwest of Bronson. Here they reared their family and struggled with the hardships of early settlers, until January 1911 when Mr. and Mrs. Ireland moved to their new home in Bronson to spend their declining days, accompanied only by their daughter, Miss Eva, who devoted her time and attention to the comfort of her aged parents.

Mr. Ireland's hearing began to fail him many years ago and he suffered the total loss of his sight five years ago and almost totally lost his hearing. Only those who have the deep, keen insight and love of nature and all that is beautiful with which Mr. Ireland was gifted, can in any measure realize the great sense of loss that thus came into his life, when every ray of light, all music and practically all sound were shut from him. But he lived on as before, uncomplaining and cheery, with a trust beautiful to witness, "only waiting," as he said, "for the Reaper to come." With his hand in that of a friend, he was wont to say, as he sat in darkness and silence: "It's a good world after all, and a good God must have made it; I wonder that is what I say, when a hand is on my shoulder in a friendly sort of way."

Much scripture and classic poetry was committed to memory by Mr. Ireland from frequent reading and hearing, and thus having it "hid in his heart" he did not depend on physical eyes or ears for his enjoyment.

Our friend had the heart of a Christian gentleman, the mind of a philosopher and poet, keenly active, wonderfully developed. His interest in all current affairs and the welfare of humanity at large as well as his readiness to help either the neighbor at his hand or the neighbor a thousand miles away, were alike his characteristics, and no man ever heard him utter unkind or uncharacteristic remarks of any kind.

Which a reaper had he saved

salvation thru faith in Jesus Christ and united with the Methodist church. Thruout his long life he continued to grow in the measure of the fullness of the stature of Christ, until his faith and trust, were inspiration and comfort to all who knew him. Later he became a member of the Baptist church of Bronson and rejoiced in this relationship thout of from its privileges.

Among the priceless legacies that Mr. Ireland left to the world is a family of three daughters and four sons of unimpeachable character, who, with the sadly wife and mother, are left to mourn their loss, and yet to rejoice that the blind has received his sight, the ears of the deaf are unstopped, in a new world where all is light and music and unbounded joy.

The children are: Mrs. S. A. Gard of Iola, Kas., Miss Eva Ireland of Bronson, Wm Ireland of Springfield, Mo., Tom Ireland of Bronson, Fred Ireland of Wellsville, Kas., Harry Ireland of Nampa, Idaho, Mrs. Mary Orison of Bronson. These, except Mrs. Gard who left a few hours before her father's death to minister to her mother-in-law, Mrs. Gard at Iola, who lay critically ill, and the youngest son, Harry, who found it impossible to come from his home in Idaho, were at his bedside when death came.

Two children, a twin brother of Mrs. Orison and a little daughter, Nellie, died in infancy. Thirteen grand children, one sister, Mrs. Nellie Clark of Buffalo, Kansas, who has been at the bedside of her brother during the last week, and two brothers, F. H. Ireland of Ft. Scott, Kas., and D. J. Ireland of Sacramento, Calif., are also left.

Mr. Ireland died Sunday, August 3, 1919, at 12:30 p. m., at his home in Bronson, at the age of 79 years, 4 months and 5 days.

The funeral service was conducted at the home Tuesday afternoon by the Rev. N. N. Smelser and the remains laid to rest in the Bronson cemetery.

The last poem quoted by Ireland, and one of his

THE LIFE FOR WHICH I LIVE

When on my day of life the And the wide from me I hear far voices out of dar My feet to paths unknown

Then who hast made my hom Leave not its tenant when O Love divine, O Helper ev Be thou my strength and

Be near me when all else is Earth, sky, home's pict and shine.

And kindly faces to my own The love that nurtures on

I have but Thee, my Father Be with me then to comfort No gain of poeal, no brand No street of shining gold

Suffice it if—my good and I And both forgiven thru Th I find myself by hand's faml Into my fitting place.

Then, from the music come I faint would learn the me And find at last, beneath Th The life for which I live.

—JOHN GAZA

William Henry Ireland - Obituary

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