

Mary Miller

Advertiser & Appeal; Saturday 6 October 1883; pg. 6 cols. 2 & 3

Mrs. Morgan, of Marion, Fla., arrived in our city last Tuesday, via Waycross. She comes to mingle her tears with those of her family over their recent sad afflictions. Mrs. Morgan is a daughter of Mrs. Spears, of this city, consequently an aunt of Misses Maud Miller and Nettie Campbell, whose deaths we chronicle in this issue.

A SADDENED HOUSEHOLD-A single visit of the angel of death to any individual home brings with it sadness enough for a life-time, but when he comes twice in forty-eight hours, and strikes down the fairest flowers, the stroke is almost past endurance. Such a sad fate has befallen the home of our townsman, J.J. Spears. On Friday night last the spirit of little Nettie Campbell passed away, and on the succeeding Sabbath she was followed by Miss Maud Miller, both nieces of Mr. Spears, and both living under his roof. Miss Nettie's parents are both dead, and Miss Maud's father, Mr. John W. Miller, has been dead a number of years, but her mother still lives to mourn the loss of her only child, who only a few days since enjoyed the blessings of full womanhood. That is indeed a sad household, and one that calls forth the sympathy of all.

Advertiser & Appeal; Saturday 26 January 1884; pg. 6 col. 2 & pg. 7 col. 3

Elsewhere we publish the Obituary of Miss Maud Miller, who died some months since in this city. By some means it was mislaid and did not reach this office until a few days ago.

IN MEMORIAM -- On the Death of Miss Maud Miller, of Brunswick, Aged 18 Years.

Lost to the sense of earth's dull sights
On angel's wings her spirit flies,
And resting on Heaven's terraced heights,
She reads the mysteries of the skies.
Faint, glimmering beams of distant light,
Are now no longer all she sees
Of worlds which measure in their flight
The circles of infinity.

For she now knows that he who formed
And rules this vast immensity,
Has power to give an undying soul
A life of immortality.
Mysterious whispers in His depths
But faintly tell what she shall be
In the undying light of stars
And through all eternity!

Again the conqueror, Death, has visited our community and selected one of our brightest gems. His icy finger touched the mother's pride, and claimed Maud for a brighter sphere. Death-God's messenger-seems to surviving relations a grim monster, but to the redeemed only a glorious summons to "Heaven's terraced heights." This death is a sad, sad blow to the parent and other sorrowing relatives; but our God, Maud's God, knew where better she could bloom.

Just as she was budding into womanhood, He called her; He whose she was. It is hard for the widowed mother to give into the icy embrace of death an only child; but God has promised to be her solace.

Much could be said of her that is no more, but we that knew her knew of her charms, and appreciate how much she will be missed from the home, whose light she was. All the light has gone from that home where her merry laugh and bright young life made

it perfect day.

The many friends deeply sympathize with the bereaved family, and can only point them to the "Balm in Gilead" as a cure for their wound. A FRIEND.

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