

# MYRTLE STEAD

*Waukesha Freeman*, Thursday, March 24, 1910 | Page 5

Rev. Mr. Roberson attended the funeral of Miss Mertie Stead at Eagle Friday.

*Waukesha Freeman*, The | *Waukesha, Wisconsin* | Thursday, March 31, 1910 | Page 2

Feb. 1, 1891, in town of Eagle, Myrtle Stead was born. Few girls loved home as Myrtle did and few could have done more to brighten the family circle. She often remarked "I like to visit my friends and have my friends visit me but I like home and my own folks best."

Myrtle's life had been one long, tedious illness, but it was borne as Jesus bade us bear our crosses, patiently, gently and willingly. Since the beginning of her illness some sixteen years ago everything has been done to restore her to health, but it was of no avail. She was in God's hand and He has cared for her, calling her home early Tuesday morning, March 15, 1910.

The funeral was held at the M. E. church, Rev. W. D. Cox officiating, and the remains, of the loved one were laid to rest in Oak Ridge cemetery, beneath a beautiful bed of flowers, the last, tribute of love and respect from her dear ones.

Myrtle leaves to mourn her a father, mother, two sisters and two brothers, besides many relatives and a host of friends.

All lost things are in the angels' keeping,  
No loved are dead but merely sleeping.  
The years of Heaven will all earth's little pain make good;  
Together there we shall begin in babyhood.

Myrtle has gone from this drear world of sin  
To that border land between;  
Where none but the just can enter in  
To praise their glorious King.

Her race is run, her trial are o'er,  
She is free from earthly stains.  
She's praising God on the other shore,  
On the shining, beautiful plains.  
We never shall, see that smiling face  
Till our bodies cease their breath.  
May we abide in the ways of grace,  
One step between, me and death.  
We soon shall stand by our Myrtle again,  
With the angels sparkling bright.  
To praise our Maker in truth and love  
In the glorious robes of white.  
We never shall know the last fond thought

That sought to soften the pain  
Until we cross the river of death  
And stand by her side again.  
W. V. G.