

Obit. - Stead, Myrtle
Feb. 1, 1891 - Mar. 15, 1910

In Memory of Miss Myrtle Stead,
Died March 15, 1910.

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 trials 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.

In Memoriam.

"Open, O Heaven! No morrow
Will see this joy o'er-cast,
No pain, no tears, no sorrow,
Her gentle heart will borrow;
Sad life is past;
Shielded and safe from sorrow
At home at last."

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. Sox 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 Stead Is Dead.

On Tuesday morning Myrtle Stead, daughter of Arthur and Anna Hahn Stead, died at the family home after fifteen years of lingering illness. She was born in Eagle Feb. 1, 1891 and when but a few years of age was afflicted with an illness which gradually brought about her demise. She was a member of the M. E. Sunday school. Notwithstanding her continued illness she always appeared pleasant. Only as recently a last week she attended the farmers' institute here. The funeral will take place to-day. Rev. W. D. Cox of Milwaukee will officiate. Interment will be in Oak Ridge cemetery.

MYRTLE STEAD

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

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