

Trouble in the "Amen Corner" of the Church

This famous piece was written by Thomas Chalmers Harbaugh, an American writer born in 1840 at Middletown, Maryland. He lived most of his life at Casstown, Ohio. His published a number of volumes of verse, but this poem is now the best known. He died about thirty years ago.

"Twas a stylish congregation, that of Theophilus Brown, And its organ the finest and the biggest in the town, And the chorus — all the papers favourably commented on it, For 'twas said each female member had a forty-dollar bonnet.

Now in the "amen corner" of the church sat Brother Eyre, Who persisted every Sabbath day in singing with the choir; He was poor, but gentle-looking, and his head as snow was white, And his old face beamed with sweetness when he sang with all his might.

His voice was cracked and broken, age had touched his vocal chords, And nearly every Sunday he would mispronounce the words Of the hymns, and 'twas no wonder, he was old and nearly blind, And the choir rattling onward always left him far behind.

The chorus stormed and blustered, Brother Eyre sang too slow, And then he used the tunes in vogue a hundred years ago; At last the storm-cloud burst, and the church was told, in fine, That the brother must stop singing, or the choir would resign.

Then the pastor called together in the vestry-room one day Seven influential members who subscribe more than they pay, And having asked God's guidance in a printed prayer for two, They put their heads together to determine what to do.

They debated, thought, suggested, till at last "dear brother Eyre," Who last winter made a million on a sudden rise in pork, Rose and moved that a committee wait at once on Brother Eyre, And proceed to make him lively "for disturbin' of the choir."

Said he: "In that 'ere organ I've invested quite a pile, And we'll all if I cannot worship in the latest style; Our Philadelphia tenor tells me 'tis the hardest thing Per to make God understand him when the brither tries to sing.

"We've got the biggest organ, the best-dressed choir in town, We pay the steepest salary to our pastor, Brother Brown; But if we must, ignorance because it's blind and old — If the choir's to be pestered, I will seek another fold."

Of course the motion carried, and one day a coach and four, With the latest style of driver, rattled up to Eyre's door; And the sleek, well-dressed committee, Brother Sharkey, York and Lamb, As they crossed the humble portal took good care to miss the jamb.

They found the choir's great trouble sitting in his old arm chair, And the summer's golden sunbeams lay upon his thin white hair; He was singing "Rock of Ages" in a cracked voice and low, But the angel understood him, 'twas all he cared to know.

Said York: "We're here, read brother, with the vestry's approbation To discuss a little matter that affects the congregation." "And the choir, too," said Sharkey, giving Brother York a nudge; "And the choir, too!" he echoed with the gravest of a judge.

"It was the understanding when we bargained for the chorus That it was to relieve us, that is, do the singing for us; If we rupture the agreement, it is very plain, dear brother, that our congregation and be gobbled by another.

"We don't want any singing except that what we've bought! The latest tunes are all the rage; the old ones stand for naught; And so we have decided — are you listening, Brother Eyre? That you'll have to stop your singing in for it flurries the choir."

The old man slowly raised his head, a sign that he did hear, And on his cheek the trio caught the glitter of a tear; His feeble hands pushed back the locks white as the silky snow, As he answered the committee in a voice both sweet and low:

"I've sung the psalms of David nearly eighty years," he said; "They've been my staff and comfort all along life's dreary way; I'm sorry I disturb the choir, perhaps I'm doing wrong; But when my heart is filled with praise, I can't keep back a song.

"I wonder if beyond the tide that's breaking at my feet, In the far-off heavenly temple, where the Master I shall greet, Yes, I wonder when I try to sing the songs of God up high, If the angel band will chime me for disturbing heaven's choir."

A silence filled the little room, the old man bowed his head, the carriage rattled on again, but Brother Eyre was dead; Yes, dead! his hand had raised the veil the future hangs before us, And the Master dear had called him to the everlasting chorus.

The choir missed him for a while, but he was soon forgot; A few chirrup-goes entered the door, the old man entered not; For now, his voice no longer cracked, he sang his heart's desire, where there are no church committees and no fashionable choir.

\$500.00 Netted at Red Cross Garden Party Last Thursday

Heavy Advance Ticket Sale Assured Good Attendance

The second annual Red Cross Garden Party, held last Thursday afternoon and evening at "The Hedges," Mrs. A. W. Nixon's beautiful home on the Glen Road, was an unqualified success. Under the direction of Le Roy Dale, President of the Georgetown Branch, committee members had been working energetically for weeks, planning to make the garden party a success. One indication of this is shown in the fact that over 1,000 tickets were sold, the large proportion of these being sold in advance before the date of the garden party.

In the afternoon a cafeteria tea was served and various games such as dart throwing, horse-shoe pitching, and clock golf were enjoyed by the attendants. In the evening, the Lorne Scots Band, featured Charles Landa, borough, of Acton, a cornet soloist, presented a one-hour band concert to open the program.

Outside talent for the program was provided through the co-operation of local manufacturing firms who donated a sum of money to secure this. Betty Robertson, singer and tap dancer, acted as master-of-ceremonies, and the performers included Jack Ayre, pianist, Jimmy Goode, blackface comedian who was once a member of Al Plunkett's "Dumbbells," and a magician, who enlisted the services of Kenneth Hume to help him with his act.

Gertrude Cain, of Glen Williams, contributed a solo, song and dance number, and presented her Glen Williams pupils in a tap routine, which was much enjoyed by the audience.

Fred Shortill was also on the program, and sang two pleasing solos, accompanied at the piano by Mrs. R. T. Paul.

The lucky number draw was made during a break in the program, by Mr. L. E. Fleck, honorary vice-president of the organization, and the prizes went to J. B. Mackenzie, No. 1268, 1241; (an unidentified lady), No. 1268, and Mrs. A. Sanderson, No. 1934.

The draw for a quilt, donated by Mr. H. Silver, was won by Miss Lorraine Latimer, and a painting donated by Mrs. A. G. M. Bryans, by Miss Jean Ruddle. Mr. Adam Kay won a Red Cross doll, which had been presented by an anonymous donor to be raffled off.

Prize-winners in the games included: clock golf, Mrs. P. B. Coffin and R. B. Foulis; dart throwing, Mrs. A. Greig and Leonard Marchant; horse-shoe pitching, Miss Ethel Smith and Mr. MacDonald.

Mr. Dale made a short speech thanking everyone who had contributed to making the party such a great success.

"I can assure you that the money will be well spent by our local Branch, which has already done such a 'fine work,'" he said.

Local organizations assisting with the garden party included the I.O.G.E. from Acton, Burlington, Port Credit, Milton, Brampton and Georgetown. First prize-winner was an Acton pair from "Gunner" Gould. Second prize went to Port Credit, rink skipped by W. Ray, and third prize was won by the rink of J. Anderson, of Milton. A special prize for one high win donated by the secretary, Mr. S. T. Farran, was won by Messrs. W. McDowell and A. Reeve, of Georgetown. Buffet luncheon was enjoyed by all.

With the Bowlers

By Especece

On Wednesday evening, July 23rd, Georgetown Bowling Club held a men's double tournament which was exceptionally well attended. Three 12-end games were played by couples from Acton, Burlington, Port Credit, Milton, Brampton and Georgetown. First prize-winner was an Acton pair from "Gunner" Gould. Second prize went to Port Credit, rink skipped by W. Ray, and third prize was won by the rink of J. Anderson, of Milton. A special prize for one high win donated by the secretary, Mr. S. T. Farran, was won by Messrs. W. McDowell and A. Reeve, of Georgetown. Buffet luncheon was enjoyed by all.

On Friday the regular mixed jiney was held, the greens being exceptional in the fast and play very close in the several games. Prizes were won by several games. Prizes were won by Mrs. A. Duncan, ladies first, and Dave Lawson, gent's first. This play had been held over from Thursday so as not to conflict with the Red Cross garden party.

Two Georgetown pairs journeyed to Milton this same evening to participate in Milton men's doubles tournament and returned with second and third prizes. In three 12-end games Messrs. J. Kennedy and A. Reeve took second prize, while Messrs. W. G. Bell and W. G. McDowell were third prize winners.

In the home men's doubles jiney tournament, the sixth night's play, on Monday, July 28th found W. G. Bell and W. H. Davis defeating J. Kennedy and P. B. Coffin while W. McDowell and A. Reeve were winners over Elmer Thompson and Fred Thompson.

J. Richardson and H. Cleave now hold the Grant Cup, winning it in a close game last week from Wm. McDowell and W. G. Bell (who was substituting for P. B. Harrison).

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My First Funeral

By Rev. Charles Francis Potter, Minister First Humanist Society of New York.

I conducted my first funeral service when I was 15 years old, and although I have had many funerals in the long years since, that first experience was so unusual that its bizarre details still remain clear in my memory.

I was then a ministerial student earning my way through college by selling aluminum cooking utensils to housewives, and had drawn as my "territory" the sleepy little Massachusetts town of Medfield. One hot August noon I was enjoying dinner at my boarding house when the door-bell rang. The landlady answered it and came back to say to me:

"The undertaker wants you."

"The undertaker wants you?" I was such a specter-at-the-feast announcement that the whole table laughed. I hurried from the marriage to find on the doorstep a shabby-looking man in a dark suit and a black string tie, frock coat, and even black cotton gloves. Years later I recognized him in the cartoons of the *Prohibition Era*.

Looking at me rather doubtfully, he demanded: "Be you a minister of the gospel?"

"Not yet," I stammered. "I'm only studying for the ministry."

"Well I guess you'll have to do," he said sourly. "All the ministers are away on their vacations, but death don't take no vacation. I'm all wore out tramps' around to find a parson, and while you ain't exactly one you're the next thing to it. Finish your dinner, he added magnanimously. "But we can't waste no time on account of it's pretty hot weather."

My appetite had left me and I soon came out to find the hearse or rather the coffin-wagon with the undertaker and his assistant perched on the high seat in front. I was a little relieved to find the conveyance otherwise empty.

As I rode through the streets seated between the two lugubrious men of death, it occurred to me that I had not the slightest information about the deceased. I asked the undertaker about it.

"Well," he said, "I suppose I order you'll have to do for both of 'em. You see we're on our way to the state insane asylum. Two of the inmates has died, and according to law, if any relations request it, the institution has to provide Christian burial, and I have the contract. I can't tell you nothin' about 'em except that they're both old women."

I began to wish that the Medfield ministers had taken turns on vacations.

When we reached the asylum, I was taken through the women's wing where I had to pass between rows of iron-barred cells inhabited by grinning unfortunates whose sudden silence as I approached was followed by a barrage of screamed obscenities. My guide forgot his great hurry in his desire that I should miss none of the sights. Then he escorted me downstairs to what was called by courtesy, "the morgue." It was simply a white-washed cellar.

Side by side, supported on wooden carpenter's horses, were two old-fashioned diamond-shaped pine coffins. Rude as they were, they nevertheless dominated the room with the mystery of death. The light of the gas lamps, which caused chin and nose to curve towards each other like the conventional pictures of wiles. No cosmetic treatment had been attempted, and no embalming. I knew now why the undertaker had mentioned the hot weather.

He took a common kitchen chair, the only article of furniture in the place, sat down and tilted it back against the wall. Then he fished a cigar from one pocket and a newspaper from another, and said:

"Well, say in, bub."

It seems incredible, but those were his actual words.

"But where are the mourners?" I protested.

"There won't be no mourners. Them relations that requested Christian burial ain't showed up and probably won't." He puffed at his cigar. "Go right ahead, and make it short and sweet."

I was shocked at his boorish levity and outraged by the mockery of the whole situation. If this was a "Christian burial," I was sure that neither respect for the proprietress, nor my indignation roused in me a fledgling professional pride. Young and inexperienced I might be, but I was in that room as a representative of the Christian Church, and this was a challenge.

If there was nothing Christian about the arrangements, I, at least, could be respectful and dignified in the presence of death.

And suddenly it occurred to me that sometimes, somewhere, these old women had loved and been loved. Perhaps even now, some relatives who could not be present were sincerely mourning their passing and were glad that they had found peace at last. At least they had been two persons who had cared enough to ask for Christian burial. Well, they would have it.

As I thus thought kindly of others, I forgot my embarrassing position and all fear left me. In that moment I became a minister. Ordination would wait on years of study, but I would begin my ministering now.

I had no little black morocco hand-book with funeral services to fit all occasions. I didn't even have a Bible

with me. Never mind! I had a lot of the Bible in my memory.

I began quoting the Twenty-Third Psalm, the Fourteenth of John, and other appropriate Bible passages I had memorized. "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil." "Let not your heart be troubled." As the familiar verses gave me more confidence, my young voice rang out in that old cellar.

I had forgotten my audience of one, but my eyes were drawn his way by a sudden thump when he brought his aged chair to its proper position. As I continued my improvised service, I saw him quietly fold up his newspaper and put it back in his pocket. Then he removed his cigar from his mouth and let it go out as he listened respectfully.

When I said, "Let us pray," he bowed his head, and at the end of my fervent prayer, he uttered a reverent "Amen."

As he was putting the covers on the coffins, he remarked: "Well, Reverend, we had a good service even if they wasn't many here." And when the assistant, clumped down the stairs to help carry up the coffins, the undertaker barked at him: "Take off your hat, you fool! Don't you know nothin'?"

At the cemetery we drove past the well-kept private plots and stone monuments to a far corner where the graves were marked only by wooden sticks—the potter's field. A pile of raw yellow dirt revealed our destination could see but one grave and wondered where the other one was. But they lowered the second coffin on top of the first. Meeting my questioning glance, the undertaker said, half apologetically:

"Saves a lot of diggin' and nobody will know 'or care."

Then he picked up a handful of yellow dirt. "Go ahead with the committal, Reverend Potter," he said. "When you say 'Ashes to ashes and dust to dust,' I'll throw this dirt in."

"Wait a minute," I said, "I have a better idea." I walked to a nearby clump of yellow daisies, and picked a handful of them.

"Use them instead of dirt," I told him. "There ought to be some flowers at a funeral." He gave me a strange look, but took the flowers. And at the proper time, he stooped and laid them carefully, even gently, in the grave.

It helped a little.

I received no fee or word of thanks from the undertaker, the institution authorities, or the relatives, but I didn't care. The money that I might have made selling saucers that afternoon would have been devoted to my education anyway, and, honest as I might, I couldn't have earned enough to buy that much education.



Catherine Judah, the Canadian Mezzo-soprano, who sang the name part in "Iolanthe," seventh and final broadcast in the CBC series of Gilbert and Sullivan productions (Monday, July 28th, at 8:00 p.m.).

IT'S THE GIRL, NOT THE CLOTHES

I watched that girl with the silken socks, And the powdered face and the bobbed, blonde locks, And the low-cut neck, and the high-cut sleeves, And the silken waist of thinnest weaves, And the late style shoes and a skirt so high, And a fox fur round her neck two-ply.

She sat in the car just across from me, And I said to myself: "What a sight to see!" And I patted myself upon the back, That I hadn't a daughter to follow her track.

The car was crowded, running o'er, When an old bent woman entered the door.

Her face was wrinkled with age and care, And she'd just enough to pay one fare. There wasn't a joy-smile on her face, Not a hint of a smile had left its trace. Nobody seems to notice her stand, With her gray streaked hair and shaly hand.

When all at once that girl of style, With a tender look and the sweetest smile, As quick as a flash jumped to her feet, And gave that dear old soul her seat. Then softly said: "Now you sit there, For maybe you have a son somewhere, And maybe you have a daughter too, So I'll be a daughter now to you." Then over that old and wrinkled face, There came a smile of ribbent grace, And she thanked that girl in the dress so sheer.

While her eyes grew dim with a grate-

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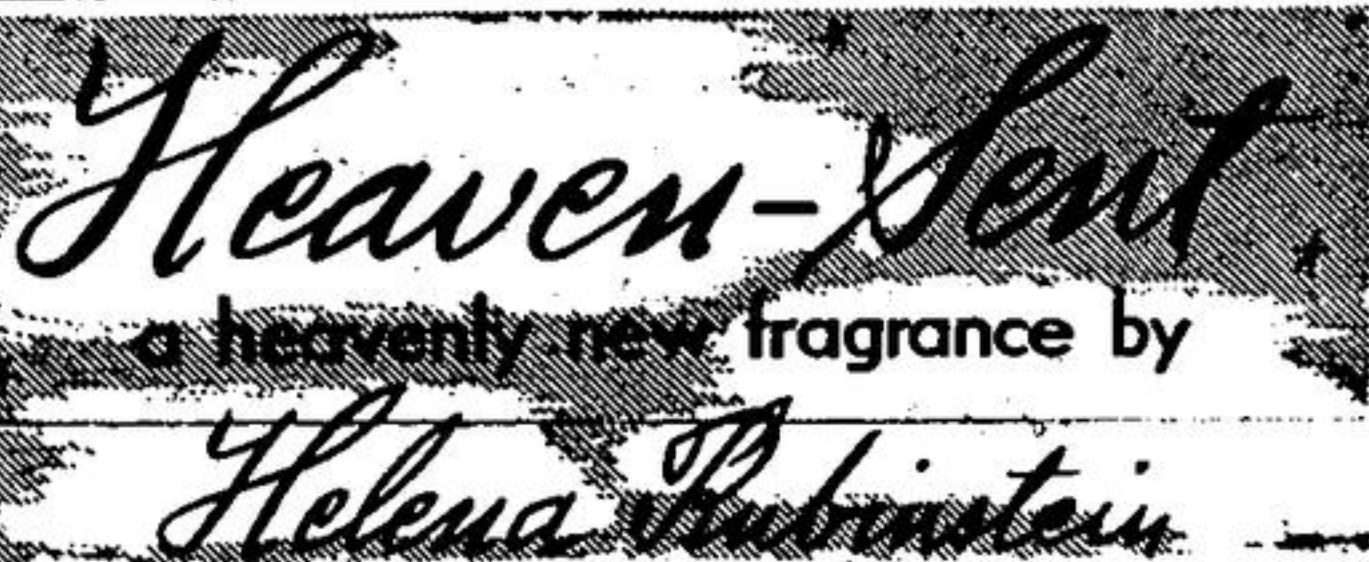
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Proclamation

CIVIC HOLIDAY Monday, August 4th

Whereas the Corporation of the Town of Georgetown have in former years set aside the first Monday in August as a Civic Holiday; And whereas the members of the Municipal Council to comply with the desire of the citizens, have decided that the 4th day of August, 1941, shall be observed as such;

Therefore, I do declare Monday, August 4th, 1941 a Civic Holiday for the Town of Georgetown, and I respectfully request all citizens to govern themselves accordingly.

JOSEPH GIBBONS, Mayor.

"GOD SAVE THE KING"

FALL FAIR DATES	
GEORGETOWN	Sept. 12-13
ORANGEVILLE	Sept. 9-10
ACTON	Sept. 16-17
CALEDON	Sept. 19-20
MILTON	Sept. 26-27
BOLTON	Oct. 3-4
COOKSVILLE	Sept. 30-Oct. 1
ERYN	Thanksgiving Day
WOODBIDGE	Oct. 10-13
London (Western Fair, Junior only)	Oct. 10-11
International Flowering Match, West of Peterborough City	on Oct. 14-16-17-18



THE ANZAC NEWS LETTER

In busy camps and barracks throughout Canada, extremely busy airmen from the far Antipodes pause each Sunday morning to listen to news from home. — "The Anzac News Letter" heard on Sundays at 10:15 a.m. EDT.

is provided by the CBC in co-operation with the Australian Broadcasting Commission, which week it is sent by cable to Ottawa, and rebroadcast to the Dominion at 11:30 a.m.