

REV. FRANK P. BRITT

Monument Unveiled in Pisgah Cemetery, July 26th, 1934

Pisgah cemetery, Corsica, was the scene of an impressive service on Thursday afternoon, July 26, when a monument was unveiled in memory of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Frank P. Britt.

Chairs had been arranged under a large awning over the monument and everything possible had been arranged to make a perfect program.

A woman's quartette rendered two numbers and Stephen Carrier sang "God Shall Wipe Away All Tears" and "There Is No Death"—The address was by the Rev. Dr. H. F. Earseman of Knox, a former associate of Dr. Britt in Presbytery. A letter was read from the Rev. Frederick W. Evans, D. D., of Troy, N. Y., who was unable to be present. A poem for the occasion was written and read by Mrs. A. C. McKinley. The opening prayer was by the Rev. David C. Cowan and the dedicatory prayer by the Rev. A. W. Might, present pastor of Pisgah church.

Just before the last prayer, the monument was unveiled by Dr. Harry P. Thompson and Mr. C. M. Orcutt who with others have been tireless in their efforts to have this memorial erected. The covering used was a beautiful, home spun sheet made by Asenath Greenlee Britt, Dr. Britt's mother, and it is more than one hundred years old.

The stone itself the work of Logue and Son, Sligo, is a block of Barre granite, axed, with the family name Britt, in round axed letters on the face, below the name is placed a bronze tablet, 10x21 inches bearing this inscription:

In Memoriam

Rev. Frank P. Britt, D. D. pastor Pisgah church 1877-1907 and his wife Jeannette M. Ralston Britt. He giveth his beloved sleep, Ps. 127:2. This monument was erected by their children and a host of friends.

Mrs. McKinley's Poetic Tribute

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Follows:

Into this sacred and hallowed place
Where a host of our loved one's
sleep,

We have come to pay tribute to one
long gone

And a tryst with memories keep.
For thirty long years with the bread
of life,

He fed our needy souls,
And his sterling worth grows plainer
each year

As time toward eternity rolls.

We recall our grief on that wintry day
As we gathered about his bier,
And with desolate hearts took the
last long lost

On the face to us all so dear.
Through the bygone years when life
brought tears

His words held the comfort we
sought,

But we laid him away on that bitter
day,

And our hearts were comforted not.
His was a heart full of sympathy
deep

For joy or sorrow or pain,
And in years that followed we missed
him sore

And longed for his voice in vain.
His presence shed sunshine and glad-
ness and peace,

Put each one at his best and at ease
Faith, charity, love, kindness, joy in
life

He lived and abounded in these.
His untiring zeal in the work of his
Lord

Never flagged and his lamp grew
not dim,

No task was too hard, no journey too
long,

No burden too heavy for him.
"In thy youthful days remember thy
God,

While the evil days have not come,"
"Let the light of God's love illumine
thy way,

And point thee the path that leads
home."

"Eye hath not seen and ear hath not
heard,

Nor yet doth the heart conceive,
The things which the Lord in his love
prepares

For those that the Son receive."
"The wages of sin is the death of the
soul,

Eternity banished and lost,
But the gift of God is eternal life,
Purchased at infinite cost."

"At home with our God, beloved and
blest,

In the mansions prepared by His
love,

Shall we live and abide, our Savior
beside,

If our goal is ever above."
With words such as these from the
book of the Lord,

He opened the way of life
And showed us the inner well spring
of peace,

For our souls in a world of strife.
With joy he strode forth in the prime
of his life,

On a mission of comfort and love,
Like Enoch of old he was with us no
more,

God took him to labor above.
Like a bright golden thread, thro the
years that have sped

Gleams his memory precious, re-
vered,

His life work begun will never be
done,

Will abide when the Lord has ap-
peared.

In this monument chiselled in letters
of stone

His name through the years endure
And deathless in love will his memory
live,

In the hearts of his loved ones se-
cure.

With him we remember his helpmate