

The Old Log Church

*Silent and sturdy the old church stands --
A lonely spot on the prairie lands
Worn by the winds that sweep over the plain,
Lashed by the tempests of snow and rain.*

*It stands as they built it in pioneer days --
A ghostly sentinel among the graves.
No pre-fab house from a catalogue
Can surpass the frame work, log by log,*

*Laid there by pioneers long since gone
Who had labored there from dusk to dawn,
Building their refuge to worship God,
Thankful for bread and for homes of sod.*

*Surely their faith in the infinite good
Of man, and God, and in brotherhood,
Is written in each small patch of clay
That cements the logs in their neat array.*

*Silent and sturdy the old church stands,
Deserted now by the loving hands
That hewed the logs and nailed them there,
Then folded these hands in thankful prayer
Until death came. The burial lot
Grew and expanded plot by plot.*

*Then newer generations built
A modern church of chrome and gilt,
And left the log church on the plain,
Beaten by blizzards, wind and rain.*

*It stands as they built it in pioneer days,
This ghostly sentinel among the graves --
A monument to a valiant few
Who had struggled there while the country grew
And wrested their destinies out of the sod
And the humble log-hewn shrine of God!*



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