

THE PRAIRIE CHURCH

stubble; a high wind carried it across our guards, and there before our eyes we saw our granaries and the reward of four years of waiting and of hardest labor all in flames. Do you blame me that I came away out here onto this hill alone and sat down and wept? Not for myself, I can endure most anything; but for the thought of all the sacrifice those four years must have meant to my wife.

"But I started to tell you about our church. Well, I had to tell you this to show you how hard it was for us to build it. I do not claim to be a wealthy man to-day, but I could give a thousand dollars now more easily than I could have given ten dollars in those first four years. And yet we built our church. There it stands. If it should be destroyed by fire and we started out to build another I doubt if we would be able to raise the money to build a better one. One of the missionary societies in England gave us a grant amounting to about half the cost of the lumber, and we did every bit of the work ourselves. One of our men had been an architect, and he designed it. Some of us were pretty handy with tools. In the evenings we would drive in with our oxen, or more often walk, and work at the church until after dark. No one worked harder than our clergyman, a bachelor, who often