"A Prayer of St. Francis"

Harris Banks
near discharging his gun, but Sivert Knutson warned against such rashness, fearing that a shot might infuriate the rascals and bring on an attack. The older men were much alarmed, but their sons, being eager for action, were less cautious and scarcely aware of the gravity of the situation. Evidently the stealthy trespassers had noted the log-chain which secured the barn door, as well as other preparations for defence, for baffled, they slunk away into the night.

Throughout the Civil war horse-stealing was more than merely that of an occasional occurrence. In the last year of this conflict thieves raided the stables of three of our neighbors and got away with several horses, of which only one was said to have been recovered. The sheriff of Story county formed a posse to apprehend the evil doers and overtook them, but they escaped after a gun-skirmish leaving one of the sheriff's deputies dead on the field.

The raid left much of sorrow and suffering in its wake, grief at the untimely end of a young man of promise, and distress for those who depended largely on their teams for a livelihood. And what of the dire retribution facing the thieving wretches themselves, not to speak of the baneful reflection of their foul deeds cast upon their unfortunate kindred! Verily, the crimes of yesterday, too, reaped their full and fearsome harvest, and hence, then as now, did not pay.

“A Prayer of St. Francis”

Lord, make us instruments of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let us sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is discord, union; where there is doubt, faith. Lord, where there is despair, let us sow hope; where there is darkness, light; where there is sadness let us sow joy. Lord, make us instruments of Thy peace.

—Harris Banks.