

Little Harbor Chapel

Far from the highway's rush and roar  
The Chapel stands 'mid spruce and pine,  
A sanctuary from earth's strife,  
And for the soul a peaceful shrine.

Here are no panes of jeweled glass;  
No candles on the altar glow;  
No pungent incense sends its smoke  
To wreathe the worshipers below.

The windows frame the stately trees;  
On floor and walls the sunlight shines;  
The summer wind its incense brings -  
The fragrance of the sea and pines.

Here may the troubled drop their loads,  
Here may the restless find a calm,  
While nature's simple loveliness  
Pours on all hurts a healing balm.

Then to the highway's rush and roar  
Made sturdy, like the spruce and pine,  
Which in their silent strength stand guard  
About this quiet woodland shrine.

Marguerite E. Buxton  
1933