L IST to a tale that Isaac told To his listening braves in the kand of gold, Where the Mooshide Mountains, grimly grand Like sentries stern o'er the Klondyke stand, And the Yukon's waters rolling free In their flight for home in the Arctic sea, Would seem to linger a moment brief To list the tale of the Norland's Chief; The tale of Isaac, grizzled and bent, In his last Big Talks in the Council Tent.