

THE MINISTER IN THE SALOON

To the light stepped a man with a broad, placid brow ;
In his eye shone the truth's brightest ray ;
With a hand raised above, and a voice full of love,
Said he, " Boys, let each one of us pray."

" Though your sins be as crimson, I will make them as
wool,"
Was the promise he told of so fair ;
Then he played on their hearts, like the chords of a
harp,
Till he wakened old memories there.

Hot tears fell from one, and another looked back ;
Looked back, oh, so far and away !
Where he held in his view a dear cot he once knew,
And a mother who taught him to pray.

Softly touched were the hearts of the vilest men there,
And their wrongdoing all was made clear ;
But o'er each troubled soul seemed a deep peace to
roll,
As the benison fell on their ear :

" Our dear Father who art in the heavens above,
Grant Thy peace to each heart here oppress ;
Let Thy mercy and grace on each one in this place
Like a sweet benediction now rest."