

THE MINISTER IN THE SALOON

FAR away to the north, in the land of the Yukon,
With its gold and auroral gleam,
Lived a man who would dare, through the gates of
despair,
For to venture a soul to redeem.

'Twas a night when the men were all in from the
camps;
It was cold—growing colder since noon;
There had gathered a score, yes, and that many more,
To the warmth of Mike Logan's saloon.

Soon Mike's hearty voice like a clarion rang,
"Come now, boys! stand you back and make way,
There's a preacher right near and he wants you to
hear
What he's come to this place for to say."