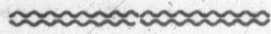


## Christmas in Dawson.

Written for the Holiday Number of the Daily Klondike Nugget by Mrs. Bryant.



'Tis Christmas Day in Dawson here,  
Queen City of northern lights;  
We feel a chill in the atmosphere  
Blown from yonder snow-clad heights.

The cold without more quickly starts  
The current of life within,  
The stimulus it thus imparts  
Is love of home, of God, of kin.

How strong, how glad, how free, how bold,  
Beat all true hearts here today,  
For home and love, and hope of gold,  
Make life seem more than clay.

O blessed thought! Our Christ was born  
In a manger on this day:  
'Twas far away, of honor shorn,  
But it was love's debt to pay.

It was for us, for you, for me,  
Afar in this ice-bound land,  
Christ lived His life, died on the tree,  
And holds us still by His hand.

How sweet the thought, that latitude  
No matter of what degree,  
Cannot debar us the beatitude  
Of Christ's love and ransom free.

Though far we roam from home and friends,  
By the chain of love we're bound;  
We are not forgot, love still sends  
A thrill the whole world around.

'Tis Christmas Day! Ring out your bells!  
Queen City of northern light,  
Though cold and lone, you still foretell  
Of a future, grand and bright.



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