

## To A Pioneer

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You have borne your part as a pioneer's wife,  
For those you held most dear;  
You have braved the dangers of unknown trails,  
In the rough and rugged frontier:  
You have known the hardships of frugal fare,  
Imposed by winter's snow;  
You have sensed the hostile Indian's approach,  
In the days of Long Ago.

You have shared your crust and modest cot  
With many a friend in need;  
You have lifted the load from many a heart,  
By loving word and deed:  
And now, as you face the setting sun,  
With all of its radiant glow,  
You rejoice in the memory of a glorious past—  
The days of Long Ago.

For the way grows sweeter in its gorgeous light,  
As you "press toward the mark for the prize",  
As seeing Him, who invisible is,  
To your Home, prepared in the skies.  
And so, may each step bring blessing and joy,  
As on through life's journey you go—  
The wish of the friends you have made Back There—  
The days of Long Ago.

—J.A.B.