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To the Pioneers.
Greeting!

OH! "little loyal band" who held together
While three times ten slow years have crept away
Amid the stress of Fortune's roughest weather
Until to-day!

To you who wrought to win her fairest prizes,
No lengthy lane stretched out too long to bend.
Tho' night died hard, the glow of morning rises
To one fine end!

Here is the dawn! if tardily it lightened
To pierce the gloom that held you thro' and thro',
And laurel for the faithful heads that whitened
The while it grew!

Here's incense of most sweet remembrance ready
*For some whose names are missing from the ranks,
Magical names that held the phalanx steady,*
To you, all thanks!

Rare "Old Contemptibles," steadfast, unbroken,
Who hold the place of honour "in the sun!"
Here are the words that seem most fitly spoken—
Ave! Well done!

CLARA BELASYSE MYERS,
March 28th, 1919.

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