

souls are filled with a fire that will not let us rest until our object is attained. Like the Crusaders of old, our watchword and our war-cry may well be: *Deus Vult*—God wills it! But, unlike those old Crusaders, we need no helmet of steel, or coat of mail, or trusty sword or lance: for we are clothed with that which is more impenetrable even than steel—the consciousness of working in a righteous cause; while for weapon we have the ballot, a weapon which, when properly used, will strike as deep and deadly a blow against wrong and oppression of every kind as was ever dealt at an opponent by sword or lance in the hands of visored warrior or plumed knight. Nor, unlike those old Crusaders, is it a memory only that we are struggling for, but, as I have already stated, it is for the relief of our brethren in the flesh—of the men, women and children who, by reason of unjust laws, are condemned to lives of slavery worse even than the chattel slavery of by-gone days. Our fathers knocked the chains from off the limbs of those unfortunates—shall we not do our utmost to loose the shackles which confine society to-day?