

The White Ribbon

FOR GOD AND HOME AND HUMANITY

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Crusaders in Action.



We herewith present a remarkable photograph of a scene from the '70's, when the women crusaders went forth in Ohio to pray the saloons out. In this particular instance the saloon of Mr John McBride, of Logan, has become obnoxious. The women, with their Bibles under their arms, have marched, singing, to the front of his establishment, and, after reading the word, have knelt down in prayer, there to remain until some recognition is taken of their presence. The scene here depicted was duplicated in many parts of the State. It will be time well spent to dwell upon this picture. The women don't do things just this way to-day. The only place the women of that day could cast their vote was with heaven. To-day they have the ballot-box as well. Women do not kneel in the mud to-day, praying for a saloon-keeper to become conscience-stricken. They not only pray, but they march; they speak from the platform; they electioneer; they vote, and they sit in legislative halls. It is a great reformation, and only by it have we been able to win the victories we have against intemperance. When the story of this great battle shall have been written, the women of the crusaders will represent no meagre element in the conflict.

CRUSADERS EVER.

The Crusaders—What memories of our childhood linger round these words; how we pored over those wonderful stories of old; how our hearts thrilled as we read of Peter the Hermit

rousing, with his fiery call, Europe to go and rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the Infidel Turk. Christian Europe flew to arms, kings and knights, soldiers and saints, poured in a ceaseless stream to the Holy Land. Europe was on fire with enthusiasm, and counted not the cost so long as

she could gain the Sepulchre of her Lord.

Pass over a few centuries, and again is launched a crusade, this time 'neath Western skies. The Crusaders are not steel-clad knights, but weak women, strong only in their absolute dependence on the Lord of Hosts.