

TO THE WOMEN VOTERS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

(By "ONE OF THEMSELVES.")

Ye women of Australia,
Arise in all your might:
Your country calls you to her side
To stand up for the right.

A house without a woman's care
Is desolate and drear;
The State is but a larger house,
With ever-widening sphere.

It needs no noisy advocates—
Be wise, be true, and strong;
Firm friends to all that's good and right,
Stern foes to all that's wrong.

We were not made for warfare;
We have not strength to smite;
But regiments standing close and firm
Have often won the fight.

Then raise the flag of womanhood,
And let its motto be—
"For honor, truth, and righteousness,
And heavenly purity."

We want no puppet pulled by strings
At any man's control,
But one who brings to all he does
A conscience and a soul.

Untouched by thought of gain or loss,
One great to do and dare,
And just to rich and poor alike,
His country all his care.

We are not fools, to be the tools
Of class or of creed,
Cajoled by wily flatterers
Whose words belie their deeds.

To our own instincts ever true,
Above all party strife,
We'll vote for none who cannot show
An upright, stainless life.

Each party has some show of wrong—
Some reason to complain—
That rankling deep within the mind
Still jaundices the brain.

But women with unclouded sight
Should take a clearer view,
And learn betwixt these jarring claims
To hold the balance true.

With quicker, keener sympathy
Discern some healing plan,
And prove a helpmate to the State,
As she has been to man.

For woman must be woman still,
And man her daily care—
His home to bless with tenderness,
His lofty aims to share.

To banish self from politics,
And greed from every heart,
And lead the way to higher things:
This—this is woman's part.

United in one noble cause
May all our efforts be—
"For honor, truth, and righteousness,
And heavenly purity."

O. E. O.