# WOMAN TO THE RESCUE: A STORY OF THE NEW CRUSADE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

### ISBN 9780649387816

Woman to the rescue: a story of the new crusade by T. S. Arthur

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

# T. S. ARTHUR

# WOMAN TO THE RESCUE: A STORY OF THE NEW CRUSADE



## BY THE AUTHOR OF

# "WOMAN TO THE RESCUE."

"Three Years in a Man-Trap,"

"Cast Adrift,"

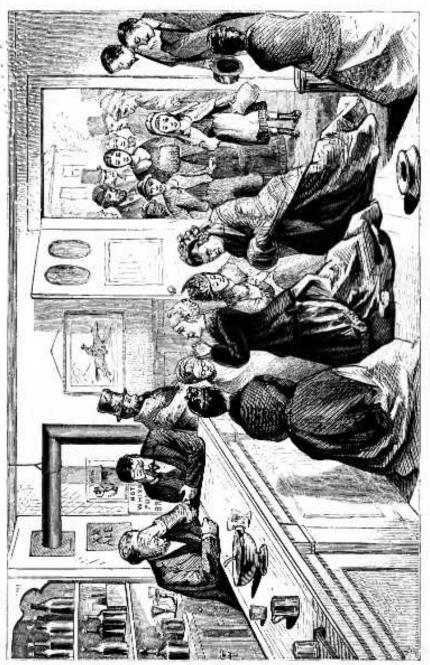
"Orange Blossoms, Fresh and Faded,"

"Gentle Hand,"

"Ten Nights in a Bar-Room,"

And many others.

For Particulars, Price, etc., see Catalogue at end of this Book.



# WOMAN TO THE RESCUE.

# A STORY OF THE NEW CRUSADE.



BY

T. S. ARTHUR.

### PHILADELPHIA:

## J. M. STODDART & CO.

CINCINNATI: QUEEN CITY PUBLISHING CO. CHICAGO: J. S. GOODHAN. NEW YORK: MYERS & PAION. BOSTON: GEO. NACLEAN. SAN FRANCISCO: A. L. BANCROFT & CO. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by J. M. STODDART & CO.,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

WESTCOTT & THOMSON, cotypers and Mectrotypers, Philada. "Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

"Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

"Go, kneel as I have knelt;
Implore, beseech, and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

"Go, stand where I have stood, And see the strong man bow; With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood, And cold and livid brow; Go catch his wandering glance, and see There mirrored his soul's misery.

"Go, hear what I have heard,—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

"Go to thy mother's side, And her crushed spirit cheer; Thine own deep anguish hide, Wipe from her cheek the tear; Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow, The gray that streaks her dark hair now, The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb, And trace the ruin back to him Whose plighted faith, in early youth, Promised eternal love and truth. But who, forsworn, hath yielded up This promise to the deadly cup, And led her down from love and light, From all that made her pathway bright, And chained her there, 'mid want and strife, That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife! And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild, That withering blight,-a drunkard's child !

"Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know All that my sour hath felt and known, Then look within the wine-cup's glow; See if its brightness can atone; Think if its flavor you would try If all proclaimed, 'Tis drink and die.

"Tell me I hate the bowl,—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whenc'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the DARK BRYERAGE OF HELL!