

**WOMAN TO RESCUE,  
A STORY OF THE  
NEW CRUSADE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649377985

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

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

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**T. S. ARTHUR**

**WOMAN TO RESCUE,  
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NEW CRUSADE**



BY THE AUTHOR OF  
"WOMAN TO THE RESCUE."

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"Three Years in a Man-Trap,"

"Cast Adrift,"

"Orange Blossoms, Fresh and Faded,"

"Gentle Hand,"

"Ten Nights in a Bar-Room,"

And many others.

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IN THE STRONGHOLD.

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PHILADELPHIA:

J. M. STODDART & CO.

CINCINNATI: QUEEN CITY PUBLISHING CO. CHICAGO: J. S. GOODMAN.

NEW YORK: MYERS & PATON. BOSTON: GEO. MACLEAN.

SAN FRANCISCO: A. L. SANBROFT & CO.

"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 toll-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 soul 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  
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell  
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

