

THE
CHILD'S WORLD
—
FIFTH READER



JOHNSON PUBLISHING CO.

THE CHILD'S WORLD

FIFTH READER

BY

W. K. TATE

PROFESSOR OF RURAL EDUCATION
GEORGE PEABODY COLLEGE FOR TEACHERS
NASHVILLE, TENN.

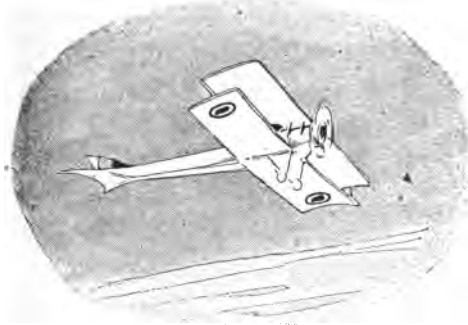
SARAH WITHERS

PRINCIPAL ELEMENTARY GRADES AND CRITIC TEACHER
WINTHROP NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE
ROCK HILL, S. C.

AND

HETTY S. BROWNE

EXTENSION WORKER IN RURAL SCHOOL PRACTICE
WINTHROP NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE



JOHNSON PUBLISHING COMPANY
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

17.890
Edw T 759. ~~20.823 (5)~~

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
GINN & CO
DEC 5 1940

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY
B. F. JOHNSON PUBLISHING COMPANY.

All rights reserved

JOHN MAYNARD

JOHN MAYNARD was the pilot of the steamer *Ocean Queen*, which plied on Lake Erie between Buffalo and Detroit. He was known as an honest, intelligent man, and at last the time came when he proved himself as true a hero as ever lived.

One bright midsummer day, as the *Ocean Queen* steamed toward Buffalo, smoke was seen ascending from below. The captain at once directed the mate, Simpson, to go down and see what caused the smoke. Presently the officer returned, his face pale as ashes, and whispered, "Captain, the ship is on fire!"

The terrible tidings quickly spread among the passengers, of whom there were more than a hundred. "The ship is on fire!" they uttered with blanched lips. "The ship is on fire!"

The captain was a cool, self-possessed man. Having called up all hands, he gave quick, sharp orders. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire; but as the steamer carried a large quantity of resin and tar, the flames spread so quickly that all effort to extinguish them was vain. To add to the horror of the situation, lake steamers at that time seldom carried boats. The *Ocean Queen* had none.

The passengers rushed to the pilot, demanding, "How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles," he replied.

"How long before we reach it?" they questioned.

"Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of speed," he said.

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger here—see the smoke bursting out!" was his reply. "Go forward, if you would save your lives."

Passengers and crew—men, women, and children—crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the wheel.

The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose.

The captain shouted through his trumpet, "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" came the answer, clear and strong.

"Are you at the helm?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast-by-east, sir!"

"Head her southeast and run her on shore," the captain ordered.

Nearer, and yet nearer she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out, "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly, "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold out five minutes longer, John?" called the captain.

"By God's help, I will!" the pilot called back.

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand was disabled; but with his knee upon the stanchion, his teeth set, and his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock.

He beached the ship; every man, woman and child was saved. Then John Maynard dropped to the deck, and his spirit took its flight to God.

JOHN B. GOUGH

HIS FATHER AT THE HELM

A SHIP on the sea was in great distress. A storm had arisen and the angry waves pitched the boat hither and thither. It seemed that it must go down. The people were huddled in the cabin in terror and anxiously awaited their fate. Among them all the little son of the captain alone was fearless and unconcerned, and was even merry in the midst of the confusion. Everybody wondered at his bravery. But the boy said, "Why should I fear? My father is guiding the ship."

TRANSLATED BY W. K. TATE