

### BRAVE JOHN MAYNARD!

JOHN was well-known as a sturdy, intelligent and God-fearing pilot, on lake Erie. He had charge of a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo, one summer afternoon. At that time, those steamers seldom carried boats.

Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out:—

“Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is.”

Simpson came up with his face as pale as ashes, and said:—

“Captain, the ship is on fire!”

Fire! fire! fire! fire! instantly resounded in all directions!

All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the flames, but in vain. There were large quantities of rosin and tar on board, and it was useless to try to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward, and inquired of the pilot, “How far are we from land?”

“Seven miles.”

“How long before we reach it?”

“Three-quarters of an hour, at our present rate of steam.”

“Is there any danger?”

“Danger enough *here*—see the smoke bursting out! go forward, if you would save your lives!”

Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded to the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at his post. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose; the captain cried out through his trumpet, “John Maynard.”

“Ay, aye, sir!” responded the brave tar.

“How does she head?”

“South-east by east, sir.”

“Head her south-east, and run her on shore.”

Nearer, nearer, yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out “John Maynard.” The response came feebly, “Ay, aye, sir!”

“Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?”

“By God’s help I will!”

The old man’s hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand was disabled, and his teeth were set, yet he stood firm as a rock. He beached the ship,—every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped overboard, and his spirit took its flight to his God.

He sacrificed his life to save the lives of others. Noble John Maynard! It is worth a greater effort to save a man from *moral ruin*.

J. B. GOUGH.