



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME XI., NO. 5.

MONTREAL & NEW YORK, MARCH 1, 1876.

SEMI-MONTHLY, 30 CTS. per An., Post-Paid.

DESTRUCTION OF THE "GOLIATH."

For many years a huge three-decker 84 gun man-of-war was moored off Grays, nearly opposite Gravesend on the Thames. It is probable that in its time it had been engaged in many a conflict; but its duty for some years had been a more peaceful and pleasing one. Some good friends of the pauper boys of London had picked them up from the gutters, police stations, and other haunts of misery and vice, taken them to this giant vessel, and they were being trained to become England's future seamen. From ragged, gaunt, and wretched street arabs they had been transformed into strong, healthy, hearty and well-disciplined boys, under charge of Captain Bouchier, of the Royal Navy, assisted by a staff of school teachers and officers.

A few weeks ago while one of the boys was in the oil-room, he let fall a petroleum lamp; it rolled along the floor, and the oil was spilt. The fire caught and spread, and in a few minutes the flames had enveloped the vessel, driving the youthful defenders from every vantage ground whereon they attempted to make a stand against it. When the boys were beaten at every point the command was given for each one to save himself as the boats could not be launched, their suspending ropes being burnt through. Down the sides the many boys scrambled, others jumped directly into the water; some swam to shore, others to the "Goliath's" boats, which had dropped into the river, many to a large tank barge near by. Not a few heroic acts were done. The ship's champion swimmer, Marling, saved the lives of several of his companions; one little fellow threw his arms around the captain's neck and asked to be allowed to die with him. A juvenile lieutenant named Boulton was given charge of the tank barge, and held it by a boat-hook close to the vessel while many of those in the water scrambled into it. Some of the smaller boys, and perhaps larger ones too, tried to paddle away from the burning vessel to the shore, but the noble fellow said that he was in charge and that the tank must be held where it then was till no longer needed. He was, it is said, the means of saving the lives of nearly 300 of his companions. Six in all were drowned, a schoolmaster named Wheeler and five of the boys. We cannot but allude to the brave action of the Captain's wife and daughters. Mrs. Bouchier jumped into the water a distance of twenty-two feet, and was picked up insensible; her daughters climbed out of their cabin windows and down the ship's chains; the younger one swam to a boat and gave some assistance to the officers, and the other to the shore. The "Goliath" was burnt down to the water's edge, but the Lords of the Admiralty offered another vessel to take its place; a number of gentlemen set on foot a subscription list to make good the officers' losses, and perhaps before this reaches our readers, the boys maybe again performing their duties and learning their lessons on a vessel as good as the "Goliath."

The illustrations on the first and fifth pages represent two scenes in the boys' lives. In the first, they are picking the pocket of a stout rich old gentleman who represents John Bull, while he is at the same time giving them good advice; in the second the noble little fellow Boulton is holding the tank to the side of the burning vessel with his boat-hook, while the



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flames threaten every moment to envelop him. The change in position and character is a great one. It is in the power of our boys and girls every day to do actions as noble as that of Boulton's. Perhaps no one will ever know of them but themselves and God. Every evil desire curbed is a noble deed,—for want of the curbing, hundreds of lives have been lost; every temptation resisted is a noble deed,—for want of such resistance thousands of souls have been lost; every kind act done, or kind word spoken in its proper place and time, is a noble deed,—by them thousands have escaped temptation, and thousands have been directed to Heaven. Boys and girls, be noble in this sense,—every one of you can, and opportunities are everywhere. The following account from *Punch* might do for recitation at some common school or other entertainment:—  
A dirty, foggy morning 'twas  
Grays loomed large, close a-lee:  
The watch was holy—stoning decks  
As white as decks could be:  
There were five hundred workhouse lads  
A training for the sea.  
"Goliath" was a giant-hulk  
Built in the days of yore:  
And more than one small David  
Upon her books she bore.  
No iron in her; knees of oak,  
And oak-heart at the core.

The bell had just struck half-past eight,  
As broke the winter's gay—  
On the main-deck 'twas dousing glims  
And stowing them away.  
Oh that new-fangled paraffine!  
Whale-ile's the stuff, I say!  
Young Loeber had the lamps in charge—  
A steady boy, I'm told—  
One on 'em burnt his fingers, till  
He couldn't keep his hold.  
Down fell the lamp; along the decks  
The blazing oil it rolled.  
"Fire!" "Beat to quarters!" "Man the  
pumps!"  
I could cry like a fool  
To read how them lads mustered all,  
As if for morning school.  
In their sky-larking at Christmas  
They wasn't half as cool.  
I've heard of Balaclava—  
But those were bearded men,  
And these were little fellows,  
Most part 'twixt twelve and ten.  
Some calls 'em gutter-children—  
God bless our gutters, then!  
The Capt'n he was at his post,  
A smile upon his face;  
And not one officer or lad  
But knew and kept his place,  
Though soon 'twas plain as plain could be,  
The fire must win the race.  
Most of the little chaps could swim:  
Put, swim or not, they made

And kept their lines as regular  
As soldiers on parade.  
Bouchier had wife and girls aboard—  
But by them lads he stayed.  
Till when the pumps no longer sucked,  
Boat-tackles scorched, in-board:  
Ship lost! No lowering the boats!  
The Captain gave the word,  
"Leap from the ports: swim, them that can;  
The rest, trust in the Lord!"  
One little chap hung round his neck  
A blub'ring, "Burnt you'll be.  
Jump over first—and then we'll jump"  
"No, no, my boy," says he.  
"The skipper's last to leave the ship—  
That is our way at sea."  
So young and old their duty did,  
Like sailors, and like men:  
There was Hall, and there was Norris,  
And Gunton, Tye, and Fenn—  
Who swore he'd save the women,  
And did it, there and then.  
The Captain's wife jumped thirty feet—  
Needs must when Vulcan drives—  
Hand over hand—in sailor style—  
His daughters saved their lives;—  
Brave girls you see, and well brought up,  
The stuff for sailors' wives!  
On the tank-barge some twenty boys  
The flames flared out, the pitched topsides  
Yawned like a fiery grave;  
And some set up the cry, "Shove off!"—  
Lads will like lads behave.  
But Billy Bolton's boyish voice  
Was heard—"I'm mate in charge:  
There's room enough for plenty more;  
Hold on there with the barge."  
That Billy Bolton may run small,  
The heart in him looms large.  
But I can't tell you half the tale—  
How, when they got ashore,  
The kind, good women kissed and hugged,  
And stript the clothes they wore,  
To wrap the boys, as mothers will—  
Or what is mothers for?  
There was a little soldier lad  
His shipmates come to see,  
He's gone, and some half-dozen more,  
And Master Wheeler, he  
Is with them little lads in Heaven—  
All rated there A. B.

ILLUSTRATION IN PRIMARY-CLASS TEACHING.  
—If you should ask me, "What are the best helps to gain attention?" I would reply, the use of apt illustrations. One hot summer day I was trying to give my class an idea of an ancient sandal; but the children were far more interested in making mischief than they were in the lesson. I stooped down quickly and taking off the shoe of a little girl who sat near, held it up, saying: "Here is Annie's shoe. If it had no buttons on it, and was nothing but a sole with strings to tie around her foot to keep it on, it would be much like the shoes people used to wear when Jesus was on earth. They called their funny shoes sandals." Every eye was fastened upon the shoe, and all the scholars were interested and instructed. — *S. S. Times*.  
— A missionary in the Micronesian Islands, Rev. Mr. Sturgis, has been much annoyed and found his work much obstructed by tobacco-smoke. Among the natives, father, mother, children, all smoke. He has hit upon a plan which proves to be a good corrective. "When it comes to the communion," he "invites the tobacco-users to sit in a group by themselves." Such moral suasion we are assured, "quickly brought some of the 'chiefs' to an abandonment of the filthy and baneful habit." If this plan of grouping the tobacco-users together by themselves works well for the reformation of converted heathen from an evil habit, why not try it among tobacco-using Christians here? We commend the subject to the thoughtful consideration of pastors and church committees.

*Grace Brown*