

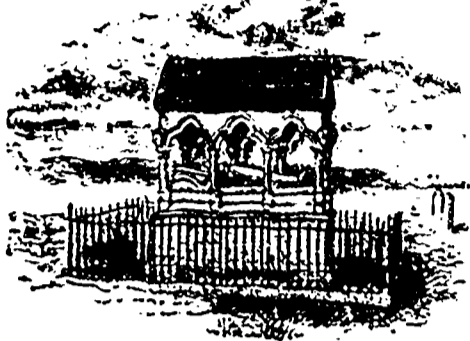
# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JANUARY 27, 1900.

No. 4.



GRACE DARLING'S TOMB.

## GRACE DARLING.

BY ANNIE I. HANNAH.

On one of a rocky group of islands in the German Ocean, some four or five miles from the coast of Northumberland county, England, there lived, about seventy years ago, a little girl. She had no companions save her parents and one brother; and we can imagine her wandering about her ocean-bound home, feeding the water-birds, hunting their eggs, gathering the feathery ferns, after which the group, the Fern or Farno Islands, was called, or mounting, with her brother, the winding stairs to the lantern of the lighthouse of which her father was keeper.

There she must have stood on many a day, looking over the ocean; sometimes under smiling skies, with the water rippling, and lapping gently upon the rocks beneath her; sometimes when a wild storm was dashing the spray half-way up the lighthouse tower, and the gulls flew darting like flashes of lightning over the crests of the raging billows. She must have gloried in the magnificent sight, but I doubt if there ever occurred to her mind the idea, that through such a storm she, the daughter of the Longstone Lighthouse keeper would one day become so famous that her name would be in every mouth. I think not; on the contrary, we are told that she was of a very modest and retiring disposition, and probably thought only of doing her duty which God had plainly given her to do, which at that time was to learn, like other little girls, her daily lessons, and to help her mother in the care of their island home. And so, in faithful attention to these duties, years passed away, till Grace Darling was twenty-two years of age, and the girl had become a brave and noble woman.

One night—it was the 6th of September, 1838—a wild storm broke over the ocean, the waves rose mountains high, the night was pitchy black, and the rain poured down in torrents. In the midst of this terrible tempest, a steamer, going from Hull to Dundee, with sixty-three passengers on board, was wrecked on one of the Farne Islands. There, on that ragged rock, with no help near, with the ocean like a boiling caldron beneath them, the ship broke in two; the stern, where stood the captain and his wife, with many of the passengers, was swept immediately away; but the fore part remained jammed on the rocks. Clinging there for their very lives, expecting every moment to be torn away by the mad waters, nine human beings—all that was left of the large company—passed that horrible night, and there they were discovered, in the early morning light, by Grace Darling, nearly a mile away from the island, with a sea between on which it seemed madness to attempt to launch a boat; and yet the moment her eye caught sight of those sufferers she declared that she must save them. Her father, who was well accustomed to the ocean in all its moods, told her that

it was only casting away their own lives, without the possibility of aiding the shipwrecked crew, and tried with all his power to persuade her to give up so terrible a venture. But she would not listen to him, and declared that if he did not go with her she would go alone; for make the attempt to save those lives she would, though she perished in that attempt.

She was alone with her parents on the island, her brother having gone on business to the mainland before the storm broke. When at last her father found that she was determined, he consented to make the attempt, though with very little hope that either of them would ever return. But God, who holds the

waters in the hollow of his hand, was pleased to crown their effort with success. The terrible journey was begun, the mother helping to launch the boat. With what sensations must she have watched the little craft, so tiny in comparison with the mighty waves, which now lifted it high up into the air, the next moment broke over it, threatening

will it, can it, avoid being dashed to pieces on those terrible rocks, or is that long and toilsome journey, after all, to have been taken in vain?

No, not in vain, the wreck is reached at last, and one after another, those stiffened hands are unclasped and the wretched sufferers drop, almost unconcerned, into the little boat. Slowly and toilsomely the return journey is safely made, and the rescued crew tenderly cared for.

Then from every part of Great Britain and from distant nations came tokens of every kind, expressing the admiration with which the daughter of the poor lighthouse keeper had, by her noble courage, inspired all the world.

In England alone, there was raised for her a subscription of seven hundred pounds sterling, or \$3,500, and many valuable presents from persons of rank were poured upon her. Her portrait was taken, and appeared in all parts of the world, and the little island was visited constantly by those anxious for a glimpse of the heroine. This would have been enough to turn the head of any ordinary

will be, held in high esteem—an example of what a woman can do.

It is not given to all to perform a great and heroic act which will make our name famous, but to every man and woman, yes, to the youngest child, is given the opportunity which Grace Darling used so nobly, that of doing thoroughly and well the duty which our heavenly Father gives us to do, leaving with him, as our heroine did, the results.

## HOW TO READ.

Read with attention. Were you never roused from a reverie to find that while your eyes had been following the lines of the printed page, your wits had been wool-gathering, and that if your life had depended upon it, you could not have told what you had been reading about? Such reading is worse than profitless, for it lessens the power of attention, the one power that, more than any other, distinguishes the successful from the unsuccessful student.

Take notes. This will compel attention; for one cannot make a synopsis of what is but vaguely apprehended. The practice of taking notes develops the analytical powers, trains the mind to discriminate between the vital and the unessential points of an article or a book, fastens the new facts or thoughts upon the memory, facilitates review, and makes available the results of one's reading. Cuttings or "scraps" of book paper may be bought for a song at any printing office and mounted upon pasteboard tablets of convenient size. Such paper is used by economical authors in the preparation of their manuscripts.

If the book that you are reading is your own, underline choice passages, add pencil notes in the margin, and opposite paragraphs whose statements you question, put impertinent interrogation points. Such marks will invite you to a review of the book, and will greatly enhance its interest to others who may read it. To such readers, the glimpses into your mind afforded by critical pencil notes in the margin, will make the perusal of the book seem almost like reading in the companionship of a thoughtful friend. It sometimes happens that an author's statements may be corrected or made more intelligible. The reader should not hesitate to perform that friendly service for subsequent readers. The Rev. Joseph Cook marks with one, two and three lines in the outer margin, passages that he approves, and in a like manner he marks, on the inner margin, passages he disapproves. Mr. Cook advises readers to follow his example, memorizing the sentences marked with three lines in the outer margin. Review again and again all that you wish to make your own.

## PROUD OF A PATCH.

A poor boy with a large patch on one knee of his trousers was laughed at by his schoolmates, who called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys; "I'd give it to him if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I am ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of the patch for her sake."

A patch is better than a hole, and patched garments which are paid for are more comfortable than new ones which make a man afraid to meet his tailor.

Last December little George saw a snowstorm for the first time. "Mamma! mamma!" he called out from the window, "bring a big pan! It's raining popcorn!"



GRACE DARLING.

to capsize it, and bury forever her dear ones from her sight! Many must have been the prayers that followed them over the foaming waters; and many must have been the petitions for their safety which went up from the miserable creatures, clinging so desperately to those slippery crags, knowing, as they must have known, that on that little boat depended their only chance of life. On it went; now "mounting up to the heavens;" now plunging from sight, while the anxious watchers on either side hold their breath, and wonder if at last the end has come. No! there it is again, on the crest of a wave, and both father and daughter, thank God, still safe!

Now it is nearing the dangerous crags;

girl, but Grace Darling was only thankful that she had been allowed, so beautifully, to help the suffering; and while she was truly grateful for all the kindness showered upon her, it did not change her modest, retiring character. She still lived with her parents, on the lonely little island, though probably in greater comfort, owing to the generous gift of money which she had received.

But not for long did she stay to enjoy the fruits of her brave act; three years later her health began to give way, and on the 20th of October, 1842, she died of consumption.

Though many years have passed since that time, more than half a century, the name of Grace Darling is still, and ever