

HAPPY DAYS

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GRACE DARLING.

William Darling, the father of Grace Darling, whose name stands among the heroines of history, was keeper of the Longstone lighthouse, on one of the Farnes or Fern Islands, a group of seventeen islets off the northeast coast of Northumberland, opposite Bamborough. On one of these islands there is the tower of a priory built to the memory of St. Cuthbert, who spent the last two years of his life here. Upon two of the islands are lighthouses, the passage between them being very dangerous in rough weather.

No doubt little Grace watched her father many a time as he trimmed the great light, and when she grew older and stronger, tended it herself and rowed her father backward and forward and in and out the dangerous passages.

On the morning of the 7th of September, 1838, as Wm. Darling was looking from his lighthouse window, he saw a vessel lying broken among the Farnes rocks.

It was the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, nine of whose passengers had survived and were every moment expecting a watery grave. The storm was still beating wildly, but Grace urged her father to put off for the wreck, which he did through her earnest solicitations, his sole companion being his brave daughter. It was a daring thing to do in the midst of such a wild sea, but they reached the sufferers, who were crouched upon a rock, and brought them in safety to Longstone. The world rang with the story of the rescue, and the light-

house at Longstone was visited by many. Testimonials, presents and money poured in upon the brave girl who had risked her life for others. She did not live long, however, to enjoy the change in her circumstances, but died of consumption, on October 20, 1842, after a year's illness.

"I don't care," was the sullen retort. Finally she called him to her and said, "Mamma is very sorry that her little son has formed this bad habit of saying 'I don't care' about everything. She does not really believe that he is so careless and indifferent about the things which concern

her, and so she is going to ask him to join with her in trying to break himself of such a bad habit."

The little boy looked up in surprise, but consented to do as his mother wanted him to do. So she brought a large piece of paper and pencil and laid them upon the table. "Now, Freddie," she said, "I want you to write that 'I don't care' just as neatly as you can, and in as large letters as possible."

Freddie worked away, erasing and writing it over, until at last he had the words written out in his best hand.

"Now," said mamma, taking him by the hand, "let us get rid of that 'I don't care.'"

So she led him to a field some distance away from the house where there was an old well that nobody used any more. She took the paper from the hand of the wondering boy, wrapped a stone up in it, tied a string around it, and gave it to him.

"Now, Freddie," she said, "I want you to drop that into the bottom of the well."

Freddie did as his mother told him. Then she began to pick up stones and drop in upon the top of it, and Freddie, seeing what she did, followed her example, until they had quite a pile of stones on top of the paper with "I don't care" written upon it. Finally his mother said, "Now



I DON'T CARE.

I knew a boy who had a bad habit of saying, "I don't care." His mother would say to him kindly, "I fear my little boy will be late to school," and he would say, "I don't care."

"Why, look," she said one day, "my little boy has left his hat in the middle of the floor."

said, "I want you to drop that into the bottom of the well."

Freddie did as his mother told him. Then she began to pick up stones and drop in upon the top of it, and Freddie, seeing what she did, followed her example, until they had quite a pile of stones on top of the paper with "I don't care" written upon it. Finally his mother said, "Now