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GRACE DARLING.

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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 Farne 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

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;

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 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 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.

WHAT HE HEARD.

A LITTLE boy once awoke at night and heard a soft voice at the foot of his bed. It was a low, soft voice, but it was oh! so earnest and pleading. He listened quietly. It was his own dear mother. She was praying for him. Her heart was so full of tender love and anxiety that she had risen in the middle of the night and come to his bedside to give her little sleeping child once more to Jesus, and beg him to save his soul from sin and death. God heard her prayer by waking her boy and making him hear it. He has never forgotten that night. It is as plainly before him now as when it happened, though he is now a middle-aged man; and his mother has long been watching over him from the land where there is no night.

Do our little readers ever think that their mammas are praying for them when they lie sleeping at night or while they are at play in the day-time? Yes; the air is always full of soft, sweet voices, by day and by night, calling us to God. How soon shall we make the hearts of our dear parents happy, and the great heart of Jesus glad, by giving our hearts to him?

Look upon the bright side of your condition; then your discontents will disappear. Pore not upon your losses, but recount your mercies.



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 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

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 unconscious, 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.