

BRITISH WOMAN



Victoria





JOHN ELLERTHORPE, THE HERO OF THE HUMBER.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a portrait of Mr. John Ellerthorpe, the Foreman of the Humber Dock, Hull, (who, for his bravery in saving the lives of thirty persons from drowning), has recently received the Silver Medal of the Board of Trade. This rare honour has been well bestowed, by Sir Edmond Tennant. At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Hull, who assembled to do "honour to the brave," Mr. Ellerthorpe was commissioned to give a special vote of thanks from the Royal Humane Society; and to Mr. Ellerthorpe a Purse of 100 Guineas, and a valuable Watch and Guard. Towards the contents of this Purse Lord Palmerston forwarded £20 from the Royal Bounty! We hope that Mr. Ellerthorpe's valuable life may long be spared, and that when his days of earthly honour are ended, he may, through faith in a crucified Redeemer, lay hold of the "Crown of Everlasting Life."

REAL HEROES.

In a brilliant speech by the worthy Bishop of Durham, on the New Hartley Colliery calamity, his Lordship said—

"Well, my friends, I cannot but say to you that we owe it as a token of sympathy and respect to those noble-hearted men who have been for nine days working at the risk of their lives, to save those poor suffering persons in the pit. I think we can hardly relate to ourselves the noble conduct of those men. Fancy to yourselves, that the shaft will only allow two men down it at one time. One man represented it thus to me. He said they had only a piece of wood about as broad as one's hand laid six upon white down the shaft, with a torrent of cold water pouring continually upon them for the two hours they were down, and not knowing but that at any moment some stone might fall from the side of the shaft

and crush them, or that the stythe might rise and sink their lives, and go down day after day in the effort to save their fellow-men. While visiting the poor sufferers, I met three of these men in a house which I entered. They were simple, uneducated men, and showed no pride in their work. They seemed to think they were simply doing their duty, and appeared to think that there was not a man on the spot who would not have done as much as they did. On Thursday, I saw one of these men. He had suffered from the noxious gas, and his face was swollen from the effects of it at the time I saw him; yet there he was in full, clothed again in his miner's dress, ready to go down and proceed with his work. I call these men the *real heroes* of the people, and I feel that Northumberland may well be proud of possessing such men. I feel that the whole country must be proud of them. I would sooner meet such a man, and shake his hand, than that of the bravest man who has earned his reputation, not in *saving his fellow-creatures, but in slaying them.*" (Loud applause.)

THE HAPPY LABOURER.

Not long ago, I was visiting in the neighbourhood of East Grinstead in the beautiful county of Sussex. Whilst wandering my way to the village church on the Sabbath, I was much pleased with the clean and tidy appearance of an old man in his well-washed smock, accompanied by his equally clean and tidy wife. Anxious to know what kind of a home they had, I ascertained where they lived, and on the Monday called at their cottage. I found it a little English gem. Order and cleanliness were visible throughout the rustic dwelling. The well-ventilated garden at the back of the cottage was stocked with fruit trees and vegetables, yielding more than enough to pay the rent of both house and garden. The good character gained by the worthy couple had secured for them the advantage of two ladies as lodgers, so that a weekly surplus could be stored in the Savings' Bank, forming "a nest egg" against "a rainy day." Better still, the aged couple could look "upward and onward" to a home above.

Were I commissioned to find out the happiest man in the country, I should not go amongst the men of wealth, living in their mansions; for with their great luxuries, they generally have great cares. But I would rather visit the rural population, and amongst the hard-handed sons of toil would seek for a happy labourer who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, but who, with a contented and ungrudging heart, can lie down to rest, at peace with the world and at peace with his God.

Frugality is a fair fortune, and industry a good estate. Do thy best, and then leave the success to God. Bishop Patrick.

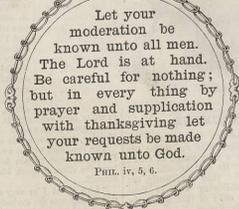
These best can bear proof who most merit praise.

NO GETTING AWAY FROM PRAYER.

It is a town near Portland, some years since, an irreligious and profane young man became united in marriage to a young woman, whose father was a devout and consistent Christian. The young couple either resided with or in the vicinity of the wife's father, so the young man was frequently brought in contact with his father-in-law. This soon became disagreeable to him. The gaily ex-

CECIL AND THE GARDENER.

It is said of the well-known Richard Cecil, that while he was at college, he had many deep and secret conflicts of mind, and had to meet with many insults which provoked men often to piety; and that, under these trials, he was one day walking in the Physic Gardens, where he observed a very fine pomegranate tree, cut almost through the stem, near the root. "Sir," said the gardener, on his inquiring the reason, "this tree used to shoot so strong that it bore nothing but leaves. I was therefore obliged to cut it in this manner; and when it was almost cut through, then it began to bear plenty of fruit." This explanation afforded Cecil a striking illustration to his mind, he went home comforted and instructed; saying, he had learnt more in these circumstances than from any of the books he ever read.—When the Lord loveth he chasteneth.



DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

It was a mistake of life is looking to the clouds for happiness, instead of looking above them.—Adam. Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again; wisely improve the present, it is thine; go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart, trusting in thy God.—Lancelotti. A RASHMANE man rides a horse that runs away with him.

"Drinking Fountains" Association" to erect more of these "wells by the way" for the thirsty and weary pedestrians. As an illustration of the necessity which exists in London for these street Fountains, we may name that at the "Gurney Fountain," in front of the Royal Exchange, upwards of 4000 persons have drunk of the refreshing water in one day! The Earl of Carlisle spoke wisely when he said, "Freet Drinking Fountains, and habits of temperance will soon show a diminution, and with a profuse of all sources of crime." Those who desire to further the erection of Fountains will do well to communicate with the Secretary of the "Metropolitan Drinking Fountains' Association" (No. 11, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, London, S.W.), who will gladly furnish drawings of Fountains, with information as to cost, &c.



BLESSED is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.—Ps. xli. 1.

All Communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. S. W. Partridge, the Publisher, 9, Paternoster Row, London. E. C. Rejected Articles cannot be returned.