

## Ladies' Department.

## SOJOURNER TRUTH.

This negro celebrity, who recently died, was nearly six feet high, her head was thrown back, and her eyes "pierced the upper air like one in a dream." At her first words there was a profound hush. She spoke in deep tones, though not loud, which reached every ear in the house. Here are some of the words she said, and they will serve to show how powerful and original a character was the full-blooded African woman, and how justified her fame was:

"Dat man ober dar say dat woin need to be helped into carriages, and lifted ober ditches, and to hab de bes' place eberywhar. Nobody eber helps me into carriages, or ober mud-puddles, or gibs me any bes' place!" And, raising herself to her full height and her voice to a pitch like rolling thunder, she asked, "An' a'n't I a woman? Look at my arm!" (and she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing her tremendous muscular power.) "I have ploughed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me. And a'n't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it, and bear the lash as well. And a'n't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and seen 'em mos' all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me. And a'n't I a woman?"

"Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head—what dis dey call it?" ("Intellect," whispered some one near.) "Dat's it, honey. What's dat got to do wid woin's rights or nigger's rights. If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yourn holds a quart, wouldn't ye be mean not to let me have my little half measure full? Den dat little man in black dar—he says women can't have as much rights as men, because Christ wa'n't a woman. Whar did your Christ come from?" Rolling thunder could not have stilled that crowd as did those deep, wonderful tones, as she stood there with outstretched arms, and eyes of fire. Raising her voice still louder, she repeated.—"Whar did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothin' to do wid him."—*Globe*.

## NOTES OF PROGRESS.

Portland, Me., has a matron of the police station to take charge of women brought to the station. Two years ago one of Ohio's representatives introduced such a bill at the state capital, but the measure was lost.

A large furniture house in New York employs a woman to travel for it. Her husband was in the employ of the same concern, and upon his death, she solicited the situation and got it. Another, Miss Ella T. Green, gets \$1,800 salary as a commercial traveler for a St. Louis house. Both make good incomes, and give entire satisfaction.

In the Postmaster General's report, the number of women employed as clerks in the central establishments in London, Dublin and Edinburgh is 455; as telegraphists, counter-women, etc. throughout the Kingdom, 2,106; total, 2,561. The report also records that for the first time a female medical officer, Miss Shore, has been appointed this year to take charge of this department.

There are three women bank presidents in this country—Mrs. Louisa B. Stephens, who succeeded her late husband in the First National Bank of Marion, Iowa; Mrs. M. G. Williams, of the State National Bank of Raleigh, North Carolina, and has held the office for several years; and the president of the National Bank, at Newberry, South Carolina.—*Lever*.

The friends of women's medical education will rejoice in the very solid fact of the professional success of Dr. Lilian Yeoman's in Winnipeg. This lady is the daughter of the late Dr. Yeomans, of Toronto, and had already entered upon her medical studies at the time of her lamented father's death. Consequent upon the changes which followed this event, the widow of Dr. Yeomans decided to join her daughter in the study of medicine, and the two ladies proceeded to Ann Arbor, whence they carried off the diploma of M.D. of Michigan University. On the advice of friends, the younger lady proceeded to Winnipeg, where, after a single year's practice her success has proved so great that she has now written to her mother to join her, finding the professional calls upon her time and strength too many to allow her to fulfil them.—*Com.*

## Tales and Sketches.

## "ONE-GLASS-JACK."

In a large manufacturing town in the east of England there lives a man who is known as "One Glass-Jack." There is nothing very remarkable in his history from the ordinary point of view. He has not startled the world by a display of genius in any direction, or horrified it by the commission of a terrible crime. He had done nothing, great or small, to offend or please the public outside his native place, not even to the extent of writing a book, which is a common pastime nowadays; but nevertheless there is one thing he did in his younger days which we think worth recording, and from which he takes his name.

He was the son of a labourer, and both his parents were followers and, in a humble way, advocates of Temperance. They did not do great things in the way of bringing lost drunkards into the fold of sobriety, but their example and rugged precept had awakened several hard drinkers to the folly and sinfulness of their ways. Their son, of course, was early trained in the right way, and their fixed principles became his at an early age, promising to remain with him through life.

John Bowers was not a quick boy. At school he gained very little commendation from his master; but if he did not ascend to the top of his class, he avoided the humiliating bottom, rising about half-way, and there remaining, a quiet, inoffensive lad, ignored by some, who ought to have had more discrimination, and deemed by the very thoughtless to be a very simple fellow.

David Bowers, having saved a little money, devoted a portion of it to apprenticing his son to a trade. It was a step higher than being a labourer, and that was something. Jack's son, if ever he had one, might become a master, if temperance principles were adhered to. The Bowers' family might be very slow, but they were tolerably sure.

Jack chose to be a plumber, and he was sent to a large shop, so that he might learn his business well. There the usual temptations assailed him, for in his time workshops where temperance was the rule and not the exception were unhappily rare, and it did not fall to his father's lot to find one, although he sought it all over the town.

"If I'd ha' taken to drink," said the elder Bowers, "you would have had to labour as I've done; for I never could have saved the money to put you to a trade. Don't forget that. Stand by your colours. Don't let 'em lead you to the crooked ways of drink."

Jack made no very fervent promises. He simply said, "I won't touch it, father, let 'em say and do what they will," and he went off to fight a big battle—one boy against a score of men.

The first skirmish was over his "footing." It was the rule of the shop that every fresh apprentice was to pay for so much beer, so that he might be drunk into the good fellowship of the place. Jack refused to send for anything of the sort.

"I'll put the money into the sick-club," he said, "or I'll buy a leg of mutton, or some toys for your little chaps at home; but I won't pay a farthing for drink."

He kept to his point, and for a week, in a most unmanly fashion, they made his young life miserable. Then finding that he held out, they accepted the money for a sick club, and gave him a little peace. It was only a patched up affair, however, and the war soon broke out again.

The leader of the assault, and instigator of many petty attacks on the poor lad, was one Jem Snags, a wretched tippler, who could not come to work without a morning dram. His face was covered with blotches, and his nose painted a fiery red by his gross indulgence in strong liquor; and there was ever about him a most offensive aroma of stale beer and tobacco. He had been twice discharged from the shop for drunkenness, and only taken on a third time in response to the earnest pleadings of his wife, who had to clothe and feed six small children with the few shillings she could make and the casual contributions of her husband. He, as a rule, gave what he earned to the publican.

"I'll tell you what, my lad," he said to Jack, when the lad had been apprenticed about three months, "you are about the miserablest and meanest cub that ever came into this shop."

"I am sorry you think so," replied Jack.

"I hate people like you," said Jem, waving his arm with a gesture of contempt, "there's no good feeling or good fellowship in you."

"If there was," said Jack, "I wouldn't boast of it."

"You are always bragging that your father is better off than a man like me," vociferated Jem.

"Oh, no," calmly replied Jack, "I only say that he is happier, and makes his home happy too."

"Well, how do you know mine isn't a happy one?" demanded Jem.

"Don't argue on the ground of your home, Jem," said one of the men with a smile, "or you will soon come to grief."