

prohibit the making of spirits by a clause in the Constitution of the United States they will dry up the fountains of evil. There are labor-reformers, anti-monopolists, and anti-divorce reformers who believe that the easiest way to achieve their ends is to get sweeping enactment by Congress. Even so cautious a paper as the New York "Evening Post" has advocated the passage of a uniform marriage law. Reformers are prone to forget the impotence of law when it is not reënforced by public sentiment. Nor is it to be expected that a special reformer, consecrated to one cause the importance of which is naturally magnified in his own eyes, should be publicist enough to understand that every load of this sort put upon the Federal government is a disturbance of adjustment in a system that is strong enough to hold a great and growing empire only so long as its balance is maintained. Civilizing work must in the main be done locally. A short leverage is highly advantageous in the distribution of funds.

A better illustration of the necessity for cherishing the independence of local communities can hardly be found than the evil harvest reaped by all attempts to govern the city of New York at Albany. City bills are oil-wells for the local legislator, who knows that constituencies on the lakes will hardly ever inquire why the streets of the metropolis are voted to corporations, and its funds wasted on fruitless jobs.

Pennsylvania, in making laws for capital and labor, keeps her eyes on the multitudinous miners and toilers in car-shops, blast-furnaces, and rolling-mills, with their trades-unions, sometimes their Molly Maguires. The conditions are very different in South Carolina, where the planter often hires a negro laborer at a stipulated price "with board," which board means a peck of meal and a definite ration of bacon for each week, to be cooked and eaten at the pleasure of the working man, who also is content to add to this allowance any "luxuries" at his own expense. All such questions, in so vast a country, ought to be handled on the ground in the light of local customs; any attempt to regulate them from Washington would produce an unheard-of crop of demagogism and corruption. How poorly the central government of a republic can administer local affairs is shown in the abuses of the reconstruction period and in the calamities of the District of Columbia.

The Federal arrangement which came to us by the good fortune of the diversity of interest and character of the thirteen colonies, is now in process of application with deliberate purpose to the British Empire, which will have its American and its Australian confederation. One day it will have, perhaps, an East Indian system of a similar sort. The hold of Great Britain on her colonies has not been weakened but visibly strengthened by the gift of local autonomy to remote provinces. The laws for Scotland are virtually made by the Scotch members before they are finally adopted by the British Parliament. And the only apparent solution to the Irish difficulty will be in some similar division of power between the local and the imperial authority.

The moral for us on this side is that we must keep the imperial government of the United States for imperial purposes, that it may be strong and free to deal with the collective interests of a vast empire, liable some day to become yet greater by the force of gravitation and absorption; and that we ought to resist the best re-

form in the world if its ends can only be achieved by reducing the liberty of the States to deal with questions of manners, morals, minor commerce, and local interests.

*Edward Eggleston.*

**Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati.\***

THIS distinguished high-caste Brahmin woman is the daughter of a Marathi priest who suffered persecution for educating the women of his family. But, retiring to the seclusion of the Ganga-mûl, their studies were continued amid the sublilities of nature, which have left their impress on Ramabai's mind. At the age of sixteen years Ramabai was left an orphan, and three years later, fully convinced of the importance of woman's education, she traveled under the protection of her brother across India, urging in all places the emancipation and education of women. Arrived at Calcutta, the older pundits paid her homage, and the title of Sarasvati was conferred upon her. The simplicity of her manners and her earnest, eloquent arguments won distinction at home and commanded attention abroad. In her travels Ramabai had mingled freely with the people, disregarding of caste, not electing to be the leader of a new sect, but everywhere seeking truth for truth's own sake and inspiring others with the same wholesome ambition. After a short illness her brother died, and six months later she married a Bengalese gentleman—a Sanscrit scholar and a pleader-at-law, the man of her own choice. His death in less than two years after marriage left her at twenty-four years of age to face the future as a Hindu widow. Again she sought the rostrum. Two particular measures now filled her mind,—the introduction of women physicians and the preparation of widows for teachers in girls' schools. The plans now taking shape in India for the establishment of hospitals and the investiture of women physicians are believed to have had their origin in the faithful labors of Ramabai. The fruitage of her efforts for girls' schools has also appeared. In the city of Poona, Ramabai formed a society of the leading Brahmin ladies, called Arya Mâhila Somaj, for the encouragement of the education of women, with branch societies in the cities she visited. Poona now has not only primary schools for girls, but also two high schools; Bombay has two or three high schools, and Calcutta has the Victoria school, from which women may enter the university.

To acquaint herself with better methods of advancing her work, Ramabai went to England. Another book in native language to speak in her absence was her parting gift to India. In England, whither her fame had preceded her, Ramabai was warmly received. Professor Max Müller and other Oxford professors approved her scholarship, and she was appointed to the chair of Sanscrit in the Woman's College at Cheltenham. Here she remained until February, 1886, when her cousin, Dr. Joshee, also a Hindu Brahmin lady of high caste, took the degree of doctor of medicine at the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and the Pundita extended her travels to "this holy land of America." That a Hindu woman should leave her country and journey alone beyond the seas, could not be without a tinge of romance

\*See also "The High-caste Hindu Woman," by Ramabai, with an introduction by Dean Rachel L. Bodley, of Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia.

or a spirit of lofty courage and consecration. In this instance it was the latter, and even the heart of this resolute woman, who had twice crossed the kingdom of India, would have quailed had she not trusted in him who led Abraham forth to find riches, honor, and power. The conversion of Ramabai to Christianity illustrates her sincerity of soul and her love of truth. Having renounced Brahminism and not yet accepted Christianity, her marriage ceremony was performed by a civil magistrate. With other progressive Hindus, Ramabai accepted Theism as an advance on Hinduism, and, without becoming identified, was closely associated, with the Bramo-Somaj. The progressive Hindus accepted Ramabai's leadership and hoped through her philosophy "to regenerate society and establish a pure Theistic religion." But Theism vanished with a clear conception of Christianity. Ramabai says of her brother, "His great thought during his illness was for me, what would become of me left alone in the world. To relieve his anxiety, I answered, 'There is no one but God to care for you and me.' 'Ah,' he replied, 'if God cares for us, I am afraid of nothing.'" Ramabai's soul was gradually unfolding to divine truth, and she and her daughter Manorama were baptized, after their arrival in England, into the church universal, and accepted the Bible and the Apostles' Creed. Ramabai believes in the unity of the world and the unity of the Church.

*Emily J. Bryant.*

#### A Ministry of Welcome.

IN Dr. Edward E. Hale's paper on "Church Union," in the June CENTURY, he says: "And if the Christians

of a dozen different communions choose to unite, to maintain at Castle Garden a ministry of welcome, such as the Mormon Church alone does choose to maintain there," etc. Will you permit me to say that the Mormon Church is not *alone* in maintaining such "a ministry of welcome"? More than a score of years ago the Evangelical Lutheran Church placed a missionary at Castle Garden to welcome, direct, and assist emigrants from Germany. This work was subsequently enlarged, to embrace those coming from Scandinavia. Out of this there came, in time, two large buildings, opposite Castle Garden, in which the spiritual and material interests of immigrants are cared for. These institutions are in correspondence with similar institutions in the old world, so that emigrants leave the old world with letters to the "ministry of welcome" in the new.

*G. F. Kvotel,*  
Pastor of the Evan. Luth. Church  
of the Holy Trinity.

NEW YORK, June 17, 1887.

#### The Lincoln History.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: If your note on the "Lincoln History" in the July CENTURY was intended as an apology for the space given to preliminary facts, let me have the pleasure of saying that not many of your older readers, and certainly not *one* of your younger readers, could afford to have one sentence in the chapters thus far published omitted. Let us have a fitting historical perspective for such a grand figure as the writers of that history are painting.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

Sincerely, *M. D. J.*



## BRIC-À-BRAC.

#### Transformation.

IF it be true that Time doth change  
Each fiber, nerve, and bone,  
That in a seven years' circling range  
New out of old hath grown,

Time's a magician who hath made  
A mystery passing strange:—  
No outward symbol is displayed  
To hint the subtle change.

Whate'er the magic he hath wrought  
Within his seven years' span,  
Your life is yet with beauty fraught  
As when the charm began.

The rounded form of other years  
Still keeps its crowning grace;  
And June, for April's earlier tears,  
Plants roses on your face.

But your great beauty touches me  
Now, in no other way  
Than doth the splendor of the sea,  
The glory of the day.

I dreamed I loved you in past years,  
Ah! that was long ago.  
How far the time-blown love-vane veers  
This rhyme may serve to show.

The shifting seasons soon enough  
Beheld the bright dream fade:—  
I learned to know the fragile stuff  
Of which some dreams are made.

We meet now, with a kid-gloved touch,—  
Mere courtesy, each to each;  
That earlier hand-clasp overmuch  
Outvies our later speech.

And so, perhaps, it may be true  
That, as you pass me by  
In careless wise, you are not you,  
And I'm no longer I.

*A. C. Gordon.*