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Nature Untamed

One day I sought the wild pine wood,
Where shadows ever lie,
Where each mossed trunk immobile stood,
A straight shaft to the sky;
Where a loosened cone on sudden drops,
To make a wild heart-beat,
And the anxious breath quick-bated stops,
And swift fear halts the feet;
Where the cry of the lone owl gruffly comes
Through the gloom at mid of day,
Or the mating partridge joyous drums
On a prone log, barked and gray.
I sought the forest's subtle spell,
That thrills the languid blood,
Till I found its source in the farthest dell
Of the dim and lonely wood.
From her haunt mid shed leaves everywhere,
'Neath the dark spines over head,
Where rarely wakes the fragrant air,
Or wing, or rabbits tread,
I startled nature from her lair;
Untamed like a scared gazelle,
And a wondering thought transfixed me there,
When her beauty round me fell.
For it seemed I marred a chastity
That bade me not intrude;
And I turned abashed and silently
From her sacred habitade.

—Ira Kellogg.

Address of Dr. Nargarkar.

Dr. Nargarkar, of Bombay, India, gave an interesting and scholarly address in the Chapel last Thursday. The doctor spoke good English and was listened to with keen interest by a crowded Chapel.

He mentioned the mistake that Columbus had made in naming the islands he discovered, India. Through that mistake the Hindoos of India had become confused with the American Indians. A little girl of twelve in Massachusetts had been surprised not to find him in feathers and war paint. An old dame of seventy-five in California, whose notions of

the Hindoos evidently had been taken from the Bengal tiger, had not dared to come within twenty-five feet of him.

"The Hindoos," he said, "are cousins, brothers and sisters of the Anglo-Saxons. They have all sprung from common Aryan ancestors. The Anglo-Saxons need not be ashamed of their Hindoo cousins. The Hindoos bask in the sunshine of a glorious civilization. They have given to the world a great religion and a grand moral code"

Then he spoke of the origin of the words Hindoo and Hindoostan, being from Sanskrit and which had been mutilated by the Greeks. "The Hindoos," he said, "prefer to be called the Aryans of India."

India had possessed a high civilization before the tenth century, but had degenerated through the Mohammedan invasions. The Mohammedans had introduced the harem system, through which the women lost their liberty. But the Hindoos are advancing. In Bombay the harem does not prevail; there the women are free, though they do not indulge in "shopping" as the American women.

"Rudyard Kipling has said: 'The East is the East, and the West is the West.' That is indeed true. It cannot be otherwise. But it is not true that the east is standing still. It is making progress under English rule. I think it might have been better for the English and better for the Hindoos to have developed under their own political systems. They might still have enjoyed all the privileges of commerce. But it is not for us to shape the course of history. Perhaps all has been for the best."

Then he spoke of the influence of the English in Hindoostan. India has more dialects than Europe, and though the people love their mother tongue and will not give it up, the English is the great common medium, the language of commerce, of their colleges and universities. If he, from the Bombay district, were to go to Bengal it would be necessary to speak English to his educated countrymen. "Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon are household words among us. English and American writers are well known and eagerly read in India."

He spoke of the quiet meditative character of the Hindoos and how they were being influenced by the vivacious and business-like Anglo-Saxons. "But," he said, "the motto of India is to adapt, not to adopt. We are not like the Japanese who adopt western ideas bodily. We are evolving a new civilization, harmonizing the quiet speculative introspection