

the Hindus are pedants. They use long words borrowed from our Latin vocabulary to claim for themselves the things that we have created. Are not democracies and parliaments the creation of our European Christian spirit? The Hindus and Egyptians lived a long time without so much as thinking of them, and now, all of a

sudden, they get up and demand them from us! So I have no sympathy for them.

'I sympathize with people who ask for simple things, who demand their temples, their land, and their money; but when they turn pedantic and start asking for things cribbed from a European manual, I call that impudence.'

THE WORLD STATE

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

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OH, how I love Humanity
With love so pure and pringlish;
And how I hate the horrid French
Who never will be English.

The International Idea,
The largest and the clearest,
Draws me to all the nations now
Except the one that's nearest.

This compromise has long been known,
This scheme of partial pardons,
In Ethical Societies
And small suburban gardens,

The villas and the chapels where
I learned with little labor
The way to love my fellowman
And hate my next-door neighbor.

SONGS OF AN ELDER DAY¹

BY CARL CLEWING

I INHERITED from my father a collection of old songs that I like to leaf over from time to time. It is a stout black volume bound in calico, in which my mother has inserted a carefully written index.

Here they all are, the dear old songs that were sung with enthusiasm in the houses of German burghers when the era of shell-decoration and plush upholstery was in its heyday — and all hearts beat higher for hearing them. The older generation may be glad to recall some of its forgotten favorites, and the younger generation may find in them examples of the kind of thing that delighted their mothers and their grandmothers.

Here is Franz Abt, who lived from 1819 to 1885 and who entered music by way of theology, ultimately rising to the post of Court Bandmaster in Braunschweig. The song by which he was best known in his own time was his *Gute Nacht, du mein herziges Kind* (Good night, my heart's own child), Opus 37, to a poem by Seyffardt. He dedicated his composition to Theodor Wachtel, opera singer at the Royal Prussian Court, who sang it as a prologue to the *Postillon von Lonjumeau*. The abundance of adaptations — which start with the accordion and reach their climax in a solo for trombone with orchestra accompaniment, and include no less than twelve transcriptions and fantasies for piano — shows the incredible popularity of the song. After the singer has celebrated

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the features of his beloved with the words 'da denk' *ich an deine blauen Äugelein*' (then think I of your sweet blue eyes) and with 'da denk' *ich an deine Locken die schwarz, ja schwarz wie die Nacht wohl sind*' (then think I of your ringlets that are black, yes, black as the night), he comes to the most effective part of all, —



which in the refrain rises pianissimo to high B. Next comes Opus 211, *Waldandacht* (Woodland Meditation), with the exquisite refrain, 'da gehet leise nach seiner Weise der liebe Herrgott durch den Wald' (As was His way, the forest gray the dear Lord God passed through). From the same period as this composition dates No. 3 of Opus 213, which is based on a poem by Hermann Hersch, —



(Sleep well, sleep well, you sweet little angel, you), in which the melody hovers over an accompaniment of emotional broken chords. I find a song by Franz Bendel (1832-1874), who must be reckoned a participant in the musical life of his time, as he was for a long time a teacher in Kullak's Academy. His song runs, —