



THE literary world of London is busy over a volume of good verse, gathered into a neat little book, the combined work of M. C & A. E. Gillington, and published by Elliot Stock. Tenderness, expressed with "delicate originality and artless beauty" is the chief characteristic of these poems. The following little cradle-song is an example :—

Hushaby I the end of the day
Drops into dark, and the rose turns grey;
Bird songs are silent, and footsteps are few,
Night falls as softly for me and for you;
SLEEP!

Hushaby I the lily-beds white
Shut up their secrets in shadows of night;
Down in the meadow the flow'rs blue and red,
Silent together, sweet head laid to head,
SLEEP!

Hushaby I the brook as it goes
Whispers a story which nobody knows;
Out of the moorlight the angels let fall
Beautiful dreamlets for little ones all—
SLEEP!

"That, says the Spectator," is certainly not "composed;" it has grown like a flower itself in the author's heart, and though it is the song which expresses the feeling of the singer, not the feeling of the child for whom it is sung, it is none the less restful and soothing."

When Rudyard Kipling gave to the world his "Plain Tales from the Hills" a few years ago, he was hailed as a new, if eccentric genius. Some of these short tales displayed a power of description that induced many of his readers to pardon the curry flavor that characterized them here and there. The scraps of verse or song prefaced to each, led critics to look for more than prose from this young author. The volume of "Barrack-room Ballads and other Verses," recently issued resemble the former creation of his brain in their main features. The dramatic and descriptive power and the coarseness are all there, but combined with a rhythm that carries one along like the mare in the "Ballad of East and West," with which the volume opens. "Tommy Atkins" the typical common British soldier—the model of Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd in "Soldiers Three"—is the supposed spokesman in these ballads. The ballad of "Gunga Din" is a fair example of Mr Kipling's style. Gunga Din is the Hindoo servant of the regiment, and the scenes are all laid in India. "Bhisti" is the native for water carrier, and "Mussick" for water-sack or bottle. We can find room only for three stanzas :—

You may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny fights an' Aldershot it;
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it,
Now in Ingia's sunny cli...e,
Where I used to spend my time
A servin' of er Majesty, the Queen,

Of all them blackfaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.
He was Din! Din! Din!
You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
Hi! slippery hitherao!
Water, get it! Pancee lno!
You squiddy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din.

The uniform 'e wore,
Was nothing much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a piece o' twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag,
Was all the field equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,
We shouted 'Harry By!
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e could'nt serve us all,
It was Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some puldee in it
Or I'll marrow you this minute,
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Gin.

'E would dot and carry one
Till the longest day was done;
An' he did'nt seem to know the use of fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear,
With 'is mussick on 'is back,
He would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made retire,
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside,
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was Din! Din! Din!
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green,
When the cartridges ran out
You could hear the front files shout,
Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!

The title of the next piece "Oonts" is the Hindoo for camel. We quote one stanza:—

"The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool.
The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a mule;
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,
'E's a devil, an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.
O the oont, O the oont! O the Gawd-forsaken oont!
The bumpy-'umpy 'ummin' bird a-'ingin' where 'e lies,
'E's blocked the whole division from the rear guard to the front,
An' when we get 'im up again—th' beggar goes and dies!"

"A Treatise on Byzantine Music" is the title of a new work by the Rev. S. G. Heatherly, Mus. Bac. Oxon, protopresbyter of the patriarchal throne of Constantinople. This is an endeavor, for the first time in English, to clear up some of the difficulties which beset the student when confronted with Eastern music generally. Reasoning from what is better known to that which is less known, the work, after discussing the mathematical formation of the musical scale, passes in review the Gregorian system, a Western development of Eastern tradition, and proceeds to a full description of the old Greek diatonic genus, the chromatic genus, and the mixture of the diatonic and chromatic on which the bulk of Eastern music now prevalent is constructed. There are upwards of Fifty unabbreviated Musical Pieces, ancient and modern, from Greek, Russian, Turkish, and Egyptian sources, given and fully analyzed: the way thereby being opened up for future Musical Composers who may desire to cultivate this vast and fertile, but hitherto little known and explored, musical field.