

## IN MEMORIAM.

We have received verses from many parts of the country on the assassination of Mr. McGee, but can, at this late date, only make room for a part of a poem from the Lower Provinces, by W. A. Calnek, Annapolis, N. S. In the first verse which we print the address is to Canada :

Weep, weep for the slain, for never again,  
From thy Orator's lips proceeding,  
Shall the burning word for the right be heard  
In eloquent transport pleading.

Oh, Erin, green isle, repressed be thy smile,  
And thy bosom be filled with pity—  
Thy Historian lies, 'neath Canadian skies,  
In a grave near the regal city.

His great heart no more will its love-currents  
pour  
To his kind, as from living fountain;  
But Remembrance keeps close guard where he  
sleeps,  
On the side of the Royal Mountain.

Thy cup is o'erfilled, oh Sorrow; and chilled  
Are the hopes that a people cherished;  
But his words shall thrill all the nation still,  
Though his form from our sight hath perished.

In grief and in tears, lo! the unborn years,  
As they float on Time's tireless pinion,  
Shall imprint his name on the rolls of fame  
Through his own lov'd New Dominion.

Nay, wide as the speech of his race can reach,  
It shall tell the undying story,  
How a good man died in his manhood's pride,  
And was crown'd with a martyr's glory.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*For the New Dominion Monthly.*

## THE TAMUL LANGUAGE.

I fell in, some years ago, with a returned missionary who had long resided in the Madura district of southern India, and who

was familiar with the Tamil or Tamul language. This language, which is quite different from the other dialects of India, is spoken by the people of a very large extent of country in the Presidency of Madras and in the Island of Ceylon. Its origin and history are lost in the obscurity of long-past ages; but, like many of the most ancient languages—such as the Sanscrit, Greek, etc.—it is remarkably correct, complete, varied, and artistic. That such languages could be constructed in a rude age and among ignorant and savage peoples is impossible, and their very existence shows how much of the world's history must have been lost. But returning to the Tamul: I was very much interested in the description given of it by the missionary. He said it was remarkably suitable for poetical composition, and the minds of the people who spoke it had a very imaginative and poetic turn. The rhyme was peculiar, the first words of the lines—instead of the last, as with us—being those that rhymed. It was, however, so rich in rhymes that a clever versifier would also cause the middle words of the lines to rhyme to each other, and sometimes even the last words, in which case he would have three rhyming words in each line. To give me an idea of the richness of Oriental imagery, he recited and translated a Tamul hymn, composed by a native Christian. The words are supposed to be used by the bride of Christ, the Church, who is longing intensely for a visit from the Bridegroom, and the fulfilment of His many and great promises to her. Some idea of the train of thought may be obtained from the following inartistic and somewhat free rendering of this composition of a native Christian of Dindigul, in southern India:

## THE BRIDE'S ADDRESS TO THE BRIDE-GROOM.

## A TAMUL HYMN.

"My Heavenly Bridegroom, quickly come  
To thy bride who longs for Thee;  
I mourn and pine for my absent Lord,  
And pray thy face to see.