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MAY HE REST IN PEACE.



PON the rousing cheer of Christmas fell
A joy-eclipsing gloom, a numbing dread,
While spake the nation's wail, the dirgeful bell,
Our Thompson dead.

Courage his panoply, Fame's peaks he scaled
In space so brief that marvel it appeared ;
Tasks mountain-like might loom he never quailed,
Nor duty feared.

From birth till death he fearless leant on Right,
Nor questioned what the sacrifice would be ;
One bright star shone surpassing to his sight—
Integrity.

His counsel, boldness and sound sense combined,
The which he lent to serve his natal sod ;
Wageless to State he gave his matchless mind,
His heart, to God.

Example from his noble life can write
A golden page to bias soaring youth ;
God-fearing, prudent, just,—his guiding light
Was gleaming Truth.

He is not dead ; the charnel cannot hold
His spirit like his ashes ; it will live
To cheer the patriot's act, and, wisely bold,
Him guidance give.

From mourning Queen to Country, o'er the main
An armored British boast brought to our shore
His corse ; ne'er deck heaped red with heroes slain
More honor bore.