

## FALLING LEAVES.

In a green and quiet churchyard  
Leaves of autumn strow the ground;  
Falling fast on tomb of marble,  
Lying thick on grassy mound.

When the light breeze in the tree-top  
Softly kissed the dying leaf,  
Down it fluttered, near a mourner  
Bent with age and bowed with grief.

By his side a little grandchild  
Held his hand in gentle grasp,  
Silently she marked his sorrow—  
Closer pressed her loving clasp.

Thick and fast as leaves of autumn  
Floating down upon his woe,  
Fell his tears in quick succession  
On the nameless grave below.

Where in deep and solemn slumber  
Lay his fond and faithful wife,  
Who had walked from youth beside him  
To the winter of his life.

Leaving him so sad and lonely,  
He forgot she sang above  
'Mid the shining ones in glory,  
Radiant with the light of Love!

He forgot her bliss unbounded,  
Till his grandchild softly said,  
'What was that the preacher told us  
All about the blessed dead ?

'Don't you recollect him saying  
They were safe from sin and woe;  
Clothed with everlasting beauty,  
That the ransomed only know ?

'Do not sorrow any longer  
For the dear one gone to rest!  
While you weep she may be smiling  
On her Saviour's sheltering breast!

So she cheered the aged mourner  
Till his tears no longer fell;  
For his thoughts had soared to heaven—  
Home of her he loved so well.

'Child!' he said, 'thy words of comfort  
Calmed and soothed my troubled soul,  
Till the song of Heaven reached me,  
And its hallelujahs' roll.

'Till I seemed to see my Mary,  
With her eye no longer dim,  
Robed in loveliness eternal,  
Singing 'mid the seraphim.

'Soon I'll follow her to glory  
For my days are few and brief,  
Oh! how truly say the Scriptures,  
All must fade as does the leaf!'

'And I leave thee here behind me  
To the tempest and the strife;  
To the changes and the chances  
Of this short and wintry life.

Wouldst thou have no tempest harm thee?  
Make the loving Lord thy choice,  
Follow Him in early childhood  
Like a lamb that knows his voice.

'So a beam of heaven's glory  
Ever on thy path shall shine,  
So a blessed voice shall cheer thee  
With its whisper—'Thou art mine!'

'Till the day appointed bring thee—  
As life's seasons o'er thee roll—  
Death's white winter to thy forehead,  
Eternal summer to thy soul!'

*For the Weekly Visitor.*

PRINCE ED. ISLAND BRITISH TEM-  
PLARS.

MR. EDITOR.—Presuming that your numerous readers would be pleased to hear the success of the British Order of Good Templars in Prince Ed. Island, I now proceed to give a true, though imperfect detail of our proceedings. When the Order first made its appearance, under the auspices of our late and esteemed Bro. N. C. Gowan, a great many connected themselves therewith, and appeared to be very zealous in the cause, but time which tests every man has proven that self-interest was the most endearing motto with some. But, I feel proud to be able to tell you that these were only "few and far between;" and at present they either feel ashamed of their proceedings or console themselves by imagining that as the agitation is over their actions will be forgotten. Liberty Lodge, in Charlottetown the main-stay of the anti-supremists as far as can be learned, is defunct,—the members having disagreed among themselves, causing the most of them to withdraw. Imagine the consequence. The same has been the case with almost all the other Lodges that acted disloyal. Prince William, another anti-supreme Lodge, decided by a large majority in favor of the so called Brother J. B. Cooper. The loyal brothers and

sisters then with truth and justice on their side determined never to abide by these illegal and extremely unconstitutional proceedings, and consequently withdrew and formed a Lodge by themselves, under the authority and jurisdiction of the Supreme and Provincial Lodges (the others choosing to be governed by their Brother Cooper and his so called statements of facts?) and are now doing well. The opposing party have ceased to work. This of itself shows that truth is mighty and in the end will prevail, notwithstanding the many enemies who may labour to retard its progress; and that success attend the labour of those who uphold it. The British Templars of P. E. Island have reason ever to be grateful to our Most Worthy Brothers Tanton, Ryan and Strong, for their zeal and indefatigable exertions, has rendered us successful. When Mr. Cooper was sending his effusions afloat through the island, there was nothing to prevent our being carried away by the tide of misrepresentation, had not these noble champions of temperance stepped forward and explained matters in their true light.

To show you how presumptuous and tyrannical these gentlemen acted. I will relate one of the many instances that I have been an observer of. Brother Daniel Gordon, Provincial Deputy of Triumph Lodge No. 33, forwarded to Mr. J. B. Cooper, the sum of one dollar for a commission to act in the said office, to which he was nominated by the Lodge. Mr. Cooper on his own responsibilities, erased the names of the Supreme Chief and Secretary, and some other sentences from the commission; (all which bore my allegiance to the Supreme Lodge) rendering it null and void, and sent it to the Brother, with only the names of the Provincial Chief and Secretary. This dollar Brother Cooper secured for himself with all the funds of the Grand Lodge. Surely these grievances loudly called for redress and rectification. No institution could prosper and such men hanging on to it. But the confusion is expunged from the system and we now enjoy good health, so much so that the Grand Secretary cannot attend to the numerous calls on him, for rituals, constitutions, forms of application, &c., for new Lodges. The Lodges already organized increase both numerically and financially.

Few days ago, brothers and sisters were amazed on reading in the "Weekly Bulletin" that J. B. Cooper, Provincial Secretary pro tem., has been over Canada and New Brunswick, and was able to lay before the Order such statements of facts as would not fail to bring conviction to the mind of every one that the affair