

to be the most meddlesome, dictatorial, tyrannical and incompetent system that could have been devised, and as subject to the rule of rings as a board of New York aldermen. Mr. Beecher lifted the curtain and revealed the heterogeneousness of the mass, and set up a beacon light to warn us off its rocks that we may well heed ; and not only we, but all Church denominations that enjoy liberty under just, organic law."

Now I am convinced that by the simplest form of logic it can be proved that the Editor is a different man when away from home from what he is in his editorial chair. He is two men, in short ; abroad, he lauds independency ; at home, he admits mean insinuations regarding it. In conclusion, the gentleman—who has lately been reading the INDEPENDENT such high-toned lessons—must not feel hurt if logically I, an Independent, should esteem him a mere philosophical chameleon, when I contrast the difference of his opinions at home and abroad.

London, Ont.

W.

(For the Canadian Independent).

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

" But she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."—Mark xii. 44.

What shall Thy servant give, O Lord, to Thee ?

I nothing have that is not all Thine own ;
From shore to shore of every land and sea,
Up to Thy throne all suit and service come !
Of what account would my poor offering be
Were I to render up my all to Thee ?

The riches of the universe are Thine !

Thine are the cattle on each waving hill ;
For Thee the myriad worlds around me shine—
For Thee the vault of heaven with glory fill !
Of what account would my poor offering be
Were I to give my dross of wealth to Thee ?

Thou art the only Everlasting One,

Whose years are measured by eternity !
Thy suns work out the ages as they run,
But time and space mete out no bounds to Thee !
Of what account would my poor offering be
Were I to give my wreck of days to Thee ?

And, Lord ! my goodness reacheth not to Thee !

Full filthy are the rags of righteousness
With which I vainly try to cover me,
And hide from prying eyes my nakedness.
Such worthless worth how can I offer Thee,
Who art too pure to look upon impurity ?

Yet, Lord ! take all I have—what can I more ?

And mould Thy servant to Thy gracious will ;
From the full treasures of Thy boundless store,
Thou wilt this needy soul of mine refill.
So shall my poverty be wealth indeed,
When Thou hast satisfied my utmost need.

Toronto.

T. K. HENDERSON.