

AN invitation having been given from the Church in London, the Union has resolved to hold its next annual meeting there. The sessions closed on Monday evening, June 12th.

THE application of the Bond Street Church for readmission to the Union elicited considerable interest and feeling. Exception was taken to the admission on the ground of the church having invited to and continued in their pulpit one convicted of continuous immorality, and in their sustaining a present pulpit characterized by irreverence and untruthful utterances; on the other hand, it was contended that the past should be treated as a dead issue in view of the present work and needs, and that the spiritual condition of the church was such as to commend it to general confidence and fellowship. As last year there was a majority and minority report from the Membership Committee, the majority (six), considering the position unchanged, recommended that the Church be not now received; the minority (five) recommended admission, which recommendation was adopted by a very decided majority, several prominent members abstaining from the vote.

A HYMN FOR THE CONQUERED.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life—

The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;

Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim

Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—

But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,

Who strove and who failed, fighting bravely a silent and desperate part;

Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away;

From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at—who stood at the dying of day,

With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,

With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its psalm for those who have won—

While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun

Gay banners and streamers are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet

Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat

In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen and wounded and dying—and there

Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer,

Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."

Speak, History, who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say—

Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day?

The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's trust,

Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?

—W. W. S., in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

FAITH'S ROLL CALL.—VII.

JOSEPH.

Heb. xi. 22. Wherein did Joseph's faith appear, making mention of the departure of the children of Israel, and giving commandment concerning his bones? Immured in a dungeon, tortured with pain, worried to distraction, disappointed with the results of every endeavour, it argues no great denial to find oneself singing—

"We thirst for God, our treasure is above;
Earth has no gift our one desire to meet,
And that desire is pledge of His own love.
Sweet question; with no answer! Oh, how sweet!
My heart in chiming gladness o'er and o'er,
Sings on God's everlasting love! What wouldst thou more?"

Readily the life that is burdened looks humbly for rest, the heart that is sad for hope's bright ray, though from the far distance it beckons home; when earthly streams are dry, men take to the hope of reaching unfailing fountains by-and-bye. But Joseph was the chief man in the kingdom which has left the most enduring monuments of skill and power that have survived the destroying hand of time; as England's proud Chancellor Cardinal in the heyday of his power, he could proudly boast, "Ego et meus rex." Joseph stepped down from a virtual throne as he identified himself with his brethren. Taught by bitter adversity, the fallen Wolsey could say, "My hopes in heaven dwell;" and we can believe that the Father who ran to meet the prodigal "a long way off" would accept the cry of a broken-hearted man; but Joseph preserved his power, that of an Egyptian potentate. The remark Ex. i. 8, "There rose up a new king who knew not Joseph," evidently