

several learned associations. His society was much prized by the numerous clergy in the County of Dorset, who had ever ready access to his large and valuable library. After a life chequered by many vicissitudes, he departed hence, relying with implicit trust on the atonement of Jesus, the Lord and Saviour.

The three graves of this interesting family are in the neighborhood which contains the dust of one whose name can never be pronounced but with feelings of profound veneration and affectionate respect, the late Rev. E. Gilpin, the wise, able, and holy rector of Annapolis. Here, by his special bequest, the young brother with whom he was associated in the sacred ministry was assigned a resting place.

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store.

JULY 26th, 1865.

F.

THE PRAYER OF CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

(FROM THE GREEK.)

IN our first number we inserted a translation of "the earliest Christian Hymn," from a volume of poems recently published by Rev. E. H. Plumptre. The following is from the same pen, and appears in the June number of the Churchman's Family Magazine :

To Thee, Thou Guide and Friend, I dedicate,
This Garland, * which from meadow fair and bright,
There Thou hast granted me to roam at will,
My hands have woven, as a working bee
Gathering her harvest from the flowery fields,
Yields from her hive sweet fruit of ceaseless toil,
The comb well-stored with honey, to her lord.
And though I be as one of low estate,
Thy poorest servant, yet 'tis meet to bless
Thy Holy name from Thine own oracles.
Thou mightiest King of all men, all good things
Restoring freely, giving noblest gifts,
Father and Lord, Creator of the world,
Who alone mad'st the heavens and all their host,
In beauteous order, by thy word Divine,
Adjusting all; who didst thyself appoint
Light, and the day, and to the wandering stars
Assign their course unerring, that the sea
And earth might hold their place, and, circling round,
The changing seasons orderest in Thy skill—
Spring, winter, summer, and, completing all,
The fruitful autumn; Thou who didst create
Out of disorder all this ordered world,
From shapeless matter this fair universe;—
Grant Thou to me Thy gifts of life, to live
Nobly at all times; grant Thy grace to me,
Thy Scriptures true to keep in word and deed,
To praise Thee ever, and Thy word all wise,
Of Thee begotten, dwelling still with Thee;
Give me, I pray, nor poverty nor wealth,
The simplest store, sufficient for my need,
And chiefly, Father, grant a good man's death.

* The "garland" referred to is the treatise of "The Guide" (Pädagogus), at the conclusion of which this prayer is found.