

we do possess, ought to exercise a vast influence over the remaining 300,000 among whom they are scattered. Let each of us take heed that we are doing our share, by duly making use of those opportunities, those privileges, those means of grace, to which we are admitted.

THE following hymn is translated by E. H. Plumptre, M.A., Professor of Divinity at King's College, London, from Clement, of Alexandria. It is from a volume of poems lately published by Prof. Plumptre, of which we hope in some future number of "The Chronicle" to give a fuller account. At present we merely publish this beautiful hymn, prefacing it with part of the translator's note.

THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.

This hymn occurs at the end of an ethical guide to life, which Clement of Alexandria wrote under the title of *Paedagogus* or Tutor. The central thought of the whole is that Christ is the true *Paedagogus*, the guardian teacher, friend; and this is worked out with every possible variety of illustration, and applied to the details of daily life. At the end, after a prayer of wonderful beauty, he bursts out into a kind of chorak, dithyrambic ode, in anapaestic metre, the lines very short and abrupt, and the whole being more exclamatory and fervid than most later hymns.

Curb for the stubborn steed
Making its will give heed;
Wing that directest right
The wild bird's wandering flight.
Helm for the ships that keep
Their pathway o'er the deep.
Shepherd of sheep that own
Their Master on the throne,
Stir up Thy children meek
With guileless lips to speak
In hymn and song Thy praise,
Guide of their infant ways.
O, King of Saints, O Lord,
Mighty, all conquering Word;
Son of the highest God
Wielding His Wisdom's rod;
Our stay when cares annoy,
Giver of endless joy;
Of all our mortal race,
Saviour of boundless grace.
O, Jesus, hear.

Shepherd and Sower, Thou,
Now helm and bridle now,
Wing for the heavenward flight
Of flock all pure and bright,
Fisher of men, the blest,
Out of the world's unrest,
Out of sin's troubled sea
Taking us, Lord, to Thee;
Out of the waves of strife
With bait of blissful life,
With choicest fish good store,
Drawing Thy nets to shore.
Lead us, O Shepherd true,
Thy mystic sheep we sue,

Lead us, O holy Lord,
Who from Thy sons dost ward,
With all-prevailing charm,
Peril and curse and harm;
O path where Christ has trod,
O way that leads to God,
O word abiding aye,
O endless Light on high,
Mercy's fresh springing flood,
Worker of all-things good,
O glorious life of all
That on their Maker call,
Christ Jesus, hear
O milk of Heaven that prest
From full o'erflowing breast
Of Her, the mystic Bride,
Thy wisdom hath supplied;
Thine infant children seek,
With baby-lips all weak,
Filled with the Spirit's dew
From that dear bosom true,
Thy praises pure to sing,
Hymns meet for Thee our King.

For Thee, the Christ.
Our holy tribute this,
For wisdom, life and bliss,
Singing in chorus meet,
Singing in concert sweet,
The Almighty Son.
We heirs of peace unpriest
We who are born in Christ,
A people pure from stain,
Praise we our God again,
Lord of our peace.