

The Church Times.

"Congregational Truth--Apostolic Order."

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Calendar.

CALENDAR WITH LESSONS.

Day/Date	MORNING.	EVENING.
S. March 8	St. Luke 10	St. Col. 3
S. 9	St. Luke 11	St. Col. 4
M. 10	St. Luke 12	St. Col. 5
T. 11	St. Luke 13	St. Col. 6
W. 12	St. Luke 14	St. Col. 7
T. 13	St. Luke 15	St. Col. 8
F. 14	St. Luke 16	St. Col. 9
S. 15	St. Luke 17	St. Col. 10

Poetry.

AD SANCTUM SPIRITUM.

[The following exquisite Latin hymn will be new to most of our readers, and, in its English version, at least, is interesting to all.—L. O. ERIS. REC.]

Hona in calum tati,
Cum temoret probor satis,
O, ut solvar a peccatis,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum capite et corde teger,
Miser intus lecto teger,
No in tenebra teletur,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Quande domus set et veant,
Atque sopor domum prmit,
Neo vigilis me demit,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Quam campana sonat mortem
Furibquo vim consortem
Jungunt, repiunt ut fortent,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Lampas fuscas dat colores;
Pauci adstant, qui dolores,
Lorant,—veri pauciores!
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum sacerdos summa dabit
Verba, quia quia dabit
Caput hoc, si vox neabit,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum huc illuc (Deus novit)
Ferrat, sicut terror movit,
Nec stat sanguis, qui me fovit
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Cum peccatis me juvenat,
Serpens prmit violentat,
Vero huc l consentiat,
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Aures gemitus obtundant!
Ignes oculos confundunt!
Nervi sine te succumbunt!
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

Eu l judicium delectatur:
Eu l patet quod celebratur:
Eu l vox iras deprecatur
Solare, dulcis Spiritus!

TRANSLATION.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations sore oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a'choal,
Come to fright my parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes their vigils keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers all burn blue,
When the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last has prayed,
And 't nod to what is said,
Since my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When (God knows) I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt;
Yet, before the glass runs out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with their truth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and bellish ce es
Fright my ears and fill my eyes,
And all terrors me surprize,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the judgment is revealed,
And that open, which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Religious Miscellany.

A Memoir of the Rev. James Marshall, late Incumbent of Christ Church, Clifton, and formerly a Presbyterian Minister in Scotland. Compiled by his Son, the Rev. James Marshall, M. A., Exeter College, Oxford. London: Bell and Daldy. Edinburgh: Grant.

This memoir calls for notice, not as containing the history of a man of pre-eminent talent, or of one who had played a great part in great transactions; but first as that of a conscientious and competent divine, who, at mature age, quitted an important position in Scotch Presbyterianism in order to join the Church upon Scriptural grounds; and, yet more than this, as that of a convert from one religious body to another decidedly antagonistic to it, whose conversion left almost no trace upon the sobriety, nature, and temper of his religious faith. It is true that Mr. Marshall's Presbyterianism was, as we suppose it is in these days with many good men in the same body, only a half examined opinion at any period of his earlier ministry, and one which never had any real part in his religious life, so that Episcopacy was his first deliberate and Scriptural conviction upon the question of Church Government; and his change, therefore, was almost external to the real inner belief upon which both his ministry and his personal faith were centered. He belonged, indeed, to the moderate party in the Scotch Establishment, and joined that school in the Church of which Leigh Richmond (whose son-in-law he was) may be taken as the type. Or rather, to speak more truly, he shrunk from and rose above party in both cases and all times, and fixed his whole soul upon those deeper truths of the Gospel of Christ, a fuller apprehension of which marks alike the High and the Evangelical Church movements among us. And his preaching, therefore, probably was but little altered in substance by his change of position. Yet, with all this, his case is a remarkable example, and, on that ground well worth making public in these unsettled days, of a religious change, in which unreality, extravagance, affection, display, even soreness or temper, or any of those subtler manifestations of self, are wholly wanting, and where, although he had an affectionate temper and natural sensitiveness to the opinions of others, a thorough absorbing, ennobling love of One above this world kept him throughout in heart and temper unchanged, the same meek, sober, earnest Christian pastor, following the truth whithersoever it led him, but with no trace of self-complacency, or even of self-consciousness.

The fact should be put upon record, that Mr. Marshall's Presbyterian orders were not, as indeed they could not be, recognised by the Bishops of either Church, Scotch or English; but, on the contrary, that he was ordained Deacon and Priest successively, in Dec. 1841, and Feb. 1842, by Bishop Malby, of Durham. It appears, on Mr. Farquhar's authority, in his recently published book (*Prelacy not Presbytery, &c.*), that Archbishop Howley and Bishop Blomfield would have accepted him upon similar terms; and also that another similar case has occurred recently in the person of a Mr. Norval, who was likewise so ordained by Bishop Malby.

The memoir, with this one great exception is uneventful enough—almost as uneventful as the quiet life of a retiring and unobtrusive but pastorally active clergyman usually is. Mr. Marshall's abandonment of Presbyterianism happened in the year before the great disruption of the Scotch Establishment, the disputes incident to which, with the violence, unreasonableness, and distraction from real pastoral work which they occasioned, appear to have first led him to examine the solidity of the ground upon which he stood. He had previously occupied important positions in the Kirk, both in Glasgow and in Edinburgh, and that from an unusually early

age, and was apparently regarded at the time with more than marked respect—with something, indeed, like warm affection—although studiously keeping aloof from Kirk quarrels. He gave up his parish without any prospect of obtaining a provision elsewhere, and with the idea of seeking employment under one of the Scotch Bishops; but, after no long interval, was presented to an incumbency in Bristol, and subsequently at Clifton, at which last place he ended his useful life in the latter part of 1855. A journal of a short excursion on the Continent—certainly not worth publishing; extracts from a private diary, the publication of which he could not have anticipated, and continued through most of his life, and marked by simplicity and reality, although not revealing any great depth or fertility of thought; and letters to his family, which blend the warmest affection for his children with the most earnest piety, have supplied his son with the materials for a narrative, compiled rather than written, and marked, on the part of the compiler, by both modesty and good taste.

An extract or two from the earlier part of the diary will throw some light on the troubles of a Scotch Presbyterian minister in his ordinary ministrations under the Kirk system of public worship, and during the angry ecclesiastical disputes which latterly have taken the place of the great teind cases that occupied the attention of the Blattergrowls of the days of the Antiquary—

Nov. 29, 1849.—I have, since the month of January last been in the habit of reading my discourses. I find it does not suit at all with my natural delivery, and does not excite the attention as when delivered without reading. I was driven to it from want of time, and because I was miserable unless I was able to repeat every word of my discourse as I had written it before going up to the pulpit. I yesterday adopted the plan of having the whole chain of ideas, which I followed in writing my discourses very fully before me, and trusting to the moment for expression. In the forenoon I was disheartened; in the afternoon I was strengthened.

No wonder, when he was under such an intolerable yoke, that we find just before such an entry as—

The Lord saw fit to try me last week. Was unable to write much; was very frequently interrupted, and by Saturday had almost my whole work before me, and had little comfort on Sabbath. Never spent such a night since I entered on my duties as a preacher as I did last Saturday. I was almost in misery.

Again, in a letter written when contemplating his change:—

In the Church of Scotland congregations are at the mercy of the minister, both regarding the instruction delivered to them, and the devotional services in which they engage. It is only a very spiritually-minded man who is qualified to pray in public with advantage. In the Church of England, whatever deficiency there may be in the instruction delivered by individual clergy, there is none whatsoever in the devotional part of the service. None of its congregations can meet without hearing and reading truths of the Bible, presented to them, if not in the sermons preached, at least in the prayers in which they themselves take a part; and a child of God, in whatever church he may worship, has privileges of pouring out his heart through the medium of prayers of the most comprehensive and spiritual character. In Scotland, how often have I heard prayers of the most meagre description, even from very popular preachers! And how has this part of God's worship been of late deteriorated, by being made a medium through which many have expressed their peculiar views on Church questions!

Again:—

I have seldom had any really Christian intercourse with ministers of the Church of Scotland. The subjects of dispute in the various Church Courts, have been the invariable subjects of conversation. It is impossible to get on with anything else. At present, neither ministers nor people seem able to talk upon any other subject; and upon these scarcely any one can speak with calmness. The future presents only the prospect of still greater irritation and engrossment.

It is fair to notice that the temper in which Mr. Marshall's fellow-ministers, generally speaking, received the announcement of his intended change, and the measures taken by them in consequence, were marked by a very creditable combination of gentleness and equity with firmness and consistency. One individual only, whose letters but not his name are given seems to have lost his temper, and to have indulged in expressions betraying both soreness and uncharitable rudeness. Any discussion of the abstract question at issue is not, of course, to be expected to appear in these memoirs. Mr. Marshall's contemptuous correspondent, while very justly distinguishing Episcopacy from the Superintending system, once for a while existing in Scotland, is