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I. LITERARY.

DR. LATIMER AS KNOWN BY UNION SEMINARY STUDENTS.

PROFESSOR T. C. JOHNSON.

OUR Seminary has sustained a great loss in the death of Dr. James Fair Latimer. His long illness terminated mortally March 31st. This fact will have ceased to be news to the general public long before this page reaches the reader's eye. And our religious weeklies, as well as daily papers, will have given accounts of the important events in Dr. Latimer's life, as well as various characterizations of him.

Accordingly, we confine ourselves to what *we* saw in the man, as a teacher, as a preacher, as a friend of students, as a member of the community, in his family, and as a man with a life to live for God and man.

In what we shall say of him regarded in these several particulars, we shall try to avoid exaggeration of Dr. Latimer's excellences on the one hand, and failure of appreciation on the other. We shall speak as far as possible, not simply out of the experience of one student, but of many, and those not of any one class, but of five or six classes.

1. *As a teacher* Dr. Latimer was remarkable for power to enthuse the student with love to the branch of study which he taught, for sympathetic adaptability to the individual student's standing-point and ready appreciation of the student's difficulties, for both breadth and depth of acquaintance with the subjects which he treated, for the confidence which he inspired in

“THE PRAYER OF MOSES, THE MAN OF GOD.”

REV. A. J. MCKELWAY.

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge,
Our resting-place, our home,
Through all the generations
That swiftly go and come.
Before the birth of mountains,
Or earth by man was trod,
Thou art, from everlasting
To everlasting, God.

But man from native frailty
To native dust returns ;
His changing, shifting pageant,
Thine eye serene discerns.
For Thou art still eternal,
All time is naught to Thee,
A thousand years pass swiftly
As dreamers' moments flee.

As with a mountain torrent
Thou sweepest men away ;
Like sleep, they quickly vanish,
Like grass, they live a day ;
Though fair the morning promise,
And bright the early sky,
Their strength and beauty blasted,
They fade and droop and die.

Thine anger doth consume us,
Thy dreadful wrath dismays,
Our sins—in vain we hide them
From Thy all-searching gaze.
Beneath Thy just displeasure
We spend our days of grief,
A sigh of weary anguish
Our life is—sad and brief.

Our days of earthly sojourn
Are three-score years and ten,
And though we pass the limit
That bounds the life of men,
Yet is their strength but sorrow,
In vain the toilsome fray,
The cord at last is severed,
And we have flown away.

The power of Thine anger
Who knoweth? Oh! may we,
Even as thy wrath is boundless,
So deeply reverence Thee.
Teach us our days to number,
These fleeting days of pain,
And may we, thinking on them,
A heart of wisdom gain.

How long, O great Jehovah,
Shall we thy people die?
Return in loving-kindness,
With mercy satisfy.
Oh! send us joy and gladness,
From sorrow grant surcease,
And may these long afflictions
Work out abiding peace.

Grant unto us, Thy servants,
Thy finished work to see;
Reveal unto our children
Thy glorious majesty;
The beauty of Jehovah
On heart and mind impress.
And crown our earthly labors
With endless usefulness.

