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I. LITERARY.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE "NEW INSPIRATION."

PROF. HENRY ALEXANDER WHITE.

There are some among us who first turned the pages of the Bible to see the color and pictured form of men and things whose story was already familiar from parental lips. From picture to print we passed and found the narrative there recorded in exact agreement with the stories told us in childhood. Again and again we sought the printed pages only to find all these stories linked together in one great history. The "Father in Heaven" of our daily prayer was found to be the speaker, in his own Divine Person, on many pages of the sacred book. Character by character the nature of His Personality was unfolded to us. The Creator of the opening chapter was declared to be the Moral Governor in the chapters immediately following; then, by degrees, he was set forth as the Father, the Redeemer and the Comforter of those people whom He had before selected. Yet in all these varying manifestations of His character, He was declared to be 'the same, yesterday, today and forever.'

Closely interwoven with the web of these statements concerning the character of God, we found also a history of human character. Nations and individuals were described with reference to the relationship existing between them and the Invisible God. The character of men was always measured by our infallible standard—the character of God. Hence,

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

A VERSION.

REV. WM. S. LACY, D. D.

Jehovah is my Shepherd,
Therefore I shall not need,
In cool and verdant pastures,
He bids me rest and feed,
By tranquil, flowing waters
He doth my footsteps lead.

My soul He oft restoreth
(For oft, alas, I stray);
And for His Name's sake only,
He guides me in the way
Of right and love and duty,
Before Him all the day.

Yea, when I walk with trembling
Through death's dark valley drear,
Thou, Jesus, wilt be with me;
No evil shall I fear.
Thy rod and staff will comfort,
Thy presence ever cheer.

In face of adversaries,
Before me Thou wilt spread
A table, overflowing;
While on my willing head
The oil of health and gladness
Most freely dost Thou shed.

My cup indeed runs over,
And now I surely see,
Godness and mercy only
Shall always follow me,
And in Thy House forever
My dwelling place shall be.