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I.—Literary.

MR. KIPLING'S VERSE.

It has rarely happened in the history of literature that a great writer has been equally great in poetry and in prose. Men who have talent only may do two things equally well; the man of genius is apt to do but one thing, but to do that one thing passing well. One of the unwritten reasons for denying that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's Plays is the difficulty of believing that the *Essays* and *Hamlet* were born of the same brain. Nevertheless, in the opinion of the world, Rudyard Kipling has accomplished the improbable, and, if popularity be an adequate test, has achieved not only supreme but equal excellence in story and in song.

It is at this late day perhaps a trite remark that Mr. Kipling has been happy in his command of subjects. He leads us into unknown lands and shows us men and deeds that are strange to us. His poetry—less, perhaps, than his prose, but still to a marked degree—borrows interest from its far-off background and setting.

Mandelay, with its "old Mulmein Pagoda" is as attractively novel to us in our clanging Western world as is Mowgli, the Jungle Man; and the "*Ballad of East and West*," that stirring tale of a time "when wolf and gray wolf meet," is only another "*Plain Tale from the Hills*," done in incomparably virile verse. Kipling's best work is popularly supposed to be in the noble *Recessional Hymn*,

Rudyard Kipling is now in the prime of his powers. Probably more than any other living writer, he commands the attention of the English-speaking world; and no man can say to what heights Kipling may attain in the years to come. But he has not yet made good a claim to a place among the great poets. He has struck a new note in the world, a note that is fresh and clear and strong; he has not written a perfect poem. Even such a piece of work as Bryant's *Waterfowl*, Emerson's *Days*, or Sidney Lanier's *Ballad of Trees and The Master*, is as yet beyond him. No individual lines of his have taken possession of the memory by a right more divine than was anciently attributed to kings. That strange something seen always in the highest output of poetic power, that last consummate touch, as impossible for mere labor to acquire as for criticism to explain, we have not found in Kipling. The monarchs of Song have it, some more, some less, but all more or less. We call it Genius, but what Genius is—what is the just and entire difference between it and something else, is yet to be made plain to men. It deals with words, often the simplest and homeliest, as in that matchless song with which the last great English singer "crossed the bar;" but under its touch words become more than things. They are transformed into gateways of new kingdoms, the home of life and light and immortality; and in their unfolding lend a new meaning to that old record, "And the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS.

. 231 N. Calhoun street, Baltimore, Md.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF JOHN L. GIRARDEAU, D. D.

[NOTE.—The form of these reminiscences calls for a word of explanation. Suffice it to say that, in the first instance, they were prepared in response to the request and for the use of a brother minister.]

My personal acquaintance with Dr. Girardeau dates back to the year 1874-75. In the fall of 1874 I went to Charles-

ton to teach in the school of Dr. Toomer Porter. Dr. Girardeau was at that time pastor of the Zion colored church. I reached the city early one Sabbath morning. That evening I went down to hear Dr. Girardeau preach. I do not now recall his text, but the scene which I there witnessed stamped itself indelibly upon my memory. The auditorium was one of the largest, if not the largest, in the city. On three sides it was surrounded by galleries. The body of the church was filled with colored people. In the galleries and in some of the seats of what is known as the "amen corner" were a number of white people—people who represented, not only the piety, but the wealth, the social position, the intelligence and the culture of the city. I can still see Dr. Girardeau as, standing before that large assemblage, he pleaded with holy earnestness and deep tenderness the cause of the Master and of souls. My impression is that this was his farewell sermon to the people to whom he had devoted so many of the best years of his life, and for whom to the close of his life he cherished unabated a genuine affection.

I subsequently connected myself with the Glebe street church, of which Dr. Girardeau became the pastor after resigning the pastorate of Zion. I shall always hold in grateful remembrance the kindness with which this distinguished servant of God treated me, a strange youth, during my stay in Charleston. His hearty welcome and manifestation of personal interest drew me again and again to his study, and when once there his steady flow of conversation, now witty, now grave, held me sometimes until the hour of midnight. When I reflect that I was at the time but a raw youth just out of college, I do not know whether to be more surprised at and regretful for my own inconsiderateness, or lost in admiration at the large heartedness and large mindedness of the man who never, upon a single occasion, did or said a thing to awaken in me a suspicion that I was trespassing upon his valuable time. Nor was I the only youth whom he thus attracted to his study and attached to himself. Among others in whom he showed a similar unaffected interest I may mention the names of Rev. G. A. Trenholm, D. D., now of Saint Joseph, Mo., Rev. Prof. James Fogartie, D. D., now of the Southwestern

Presbyterian University, at Clarkesville, Tenn., and Rev. T. B. Trenholm, now of Georgia. I might set down other matters, illustrative of the man, which memory brings before me from the period of my stay in Charleston, but I forbear.

Turning now to speak of Dr. Girardeau as I knew him in later years, I find that I shall have rigorously to avoid detail.

You ask me to give my estimate of Dr. Girardeau. I hesitate to make the attempt. The subject is too large and my available time too short. Whether I think of him as a man, or as a preacher, or as a disciple of our Lord, I find that I have a growing sense of his rare worth and real greatness. Indeed, had I always seen eye to eye with him I should suspect my judgment of being born of a blind partiality. The very fact that such was not the case only serves to assure me that I have not exaggerated to myself his noble endowments of mind, his graces of christian character, and the subtle force and charm of his personality. He was one of the most thoroughly self-disciplined men I have ever met. His discipline was all the more splendid in its results, because it had been carried to that point where the last trace of stiffness or constraint had disappeared. Indeed, so perfect was this self-discipline that it did not reveal itself at all to the casual observer, who never suspected that what he admired as a gift of nature was even more admirable and wonderful than he supposed, because in reality an achievement in some sort wrested from nature. True, both nature and grace had been lavish of their gifts to him. But he also himself had had wisdom to improve these gifts. He was one who, when he passed into the presence of his Master, could say "Lord, thou deliverest unto me five talents, behold I have gained besides them five talents more," and who—highest and hardest achievement of all—in laying original gift and added gain at his Master's feet would feel that for both alike he was debtor to his adorable Lord. To have been in close personal contact with Dr. Girardeau was in itself no mean element in education. If a man's soul had in it anything that could respond to what was lofty in aspiration or pure and lovely in character, Dr. Girardeau's mere

presence was suited to call it forth. The ring of his foot-fall, the poise of his frame—as long as the sound of the former and the picture of the latter shall remain in memory—will cause my pulse to beat quicker and summon every dormant energy of my soul into a renewed activity. His heart was large, and as true as tender. Though susceptible to every gentle emotion and generous impulse, it was as firm as steel to sustain him and carry him through the severest conflicts and bitterest trials. He was pre-eminently a man of principle. On a number of the most important problems of life he had thought deeply, carefully, patiently, and prayerfully. His thinking had crystalized into convictions. These he did not easily change or surrender. When their validity was challenged, he was quick to defend them. By them he judged the various concrete problems that presented themselves; and by them he rigorously shaped his own conduct. The result was that he did not escape collisions with others. If in these encounters he sometimes struck hard blows, these blows were ever aimed at what he conceived to be the errors rather than at the persons of his opponents. He was superior to mere spleen.

As a preacher Dr. Girardeau had few peers. Dr. Buckley, the accomplished editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, pronounced no extravagant encomium upon him when he compared him to Chrysostom, the golden mouthed. Felicitous in diction, vigorous in thought, full of tender and genuine feeling, dramatic in action, he was capable of producing effects such as are within the power of but few speakers. Even when his theme was metaphysical, as was not unfrequently the case in latter years, one never heard him without feeling that he witnessed the performance of a thoroughly trained and fully equipped intellectual athlete. But he was best, as he was greatest, when he used his unsurpassed popular gifts in presenting to the mind and impressing upon the heart and conscience the claims of that Saviour “whom having not seen he loved” with a tenderness and fervor similar to that of the beloved disciple.

W. W. MCPHEETERS.

Columbia, S. C.