

not be needed until teaching, "society events," progressive euvre, and progressive physical derangement begin again. But there are teachers who must stay in the city and catch no glimpse of green fields and shimmering waters. Those who are thus penned up in the city often have resources which the migrating teacher cannot appreciate. They certainly have release from school work and have occupation for the mind, and this is great gain. For rest is not mere vacuity, it is not mere cessation from activity, it is not sheer idleness and utter release from responsibility. It is well, perhaps, that some teachers should have the leisure of vacation to live at home and perform more of those sacred duties that are enjoined by affection and family interest. What one teacher may gain in flesh and color among the green hills and flashing waters, another may gain in patience and devotion, in power of thought, in sweetness of spirit and depth of character in the home circle.

In whatever way the teacher's vacation may be spent, the prime object to be kept in view should be to store up, by change, rest, and pleasant recreation, the greatest amount of physical and mental energy. These things conduce to the teacher's happiness and efficiency. They contribute to the well-being and success of the pupils. Where the teacher has vigorous health and reserves of mental energy, there are enterprise, life, and industry in the school. There are found patience, justice, sympathy on the part of the teacher; obedience, confidence, and affection on the part of the pupils. With most teachers the sole capital which they have invested is their body. They draw interest, not on stocks and bonds, but on their brain, nerve, and muscle. Whether this may continue depends primarily on how the heart does its pumping, and how the stomach does its work. The manner in which these physical functions are performed governs largely the power to sleep, the disposition of mind and heart, and the capacity for work and study.

TOLEDO, O.

H. W. Compton.

More Anecdotes of Father Taylor.

THE admirable portrait of my old minister, Father Taylor, in *THE CENTURY* for February, 1887, brings him before me again most vividly as I have seen and talked with him in his house; but nothing less than a series of instantaneous photographs can convey an idea of his face when in the pulpit, under the power of his own matchless eloquence. It was at one moment a terror to evil-doers, and perhaps at the next it drew the sympathy of his audience as streams of tears coursed down his cheeks; and again, the tempests and the rain subsiding, a smile would come over it like the sunlight upon a peaceful sea.

Both writers in *THE CENTURY* have acknowledged their inability to portray his eloquence. It was truly something as much beyond the attempts of essayists as the representation of the man in all his attitudes was beyond the skill of a painter.

Mr. Whitman was correct in speaking of Father Taylor as an orthodox preacher. He was orthodox, "sound in the Christian faith," but he was not orthodox as the term is conventionally applied. He was a Methodist, and he had his own methods in spite of all conferences and bishops. They would have disciplined any other brother who indulged in such liberal ideas

and practices, had he been a country minister; but it is greatly to the credit of this austere sect that they recognized his innate goodness and his peculiar adaptiveness to the pulpit of that Bethel Church. They knew that no other preacher could take his place, and so they "let him have his full swing." He would not be bound by any iron-clad law of exchanges. He often exchanged with Unitarians, and when he got into a Unitarian pulpit, if the mood came over him, he would boldly proclaim his theology. But he was seldom a theologian unless it became compulsory for him to show his colors.

I remember once listening to a heavy Calvinistic discourse in the Bethel Church from a distinguished Boston clergyman. Father Taylor sat in the pulpit, and it was a study to watch the ill-disguised expressions of contempt upon his face. At last the sermon came to its end, and the preacher stepped aside to give Father Taylor the opportunity to make the closing prayer. Instead of that, he tapped the Calvinist on the shoulder, and looking down on the audience said with a calm smile, "Our good brother means well, but he don't know. I guess there's time enough for another sermon, so I'll just take his text and preach from it."

It was like a cloud-burst. Half the time he turned his back upon us, and rained down torrents of argumentative eloquence upon the brother upon the sofa behind. We all enjoyed the scene immensely. At last Father Taylor subsided and, extending his hand to the clergyman, said, in his most gentle tone and in his most winning way, "Brother, forgive me if I have hurt your feelings, but I did not want you to come on this quarter-deck and kick up a mutiny against Divine providence among my crew."

I could relate many anecdotes of Father Taylor, some of which Dr. Bartol will call to mind.

When he began to preach around Boston (he told us this himself), he visited Duxbury. In those days there was only "the old meeting-house" in country towns. It is a pity that there are more meeting-houses in some of them now. One minister was all that the town could well support, and by common consent he was the head of the church and of the village.

When the young Methodist, full of ardor and enthusiasm, by the dictate of natural politeness called on the dignified Dr. Allen, the latter asked him what was his business. "To preach the gospel to every creature, as my Master has commanded," replied Taylor. "Is n't that what the Bible tells us?"

"Yes, it tells us that," answered Dr. Allen, "but it does n't say that every creature can preach the gospel. I preach all the gospel that is wanted in Duxbury." Taylor was obliged to look elsewhere for an audience.

In the year of the Irish famine the Government, at the instance of Commodore de Kay, placed the United States sloop-of-war *Macedonian* at the disposal of the merchants of New York. The *Jamestown*, which was loaned to Boston, was commanded by Captain R. B. Forbes, and its cargo of corn and flour was chiefly contributed by the venerable Thomas H. Perkins; the *Macedonian*, under the command of Commodore George Coleman de Kay of New York, formerly a volunteer in the Argentine navy, sailed about the same time on a similar errand of mercy. Father Taylor was supercargo and chaplain of the *Macedonian*. On his return from this benevolent embassy we gave him an ovation at the Bethel. He was always fond of re-

ferring to "Boston's merchant princes." On this occasion Colonel Perkins was present. Father Taylor was unusually eloquent upon his favorite theme. "Boston's merchant princes!" he exclaimed. "Do you want to see one of them, boys? There he sits; look at him!" The whole congregation arose and, to the utter confusion of the old gentleman, fixed their eyes upon him as Father Taylor thus apostrophized him: "God bless you, sir! When you die, angels will fight for the honor of carrying you to heaven on their shoulders."

In the course of his sermon, which was mainly a description of his voyage and his experiences abroad, he said that "the famine was sent by God to soften the hearts of Americans and to harden the heads of Irishmen. The Irish had lived on potatoes too long. There was no phosphorus, no brain food, in a potato. They were now taught by our charity to live on wheat and corn." Perhaps the English Government at this day may attribute Irish contumacy to their change of diet.

Once when Father Taylor was in the midst of a most eloquent sermon, his voice pitched to its highest key, a man rose from his pew near the pulpit and started to walk down the broad aisle. Suddenly as a typhoon sometimes subsides to a calm, the old man stopped, and then in that peculiar whisper of his which pervaded the whole house, went on, "Sh — sh — sh! Keep still, all of you, and don't disturb that man walking out."

It was a very funny incident when a newspaper reporter, who is still living, and who will surely pardon me for telling of it, as for once he got the better of Father Taylor, came into church rather late after the pews were all filled, and men were sitting on the pulpit stairs. Father Taylor saw him, and called out in a loud voice: "Come up here, McLean, and sit down on the sofa." McLean accepted the invitation, and it might be supposed that he was somewhat disconcerted when Father Taylor turned to him and said, "Now get up and pray, you sinner!" But nothing disconcerts a newspaper reporter. I don't know if my old friend had had much practice in the exercise, but he arose unabashed and offered a very creditable prayer, in which, as he had been a sailor himself, he introduced suitable nautical phraseology, and concluded by commending to the mercy of Heaven "this whole sinful crew, and especially the skipper."

I once heard Father Taylor preach a sermon on the Atonement. It was all in a style that nobody but a sailor could understand, a style that every sailor could comprehend, although a treatise on this subject from an up-town pulpit would have been "Greek" to him. This was one of the passages: "You are dead in trespasses and sins, and buried too, down in the lower hold amongst the ballast, and you can't get out, for there is a ton of sin on the main hatch. You shin up the stanchions and try to get it open, but you can't. You rig a purchase. You get your handspikes, capstan bars, and watch tackles, but they are no good. You can't start it. Then you begin to sing out for help. You hail all the saints you think are on deck, but they can't help you. At last you hail Jesus Christ. He comes straight along. All he wanted was to be asked. He just claps his shoulder to that ton of sin. It rolls off, and then he says, 'Shipmates, come out!' Well, if you don't come out, it is all your own fault."

It was on the Sunday before a State election. Briggs was the candidate of the Whig party, but Father Tay-

lor desired that he should be elected because he was a religious man. This was his prayer: "O Lord, give us good men to rule over us, just men, temperance men, Christian men, men who fear Thee, who obey Thy commandments, men who — But, O Lord, what 's the use of veering and hauling and pointing all round the compass? Give us George N. Briggs for governor!" His prayer was answered on the next day.

Father Taylor was eloquent, humorous, and pathetic by turns. Sometimes all these characteristics seemed to be merged in one. These and many other of his traits interested me, but I loved him because, first and last and all the time, he was the sailor's friend.

John Codman.

Extend the Merit System.

THE objections to civil service reform come principally from those who are or who aspire to be politicians. To have the offices filled by worthy and competent persons, whose term of office is not dependent on the success or defeat of any party, would rob this numerous class of their stock in trade, and permanently retire them from politics.

What difference does it make to me whether the postmaster of my village is a Democrat or a Republican, if he be competent and obliging? The same is true of the county officers. Politics should have nothing to do with them, for they have nothing to do with politics. There are only a few political offices. Why should the non-political officers, when experience has made them capable, be turned out every time the party sentiment changes, and their places filled by inexperienced men whose only merit is their partisanship? There can be no satisfactory answer given to this question in the affirmative; but that they should be retained as long as they are efficient and honest is patent from these reasons: First, it would be a saving of expense; secondly, it would secure a better service; thirdly, it would elevate and refine politics.

I. The postmasters, in all cities of eight thousand inhabitants and upwards, are commissioned for four years. There is no promise, no matter how faithful, that their term of office will be longer. They receive a stated salary. Now it is a fact, that could they hold their places for a long term of years, free from contributions and other exactions, they would gladly serve the public for two-thirds of what they now receive, and this is true to some extent of their subordinates, and also of those who fill the smaller offices. It is safe to say that in the Post-Office Department thirty per cent. of its present cost would be saved, and the people better served. Take our county officials: they are rarely reelected. When their term of office expires they are hardly proficient, but out they go and a new set is installed; and even a layman of any experience knows what perplexity and uncertainty is occasioned by these new officers. To estimate the damage to suitors and others in Pennsylvania, caused by mistakes and omissions of inexperienced officers, at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum is within bounds. The frequent elections require a large expenditure of time and money. It often takes years to accomplish the end after the office idea is hatched. Then, when one is successful there are ten who fail. The aspirants spend their time and money, and the