

instead of "cleansing" or "purify." The Septuagint reads it, "Sprinkle me with hyssop," etc.

In the "Standard" of March 18th, you head your article "Another Piece of Sophistry," and, true to your heading, you practice the sophistry of using the word "immerse" to express "the thing to be done," as commanded by the word *baptize*. You speak of a "mode of immersion" in which "the water shall be brought over him until he is covered with it." Now the "bringing the water over the person" may be baptism, but it is not an "immersion," nor a "dipping," nor a "plunging." The learned Baptist, Dr. Carson, rightly tells us (p. 36), that "if all the water in the ocean should fall on a man, it would not be a literal immersion." That which separates us is this: "Is the person baptized moved and put into the element, or is the element moved and put upon the person?" I contend that in all kinds of baptism—classic, Jewish, Christian, real or symbol—the person or thing baptized is passive and receptive, while the element or instrumentality, used in or effecting the baptism, is always represented as being moved and put upon or brought into contact with the person or thing. This is sustained by all the examples in the classics older than the Christian era, and by all the examples in the New Testament. And this fact completely annihilates your gum-elastic Latin word *immerse*—*merse in*—as a substitute for the Greek *baptizo*, or the English *baptize*. Will the editor of the "Standard" point out one instance in Greek literature—sacred or profane—where a baptism was effected in the modern immersionist style, *i.e.*, by putting a person or thing into water or other element and then immediately withdrawing it? He will not. He may cry out, "Nonsense," "ignorance," "exaggeration," "Falsehood," etc., but all this can be said by men of much less learning and cultivation than he, and may be safely left to that class.

What we maintain is, that the word *baptizo* has no reference to mode at all, but to the object, effect, or condition contemplated. But while the word itself does not indicate mode, yet usually the mode of the baptism can be very easily determined by surrounding facts and circumstances; and a baptism by putting into water and immediately withdrawn has never been produced in the classics or Scriptures. I call upon the editor of the "Standard" to produce one.

[To be continued if the Lord will.]

A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

"Harvey Mills has failed!" said Mrs. Smithson one chilly spring evening, as she ran in to see her next-door neighbour and intimate friend, Mrs. James. "My husband just came home, and he says that what we supposed to be a rumour only is a sad fact; the assignment was made yesterday. I threw on a shawl and ran right over to tell you. They are to keep the house under some sort of an arrangement, but they have discharged all their servants, and what in the world the Mills's will do, Mrs. James, with Mrs. Mills's invalid habits, and Miss Helena with her dainty ways and refined bringing up, is more than I know;" and pretty, shallow Mrs. Smithson looked at her nerve-loving friend and neighbour with the air of an epicure regarding some favourite dish.

"I heard all about it late last evening," said Mrs. James, adjusting the pink ribbon at the throat of her black silk dinner-dress, "and this morning I presumed upon our cousinship so far as to drive over and see how they were getting along. And really, Mrs. Smithson, you will be surprised when I tell you that, although I expected to find the family in great confusion and distress, I never saw them in such a comfortable way, and in such good spirits. The worst was over, of course, and they had all settled into the new order of things as naturally as could be. My cousin, Mrs. Mills, was sitting, as calm as you please, up there in her sunny morning-room, looking so fresh and dainty as she ate her crisp toast and sipped her coffee.

"Our comfortable and cozy appearance is all due to Helena," said she. "That dear child has taken the helm. I never dreamed she had so much executive ability. We were quite broken down at first, but she made her father go over all the details of business with her, and they found that by disposing of Helena's grand piano, the paintings, and slabs, and costly bric-a-brac her father had always indulged her in buying, we could pay dollar for dollar, and so keep the house. My husband's old friend, Mr. Bartlett, who keeps the art store, you know, and who has always taken a

great interest in Helena, bought back the paintings, statuary, vases, etc., at a small discount, and Baker, who sold us the piano a year ago or so, and who is another old friend, and knew, of course, just how we were situated, took it back, deducting only \$25.

"Helena has just gone into the kitchen. What she will do there I don't know, but she says she needs the exercise, that she has not attended the cooking-school here in the city for nothing, and that, so long as the meals are served regularly and properly, and the house is kept in good order, her father and I are not to worry." After she told me that, I drew my call to a close, and ran down into my cousin's kitchen to see her dainty daughter there. And what do you think? I found the girl at the sink, with her sleeves rolled up, an immense waterproof apron on, washing a kettle!"

"Washing a kettle!" repeated Mrs. Smithson, holding up both her soft, white hands in unmeasured astonishment.

"Yes, Mrs. Smithson, washing a great, black, greasy iron kettle that meat had been boiled in, and that had been left unwashed and gummy when the cook left. And, do you know, she was laughing over it all, and saying to her youngest brother, who stood near by, that she really liked it, for she now felt she was making herself useful."

"The idea! liking to wash kettles!" and the two fine ladies looked at each other in open-eyed wonder.

"It seems to me as if Helena Mills was trying to make the best of her father's altered fortunes, and was simply doing her duty in the premises," spoke Miss Carlton, Ida James's new drawing-teacher, who was that evening engaged in giving her pupil a lesson on the opposite side of the centre-table. She spoke earnestly and yet in a modest way, and it being the vogue in New City just then to patronize Miss Carlton, the pretty, accomplished graduate from Vassar, the two ladies looked at her amiably, and she went on:

"Somebody must wash the kettles, and it is always best, when one has a disagreeable duty to perform, to do it not only at once, but cheerfully."

"Yes, perhaps," replied Mrs. Smithson, "but how could a young girl of real native refinement" (both sides of the Smithson family were of the "old stock") "take so kindly to washing pots and kettles? The fact of it is, people have been mistaken in Helena Mills. She never possessed that innate gentility she has credit for. But every one finds their own level sooner or later."

These two women having thus summarily disposed of Helena Mills socially, they repeated their belief that the lovely and dutiful young girl had now found her proper level over and over in their set, until it was the common talk in New City.

Miss Carlton, in her round of professional calls among the so-called *elite*, was entertained in nearly every household with the information that Helena Mills had given up her studies even, and gone into the kitchen to work—"and, if you'll believe it, she likes it!" Then would follow reflections upon the natural ability and bias of mind of a young woman who was "fond of washing dishes."

This sensible, accomplished little drawing teacher was the only one to be found, who mingled in the "upper circles" of New City, who said a word either in praise or defence of Helena Mills's new vocation.

Miss Carlton always and everywhere protested that the young girl's course was not only praiseworthy, but beautiful. She maintained that every woman, young or old, high or low, who took upon herself the labour of elevating the much-abused as well as depised vocation of housework—upon which the comfort of every home depends—to a fine art was a public benefactor.

Miss Carlton's friends all listened and laughed, and then went on with their senseless and malicious tirade. She was heartily glad when her engagements in New City were ended, and she was no longer obliged to move in such "select" society, whose ideas were always a mere echo of opinions—no matter how trivial and foolish—which had been expressed by a few of its more wealthy members.

Mrs. Dr. Forbes, *nee* Miss Carlton, had heard very little about New City society for five years. But having occasion to pass through the place on the cars lately, she treated herself to a little gossip chat with the conductor, whom she had known as a New City gallant.

"There is no particular news, Mrs. Forbes," said he, "unless it is the engagement of Helena Mills to young Lawyer Bartlett, son of Col. James Bartlett, you remember, owner of the big corner art store. A capital choice the young squire has made, too. She's as good as gold, and everybody says she's the best girl in the city. She's a perfect lady, withal, and treats everybody well. Why, bless you, Mrs. Forbes, when her father failed in '75, she took entire charge of the family, and she has managed the house ever since.

"Her father is now in business again for himself, and employs more men than ever. Her mother, who had been an invalid for years, was forced by Helena's example to try and exert herself so as to share her daughter's burden to some extent. As a result of the new, active life she has followed, she lost all ailments, and is now a happy, hearty, healthy woman. Helena's brothers have grown up to be fine, manly, helpful fellows, and the whole family are better off every way than ever before.

"There was a great deal of talk at first among the big-bugs about Helena's 'pots and kettles,' and they used to say she had found her true 'level.' I always thought there was a spice of malice in their talk, for the girls envied her beauty and accomplishments. I am rather fond of telling them now that Helena Mills has found her 'level' in the richest, most influential, and just the best family in New City."

WHAT MISSIONARIES HAVE TO DO.

The first and most prominent duty of the missionary after he arrives at his field of labour is to acquire the language of the people, without which he can never become a very effective labourer. The task, under almost any circumstances, is a very labourious one; but in some fields it is much more so than in others. The difficulties, in some cases, grow out of the nature and structure of the languages themselves, and in others from the want of the necessary facilities for acquiring them. Where the language is written, where there are grammars and dictionaries to aid, and when competent teachers can be employed to assist, the task—in most cases at least—is comparatively easy. Steady, plodding labour will soon master it. But where the language is not written, where there are neither grammars, dictionaries nor competent teachers to be had, the task becomes one of immense labour. To master its sounds, to study out its idioms, to understand its grammatical structure, and thus be able to reduce it to a written system, requires years of labour.

When the language is mastered, however, the missionary is equipped for his work. The kind of work to which he will find himself called will be various. Ordinarily the ordained minister will address himself to the work of preaching the Gospel, as the main business of his missionary life. He will preach the Gospel everywhere and under all circumstances—in the street, chapel, in private houses, on the public street, in the open market, and on the long journeys which he will make from time to time into the surrounding country. He will soon find it necessary, however, to combine other labours with preaching the Gospel; as, for example, the circulation of the Scriptures and religious books; or translating the Word of God, when necessary; or preparing books and tracts in the native language; or superintending schools, and teaching, where native labourers are to be trained for public work. A number of our missionary brethren combine in their routine of labours almost all of these departments. The ladies of the mission devote their time quite as assiduously to teaching, to superintending day and Sabbath schools, to visiting the women at their own houses, or in receiving and instructing them when they visit the mission premises. Nor do they overlook the work of preparing and distributing books and tracts. Taken altogether, we do not know any class of persons, whether male or female, who are more laborious than our foreign missionaries. They occupy positions where work, from day to day and from hour to hour, becomes as it were an absolute necessity. There is so much ignorance to enlighten, so much error to be corrected, so much superstition to be exposed, that they find their whole life a constant conflict with surrounding evils. One of our missionaries represents himself as preaching three times every day in the week, and there are others differently employed, but yet performing quite as much labour. Our only wonder is how any of them can stand up to so great an amount of labour, especially when it is remembered that they are living—most of them at least—in climates so little favourable to health.—*Foreign Missionary.*