

Choice Literature.

THE DOCTOR'S EXPERIMENT.

Doctor Ditson ran up the steps to his apartments so rapidly that he nearly stumbled over a large basket and a small girl who had preceded him.

"Halloo, what's this?" he said, looking down at the two objects in the dim gashlight of the landing as he searched for the keyhole to his door.

"It's the laundry, please, sir," replied a shrill little voice from behind the basket.

"Oh yes; well, come right in with it, and I'll pay you," answered the young man, as he swung open the door and motioned the atom of humanity to proceed him.

A flood of light from a south window fell upon the girl as she stood in the hall which opened into the little parlour of the apartment, and Dr. Ditson's eyes rested with fascinated horror upon the ugliest female face he had ever beheld.

The swollen features were almost without form. The nose was a round ball, scarcely distinguishable from the cheeks in a mass of scarlet eruptions which spread from brow to chin. The thick lips were clay coloured. The purple lids dropped over dull blue eyes, which looked like bits of glass lying in a muddy pool. The hair, cropped close to the scalp, was of a bright red colour. The face might have belonged to a woman of fifty, but the body was that of an immature child approaching the age of womanhood.

The only suggestion of youth about the odd little figure was its attitude. Clothed in a ragged skirt, and the remnant of a blue flannel "blazer," which had once been the possession of some one much larger than herself, this odd little creature stood regarding the young physician, with her grimy thumbs stuck into the pockets of her jacket, and her head, ornamented by a torn sailor hat, jauntily tilted on one side.

Her deportment contained an absurd suggestion of coquetry, half comical, half pathetic.

As Dr. Ditson's eyes took in all these unattractive details, he was saying to himself: "*Ancientæ* of the worst type. What a case to experiment upon! If I could cure that girl, as I believe I could, I would dare measure lances with the best of them."

"What's your name, little one?" he asked while he counted out the exact change, "and where do you live?"

"They calls me Impy Mulligan, an' I live the washlady's girl. We lives on West Sixth Street by Tenth Avenue."

A sudden bright idea danced into Dr. Ditson's mind.

His sister's servant, a lazy German girl, had been discharged two days previous. He and his sister had been "picknicking along" until they could secure desirable help. Mrs. Gray, the sister, had spent a forenoon among the agencies, seeking for a domestic, and had come home utterly discouraged with the lazy, worthless, impudent specimens she had encountered.

He had sent her off to a matinee, telling her they would dine at a restaurant. Now, why not engage a girl for her himself: a small maid who could be taught to do things as they liked to have them done; and in that way he could experiment with the malady which so fascinated him.

The idea no sooner presented itself than he acted upon it.

"Well, Impy, would you be willing to come here and run errands for us? My sister keeps house for me, and we need just about as big a girl as you to help about the place. I will give you—let me see—say ten dollars a month and your keep-
ing. Is it a bargain?"

Impy's eyes looked like pieces of glass on which a ray of sunlight gleamed as she listened to this proposition. "Ten dollars a month!" Why, she would be a grand rich lady, she thought, were she to earn as much money as that.

"I'll go down and see your mother about it right away," continued the doctor. "I shall want you to begin work to-morrow."

As Impy walked along West Sixth Street beside the hand some young man, he little dreamed of the romantic thoughts which were passing through her crude dull mind.

Once upon a time—oh, ever so long ago—Impy's mother, before she began to drink, had given her a Christmas present of the story of Cinderella, and Impy had read it a thousand times, and thought of it as many more. It had been a source of happiness to her of which no living human being dreamed, and now here right into her own dull, dark life the fairy prince had walked with his offer of "ten dollars a month!"

Oh, if only her mother were not to see the advantages of such an offer! If only she would not drive the fairy prince away with the horrible oaths and vile words she was wont to utter when in her cups!

But Mrs. Mulligan was fortunately maudlin drunk only upon this occasion, and when the young physician explained his errand and made his offer, she was so overcome with emotion that she exhibited a desire to fall upon his neck and kiss him. He made his escape, however, without having such a calamity befall him, and returned to his flat on the boulevard, to astonish his sister with the announcement that he had engaged a maid of all work to come the next morning.

"Is she capable, and is she honest?" asked Mrs. Gray, doubtfully, when she was informed under what circumstances the maid had been found and engaged.

"I am sure I don't know about that," replied the doctor. "I have no doubt you can make some sort of use of her. As for honesty, we won't throw any temptation in her way. But what I want her here for is to experiment upon. I never saw such a beautiful case of acne as she has; and if I can take my time to experiment upon her and work a cure, it will be of untold value to me in my profession. I couldn't depend upon her to come for treatment, I must have her under my care, must direct her diet to some extent. I want you to fit her out with clean clothes and give her a bath the first thing to-morrow."

Dr. Ditson was conscious but of two vital interests in life. One was his profession.

In his specialty, dermatology, he was an enthusiast. A passionate lover of beauty, he had turned his talents into the channel which gave him the opportunity of removing obstacles from its way. A spotted or imperfect complexion stirred all his professional instincts, and Impy's disfigured face had aroused in him an enthusiastic desire amounting to a mania to effect a cure.

At the college where he spent an hour or two every day he found many interesting cases, but these patients were

spasmodic in their attendance at the hospital for treatment, and the regulation of their diet was out of his control. He had dreamed of establishing a sanitarium of his own, where he could have the entire charge of his patients.

But this required more money and fame than he yet possessed. He had been but four years in practice and although he had taken long strides towards standing abreast of his competitors, he was still far from the established reputation he desired.

He had studied with Dr. Kellar in Paris, and had become an enthusiastic devotee to the theory of spinal douche treatment for the complexion. One of the prime movers in the opening of a new hydrotherapeutic establishment in New York where this treatment was a specialty, he was burning with desire to illustrate its success. What test could be better than to place Impy under this treatment?

The girl came bright and early the next day, and Mrs. Gray's heart failed her as she looked at the dull face and dwarfed figure. What could she do with help like this? Upon questioning her, the poor lady's distress became despair, for Impy confessed that she had never "worked out" in her life "cept I help a ole woman pick over ash barrels one time, and to carry home clothes." She had never lived in a flat—always in tenement rooms—and knew nothing of any kind of cooking.

Mrs. Gray viewed the prospect before her with terror, but she worshipped her brother, and was devoted to his interests. If he desired Impy—whose name she softened to "Immie"—immediately—to experiment upon, why, the only thing was to make the best of the matter, and to train her with all possible patience and perseverance to become a useful servant.

Her first move must be to give the girl a bath and clean clothing. But when Mrs. Gray led Impy into the bathroom and showed her the tub filled with steaming water, the girl shied like a scared colt. Backing up against the bathroom door, she clutched the knob with both hands, and shook her head resolutely.

"I knowed a girl as got kilt at the Free Laves las' summer," she said. "She'd never a have afore, an' it struck 'er all a heap, an' she up an' died in it. I don't never want no bave."

Mrs. Gray urged and urged in vain. Impy would not take off her clothing and enter the bathtub. Mrs. Gray called her brother to the door and explained the situation.

Dr. Ditson looked grave.

"Now, Impy," he said, "I want you to believe I am the best friend you ever had in your life. I have no object in asking you to do anything but what is good for you. I want to cure you of that trouble you have in your face. You don't mind it now, but you will when you are sixteen or seventeen, and I can cure it all for you before then, if you will do just as I say."

"I'm sixteen, gon' on seventeen, now," asserted Impy, stoutly.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the doctor. "I never imagined you more than thirteen at most. Well, all the more reason you should be cured. Such a face as yours is now would spoil your best chances for matrimony. The fairy prince would never look twice at such a complexion. You must yield to me in everything, and I will give you a nice, smooth skin. But you must bathe and exercise just as I tell you; you must even breathe to my order. Let Mrs. Gray help you about your bath, then put on fresh clothing, and come into my office and take your first lesson in breathing."

Dr. Ditson turned away, little dreaming that one lightly uttered sentence of his had proven an open sesame to Impy's complete confidence.

The sight of the bathtub, with its smoking vapours, had awakened a stubborn fear in her heart which drove away all memories of Cinderella and the fairy prince. She remembered only the ashen face and rigid form of her old playfellow as she saw her laid out for burial after being drowned at the public baths. She had never been at the public baths, and she had never seen a bathtub before. It was all one thing in her mind—a thing to dread and avoid. But when Dr. Ditson said the "fairy prince" would never look twice at such a complexion, she felt a sudden sense of shame at her lack of confidence.

How could she have so forgotten her old friend Cinderella! To be sure, nobody ever asked Cinderella to take a bath, but no doubt that was included in the "change of apparel" which the fairy godmother produced. And Mrs. Gray was the fairy godmother. How blind and stupid she had been not to have understood it!

So, soon as the key turned in the door after the doctor's exit, Impy removed her ragged dress and torn shoes, which constituted her entire "apparel," and plunged into the tub, gasping and spluttering, and nearly choking with fright, but still determine and docile.

Half an hour later, she appeared before Dr. Ditson clad in garments two sizes too large for her, and announced herself: "Ready fur de breavin'."

Meanwhile Mrs. Gray sent down for the janitor's wife to come up and scour out the bathtub with chloride of potash, and the towels which had been used in Impy's regeneration were submitted to the flames of the kitchen range.

"Now, Impy," began the doctor, "I want you to stand up straight against that wall. Put your head and your shoulder blades against the wall—so. You see that draws your chest up where it belongs, and makes you nearly two inches taller than you seem when you stand all humped over. Now close your lips and draw in your breath slowly while I count one—two—three—four. Now breathe out while I count five. That's right. Now again still again. That will do to commence with. But I want you to do this a dozen times a day in front of an open window or outdoors, and when you walk on the street, you must throw your shoulders and your abdomen back, like this, and your chest up, and as you take the steps count your breaths."

"Draw the fresh air into your lungs as you take four steps, and send it out with the next four. Do this until it becomes a habit and until you can take eight, ten, twelve steps while you inhale (that is, draw the breath in), and as many more while you exhale, or send the breath out of your lungs."

"This will increase your lung power and help your circulation. You know, if the blood circulates through the veins the way it ought to do, it throws off all the impurities without the aid of medicines or doctors. Half the diseases people have are caused by imperfect breathing. Very few people use all their lung cells."

"I want you to fill all the unused rooms in your lungs with pure, fresh air, and that will be a great aid to me in my experiment with your skin trouble."

Impy slept that night in a room which seemed so like fairyland that she felt herself already transformed into the princess. Yet it was only one of those cruelly small rooms designed for servants by inconsiderate architects, who are part of the inhuman system of our present civilization.

(To be continued.)

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

CONTRASTS AND COMPARISONS.

1. The Protestants of the world number 135,000,000; the non-Christian population, including all Polytheists and Mahomedans, 1,047,000,000.

2. The non-Christian population is thirty eight times that of England, and twenty-seven times that of Great Britain and Ireland.

3. In civilization, power, stability, wealth, progressiveness, morality and virtue the Protestant states are far superior to all non-Christian ones, so that whatever mere theorists may say in favour of the "religions of the East," in practical value, as great factors relating to human happiness and goodness, the former are, beyond comparison, superior to the latter.

4. We always assume that on all questions relating to science and government, we are far above all non-Christian races. Would it not be quite as correct for us to assume that the sources of our religious knowledge are equally superior to theirs; and creditable to our belief in the Divine origin and moral and social power of our Christianity, if we were at least as wishful to give to them our religion—the root and ground of our greatness—as we are to possess their territories and enrich ourselves by commercial relations with them? What do we for them? What do we for ourselves?

5. Our national annual income is about fifteen million sterling. The annual amount spent in attempts to convert non-Christian races to our sublime faith is about one million and a quarter.

6. We spent on our Army and Navy—our man-killing machines—£35,600,000 last year, or twenty-eight times as much as was contributed to Christianize 1,017,000,000 heathen, not one tithe of whom have ever had the grand truths of Christianity clearly placed before their minds.

7. We spend year by year 115 times as much on strong drink as on foreign missions.

8. Our contribution to this, the most stupendous and Christlike of all enterprises, does not exceed eightpence per head per annum of our Protestant population, or half a crown from those frequenting places of worship; or ten shillings from communicants and church members; or one-twentieth of what we spend on home religion and benevolence; or one-thousandth part of our average annual incomes. The attempt to bring the entire heathen world to the true knowledge of God and of Christ is the noblest, the most Christlike and stupendous enterprise any portion of the human race have ever attempted. Is this scale of giving on the part of the richest and most prosperous nation the world has ever seen—and made so mainly by the grace and power of its Christianity—proportionate, fair, reasonable or Christian?

9. The disproportion between the agencies at home and abroad is equally great.

The ministers in Great Britain, with its 33,000,000 population, number about 35,000. The ministers we send to 1,047,000,000 heathen do not number 2,500. That is, we retain one for less than each 1,000 of a population largely Christian, and send only one minister to each 420,000 of the people who know not God or Jesus Christ, whom God hath sent.

10. In all other agencies, the disproportion is still greater. That is, in heathen lands, there is only a minute amount of agency corresponding to our Christian literature, lay preachers, district visitors, Sunday school teachers, and the holy and beneficent influences emanating from myriads of devout and benevolent men and women.

11. It would be difficult to find in all England a score of villages, each with a population of 150 or more, without a church or chapel; or as many towns containing more than 1,500 people who had not more places of worship than they require, not seldom to an excess injurious and scandalous. On the other hand, in Asia and Africa there are hundreds of thousands of villages, and thousands of towns, and hundreds of districts large and populous as English counties, in which no missionary or native preacher resides, and in a large proportion of which the Gospel has never been preached.

12. Can the Church of God—can any Church, however small or poor—can any Christian, be content with this state of things? Can it be pleasing to God? Is it in harmony with the example or final command of our Saviour? Is it creditable to our Christian pity and zeal and love?

13. May not this strange and criminal neglect on the part of Christian people generally, in doing so much for themselves and so little to bring the whole world to God, be the real cause why our immense and varied home agencies accomplish far less than we might hope for? Is not this a clear inference from the facts of individual and church life, and from the teaching of the Bible? (See Prov. xi. 24, 28; Isaiah xli. 20; Haggai i. 2-11; Mal. iii. 8, 12; Luke vi. 38.)

ANIMAL AND TREE WORSHIP IN PEKING.

The other day, passing the south-east corner of this city, I noticed that the lower half of the wall, for two or three hundred yards, was covered with pieces of red, white and yellow