

A SCHOOL GIRL'S CONFESSION.

You will be almost tired of hearing about everyday "trifles," I am afraid, but I do want to repeat one more anecdote in that line. Here is a little confession taken from the lips of a school-girl, and set down in her own words:

"I've begun to find such little mean streaks in myself that I'm quite frightened. Guess what I was tempted to do the other day! I was washing the dishes for mamma, and when I got to the tins and kettles I was discouraged, they looked so greasy and black, and I've always been a little vain of my hands.

"I'm going to Kitty Merrill's party to-night, and I want to keep my hands nice for that. I'll leave this for mamma; it won't make any difference with her hands, because she can't keep them nice, anyway."

"Then something seemed to say to me: 'Oh, you coward! oh, you sneak! To be willing to have whiter hands than your mother! Aren't you ashamed?'"

"I was ashamed, and I washed the kettles pretty humbly, I can tell you. I felt as if they weren't half as black as I.— Since then I've watched all my thoughts, for fear I shall grow so wicked mamma won't know me. I've learned pretty thoroughly what the minister means when he talks about "the little foxes that spoil the grapes of a fine character."

RELIGIOUS TEACHERS IN INDIA.

We were in a mission boat on the river and a Mohammedan was passing in a little canoe, and a Hindu was following in another.

"Who is in that boat?" asked the Mohammedan, as he tossed his head toward us.

"The Christians' 'guru,'" replied the Hindu. "He comes to give them instruction out of the Christian Shastres."

"Then does he receive presents? Do they pay him?" inquired the Mohammedan. He remembered how every visit of

his moulvie cost him the choicest of his fruit, as well as the money he could ill manage to spare. And he knew that all Hindus gave as freely to their gurus whenever they liked to call on them. In bitterness I have often heard them call such "Money gurus," instead of "Religious teachers."

"No, indeed!" answered the Hindu. "It is just the opposite. He often helps them. If they are in trouble he is ever ready. They give him nothing."

"This is not at all like a guru!" the man exclaimed. And as they paddled along the two men thought over the matter, and found there was a great difference between the missionary and the native religious teachers. But there is a greater difference still in the messages we have to deliver. Ours is from above and divine; theirs is from beneath and human. We tell of the true and living God; they preach to deaf and dumb idols.—*Spiritual Report.*

A CHINESE FUNERAL.

Among the strangest customs of foreign nations are those connected with the burial of the dead. What a terrible thing death is to those who have not heard the words: "He that liveth and believeth on me shall never die!"

A little Chinese girl was buried in Evergreen Cemetery, in New York, the other day, in a way that would seem very odd to an American child. Red candles, which emitted a disagreeable odor, were burned in the house, and at the grave a fire was kindled to burn all the girl's clothes. Into this the relatives kept throwing a white powder, which burned with a bluish light. The Chinese believe that Satan has a fashion of racing to the grave and seizing the body as soon as it arrives, so on the way there the friends keep tossing bits of paper out of the carriage window, which Satan is supposed to pick up and read, thus allowing the procession to reach the cemetery first.—*Selected.*