

I kissed his white face for the last time, I said to myself, "Now, Kitty, you must try and do just as Jesus wants you to, as long as ever you live, so that you can go to heaven and see Harry when you die." But, oh, dear me, I did forget after a while, till one day it all came back to me, what I had said over Harry's dear white face. It was that day that my pride had a fall.

Chauncey came running into my room that day as I was brushing my hair. He never noticed that I was brushing my hair at all, but he seized me by both my hands, and whirled me round the room.

"Why, Chauncey," said I, "what is the matter?"

"Matter, indeed, Kitty; papa is going to take us all over his new ship."

"When, Chauncey?"

Oh, directly. Mamma says put on your blue dress, and your silk jacket, and your best hat; and she will come in a minute; and see that you are all right."

"Oh, what fun! My blue silk, Chauncey, or my blue valencia?" I shouted, as Chauncey ran out of the room.

"Oh, dear! how should I know?" said Chauncey.

Now I almost knew that mamma meant my blue valencia, but I wanted to wear my blue silk; so I put it on. Then I put on my mantle and hat, and taking my new parasol from my drawer, I stood and waited for mamma; but after I had waited a quarter of an hour (I think it was a quarter of an hour), and she didn't come, I ran to her room. She was just pinning on Chauncey's collar.

"Do I look right, mamma?" said I.

"Why, Kitty," said she, "I didn't want you to put on your blue silk—I meant your blue valencia."

"You said my blue dress, mamma, and I thought you meant my blue silk." I hope I didn't tell a story when I said this. I told mamma about it afterwards, and she said she was afraid it was very much like one.

"Shall I change it, mamma?"

"No, Kitty, there isn't time. The carriage is at the door now, and your father is waiting; but a silk dress is not at all suitable to go over a ship in. You must not go off the upper deck."

Then we kissed mamma, and said good-bye, and ran down to papa, who was waiting in the hall.

I did feel very proud when we were all three seated in papa's new carriage. I saw my friend Mattie Russell looking out of the window, as I passed the house where she lived, but I felt too proud to bow, though I really loved her very much. I said to myself, "Her father doesn't keep a carriage and a pair of horses: I shan't bow to her."

When we reached the wharf, papa put the carriage and horses in a stable, at one end of the wharf, and we had to walk quite a long way to the ship; so I put up my parasol as soon as I could, for I was very proud of it. It was blue, and had white tassels hanging down from the top.

There were two shabby little girls on the wharf, and as we walked along one of them

said to the other, "Oh, my! what a pretty parasol!"

When I heard that, I felt prouder than ever. I walked along as grandly as I could. I switched my blue silk dress from side to side, and thought I looked very nice.

When we got to the ship there was only a very narrow board to cross upon, from the wharf to the ship.

Papa took Chauncey's hand to lead him over. When they had got almost over I saw those shabby little girls very near me, so I thought—"Now I will cross this board all alone, to show them what I can do."

So I stepped upon the board very grandly, still holding my parasol high above my head. Papa cried, "Wait a moment, Kitty, and I will come to you."

I said, "No papa, I can come alone;" but just that minute my foot slipped, and down I tumbled into the water.

I thought then that God was punishing me for my pride; so as I sank in the water I prayed a little prayer to Jesus.

"Oh, Jesus!" said I, "please don't let me die this time, and I will try and be a good girl." I had always said before I will be a good girl; but I saw then that I couldn't do what was right all by myself, and that I needed Jesus to help me.

And just as soon as I had said that, a man jumped into the water, and took me out. I wasn't hurt at all, but my blue silk dress was spoiled, and so were my parasol and hat, but I didn't care that they were spoiled, then.

Papa took me home directly, but he let Chauncey stay, and told him he would come back for him.

"He didn't tell me I had been proud and haughty; perhaps he thought I knew it myself; but he was very kind to me. He lifted me out of the carriage when we got home, and carried me up to mamma, and said, "Here is a drowned rat for you, Mrs. Holton."

Then he went back for Chauncey, and I told mamma all about it.

And ever since that I have tried harder to please Jesus, and whenever I feel proud about anything I say to myself, "You mustn't forget what you promised Jesus, Kitty, that day your pride had a fall." And when I asked mamma the other day, if she thought I should go to heaven when I die, and see Harry, she said yes, she hoped so, if I kept on trying to please Jesus; and I'm sure I mean to do so, with his help.

MAGNESIUM LIGHT IN THE PYRAMIDS.—Professor C. P. Smyth says, writing from the East Tomb, Great Pyramid:—"The magnesium wire light is something astounding in its power of illuminating difficult places. With any number of wax candles which we have yet taken into either the King's Chamber or the Grand Gallery, the impression left on the mind is merely seeing the candles and whatever is very close to them, so that you have small idea whether you are in a palace or a cottage; but burn a triple strand of magnesium wire, and in a moment you see the whole apartment, and appreciate the grandeur of its size and the beauty of its proportions. This effect, so admirably com-