

THE SUNBEAM

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[No. 1.

PLEASE DON'T STEP THERE, SIR.

A LAYER of snow was spread over the icy streets, and pedestrians, clad with india-rubber, walked carefully toward the village church on a cold Sabbath morning in February.

Walking somewhat hastily churchward, for it was late, I noticed a bright-looking little lad standing upon the pavement with his cap in his hand, and his eyes fixed upon one spot on the sidewalk. As I approached him he looked up to me, and, pointing to the place,

"Please don't step there, sir; I slipped here and fell down."

I thanked the philanthropic little fellow, and passed round the dangerous spot.

"Don't step there," was the theme of my citations during the remainder of the walk.

A thousand times he has the clear voice of that kind-hearted lad rung in my ear, reminding me of my

words to those around me, and urging me to repeat, wherever it promises to be useful, "Please, sir, don't step there."

When I see a youth entering the path of a Sabbath-breaker I would cry, "Don't



PLEASE DON'T STEP THERE, SIR.

step there!" When I see a boy tempted to go with youths who drink, smoke, or gamble, I would cry, "Don't step there!"

When I see boys or girls commencing a course of disobedience to parents, I

and making a fire of it. Just so in a family; love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy. But if they take care never to say a word about it; if they keep it a profound secret as

would say, "Don't step there!"

As on the path of life we tread,
We come to many a place
Where, if not careful, we
may fall,
And sink in sad disgrace.

Some idle habit, word, or
thought,
Some sin, however small,
May make us stumble in the
path,
And, stumbling, we may
fall.

Our fellow travellers on the
road,
We'll warn with anxious
care,
And when they reach some
dangerous spot,
We'll warn them "Don't
step there."

KINDNESS.

THE world is full of kindness that never was spoken and that was not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying on the rocks and on tops of hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of these fallen trees, if you had no means of getting the wood home