



“PLEASE DON'T STEP THERE, SIR.”

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

Walking somewhat hastily churchward, for

I 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, said ;

“Please don't step there, sir ; I slipped there and fell down.”