

softly repeated his words, altering them to suit herself: "I'm going, I'm going, I *do* know where! I'm going to Jesus; His home I shall share."

Reader, where are you going ?

---

## The Sunbeam.

---

TORONTO, APRIL 17, 1880.

---

### A TOUCHING SCENE IN A STREET-CAR.

**A** LADY entered a street-car in one of our cities recently, leading a little girl perhaps four years old. The mother sat down and lifted the little one to the seat beside her. The child was nibbling at a bit of cake or sugar, and now and then turned her face, full of childish love, up to her mother and murmured some almost unintelligible words of affection.

Opposite to mother and child sat another younger lady, who often smelled a fresh rose which she held. The innocent little one before her attracted her attention, and the natural kindness of the sympathetic woman-heart prompted her to at once offer the fragrant flower to the little budding lily opposite. So she leaned a bit forward and spoke: "Baby want the posy?"

But the child seemed not to hear. Perhaps it was the noise of the moving car that prevented. Then she spoke a little louder, and held the flower forward temptingly: "Baby may have the posy."

The mother heard, for she looked toward the other lady and smiled; and, oh! such a look of heart-felt gratitude, of motherly love, yet heavily saddened with an expressive tinge of sorrow, is seldom seen.

Still the lady pressed upon the little one acceptance of the flower. "Baby take the rose," said she, holding it almost to the child's hands.

And now it seemed she was heard, for the blue eyes turned full upon her would-

be patron; and then in a moment she strangely drew back and turned her eyes appealingly toward her mother's face. The lady with the flower showed her bewilderment in her look, while a pained expression flitted across the face of the mother, who leaned forward and whispered these words: "My darling is blind!"

---

### INO AND UNO.

**I**NO and Uno are two little boys  
Who always are ready to fight,  
Because each will boast  
That he knows the most,  
And the other one cannot be right.

Ino and Uno went into the woods,  
Quite certain of knowing the way:  
"I am right! You are wrong!"  
'They said, going along,  
And they didn't get out till next day!

Ino and Uno rose up with the lark,  
To angle awhile in the brook,  
But by contrary signs  
They entangled their lines,  
And brought nothing home to the cook!

Ino and Uno went out on the lake,  
And oh, they got dreadfully wet!  
While discussion prevailed  
They carelessly sailed,  
And the boat they were in was upset!

Though each is entitled opinions to have,  
They need not be foolishly strong;  
And to quarrel and fight  
Over what we think right,  
Is, You know, and I know, quite wrong!

---

### TRAINING THE EYE.

You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life, and so slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful.