

# SUNBEAM

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## A RED-CROSS SOLDIER.

Willie knew he was a soldier, but the thing that Willie noticed most was the red cross on his sleeve. Willie had seen a great many soldiers with their blue coats and slouch hats and high boots, but he had never before happened to see the red cross.

"What does he have that for?" he asked, pointing his small forefinger to show what he meant.

Mother looked to see. "Because it is his duty to take care of the soldiers who are sick or wounded. The red cross is a sign of gentleness and pity. It shows that he spends his time helping the poor fellows who need help."

The street-car was whizzing along very fast, but Willie could just see the blue-coated figure with the red cross on his sleeve.

"I like that soldier-man," said Willie, softly. "That's the kind I'm going to be."

It was two or three days later that a very sad thing happened. Philip, Willie's older brother, was brought home with a broken leg. He was very brave while the bone was being set, and for two or three days after.

Then because he got tired of keeping still, he began to fret and complain and make it very hard for his mother.

Then Willie came to the rescue; and if he had been ten or twenty years older, he could not have been a bit more kind and helpful.

Generally a boy seven years old is not



OUR BABY.

much help in a sick-room, but Philip was not really sick, though he could not move about on account of his broken limb. Willie stayed in Philip's room nearly all day except when mother insisted on his going out of doors for a run in the fresh air. He did all of Philip's errands, and they were not few. Sometimes even his

little legs ached from so much trotting up and down stairs. He told Philip all the stories mother had told him, and the big brother who, when he was well, sometimes laughed at the little brother, listened with a great deal of interest.

The hardest times of all were those when Philip was cross. It was not pleasant for Willie to be scolded when he was trying hard to be helpful, and sometimes he had to wink very fast to keep the tears back. He knew that mother would sympathize with him if he should tell her about it; but what was the use making her feel bad? thought Willie. So he kept his troubles to himself.

The tiresome weeks of staying in bed were over at last, and with the help of a crutch, Philip was able to get about the house and even to take short walks out of doors. Then as he thought how impatient and unreasonable he had been, he felt much ashamed of himself.

"You've been very good while I've been laid up, Willie," he said to his little brother. "You did all the things I asked you to, and you never said anything when I was cross and scolded. What made you so good to me?"

Willie waited a moment before he spoke. "You'll not laugh if I tell you?"

"No, I'll not, honest?" And Philip's face grew red as he thought what good reason Willie had for asking that question.