

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## Willie's Whistle.

(By Archie Little.)

Here goes for the story of Willie's whistle. It only cost a penny, but proved to be worth a great deal more. 'How, how?' you ask. Well, if you read on to the end of my story, you will find out.

Willie was the son of a fisherman, who died some time before the whistle came into his little son's possession. He had long desired to possess one, but now that his father was dead, and brother Tom the only bread-winner for the family, he very much doubted whether his desire should ever be gratified. But Tom was a good-hearted

turning from his night's fishing, and he found on this particular morning that he had just enough money to pay for his usual drink and no more. So he tried not to see Willie, and was hurrying off to the public-house; but Willie fixed himself on to the big fellow's arm, and said, winningly:—

'Is it, Willie?' said Tom. 'So it is, I believe. My! you'll soon be a man now.' 'Tom,' said Willie, piteously; 'Tom, d'ye no' mind about the whistle you promised me?'

'The whistle!' said Tom, evasively. 'Oh yes, I believe I did promise you a whistle. But, Willie, I've no money just now. Wait till another time.'

on his part, went back to his boat with a look on his face that was partly sad and partly glad.

But the day came and before very long, when Tom was wholly glad that he had denied himself his drink that morning to let Willie have his whistle.

Willie set himself with a will to learn the instrument that he had so much coveted, and before very long he could play the tune, 'Will ye no' come back again?' Often and often, after this, did he sit on the wall overlooking the harbor, and play that cheery tune as the boats were going out; and Tom and the others would look up with a smile on their faces and say, 'Ay, ay, Willie, we'll come back again if we can.'

But, alas! there came a day when some of them found they could not come back. It was during the herring fishing, Willie, sitting on his wall among torn nets, had played them out as usual, and many of them smiled more sweetly than ever to hear the familiar tune.

A great storm came on in the course of the night, and the boat that Tom was in, as well as other boats, went to pieces. Tom was more fortunate than some of his fellows, and succeeded in getting himself astride the floating mast. But, oh! he had a terrible night of it in the darkness and the storm, and would have dropped into the sea, if Willie's tune had not kept continually coming into his head. 'Yes, Willie,' he muttered every now and again, 'by the help of God, I will come back again.'

At last, after hours and hours, Tom became so much exhausted that he felt he could not do anything but let himself drop into the dark water. But, hark! what was that? Could it really be the case? Was he only dreaming, or did he really hear Willie's whistle sounding out amidst the storm? Yes, there was the old tune, as plain as could be—'Will ye no' come back again?' It was no dream; the floating mast had carried him near the shore, where Willie, afraid that Tom might be in peril, was going up and down playing his whistle to encourage him. When Tom became sure that he was not dreaming, he braced himself up once more, clung to the mast more firmly than ever, and after a while was safely landed on the beach by the help of loving Willie.

So you see, if the whistle only cost a penny, it proved to be worth a great deal more. Some of you clever boys and girls can add the moral for yourselves.—'Adviser.'

## Sought and Found.

'Mary, won't you go to church with me this morning?' said John Dixon, one bright summer Sunday.

'No, John; you know I can't. There are the children to see to, and the dinner to cook.'

'But—'

'Now, John, it's no use saying 'but,' I am not going, and there's an end of it.'

And, with an impatient toss of her head, Mary took up a duster and began vigorous work on the table already in a high state of polish.

John turned away with a sigh, knowing well that to argue with Mary, in her present state of mind, would be worse than useless.

Up to a few months before my story begins, John and Mary Dixon had been of the same way of thinking in regard to religious matters; that is to say, they were



fellow, and promised to buy Willie a whistle on his very next birthday. This made Willie the happiest little chap in all the village, and he went on counting the weeks and the days till his birthday should come round.

At last the great day arrived. Tom had been away all the previous night fishing, and Willie went down to the little harbor to await his return. But, alas! Tom did not seem much pleased to see Willie waiting for him. He remembered quite well what day it was, and all about his promise, but, sad to say, there was an obstacle in the way! The matter was just this: Tom had begun to go into the public-house on re-

'Oh, Tom!' said Willie, as the tears began to creep into his eyes; 'I was so anxious for it!'

Tom hesitated. He had a big brotherly heart, and he really liked Willie; but, then, he was beginning to like the drink, too. He allowed himself, however, to give one glance into Willie's face, and that glance settled the matter. Putting his hand into his pocket he drew out a penny, and gave it to Willie, saying:

'Here, Willie, run and buy your whistle.'

With a look of intense happiness, Willie snatched the penny out of Tom's hand and made off towards the village shop. Tom,