

one October, was a young man, Theodore Wells, who crossed the Alps on a walking tour, for pleasure, and because he was strong and loved adventure. At certain points of these dangerous roads were rest-houses where travellers could spend a night, and several monasteries had branch houses up in those desolate regions, where good monks lived in the cold, on purpose to help travellers.

Almost every child who reads the school readers knows about "the pious monks of Saint Bernard"; and Theodore had been told about the "hospice," as the sheltering house belonging to the monastery is called, but he had declared he would need no help but his own good legs and splendid strength.

One of his friends said, "No one knows when he may need help; take this whistle, for my sake, and if you should sprain an ankle, or have any other unexpected mishap, you will find that the whistle will bring help if you are anywhere near one of the shelter houses."

"Oh, nonsense! Do you think the monks are sitting always at open windows, listening for whistling travellers?" laughed Theodore.

"Not exactly; but they are usually so quiet that any outside noise is heard in the house, and they are always thinking about poor travellers who may call; besides, in the clear, still air of the Alps, every sound goes a long way," urged his friend.

After some more argument, Theodore put the whistle in his pocket, and set off up the mountain. He would not take a guide, for "My road is plainly marked by stakes and ropes, and there is nothing between me and sunny Italy but a day's climb," he said.

He enjoyed the first part of his walk very much, and, although he met only one or two travellers, he was not lonely, for he sang, and looked at the glorious view from the heights.

Shortly after noon he reached the highest part of the road. "After this the way is down hill, and before dark I shall reach a comfortable inn on the Italian side, below snow-level," he said to himself, as he ate his lunch.

But presently a snow-storm came down from the high tops of the mountains, and he could hardly see ten feet in front of him. This was something he had not counted on, and he began to wander across the road, and nearly fell over the edge into a deep ravine.

At two o'clock he passed a rest-house, but the snow had lightened a little, so he said, "I'm all right," and kept on until four. Then, instead of finding himself far down the mountain in sunshine, he was lying in a snowdrift with a badly sprained ankle. Another snow-storm had so misled him that he found himself in a little ravine, instead of on the road, and, in turning to regain the path, he slipped and hurt his ankle.

After trying in vain to walk he sat down to

rest, and presently he felt sleepy. "This won't do," said he. "People who fall asleep in a snow-storm on the Alps do not wake up in this world, and I don't believe I'm quite ready to die yet."

So he made every effort to rouse himself, but, even if he could stay awake, his ankle was growing no better, and he knew that it would be death to spend the night in the snow. "I suppose I might whistle, but the rest-house is miles back," he thought, "and I've small hope any one will hear."

So he blew on the whistle, which made more noise than he had expected; but the wind was making a noise, too. "I'll just comfort myself with believing there is a rest-house near, and that the monks are thinking about lost travellers," he said; but he could not keep awake very long. The deadly cold chilled his blood, and before he knew it he was asleep, with the snow drifting over him.

At the rest-house, which was much nearer than Theodore knew, a monk was pacing up and down in front of the door, listening for cries for help. His ears were used to the sound of wind, and, as soon as the clear call of the whistle came with the wind, Brother Anton summoned two other monks and the great dog, and went in search of the lost traveller. Before they reached him, the snow-storm had again lightened, and the dog soon found Theodore, and howled to tell the monks who followed.

Very soon the young man, who had only been asleep a little while, was revived and helped back to the rest-house. There he confessed to the monks how he had trusted too much to his own strength and knowledge. "I had little hope any one would hear my call, but I whistled just because I *had* to believe or die," he said.

The monk who had heard the whistle put his hand on the young man's head, and said, quoting St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans: "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing." My friend, learn to call on God in prayer, as you called upon us, in believing, and you will be heard and saved."—*The Young Christian Soldier*.

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.

DEAR CHILDREN, — I am not a missionary, but I heard a missionary speak last week, and, as you did not hear him, I am going to tell you a little about what he said.

He told us stories about China, and of how the knowledge of our dear Saviour is spreading in that far-away country. He says that often when he is travelling along the road he will meet a number of men all carrying heavy burdens, and perhaps one of them will put down his load for a few minutes to talk to him. The