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Bhot And the Bhotiyas.

Bhot is the name given to a tract of land which comprises the valleys of the snowy range in the Himalaya Mountains, by means of which access is obtained to that part of Tibet called Hundes. These five valleys form great trade routes for the Bhotiyas, and they abound in primeval forests of cypress, cedars, pines, oaks, and other trees. Monsiary is a valley studded with large villages, nestling in the midst of rich cultivation. It

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By means of her ministrations to them and their families, she gained their confidence, so that most of the men had a kindly word for Miss Butler, while not a few went in wholesome dread of her faithful rebukes to their superstition and ungodliness. Among other agencies set in motion by her was a weekly meeting for expounding the Scriptures and for prayer, at which meeting

ness. Then he would go away swearing still, but in an undertone, for fear of the faithful rebuker.

Miss Butler sat at work in her parlor one afternoon, pondering over the results of her labors in that unpromising field, when a strong impression came to her—an impression which she could not shake off—that she should go to see Bill.

'Go to Bill,' the inward voice said, 'and tell him that this is the last time I shall send to him. This is his last offer of mercy.' Thinking that it might be only a passing thought, she strove to put it from her; but it returned again and again with such pertinacity that it made her very restless.

'Go, go to Bill,' the voice repeated. 'Warn him for the last time.' At last, unable to resist longer, she put on her hat and started off, over rough, bleak moorland in the midst of a black, dreary mining country. At length she reached the mine where Bill worked, and, going straight to the offices, inquired where the man could be found.

As it turned out, he was in the engine-room, lolling and smoking with some companions as reckless and idle as himself. Miss Butler encountered a look of surprise on the man's face; but she spoke gently, asking him to come out, as she had a message for him.

For a wonder he assented without foul language, perhaps silenced by the unusual character of the visit. Miss Butler walked on until they had gained a place secure from observation and hearing, and then, turning round, she faced the bold blasphemer, saying:

'God has sent me to you with a message, Bill. He says this is your last offer of mercy; your last hope of pardon; the last entreaty of his Spirit. Will you listen? and will you come to him now?'

'Oh, I can't, Miss! I have no time,' replied the man, somewhat awed.

'You had time just now for idling when you were in the engine-room. Oh, do listen to the Saviour's voice now, and turn, ere it be too late! He beseeches you by me to become reconciled to himself to-day. I am sent to you with a special message. This message is, Come now to Christ; come to-day; to-morrow you may be shut out.'

'I can't attend to it now, Miss,' returned the man, a little more softly; 'but I'll come to your meeting next Tuesday, certain sure.'

'You must not put it off so, Bill. The Spirit of God is striving with you, and you know not if ever you will have another chance; indeed, it is strongly impressed upon my mind that you will not. Remember, the same Saviour who said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," will also say to some, in the last great judgment, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." I hold out to you his invitation and promise now; but if you reject them, you will hear the curse.'

'Well, I'll risk it; I ain't so easily frightened. There'll be plenty of time yet. At any rate, it's not long till Tuesday evening, and I'll be sure to come to your meeting.'

'Well, Bill,' said Miss Butler, fixing her eyes solemnly upon the man, 'I have come to you with the last message of hope. Now I have done my duty. The guilt rests upon



A WOMAN OF BHOT.

is the principal winter resort of the Bhotiyas, and may be regarded as the centre of the work in that region, of the London Missionary Society. The Bhotiyas are a fine race of hardy mountaineers, extremely fond of music, and this proves a wonderful help in the work of preaching the Gospel to them.—L. M. S. Chronicle.

The Last Message.

(Friendly Greetings.)

Ellen Butler was a zealous, faithful young Christian. Her home was situated in a wild mining district, inhabited mostly by rough miners and a few agricultural labor-

ers. Remembering the divine injunction, she strove to sow the seed of Scripture truth among the rough, hardened men. By means of her ministrations to them and their families, she gained their confidence, so that most of the men had a kindly word for Miss Butler, while not a few went in wholesome dread of her faithful rebukes to their superstition and ungodliness. Among other agencies set in motion by her was a weekly meeting for expounding the Scriptures and for prayer, at which meeting

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