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The Carpet Mender.

'The worst of it is,' said Ambrose, 'folks never send their stuff to me till it's nigh past mending. But then,' he added proudly, 'I make it as good as new.'

We had to admit that he was right. Car-

pecially bad one comes along it gives me a certain amount of pleasure to make the best possible job of it.'

Lowly as his work might seem, Ambrose's heart was in it, and that fact made all the difference in the way he did it. He took a real pleasure in transforming the unsight-

forget Him, and what He sees makes Him desire to make us better.

However bad men may be, God saw something in them which made Him think it worth while to send His Son to die for them. God sees not only the sin and shame, He sees what we might become under the



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pets so worn that it was a wonder they still held together, and so shabby that they seemed altogether past use, were, under his deft fingers, darned, patched, and remade until they looked quite presentable.

'I never came across the carpet yet that I couldn't make something of,' he remarked one day, as he threaded his needle. 'Bad as they may look, there's always some good in them.'

'The shabbier they are, the better I believe you like them, grandfather,' said a bright-eyed little maid.

Ambrose shook his head. 'I wouldn't go so far as that,' he replied. 'But I won't deny,' he added with a smile, 'that when a

ly bundles into serviceable goods, fit to start on another lease of useful life.

There are other shabby things beside worn-out carpets. The lives of some men are so shabby—nay, so thoroughly bad—that they would be ashamed for their acquaintances to see them as they really are.

There is One, they know, whom they cannot deceive, but they try to forget all about Him. Many a man professes to believe that there is no God, not because he really believes it, but because the thought of an all-seeing God makes him uncomfortable.

God sees, however, how mean and pitiful our lives are, whether we remember Him or

influence of His Holy Spirit—the Finger of God, as our Lord calls Him (St. Luke xi, 20.)

We all need this making over afresh by the power of God. There is something imperfect about even our best qualities. 'All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags,' and only the Divine Mender can make us what He meant us to be.

Bow down Thine ear and hear!

Open Thine eyes and see!

Our very love is shame,

And we must come to Thee

To make it of Thy grace

What Thou wouldst have it be.

—'People's Own Paper.'