

NEW THINGS.

A little sermon preached to the S. S. children of Erskine Church, Montreal, on May day just past, by the pastor, Rev. A. J. Mowatt. It has been kindly given at the request of the "Children's Record," for our bigger congregation of little folk. The text was from Rev. 21: 5.

"Behold I make all things new."

Suppose, children, we have a little talk to-day about new things. New things are in season just now—new leaves coming on the trees, new flowers in the garden, new birdies in the nest, new lambs in the fold, new babies in the cradle. Yes, you like new things, and so that is what we will talk about this new May morning.

I was in a house the other day, and the children came in to see me before they went out to their play. And the little boy had something to tell me, and I could not make out what it was. It was very stupid in me, I know. Well his mother said "He wants to tell you he has his new boots on." And very nice little boots they were. And then the little girl had something to say about her new things. Sweet children! They gave me a text for my children's sermon. I said, "Children like new things."

Now here you are to-day, children, and you look so nice. I think it must be because you have your new things on—new boots on your feet, new hats on your heads with bright new trimmings, new dresses on, new little coats and pants for the boys, and pockets in them, new smiles in your faces, such lots of new things. And that is all right.

GOD LIKES NEW THINGS.

You go up to the mountain there, and you do not find God gathering up the best of last year's leaves lying around, the ones that are not so torn and faded and worn out, and patching them up a little bit where they are torn, and brightening them up a little bit where they are faded, sticking them on

the trees and bushes, saying: "These old things will have to go another season. We cannot afford to have new leaves and new flowers every spring." I tell you the mountain would not look like itself, with all the trees and plants in their old dresses. Would it, children?

No. And God does not do that. When May-day comes with its warmth and sunshine, I hear Him saying to the trees and shrubs: "Children of the woods, it is time you had your new things on—new leaves, new flowers. Let the robin build a new nest, Chipmunk, hurry up and dig yourself a new hole. Old oak-tree, what is the matter with you? Why don't you make haste, and turn over a new leaf?"

Yes, children, God likes new things. He does not like to see His trees with their old leaves still on them. There is something wrong if that is the case. Let not the apple-tree say: "I cannot afford new blossoms every season." Nor let the rose-bush say: "It is really too much to expect of me a new crop of roses; I cannot afford such extravagance." And robin red-breast, let not him say: "The old nest will have to do." Ah! that is not the way with the birds and bushes. It is "all things new" with them. New leaves for the trees! New flowers for the woodland! New nests for the birds, and new birdies in them! All things new!

I tell you, there is something wrong somewhere, if children are running about the streets in their old things, their clothes in rags, their faces as if they never saw soap and water, their lives as if they never knew a mother's love and a father's care. God does not like to see that. He who gives new leaves to clothe the trees, wants the children to be neat and clean. Is every creature to have new things, the birds new feathers for their wings, the lamb a new coat of wool for its back, and the children in their old things? No! No! That is all wrong. God likes new things, and children like new things, and so they have them on to-day.