

# First Church Endeavorer.

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## First Church Endeavorer.

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## The Children's Song.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG

Judea's children once employed  
Their youthful voices and God praised;  
They sang, and Israel's King enjoyed  
To hear the hallowed notes they raised.

"Hosanna to the King," they sang,  
"That cometh from the Lord most high;"  
And mountains, hills, and valleys rang,  
Re-echoing the children's cry.

Christ, then, was gratified to hear  
Those Hebrew children sing His praise;  
He kindly lent a listening ear,  
And spoke approval of their lays.

And now, we may His praises sing,  
And raise to heaven a cheerful song;  
Thus joy into our hearts will spring  
And Christ in blessings will respond.

So then, while on this earth we live,  
We'll sing "Hosanna to our God,"  
And in our youth our hearts we'll give  
To Christ, to wash them in His blood.

Then, when we leave this world of sin,  
And soar to worlds of bliss on high,  
We'll sing in nobler strains to Him  
Who reigns enthroned above the sky.

## The New England Sabbath of our Childhood.

Since the days of the Puritans, the Sabbath has been held in peculiar reverence by the native inhabitants of New England. Our memory does not extend back of the time when pretty little painted churches, whose pointed spires dotted the landscape, were seen in almost every town. Our fathers and mothers, however, remember when the religious services were held almost altogether in school-houses, a meeting house being too far away for the Sunday's journey, except on some particular occasion. As the population of the country increased, and frequent powerful revivals tended to band bodies of Christians together, one or more denominations united in building a small "Meeting House," each one interested promising to pay so much for a pew, or perhaps two or more pews, which fund paid for the House, and the pews were deeded to the purchaser as any other property. It will be noted that no carpets or upholstery found a place there, and the heavy creaking boots of the male members of the congregation, as they took their seats, will always be remembered. As may be expected, people came a good many miles to attend Sunday services, as the Meeting House was built in a place as central as possible, to accommodate comers from all directions.

There were no sextons, but the member nearest church generally lighted the fire in a huge box stove as early as he could on Sunday morning. Our ideas of things change greatly as we pass on in life to new scenes and experiences, but nothing can rob us of the remembrance of the suffering we experienced during morning service in winter—icy feet, cold fingers, blue faces, everyone wrapped to the very ears, and trying to enjoy the sermon under such auspices.

After morning service the Sunday-school was held. Every one remained, knots of old men gathered in one corner and discussed weighty theological questions, and in another the elderly women talked with each other under the leadership of one who was best versed in the Word, while the younger