

Enter the Year with Jesus.

O, ENTER the year with Jesus!
Not only with prayers to him,
Not only with songs of gladness,
For a cup that o'erfloweth its brim;
But walking in step with Jesus,
Thy hand in his mighty palm,
And so with his ear bowed o'er thee,
Presenting thy prayer and psalm.

The future is dark before thee,
The pathway is all unknown,
There are hidden and secret dangers,
O, enter it not alone!
There standeth a Friend beside thee,
He reaches his hand to thee;
He is going thy way, and whispers,
"Faint, weary one, journey with me."

He gently will lead thy weakness,
Will carry thy every load;
Thou canst not be lost, for he knoweth
Each turn in the distant road.
Will find thee a pleasant lodging,
A sleeping place on his breast,
And talk to thee, O, so sweetly!
Of the land of thy nearing rest.

And by and by in the evening,
At his own great mansion home,
He will stay thy feet on its threshold,
And, leading, will bid thee come.
If Jesus is with thee, brother,
The porter will fling the gate
To its widest stretch: not a moment
Shall a corner with Jesus want.

O, enter the year with Jesus!
And then, should the sky grow dark,
He'll brighten it, and defend thee
If ever the hell-dogs bark;
If fainting, his arms will uphold thee;
He never will leave thy side,
O, enter the year with Jesus!
And near him each moment abide.
—The Christian.

Keren-Happuch.

A STORY OF THE NEW YEAR.
BY ERNEST GILMORE.

"Suppose Uncle Hal is sick; I can't see that that is any reason why we have to be poked into the back-parlour and not receive our friends on New Year's Day," complained Fanny Deshler, in a whining tone.

"Nor I either," said Edith, who invariably agreed with everything Fannie said.

"Supposing you should be called upon to receive some enemies on New Year's Day, how would you like that," asked Aunt Melitable, looking up with a grim smile.

"I wouldn't receive them," answered Fannie; and Edith echoed, "Neither would I."

"Ah! but if you had to, you would; there'd be no getting along without it. At any rate, that's the way things worked with my aunt Keren-happuch."

"Keren-happuch!" My! what a name for a girl! Enough to kill her," Fannie observed.

"Yes, I'll admit 'Keren-happuch' is not a euphonious name, and 'twould have killed some girls or rendered them miserable for life; but Aunt Keren-happuch was a strong soul, and so she shouldered her name as she did her burdens, and walked heavenward in spite of it."

"And did they really receive New Year's calls in those queer old times?" asked Fannie, growing interested.

"Tell us all about them, Aunt Melitable."

"Well, their New Year's callers were Indians. I don't suppose you'd care to receive them; neither did they. But I'll tell you all about it, just as mother told it to me.

"You see," she said, "there was quite a family of us, and Keren-happuch was the oldest child and just like a mother to the rest of us. We had a pleasant home, and never thought of complaining if we couldn't have everything just as we wanted. We worked hard, too, and so we didn't have time to worry and fret and call life dull; but when we really had a leisure-hour, we were ready to enjoy it. We spun our own clothes, our underwear and our warm woollen dresses; our linen sheets and heavy woollen blankets were homespun too. In bitter nights we had, in addition to our warm beds and blankets, comforting warming-pans. I'll never forget," said mother, "that after Josiah was born, and some one said my nose was out of joint, I thought the warming-pan the best friend I had, considering I couldn't have mother; and when Keren-happuch helped me undress and heard my prayers, and pulled back the flowing yellow bed-curtains, and boosted me into the high bed with the warming-pan at my feet, the world didn't seem quite so dark as it had done even if Baby Josiah was cuddled in mother's bosom.

"Well, 'twas in 1780 that Josiah was born, and before he was a week old we were awakened one night by the sound of horns and a shrill cry of 'To arms! To arms!' I was 'way down in a hollow of the bed with my beloved warming-pan, and as Keturah climbed over me, followed by Eliza Jane, it seemed as if I should be the one left to perish. By the time I stood upon the floor father was dressed and had his musket, and Ezekiel was dressed and had his musket, while Abraham and Jacob stood leaning over mother and Baby Josiah. You know 'twas common in those troubled days to have hiding-places, and we had ours in the woods not far from the house. Abraham and Jacob and Hezekiah had scooped it out in the summer days, when the earth was soft and yielding, and now, though 'twas bitter winter and the snow lay thick upon the ground, there had not much of it drifted into our refuge or found its way down through the thick growth of pine trees towering up above it. Much underbrush and many light branching boughs protected its sides, and over the broad wooden cover that the boys had made was a rank growth of wild vine, completely covering it.

"Well, to go back to Abraham and Jacob leaning over mother. I tell you they only lingered long enough to lift her and Baby Josiah within the feather bed, and then they started for the refuge, Ezekiel following with me in his arms, and Elizabeth, Keturah, and Eliza Jane bringing up the rear,

lugging another feather bed between them. The boys lifted the board cover carefully, and put the feather bed with mother and Josiah in it, in the best place; then we girls crept up as near mother as we could, and the boys arranged the underbrush and branches outside and whispered,

"Now, be quiet, and don't speak except in the faintest whisper; we'll be after you as soon as the coast is clear."

"It was no great effort for us to keep still, when we knew the Indians were about their cruel work; for folks early learned in those days to maintain a rigid silence when they knew their lives depended upon it.

"Now, I forgot to tell you that this was on the night of the thirty-first of December. It must have been near midnight when we received the alarm, and after we had been in our hole in the ground for a couple of hours—hours that seemed like days—Keturah, who was a queer child and would make a body laugh almost at the last breath, said aloud,

"Happy New Year, mother."

"Hush!" said mother, warningly.

"We smothered our laughter and scarcely dared to breathe a moment later, when we heard some soft footfalls very near us, and then through the underbrush at the side of our retreat we caught the gleam of a huge torch, and then another, and still another. Suddenly we heard a fearful whoop that seemed to freeze the very blood in our veins, and then the steps died away in the distance, and we heard mother say in a faint whisper,

"Thank God!"

"It must have been about five o'clock on New Year's morn when we heard footsteps again, and then a welcome voice shouted,

"I'm coming to release the prisoners."

"It was my father's voice; and when he held mother in his arms, she fainted for very gladness. When she opened her eyes again, she looked around questioningly. She saw her baby Josiah in Keturah's arms; she saw Jacob and Abraham, Elizabeth, Eliza Jane and me; but where were the others! Her voice trembled as she said,

"Where are our children—Keren-happuch and Hezekiah and Ezekiel?"

"They are safe, mother, and so is our home, thank God!" said father.

"You see," explained Keren-happuch, "I did think I'd follow you, but I changed my mind. I thought I'd hide the silver spoons first, and the bed-linen and the blankets and the lambs' wool, and lots of other things; so I carried them all down to the big hollow tree and tucked them away safely. I got back all right, and didn't see a sign of an Indian; but by the time I got another lot of things ready to carry away, and opened the door, I saw some haystacks burning and heard an Indian whoop not a stone's throw away. Knowing that father and the boys were at the Bend, expecting the

Indians to approach that way, I knew of nothing else to do but to close and bar the door, which I did. I got down on my knees then and prayed—harder than I ever had before; and pretty soon a strange idea came into my head. The old clock struck one; 'twas New Year's. I resolved to set the table, so that if the Indians should come I would be ready for them. I put on every thing we had ready for New Year. There was roast pig with a lemon in its mouth, baked chickens and baked beans; there was pickled beets and cabbage and mince-pies and pumpkin-pies and brown bread. Then I went up into the loft and looked out. I come near falling backward when I saw the Beecher cabin in flames and the Indians dancing around it, but I stood there fascinated until I saw them leave the Beecher cabin and come towards us; then I went downstairs, and it wasn't but a few minutes before they were pounding on our oaken door. I knew if I did not open it they'd break it down or fire the house, so I opened it."

"Oh, Keren-happuch!" said mother. "I know 'twas a risk, mother," she answered, "but 'twould have been a risk to have kept it shut. I opened the door, and six yelling Indians came in; they seemed dumbfounded when they saw the table. I motioned to them to go and eat, and one of them, who seemed to be their chief, waved the rest back and looked me earnestly in the face. He then led me to where the light shone bright, and looked into my eyes."

"Oh, Keren-happuch," I said, "how could you look into the horrible Indian's face?"

"She laughed as she answered: "I was sort of fascinated, I s'pose, just as folks are fascinated by snakes. Then the Indian muttered something and looked at the others, and they muttered something and crossed their hands on their breasts and looked upward. I suppose that the chief thought I looked like the wife he had lost: I couldn't account for their actions any other way. Then they all stood around the table and devoured the eatables. When they were through they went away peaceably, never troubling a thing, and the chief gave me this: and Keren-happuch displayed a long and beautiful wampum necklace."

"This is the story as mother told it to me," said Aunt Melitable. "And now perhaps you can tell me how you think you would enjoy such New Year's callers as were Keren-happuch's?"

"I shudder at the very thought," answered Fannie, "and I am thoroughly ashamed of myself for not being brave enough to mind mother in her desire for us not to receive calls this New Year. It doesn't seem as if such a brave woman as Keren-happuch could have been an ancestor of ours."

"And I'm ashamed too," said Edith, "and I'll go to poor Uncle Hal this minute and see if I can't do something for him."