

# The Presbyterian Record.

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—Send for free parcels of the PRESBYTERIAN RECORD and the *Children's Record*, for free distribution.

—This number is our last issue for the year. Thanks to all who, by their helpfulness and their courtesy in correspondence, have made so pleasant the work of serving the Church in the management of the RECORD. Thanks, too, for the many kind words of encouragement and appreciation that have been given.

—The readers of the RECORD all though the Church are under obligation to those in their congregations who give freely so much care and work in its distribution. They should try to make that work as light as possible, by prompt subscription and payment in advance.

—Please send orders for the New Year for both RECORDS, as early as possible.

—If no word is received to the contrary, it will be assumed that the old order is continued.

—Will congregations that have not done so, please try for a year the plan of putting a copy into every family. Most of those that have done so like it well.

—The *Children's Record*, with its missionary letters, bringing our young people into closer touch with our missions, should be in every house in our Church. If there is no Sabbath school in Winter, it is needed all the more. If young people prefer more fancy, flashy, papers, remember that instead of allowing them to select and read whatever they may prefer, thus fostering tastes and tendencies that may be hurtful, it is the duty of parents and teachers to train these tastes along better lines.

“God be with you,  
Till we meet again.”

## THE “DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.”

HOW lightly we talk of it, as if some passing acquaintance, whose usefulness was ended, was merely making way for another and better helper.

We forget that the “Death of the old year,” is the death of a part of ourselves. It is the ending of a large section of our life, just as really as is our final farewell. “What is your life? It is even as a vapor, that appeareth for a little and then vanisheth away,” and the passing of a year is but the passing of a part of that vapor. Life is a period of opportunity. Death is the final farewell to the last of such opportunity, and the “death of the old year” it but the farewell to a considerable part of it. We die, not “by inches,” but by days, and weeks, and years; and the special attention that we may give to the old year at parting, is in a sense our own funeral service.

We would not care to have too much of gaiety or folly over the final ending of opportunity, and we may learn from this that there should not be excess of it over life's partial ending. Better to use the occasion for soberly reviewing the past, and from its errors learning wisdom for the days to come.

1. One thing which we see in such review is that the work of the year cannot be undone. Whether good or ill, whether affecting ourselves or others, that work is beyond recall. Like a boat drifting from one, out upon the tide farther and farther away, as he stands helpless on the shore, the words and deeds of the year have gone beyond our grasp. Could we offer worlds to have those words unspoken and those deeds undone, we would offer them in vain.

2. The opportunities of the year are gone never to return. What “might have been,” cannot be. Opportunities of making our own peace with God through Christ, of giving a word of guidance, of warning, or of cheer, of lending a helping hand to some weak or erring one, persons of leading some one to life immortal, these have come, and, whether improved or not, have gone, to come no more.