

THE END OF 1895.

This is the last issue of the year. Your RECORD is ten years old, the age of many of its readers.

Those who began reading it as children ten years ago are now men and women, while the RECORD has remained young to welcome the new armies of young people each year.

But we hope that its friends of ten years ago will not despise its youth, but will still make it welcome for "the days of auld lang syne," and for the help it has tried to give them. And perhaps they may get good from it, though it be small, for little people sometimes say things that are helpful older ones.

The RECORD wishes to express its thanks for many kind words that have come to it from young and old. It will try and be more worthy of them the coming year.

As the old year draws to a close let us thank God for it, for all that it has brought to us, and ask Him to forgive its sins and short comings and help us live better for the time to come. Above all, if we have not yet done so, let us, ere this old year goes out,— "choose that better part which shall not be taken away from us."

THE COMING OF 1896.

Another year will soon be at hand ; and as it comes the RECORD has two favors to ask :

One is, that it wishes to greet all its old friends again, and visit them from month to month bearing letters from our missionaries, and other helpful reading, during the coming year, and hopes that all of them will bid it welcome. If you have no Sabbath School during winter you need your RECORD all the more to keep you in touch with your mission workers.

The other favor which it asks, is, that all its readers will do what they can to introduce it to others. If you know of any place where it is not taken, send the name of some one to whom a parcel of samples may be forwarded.

This RECORD belongs to the young people of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. It is the only paper printed expressly for them and they should all have a copy of it. Will you not help to get it into every Presbyterian home in our country ?

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Again we hear the Christmas bells,
Ring out their joyful story—

"A Saviour unto you is born,
Christ the King of glory ;"
Loud and clear the music floats
From steeple and from tower,
Across the hills and distant vales,
Throughout the happy bowler.

Once more the merry Christmas bells
Ring out in every clime,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
In sweet and silvery rhyme ;
Everywhere the bells ring out
A glad and sweet refrain ;
In the village, in the city,
On the wide and distant plain.

They are ringing on the waters,
On the deep and boundless sea ;
They are ringing in the prisons,
On this gladsome jubilee ;
They are ringing, ringing, ringing,
Loud and clear, now soft and sweet,
In the cottage, in the palace,
Through the city's crowded street.

They are ringing at the homestead,
As they've rung year after year,
For the gay and happy loved ones
Who are home from far and near—
Home to spend the merry Christmas
With the old folks kind and true,
Where the Christmas joys of childhood
First were brought before their view
—*Sc.*

OUR YOUNG WORKERS.

The children of the S. School at Cote St. Gabriel, P.Q., were told by their pastor, of different ways by which they might do something to help. One of them, Maggie Jane Kilpatrick, adopted the idea of a "missionary hen"; and, as a result of the past summer's work by the hen, was able, a few days ago, to send seventy-seven cents for missions. There are many of our young people earning money for missions. We would be glad to receive for this column some short statements of what they are doing and how they succeed.