

acquire a practical knowledge, which later on he used to advantage as a school commissioner.

Since 1891 he has had an extended experience in newspaper reporting and editing. In 1901 he became chief editor of the *Recorder*, and utilized his opportunity to promote educational reform. This position he has just resigned to accept an appointment from the Provincial Government as Secretary of Industries and Immigration. As an officer in Fort Massey Presbyterian church, manager in civic campaigns, archivist of the Canadian Club, and a strong Liberal, he has taken an active part in church, social, civic and political matters. In 1903 he was married to Louise, the third daughter of the late Alfred Putnam, who represented Hants County in the Canadian Parliament.

Judging by Mr. Barnstead's ability as a ready writer, his untiring industry, his well-balanced judgment, and the amount of useful work that he has already accomplished before reaching middle age, it is safe to predict for him still greater achievements in the future; and the hope may be expressed that in helping to build up the industries of his native province, and in his efforts to secure desirable immigrants, he may retain his interest in our educational system, still further improve it industrially, and utilize it as the most efficient instrument for the accomplishment of his purposes.

New Year Song.

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His little soft feet all bare and rosy?—
Open the door, though the wild winds blow;
Take the child in and make him cozy.
Take him in, and hold him dear;
He is the wonderful New Year.

Open your heart, be it sad or gay,
Welcome him there and use him kindly;
For you must carry him, yea or nay,
Carry him with shut eyes so blindly.
But whether he bringeth joy or fear,
Take him! God sends him—this good New Year.
—Mrs. Mulock Craik.

Secrets, secrets everywhere,
Swarms of secrets in the air!
Something's hid from papa's eyes,
May and Slyboots look so wise,
Even baby's lips are close,
Folded like a crimson rose;
Wee, sweet secrets everywhere,
I can feel them in the air!

—E. H. T., in *Youth's Companion*.

Recitation For Nine Pupils.

WHO TRIMMED THE CHRISTMAS TREE?

First Pupil:

"Why, I!" wheezed the piny old wood;
"My beautiful darlings! who should
If not I? tell me that," snapped the wood;
"I trim the trees."

Second Pupil:

"Oh, no!" sobbed the rain-drops; "oh, no!
'Tis wrong, very wrong, to talk so.
We make all the pretty cones grow;
We trim the trees."

Third Pupil:

"Dear me!" blazed the sun, "it's quite plain
Of credit I'll get not a grain;
Allow me to rise and explain:
I trim the trees."

Fourth Pupil:

"Wa-al, now," chuckled Lige, with a grin,
"I lops 'em considerbul thin;
I 'lows, though it ain't no great sin,
I trim the trees!"

Fifth Pupil:

"Not I!" flashed a frost fairy. "I
Must pass every Christmas tree by,
Though to paint them I'm longing to try;
I touch not a tree."

Sixth Pupil:

"'Tis we," mocked the wind sprites; "we creep
From eyrie and cave while you sleep,
And dead leaves all over them sweep;
We trim the trees."

Seventh Pupil:

"But we," breathed the snowflakes so white,
"Come softly and wreath them at night.
Ah! 'tis such a heavenly sight.
We trim the trees."

Eighth Pupil:

"Ho! Ho!" cried the moonbeams; "ho! ho!
They are heavy and dull with your snow;
We hang all the jewels, you know.
We trim the trees."

Ninth Pupil:

"But we," sang the stars, "bring the joy
From Bethlehem's manger—the joy
That halos each gift and each toy,
Whoso'er decks the trees."

All in Concert:

"Ha! ha!" laughed a voice. "Oh, what fun!
Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! Have you done?
I suppose you all know—every one—
Who trims the trees."

—Linnie Hawley Drake, in *Herald and Presbyterian*.

The very best schools of the future will be based on the plan of alternate work and study.