

the bitterest woes are pronounced—"No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Where can the teacher get the necessary information on this subject? From the "Manual of Hy-

giene" used in the Model Schools, the "Temperance Primer" for the use of Canadian schools, and from a small book written by Dr. Platt, based on Dr. Richardson's work. Any teacher equipped with these need not lack.

THE AMERICAN ROBIN AND HIS CONGENERS.

BY DR. SPENCER TROTTER.

OUR American robin is a thrush—the red-breasted thrush is his proper title—he occupies a high position in the scale of bird-life, and possesses some very interesting records of his family history. When our forefathers first came over they found the frank, hearty bird with the russet breast ready to make friends with them, to stay about the clearings and around their rough cabins, cheering them with the strong, hopeful song that has ever gladdened the heart with its vigour and fulness of promise. With what joy the pioneers must have welcomed the first spring that brought the robins back after the long, dreary winter! To this day the first robin of the spring creates a sensation, coming, as he often does, amid the ice and the snow and the rough wind, and not a leaf on the trees. The early settlers called him "robin" from his red breast, no doubt, and his confiding ways, after the trusty little warbler so dear to their hearts in the old home across the sea. And so it has been "robin" ever since, although our bird is but distantly related to the little robin-redbreast of the Old World, who belongs to the warblers—another branch of the family.

By virtue of being a thrush, our robin enjoys a very extensive range of country for his habitat. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, across the continent, from the shores of the

Arctic Ocean to Mexico and Central America, he is found abundantly, breeding throughout the forest limits of this wide area, and building the same nest of dried grass, roots, and plastered mud about every homestead in the land. Although a bird of the woodland, like all the thrushes, he yet prefers the garden and the orchard—even the trees that stand in the midst of the bustling city hold his nest. Insectivorous by nature, but varying his diet largely with the small, wild berries of the woods, the robin has become, since man's invasion, a lover of fruit, keeping pace with man in the cultivation of his taste. The excellence of his taste can not be denied. He takes the biggest cherries of the most approved varieties, and the luscious strawberries are his delight. Yet for all the fruit he eats he repays the horticulturist double by devouring three-fold more of insect-life that would ultimately cover and destroy the trees, leaf, root, and branch. Fortunate it is that we have recognized his valuable service, and protected him by legislation.

The true thrushes—and the robin may be taken as a type—present some very interesting features in their development, characters, and geographical distribution, a study of which throws light not only upon the history of the birds themselves, but also upon several widely different subjects.