

reason to believe that they resort at such times to the dense spruce woods which abound in every part of the province, but how they manage to obtain food when the ground is covered deep with snow is a matter for conjecture. We know that in summer they feed as eagerly upon the wild fruits as they do upon the worms and insects they pick up in the fields; it is therefore possible that they may find a sufficiency of berries in the several shrubs which continue to hold their fruit all through the winter. Perhaps some of our country subscribers who have studied the habits of the robin in winter could enlighten us upon the subject.

About the first week in March 1863, several flocks of robins were observed about Halifax, the weather being mild, but at the beginning of the third week a heavy snow storm occurred and several of these birds were found dead. In the winter of 1864-5 which was exceedingly mild numbers remained in the province, and as early as February were heard singing, and on March 1, hundreds of these birds were congregated together in the swamp thickets of the Dutch Village, singing loudly as in June. In ordinary seasons, however, they generally appear on our fields during the last days of March, when the genial warmth of the sun's rays lays bare patches of grass, about which they hop and search for the earliest insects, and the still more welcome earth-worm. They generally begin to sing about the first week in April, and how pleasant it is after a long and tedious winter to hear the well-known notes. Towards evening on some warm day as the sun declines in the west and gilds the summit of each lofty tree, those harbingers of summer days to come, elevated on the topmost sprays pour forth their welcome lays, gladdening the hearts of old and young. Their breeding time usually commences about the second week in May, and they almost always choose the cleft of a tree or branch, where they build their substantial nest of small twigs and grass lined with mud, in which they deposit four blue eggs. Sometimes they occupy other positions, but as we have said prefer the former. The robins appear to dislike cold damp weather, and a forlorn appearance indeed do they present on a foggy, drizzly morning in spring when they may be observed in flocks together perched upon the upper branches of the leafless hard wood in a crouched position and with plumage ruffled, jerking out their intermittent notes of song.

In conclusion, let us say a few words to our younger readers about the sad usage which the poor robin receives in every part of this province. Day by day is the deadly gun pointed by ruthless hands towards this unfortunate bird, and even when pouring forth its melody, it is brought to the ground by monsters in human form. Could it speak as it lies in its last struggles with death, would it not say "Cruel man! I came from the sunny groves of the South to cheer your heart with my joyous song, I asked not for food, for He who guided my distant flight provides for me. I harmed you not, but cleared away by thousands the noxious insects which fed upon your crops. Nevertheless I forgive thee, and may He who seeth every lonely sparrow that falleth to the ground, forgive thee too." So, kind young reader, let not your hand rise against the poor robin, but foster and care for him if he comes near your home, and be assured he will amply repay you by singing each morn near your window his pleasant song to awake you to the business of the day and when at eventide you retire fatigued to your couch his song will sound in your ears as a vesper hymn, and prove a soothing lullaby for rest.

Good sense, so-called, is but a poor dim shadow of what Christians call faith. Good nature is only a faint, distant resemblance of Christian charity. And good manners, if of the most finished kind that nature, assisted by art, can attain to, is but a dead picture of that holiness of conversation which is the image of God visibly expressed. All this, put together by the act of God, is Christianity.