

THE ROOKS.

The rooks are building on the trees ;
 They build there every Spring,
 "Caw, caw," is all they say,
 For none of them can sing.

They're up before the break of day,
 And up till late at night ;
 For they must labor busily
 As long as it is light.

And many a crooked stick they bring,
 And many a slender twig,
 And many a tuft of moss, until
 Their nests are round and big.

"Caw, caw!" Oh, what a noise
 They make in rainy weather!
 Good children always speak by turns.
 But rooks all talk together.

How many nests are on the trees,
 Hud up at what a height!
 There are a thousand rooks, and yet—
 I never saw them fight.

For they are friendly birds, and each
 Is to his neighbors known :
 They never touch each other's things,
 But let them all alone.

I wonder if we ever heard
 Of little girls and boys
 Who quarrelled more than rooks, and make
 A more unpleasant noise ?

I wonder if we ever heard
 Of children who would touch
 The things they ought to let alone—
 I wonder very much.

The subject for conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals, particularly dogs. Says Smith :
 "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters."
 "Just so," responds young Fitznoodle. "I've got that kind of a dog myself."