

make her mother happy ; that she might not feel her misfortune so severely ; and she succeeded so well that Downy became quite cheerful and contented, and never complained or repined at her lameness.

“ The Summer passed happily away, but the sudden death of poor Silket, once more filled them with grief. The innocent little creature was sleeping under the nut-trees in the garden, one warm morning in September ; he had been collecting nuts to carry home, but being tired, he laid down to repose himself in the sun, and unfortunately fell asleep, nor did he wake till he found himself in the grasp of the merciless black cat, who springing upon her defenceless prey, strangled him in an instant. There was no fond Downy near, nor affectionate Velvet, to receive his last sighs, nor give him aid. The evening came, but no Silket returned to the disconsolate Downy ; another day passed, but they saw nothing of Silket, and they were at last certain that he must have been killed. This heavy blow almost overcame Downy, and it was with the greatest difficulty, Velvet could persuade her to eat and be comforted ; but every thing around them served to recall the image, and remind them of the loss, of their beloved Silket, and this gave them both great pain. At last, Velvet, without saying any thing to her mother, stole away while she was asleep, and having found a pretty spot, some way from farmer Ball’s land, she made a new