

LESSON LXXVI.

THE KID.

be-numb-ed	in-hal-ing	pit-e-ous-ly
de-sert-ed	dis-con-so-late	im-me-di-ate-ly
ac-com-pa-ny	com-men-ced	com-fort-a-ble
im-pa-ti-ence	vex-a-tion	trou-ble-some

One bleak day in March, Sylvia returning from a visit to the sheep-fold met with a young kidling deserted by its dam on the naked heath. It was bleating piteously, and was so benumbed with the cold, that it could scarcely stand. Sylvia took it up in her arms, and pressed it close to her bosom. She hastened home, and showing her little foundling to her parents, begged she might rear it for her own. They consented; and Sylvia immediately got a basket full of clean straw, and made a bed for him on the hearth. She warmed some milk, and held it to him in a platter. The poor creature drank it up eagerly, and then licked her hand for more. Sylvia was delighted. She chafed his tender legs with her warm hands, and soon saw him jump out of his basket, and frisk across the room. When full, he lay down again, and took a comfortable nap.

The next day the kid had a name bestowed upon him. As he gave tokens of being an excellent jumper, it was Capriole. He was introduced to all the rest of the family, and the younger children were allowed to stroke and pat him; but Sylvia would let nobody be intimate with him but herself.