

The foolish little trout did not remember that he was now in a strange land, and far, far away from the pretty river where he had been born and bred. So, when he came down, it chanced to be among dry sand and rocks, where there was not a bit to eat, nor a drop of water to drink; and there he lay faint, and tired, and unable to rise, gasping, and fluttering, and beating himself against the stones, till at length he died in great pain and misery.

Now, the second silver trout was not so proud or high-minded as the first, but he had a very cold, very unkind heart, and was such a selfish little trout, that if he himself were well and happy, he did not care at all what became of all the other fish in the world. So, he said, May it please your honour, I don't