

wish, not I, for wings to fly out of the water, and to wander into strange places, where I do not know what may become of me.

I lived happily enough here till the other day, when, as I got under a cool bank to hide me from the heat of the sun, I saw a great rope come down into the water, and it fastened itself, I don't know how, about the gills of a little fish that was basking near me, so that he was lifted out of the water struggling and in great pain, till he was carried, I know not where quite out of my sight.

Then I thought, in my own mind, this evil may some time or other happen to myself, and my heart trembled within me, and I have been very sad and discontented ever since.

Now, all I desire of you is, that you will