

More dark the night, more dense the forest grew,  
More dank and chill the downfall of the dew,  
And he, discouraged, deem'd that he must stay,  
Both cold and fasting, in the woods till day.  
But suddenly there burst upon his sight  
The ruddy flicker of a distant light.

He reach'd the house it came from—ask'd relief  
From one who proved to be the Indian chief.  
'Twas freely given—the best seat by the fire  
And wholesome food. What more could man desire?  
He thanked his entertainer, as was fit,  
And crack'd his jokes, and laughed at his own wit.  
When drowsiness came on he sought repose,  
Slept well, and then, at early dawn, arose.  
His horse was brought, but ere he rode away  
He drew his wallet out his host to pay.

The Indian refused the guerdon small  
With which the man had thought to cancel all  
His obligation, then drew up his form  
To its full height, and, with a touch of scorn,  
"Call you to mind," said he, "ten years ago,  
An Indian sought shelter from the snow,  
Of you: benighted, spurn'd from your abode,  
I, stranger, was that *cursèd Indian toad!*  
What you refused to give, you have received;  
By one whom you relieved not, been relieved.  
Now learn a lesson, *For the future do*  
*To men as you would have men do to you.*"