

Poetry.

MUTUAL ASSISTANCE.

A man very lame
 Was a little to blame
 To stray far from his humble abode;
 Hot, thirsty, bemired,
 And heartily tired,
 He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined,
 A man who was blind
 Came by, and entreated his aid:
 "Deprived of my sight,
 Unassisted, to-night
 I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give
 Of the the place where you live,"
 Said the cripple: "perhaps I may know it:
 In my road it may be:
 And if you'll carry me,
 It will give me much pleasure to show it.

"Great strength you have got,
 Which, alas! I have not,
 In my legs so fatigued every nerve is:
 For the use of your back,
 For the eyes which you lack,
 My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man,
 "What an excellent plan!
 Pray, get on my shoulders, good brother:
 I see all mankind,
 If they are but inclined,
 May constantly help one another."