
—Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The Vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered,—“The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one,” said Adhem?—“Nay, not so,”
Replied the Angel.—Adhem spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said,—“I pray thee then,”
“Write me as one who loved his fellow men.”
The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night,
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed their names whom love of God had blest ;
And Lo !—Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.—

And with this parable, in the spirit of which I heartily agree,
I conclude the *Addenda* to my Waifs.

W.

