

But ah ! when passed their brief sojourn,
 When Heaven's dread doom is said,—
 Beats there the human heart could pour
 Light mockeries o'er the dead ?

The fiend unblest, who still to harm
 Directs his felon power,
 May ope the book of grace to him
 Whose day of grace is o'er ;
 But never sure could mortal man,
 Whate'er his age or clime,
 Thus raise, in mockery o'er the dead,
 The stone that measures time.

Gray dial-stone, I fain would know
 What motive placed thee here,
 Where sadness heaves the frequent sigh,
 And drops the frequent tear.
 Like thy carved plain, gray dial-stone,
 Grief's weary mourners be ;
 Dark sorrow notes out time to them,—
 Dark shade marks time on thee.

I know it now : wer't thou not plac'd
 To catch the eye of him
 To whom, through glistening tears, earth's gauds
 Worthless appear, and dim ?
 We think of time when time has fled,
 The friend our tears deplore ;
 The God whom pride-swollen hearts deny,
 Grief-humbled hearts adore.

Gray stone, o'er thee the lazy night
 Passes untold away ;
 Nor were it thine at noon to teach,
 If failed the solar ray.
 In death's dark night, gray dial-stone,
 Cease all the works of men ;
 In life, if Heaven withhold its aid,
 Bootless these works and vain.

Gray dial-stone while yet thy shade
 Points out those hours are mine,—
 While yet at early morn I rise,
 And rest at day's decline,—
 Would that the Sun that formed thine,
 His bright rays beamed on me,
 That I, wise for the final day,
 Might measure time, like thee !