

"Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel dream passed o'er him.
He carved that dream on the yielding stone
With many a sharp incision;
In heaven's own light the sculptor shone,
He had caught that angel vision.
Sculptors of life are we as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
Let us carve it, then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision;—
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own;—
Our lives, that angel vision."