

call of the company, performed their parts with the greatest applause. At last the name of his daughter was announced. In a moment all were in fixed and silent suspense, to see how the scale of destiny would turn; without hesitation she rose, and with a calm and dignified composure took her place at the instrument; after a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then with an unearthly sweetness, elevation, and solemnity, sung, accompanying her voice with the notes of the instrument, the following stanzas:

No room for mirth or trifling here
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon be gone;
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
The inexorable throne.

No matter which my thoughts employ,
A moment's misery or joy,
But, oh! when both shall end,
Where shall I find my destined place;
Shall I my everlasting days
With fiends or angels spend?

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,
But how I may escape the death
That never, never dies;
How make mine own election sure,
And when I fail on earth secure
A mansion in the skies.