

of the occasion. Soon the band commenced tuning their instruments, and Caroline was about to lead the dance, when she said to her partner, I feel very faint and strangely ; help me to a seat, or I shall fall. He quickly helped her to a seat, where, in a few moments, she was seized with convulsions, from which no medical skill could restore her. It being but a few steps to her father's residence, she was, in this perfectly unconscious state, conveyed to her home, where she lingered for a few hours, when her young spirit took its flight to the unseen world. Thus far we may follow the beautiful and accomplished caroline S—, and here we pause : we cannot penetrate the veil of death. This much we know, God is both just and merciful.

When her parents, her brothers, and her affianced husband reflected upon the scene, they were filled with inexpressible sadness, each charging himself with being the cause of her untimely death. Conscience and the Spirit of God seemed to drive this reflection home to their hearts, till they were on the borders of despair. In the superabounding mercy of God, they were at length led to Him in whom alone is forgiveness. The parents renewed their covenant vows at the altar of God, and became bright and living ornaments of the church ; her brothers also, and the affianced husband, were led to join themselves to the people of God, never forgetting the worm-wood and the gall of the scene above described. The parents, years since, were called to their final rest ; while the other actors in this tragic scene still live, the ornaments of both the Church and of the State.

In view of this short sketch of facts, let all beware of grieving away the Spirit of God.

Let parents and friends beware how they counsel those under the convicting influences of the Holy Spirit, lest they bring ruin on the souls of those they love.—*American Messenger*.

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### LOST ! LOST !

"I was called," says a venerable divine, "in the early part of my ministry, to stand beside the bed of a beautiful young mother whose life was fast ebbing away. Anguish, deep, hopeless anguish was riveted on her countenance. Death was knocking for admission. Her time had come. I asked her if she was willing that I should pray with her. Her reply was, 'I have no objection, but prayers will be of no avail now ; it is too late, too late ; I *must* die ; I am *lost ! lost forever !*' I prayed earnestly with her, but her hard heart was untouched ; its fountain of love to its Maker had dried up, and it was too late."

"What was the cause of her cold and careless indifference ? Listen, mothers, and from her who, 'being dead, yet speaketh,' learn a lesson.