

he that believeth not, shall be damned." His father begged of him to pray to the Virgin Mary, the holy apostles, and the saints. "Oh' father," said he, "there is no name given under heaven by which we can be saved, but the name of Jesus; therefore, dear father, be not deceived." In a few hours after he closed his eyes, and departed without a struggle.

FATAL ACCIDENT.

I wish to give the young readers of the Sunday School Advocate a brief account of a dear little girl, whom I knew very well, and who was accidentally poisoned to death. Her name was Caroline Virginia Gere, and she was the daughter of Rev. John A. Gere, of the Baltimore Conference. During the last summer I stayed a few weeks in her father's house at Milton, Pa., and became very fond of little Caroline, who was one of the best children, I ever saw. She played with my children, and with me, almost every day, and I never saw her out of humor, or heard her utter a cross word. When the time for our departure came, little Caroline stood on the bank as we got on board the boat, and was the very last to bid us good by. She was then perfectly well and cheerful, but in about one week after, she was dead!

Her death was caused in this way: she had a slight chill and fever, and the doctor ordered some quinine for her. Quinine is a very useful medicine, but it has to be carefully used. The druggist, by accident, sent *morphia* instead of quinine. Now *morphia* is nearly like laudanum, only much more poisonous. The doctor ordered ten portions to be given to the little girl, but only five were given, when between nine and ten o'clock, she went to bed. In the afternoon and evening she had been talking about her Sunday school, and spoke with animation of the pleasure of meeting her fellow-scholars, and of joining in the exercises of the school on the

following Sunday. Before she went to bed she knelt down and said her prayers, as she always did, very devoutly. Then she kissed her mother, and said, "Good night, dear mother,"—her last good night! In an hour it was seen that she was very ill. The doctor was sent for—he could do nothing; another came, but it was all in vain. They did not know what was the matter, but they knew that she was dying. The bottle of medicine was examined, and the doctor said, "*This is not quinine!*" It was afterwards analyzed, and found to be *morphia*, so that the cause of poor Caroline's sufferings was explained. Early on Friday morning, August 10, she died, in the eighth year of her age.

I have told you that Caroline was a very good child. She was "trained up in the way she should go," and the Lord blessed the godly admonitions of her parents. She was obedient in all things, which is the first and best fruit of goodness in a child. She loved to read the Bible, she prayed every day, and she was very fond of learning hymns. On the Sunday before her death she recited the hymn, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand:" and had learned also,

"There is a land of pure delight,"

but there was not time for her to say it. The sweet child little knew that she was standing on "Jordan's brink," and that she was so near the "land of pure delight." On the day before her death she selected for the next Sunday the hymn,

"Of Him who did salvation bring," and also,

"God moves in a mysterious way;" and, truly, her death was one of the mysteries of His way.

I trust many of you will, like little Caroline, love God early; and then, if you are called to die early, your parents will be consoled by the knowledge that you have gone to heaven, as hers were.

J. M'CLINTOCK.

January, 1850.

—Sunday School Advocate.