

## THE TRINIDAD MISSION.

## DEATH OF MISS MINNIE ARCHIBALD.

Again has death visited our mission band in the West Indies and claimed one of the workers for his own.

Miss Minnie Archibald of Truro, who went out to Trinidad about ten months ago to take charge of the mission school in the district of Couva, died there of congestion of the brain on the ninth of August, after but three day's illness.

The following are extracts of a letter from Rev. W. L. Macrae, of Princetown:

"Our beloved friend, Miss Archibald, is dead. ———. She took ill on the evening of Saturday last (August 6th) and soon became unconscious, in which state she continued until last night (August 9th) about nine o'clock, when she peacefully passed away to be forever with the Lord.

"Everything that could possibly be done for her was done. We have very good medical skill here, and two doctors were in constant attendance upon her until she died, and shortly before her death a third was called from San Fernando for consultation.

"Her death is a heavy blow to us all here.

———. We all feel very much for her friends at home, but it will be a consolation to them to know that she was nursed with tenderest care and love, and if they were here or she at home they could not possibly do any more for her than what was done. It was hoped that she might regain consciousness so as to say something before she died, but she did not, and the consolation of that is that she did not suffer at all while unconscious. She is to be buried in San Fernando, in a lovely little cemetery that is well kept, and is to be laid by the side of one of her own name, a Mr. Archibald, of Truro, who died here a number of years ago."

Her death is a loss not only to friends but also to the mission. As a teacher she has been very successful. At first she was often discouraged with the noisy undisciplined crowd that gathered at the school, but patience and gentle firmness soon did its work and ere long her school became quiet and orderly. In addition to the work of the week, visiting the barracks and hunting out the children, and teaching in the school, she taught the Sabbath-school, and had charge of the singing in the mission church. To all the members of the mission staff as well as to those among whom she labored she had endeared herself, and the loss both as a friend and fellow-worker will be keenly felt.

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

It is but a little while since that touching farewell missionary meeting was held in the Presbyterian Hall, Truro, and in the full strength and hopefulness of youth she went forth to her work, little thinking that it was a last farewell, but He whose is the work and the workers has willed it otherwise. It is hard to see the meaning of His ways in Providence. Clouds and darkness are often round about His throne, but we know that behind these clouds and seated on that throne is LOVE. May the sympathizing Saviour give comfort to the sorrowing family, helping them to say that which is so hard to utter "Thy will be done." And may He enable us all to lay well the lesson to heart and to "work while it is called to-day for the night cometh when no man can work."

Her last request in her last letter to her home was to ask if some of the young people among her friends would not collect enough to provide a communion service for the congregation in Couva as they had always to borrow for that purpose. She has not lived to realize that wish. She has gone to enjoy that communion which needs no symbols to shew forth the love of a dying Lord, but that last request is to be complied with, and the communion service to be sent as a loving memorial of the one who is gone. Any of her friends who wish to have a little share in that work and who have not an opportunity of giving otherwise, can send their contribution to this office, to Dr. McCulloch, Truro.

## DR. ARNOLD'S DAILY PRAYER.

This is a short but very beautiful prayer that Dr. Arnold wrote for his own use before he went into the school of Rugby every day:—"O Lord, I have a busy world around me; eye, ear and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in that busy world. Now, ere I enter upon it, I would commit eye, ear and thought to Thee! Do Thou bless them, and keep their work Thine; that as, through Thy natural laws, my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine for them, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at these times when my mind cannot consciously turn to Thee to commit each particular thought to Thy service. Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen."