

Editorial and Contributed.

THE LATE MRS. DR. KILBORN.

FROM the time our missionaries to China left their Canadian homes until they reached the scene of their future labors in that distant land, only encouraging and cheerful reports were received. On the trans-continental trip, the voyage across the Pacific, the journeyings on inland rivers in native boats, every mile of the way the Father's protecting care had been so manifest that the entire party felt that

"Regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all."

But in the midst of rejoicing the God of all grace saw fit to lay His chastening hand heavily upon our brother, Dr. Kilborn, in suddenly removing to the heavenly country his dear wife. Dr. Kilborn writes us under date of July 11th:—

"My heart is well nigh crushed with its load of grief as I write. My darling wife was taken from me last night, Sunday 10th, about 11 p.m. The disease was cholera. She was sick only eighteen hours. On the Saturday previous she was apparently as well as any member of the party, and looking forward to many years of service here for the Master. All my plans for dispensary and hospital were invariably made in consultation with her. The interests of all our future work was hers as well as mine, and in losing her I feel that I am crippled one-half. Her faith was simple, but bright; she is not lost, but only gone before. But, oh, I did think the Lord would spare her for the work's sake, if not for mine. It is hard, so hard to bear, but yet we must say, 'Thy will be done, O Lord.'

"My darling wife and I invariably studied the language together, and we had made exactly equal progress up to the day of her death, in both reading the characters and speaking. We were both planning and looking anxiously forward to the time when I should be able to begin dispensary work, and she would assist me in compounding and dispensing drugs. Now all this is altered, for the Lord has taken her. We trust that you and all the supporters of our mission cause will earnestly pray that God may yet bless our work, even though He takes away His workers."

Mrs. Kilborn, or Jennie Fowler, as her dear young friends will still think of her, was born in the Presbyterian Manse at Bass River, New Brunswick, in 1867. From her earliest youth she was of studious habits, always giving her study hour preference over all other engagements. So eager was she to acquire knowledge, and so close was her application that her health suffered in consequence. A goodly number of prizes testify to her success in both school and college. In 1890 she received her degree of B.A. from Queen's College, Kingston, to which place her father had removed some years previously.

Of an active and cheerful disposition, she was a favorite with her companions, and formed many friendships which, we doubt not, will be renewed in the better land. Her sympathy and consideration for others

was such that self was forgotten and sacrificed, and she preferred to endure pain rather than witness the sufferings of others.

While a diligent student and faithful friend, she did not neglect the higher and more important duties of the Christian. From childhood until she left the parental roof she was an earnest worker in the Sabbath School, first as scholar, then as teacher; her faith, as her husband expresses it, being "simple but bright."

To Mrs. Kilborn's father the blow has been very sore, the more so as only nineteen months have passed since Mrs. Fowler was called to her heavenly reward, where mother and daughter, now united, are singing the song of the redeemed. Prof. Fowler writes, "We have received many letters of sympathy from kind friends in every part of the country, but the thought that poor dear Jennie, who left us last autumn so full of life and hope, is now lying in a lonely grave in that far-off heathen land, where I can never visit it, comes upon me with crushing force which words can never express."

And yet that "lonely grave" will likely speak with no uncertain utterance to the workers left behind, who still must fight if they would win. As Dr. Hart says, "We mourn the death of Sister Kilborn, and weep with the bereaved husband, but we shall be inspired by her unselfish and generous life to do and dare for the Master. Her grave will be a constant reminder to those in Chentu to work for the Master while it is day." We are very sure this sentiment will be echoed by the entire Church. On the first page will be found a photo-gravure portrait of our departed sister.

As an appropriate conclusion to this brief notice, we publish the following touching tribute to our departed sister, from the pen of the Rev. H. Oliver Cady, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, Chentu. The letter is dated July 11th, 1892:—

REV. DR. SUTHERLAND, *Secretary of the Canadian Methodist Missionary Society.*

DEAR DOCTOR,—The cable has before this given you the news of the sad loss we and you have sustained in the death of Mrs. Kilborn. The cholera reached this city on Friday; on Saturday night she was taken ill, and died on Sunday night a little before eleven. As you were gathering into the earthly house of worship, she was gathered with the angelic choir of the redeemed. (There is a difference in time of twelve hours). Everything was done that could be done. Dr. Hart had secured a good house in a good part of the city, thoroughly renovated it and fixed it in good shape. We at this side did not know of her illness until about evening. Dr. Stevenson and Dr. Canight, of our mission at Chungkin, who was here, went over and spent the night. In the morning I went over and did what I could to assist them in the preparation for laying the body aside. Bro. Lewis, Superintendent of our mission, read the burial service, and the body was temporarily deposited in a corner of the rear yard of the house.

Mrs. Kilborn was a rare and noble woman. I met her at Ichang, and accompanied the party to the city, and the