

crossed the ocean to walk the hospitals of the Old Land. These two earnest volunteers—Rev. George E. Hartwell, B.A., B.D., and O. L. Kilborn, M.A., M.D.—pled that the Church would open work in China, and send them forth to labor in that whitening vineyard. In a letter, dated Heidelberg, Germany, Sept. 5th, 1890, Dr. Kilborn wrote to the missionary authorities as follows:

"We leave ourselves in your hands and in God's. We firmly believe that He has called us to work for Him in China. You already know how anxious we are that our own Church above all others should send us. We shall not cease to pray for those in authority, that the Holy Spirit may lead them, so that whatever course is decided upon shall be in accordance with God's will."

These two were companions in student life, and are companions in their missionary efforts, so that it is hard to separate them in thought or work, but it is to the medical work we would more especially refer.

At the General Board meeting of 1890 it was decided to open up a new foreign mission, and West China was the field decided upon. In September, 1891, our first contingent, under the superintendency of the Rev. V. C. Hart, D.D., left for their distant sphere of labor. At this time a new departure was made in sending not only evangelistic but also medical missionaries, as the healing art was an open door to the people, of which advantage must be taken. Drs. Kilborn and Stevenson had the honor of being the first medical missionaries sent out by the Methodist Church. (The noble efforts of Dr. Bolton among the Indians of the Port Simpson district are not forgotten. But Dr. Bolton went out on his own responsibility, the Church at that time not seeing its way clear to take hold of this department of work; since then it has shown its sympathy by making a yearly grant towards Dr. Bolton's medical work.)

We in this country who are blessed by having a physician at our very door, will find it hard to appreciate what it means to so many people who are utterly destitute of such help to have a medical missionary among them. An extract from the "Annual Missionary Report" for 1893-94, written by Dr. Stevenson, will not be out of place here:

"In accordance with the wish of Dr. Hart, I have tried to keep the dispensary open one forenoon each week. The prevalence of certain diseases may be judged by the following: Skin diseases, 70; eye diseases, 148; ear diseases, 51; diseases of digestion, 50; diseases of respiration, 68; ulcers, 47; other unclassified diseases, 255. Our wish was not to advertise so as to get unmanageable crowds on dispensary day, but merely to keep the work going till we got a proper hospital; and also that the neighbors might be able to speak well of us. The average is about 50 per dispensary day, but I was almost forced to see patients every day, often a dozen per day. Many of these were operation cases, and thus the forenoon was spent just as on dispensary day. Moreover, the afternoon was quite often used in seeing patients in their homes, in attending opium suicides, in teaching my dispenser how to wash wounds or arrange drugs.

"Thus this morning (the forenoon of writing this), although not supposed to see patients, and with the thermometer over 90, I could not refuse to see a man who had come about 40 miles, but had my dispenser give him chloroform. His disease, fistula, which had given him much trouble for 20 years, will probably be healed in 15 days. The nails on this man's little fingers measured seven-eighths of an inch. Another patient whom I also operated on had cataract on both eyes. Unfortunately he was also perfectly deaf. So I was not able to give him directions how to move his eyes and my fear was he might become unmanageable. But the cocaine acted so well and the knife I had so well sharpened, that after the lens had been removed, he asked when I was going to cut him. My dispenser wrote with

his finger on his hand in Chinese character, that I had already taken out the lens. The old gray-haired man was profuse in his thanks, saying we did good deeds. I hope he will soon know who to thank. Another patient was a young man with painful joints, unable to walk. We had a talk which I hoped convinced him of his great sin and his present needs. Our lives as missionaries will only be a success, just as we influence them to accept the Saviour as the great sin destroyer. The young man may be cured in a year or two, but will not need to stay in the hospital. This morning a poor girl came in a chair—she was half gone with consumption. We let her have some cod liver oil, but the prospect is dark for her. I had also to dress several patients whom I had operated on before, such as the removal of a finger and a scalp wound. There were about a dozen other patients, to some of whom I gave medicine, but as my regular dispensary day occurs to-morrow, I shall see them then and perhaps 50 others."

To establish an hospital and open up dispensaries is necessary in order to successful medical missionary work; but while many more people are reached in the dispensary work, more effectual and permanent good is likely to result from what is done in the hospital. Let us imagine the case of a man who for years has been suffering, and whose family has long since tired of his unceasing complainings (for the mercies of the heathen are not tender), and almost endless nights have been succeeded by no less weary days, year in and year out, with *no hope* for the present life nor that which is to come, who is at last brought into the hospital. Here he is met by a kindly doctor, who knows at a glance what he has suffered, and also knows that it is in his power to restore the sick one to health and strength, changing the bitterness of despair into joy and gladness. Then the nurse comes with gentle touch and considerate ways, until the poor man, whose whole education has been such as to engender suspicion, asks in amazement, "Why do you do it?" Now is the opportunity to tell the story of the Master, who went about doing good, and how the servant is striving to be like Him. Thus it is that after such care and prayer for days, or weeks, or even months, he goes home to his friends to tell what great things hath been done for him, and, like the leper of old, begin "to publish it much, and to blaze abroad the matter."

As is known, our hospital in Chen-tu had only just been completed, and work well begun, when the riot broke out, and our missionaries were forced to flee for their lives. Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn, with their baby not more than six weeks old, had, with the loss of all things temporal, to take that long and tedious journey down the Yangtze River; but God's care and providence was over them, and they reached Shanghai in safety. The authorities having forbidden their return to Chen-tu, Dr. and Mrs. Kilborn decided to spend the year in visiting our Missions in Japan, returning to their work as soon as permission was given by the Consul to go up the river. The hospital buildings are now rebuilt, and the work pretty well established, and if our leaguers are faithful in both "praying and paying," by so much more will their laborers be blessed, and greater things accomplished. Oh, for faithful prayerfulness in those who are at home "by the stuff!"

Mrs. Kilborn is a graduate in medicine of Trinity Medical College, Toronto, a devoted Christian, who, when the call came from the Great Head of the Church to go to China, went forth determined to spend and be spent for the Master. She first went out under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Society, and, on the 24th of May, 1894, was married to Dr. Kilborn. Dr. Gifford Kilborn still continues her medical work, and both she and her husband find their hands full. We close this sketch with