

MEDICAL MISSIONS.—DR. JOHN KENNETH MACKENZIE.

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MEDICAL missions are the picture language of the Church militant. The rudest and roughest, the simplest and most uneducated can understand the language of Christian love, kindness and charity. Though comparatively modern in conception, nevertheless, such missions have proved themselves to be a mighty power for good, and have often been the key to unlock doors of usefulness hitherto barred against the ordinary missionary. This sketch, however, is not so much to discuss the importance and value of medical missions as to give the outlines of a brief and beautiful life spent in this Christ-like work.

It is an old saying that "no mother knows whom she has in her cradle." On the 25th August, 1850, a child was born in the old town of Yarmouth, who was destined in the providence of God to leave behind him a record of which the Christian Church feels justly proud to-day. Little did Magaret MacKenzie dream as she rocked the cradle of her boy, on the banks of the Yare, that in the brief space of less than two score years he would carry health and healing to the homes and hearts of thousands in the Flowery Land of China; and that ere he had reached the meridian of life he would accomplish a work the influence of which on the cause of missions in that land no human sagacity could possibly estimate. Little did she think that "the boy of her tenderest care" would, in the course of thirty-eight fleeting years, find his grave in a foreign land, and "return no more nor see his native country." Yet such was to be the tale of the young child's life.

Young MacKenzie is spoken of as being of a reserved, retiring disposition. Although not without faults of temper, he had a very tender and sympathizing heart. He was usually ready to defend any position he took up with chivalrous vigour, for his mind was not of that type which finds yielding easy.

As the years went on under the constraining love of Christ he became fully consecrated to the Master's service. The graces of the Spirit blossomed out in his life in rarest beauty. Few men have lived a life of such practical holiness, such unworldliness of spirit and such entire consecration to the well-being of his fellow men. The ideal of the poet found delightful expression in the life of "our beloved physician."

O God, that I could waste my life for others,
With no ends of my own !