

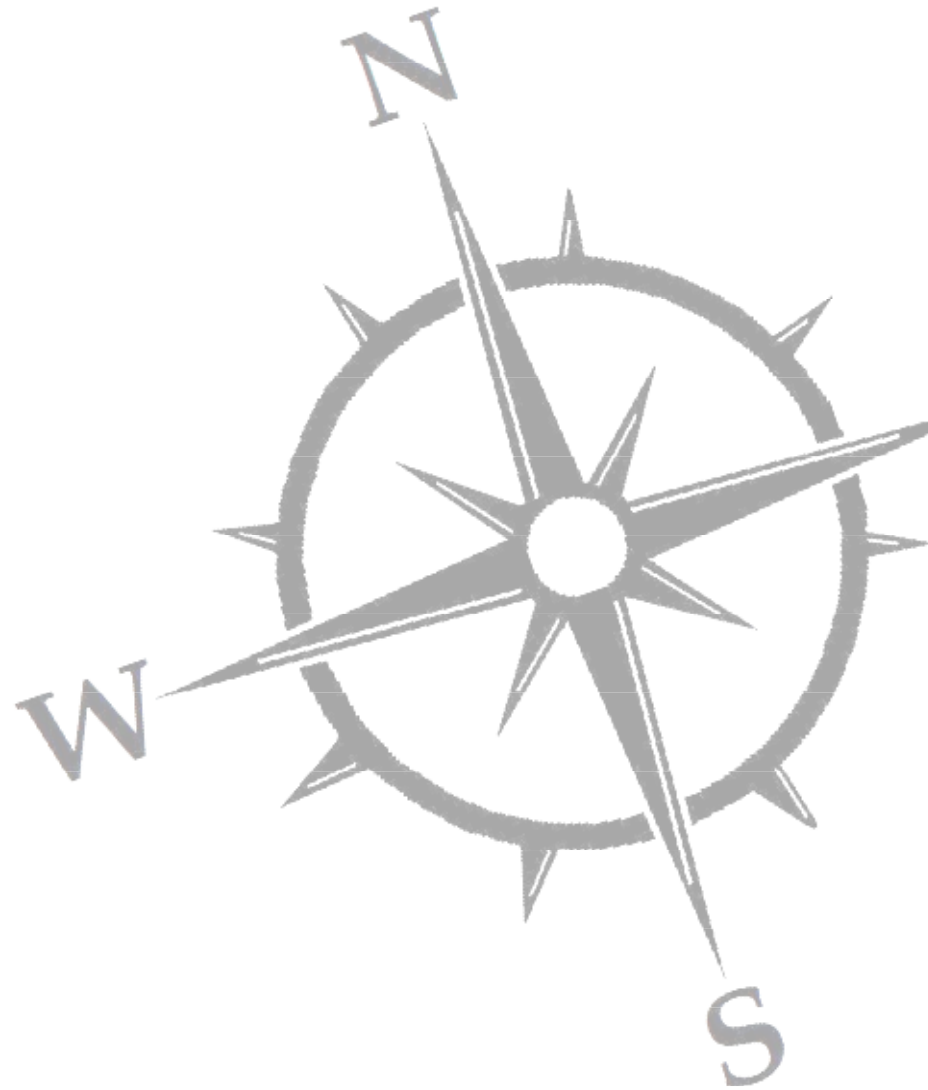
The Life of Hudson Taylor

(1832-1905)

Lesson: 6.6 – Patience Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us to be patient for God to work in our lives. We are tempted to run ahead of God's timing and try to work things out on our own. We must be patient and wait for God. Sometimes it is hard to be patient, especially when bad things happen to you. Hudson Taylor needed to learn to patiently wait to see what God would do.

"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." - James 1:2-4







Who remembers where we left off last week?

(Read the last paragraph from last week's lesson to begin this lesson as a review).

Our ship, the *Dumfries*, had run into a bad storm, and there was only one thing I could do to save it. I quickly made my way below deck to my cabin. There I knelt to pray. God had provided all of the money that I needed to get to Hull, London, and now to China. God had allowed me to get all the training I needed each step along the way. God had kept me from dying from malignant fever. God had even worked it out so that the door was open for me to get to China. Surely God would not let me die now. I finished praying and made my way back up on deck. The ship was now closer than ever to the rocks and Holyhead Lighthouse on the shore.

I clutched the railing and quickly made my way up to Captain Morris. A fresh wave had just crashed into the side of the deck, and

the water was up to his shins as he clung to the wheel trying to get the ship to respond. Thinking his ship was lost, he checked the instruments one more time. "The winds have shifted," he shouted excitedly, "only a bit, but it may be just enough to clear the rocks." The crew sprang into action. Inch by inch and then foot by foot the *Dumfries* slowly floated away from the rocks and back out to sea. God had spared our lives. The ship had been damaged by the storm. It took nearly two weeks to repair it. Some of the crew had also been hurt. I bandaged their wounds and finally, we were off to China again!

By January, we had reached the Cape of Good Hope at the bottom of Africa and began crossing the Indian Ocean. Some nights we had very little wind and the ship hardly moved at all.

On one Sunday, the crew gathered as I preached. Normally, Captain Morris loved the services and appreciated having me on the ship, but today he stood looking over the side of the ship. After the service, he told me his concerns. "We almost lost the *Dumfries* when we started because of too much wind," he began, "Now I fear we might lose her again because we don't have enough wind." The current was again pushing us toward the shore at a rapid speed. Normally, the wind in our sails helped to keep us away, but since there was no wind, we were headed quickly toward a sunken reef. I had noticed some sharks in the waters the last few days and did not want to meet up with one. I could also see fires along the shore where cannibals were eagerly waiting and watching to see what would happen to us.

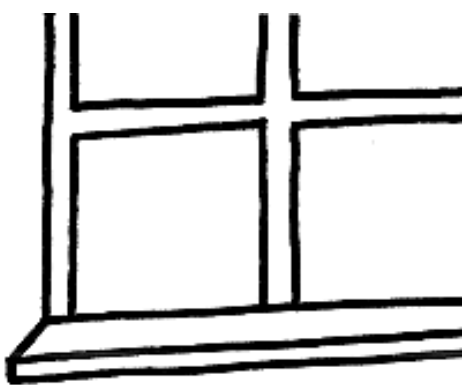
Some of the crew got out in the row boats and tied long ropes to the ship hoping to pull it away from the shore, but it did not work. "We have done all that we can...our fate is sealed," the captain said under his breath. "Yes, we have done all that WE can," I thought. Then I told Captain Morris that four of us were Christians on the ship. We each went to our cabins and prayed, and it didn't take long before I felt my prayer had been heard. I hurried up on deck and told the first officer to let the sails down. He argued with me saying there was no wind and no point in lowering the sails. I told him that the four of us had prayed and that I knew the wind was coming at any moment. He laughed at me...until a gust of wind flowed across the deck. "All hands on deck," he shouted trying to get the ship ready to sail. It wasn't long before we again were blown out to sea and had avoided disaster.

After about five and a half months at sea, we finally reached China. I was twenty-one years old. The fog had settled in, and the Captain said it might take several days to get into port. I went back down to my cabin and packed and repacked my trunk. I put my Bible on top of my trunk and then three letters on top of my Bible. Those three letters were written to people from England who were now living in China. The Chinese Evangelization Society thought those people would help me to get started in my new life in China.

I went up on deck and saw a strange boat called a junk coming towards our ship. This was my first glance at two Chinese men.

They both wore blue clothes that looked

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like pajamas, and they each had a black ponytail. I smiled and thanked God for bringing me to China safely.

An English pilot came on our ship to take us upstream to Shanghai, but the fog made that impossible. He also had news about the Taipings and their rebellion. The Taipings were now often called the “Red Turbans” because of the red turbans that they wore on their heads. These Red Turbans had captured Shanghai. The Emperor had sent his troops, and they had surrounded the old walled city where the Red Turbans were living. Cannon fire could be heard all the time as both sides attempted to destroy the other.

The war had made everything go way up in price. A bag of rice now costs double what it used to. Even rent was now way up, and I only had a couple of coins in my pocket. Thankfully, I remembered that the Chinese Evangelization Society had said they would have a letter waiting for me with money and instructions on what to do from there.

Since it was going to be another day or

two before the ship would travel up to Shanghai, I was allowed to get onto the junk and go upriver with them to where the ship would be docking soon.

It was Wednesday, March 1, 1854, when I stepped off of the junk and onto solid ground in China for the first time. The dock was a busy place. Chinese faces were all around me. Some wore wide cone-shaped hats, some carried bamboo poles with all sorts of different things hanging from them like chickens, ducks, buckets of liquids, and buckets of grains. Over two hundred thousand people live in Shanghai. As I looked around through all the faces, I suddenly felt very alone. I reached into my pocket and grabbed hold of the three letters. At least there were three people that I knew in China.

I made my way to the end of the dock, and there I saw a large white building with a British flag out front. I stepped inside, and the inside of the building brought me back to the bank lobby in Barnsley. On one side, I saw a sign over a window that said “Royal Mail.” On the counter was a smaller sign that said, “Closed until 9 a.m.” I would have to wait to get my instructions and money from the Chinese Evangelization Society until the next morning.

I found another desk and asked the man about the names of the three people in my letters. The clerk looked through his wooden box filled with cards that had names and information on them. “Nicholas Pickering” was the first name I read off an envelope to the clerk. The clerk thumbed through the cards and then shook his head and told me

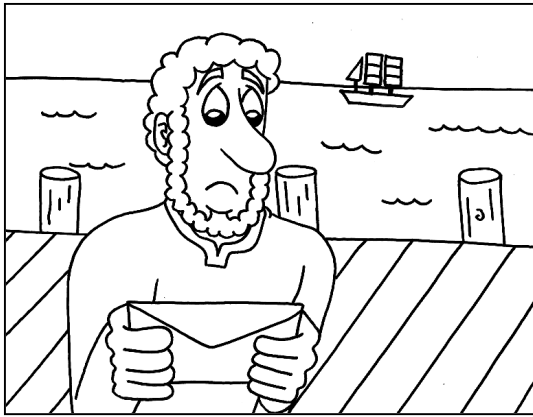
that he had left Shanghai back in January and headed to the gold rush in San Francisco. When I said the name Alfred Armstrong, the clerk pulled out a card that read “deceased.” A little worried, I nervously read the name on the last letter. “Dr. Walter Medhurst.” The clerk smiled and told me that at last there was a name that he could help me with. He told me that the Medhursts lived in the London Missionary Society mission’s compound.

The clerk told me where to go. Two miles later, I was standing outside of the compound. I stepped through the gate and saw a small Chinese man inside sweeping. When he saw me, he dropped his broom and ran up to me, and bowed three times. “Is Dr. Medhurst in? I have a letter for him,” I said. I could tell that the man did not understand a word of what I said. “Me want Doctor Medhurst,” I said more slowly and loudly. “Doc-cor Meh-hurse gone,” he said waving his hand back toward the gate. “Where has he gone,” I asked. “Yes! Gone!” the man said again. Well, everyone I was supposed to find was either dead or gone. I wondered where I would spend the night when suddenly the door of the hospital in the mission compound opened and an English man came out.

I soon learned that his name was Edkins. Edkins told me that Dr. Medhurst had moved his family to a safer part of the city, leaving Edkins and Dr. Lockhart to watch over the compound. Edkins took me into one of the houses and went to find Dr. Lockhart. Dr. Lockhart welcomed me. He offered for me to stay with them until I got on my feet.

That night, as I lay down, it was nice





not to be swaying back and forth as I slept. I soon drifted off to sleep. BOOM! BOOM! The noise woke me from my sleep. The lantern in my room was shaking. I quickly got to my feet and looked out the window. A flash of light caused me to blink followed by another loud boom. I realized it was cannon fire between the Red Turbans and the emperor's warriors. As I said, the Red Turbans had taken over the old walled part of Shanghai. The emperor's men had surrounded that city on three sides. On the fourth side was the international settlement. This was the place where foreigners were allowed to live and do business.

At least it was a little comforting to know that the cannons were not being fired at me. I got back into bed and quickly fell asleep. Only a couple more times was I awakened by another cannonball hitting the wall around the old walled city.

I got up the next morning and had breakfast with the others. They all wondered what I was trained to do. They asked if I was a doctor or a minister. When I told them that I was a missionary, they all looked at me

funny. They asked me how I could be called a missionary without the proper medical or church training.

A little while later, I went back to my room and wrote Amelia a letter. I told her all about my first day in China, without the part about the cannons of course. After that, I got dressed and headed back to the British Consulate. I would get my money and instructions from the Chinese Evangelization Society and then see if the *Dumfries* had reached the dock yet.

Along the way, I saw many other interesting sites. Little boys were selling brightly colored birds in bamboo cages beside the road, and an old man was making paper lanterns out of red paper.

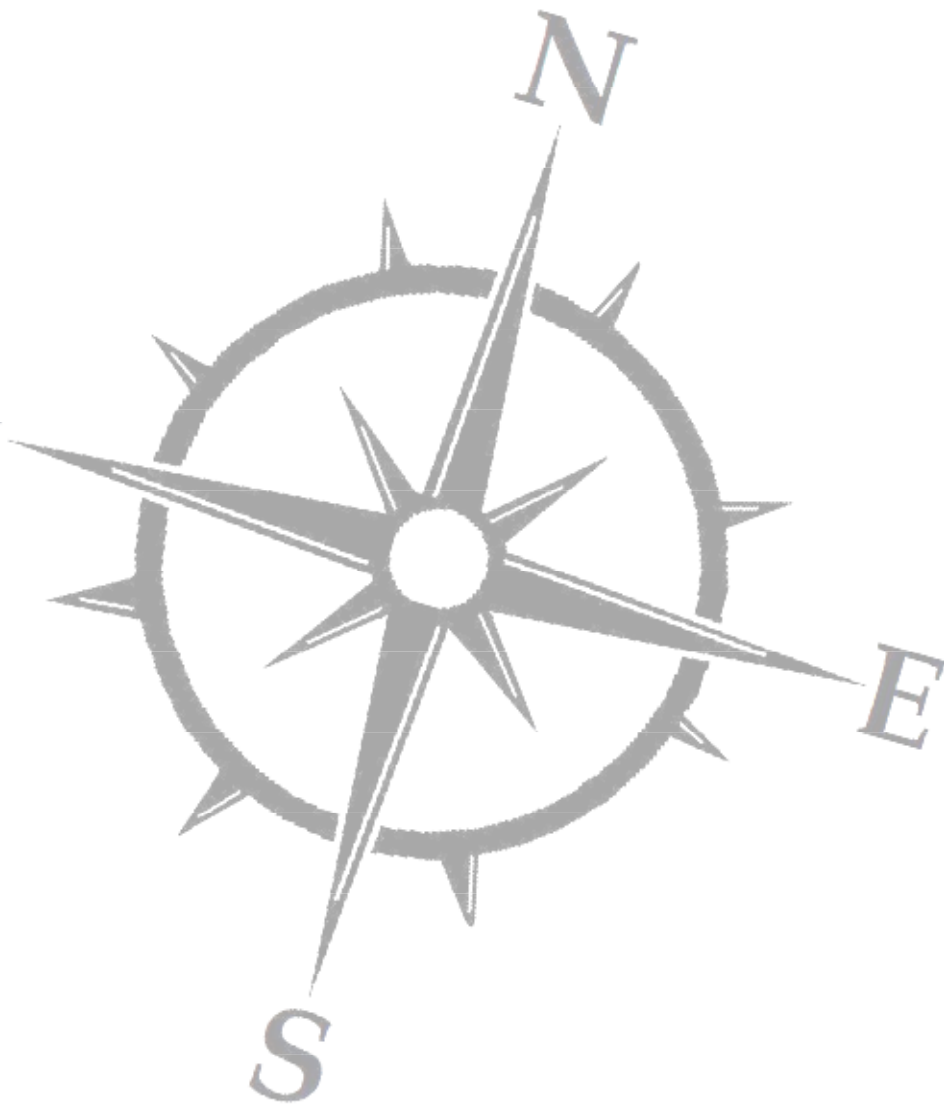
I soon arrived at the British Consulate again. I waited in line behind the mail counter. Finally, it was my turn. I stepped up and told the man my name and then held both hands out. The man left and came back and put one letter in my hand. I could tell by the writing on the front that it was from my mother. I stood there longer. The clerk looked up and said, "That is all there is, sir."

I stepped back in shock. "That is all there is," kept going through my mind. One of the missionaries at the compound had told me the night before that a steamship came from London with mail once per month. So...five steamships had come and gone since I had left England, and the Chinese Evangelization Society had not been able to get money or instructions on any of them for me? What was I going to do? I had no job, and no money, and I would have to wait a few weeks before more mail arrived. The

other missionaries already wondered about me and the Chinese Evangelization Society...what was I going to do?

What do you think will happen to Hudson? Where will he get the money and supplies he needs? To find out, come back next time.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 6.6 on **page 136** in your **China Expedition - Leader's Guide**).*



References

For further reading or to obtain more information on this portion of the life of this missionary, please consult the following sources from which we obtained our information:

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