

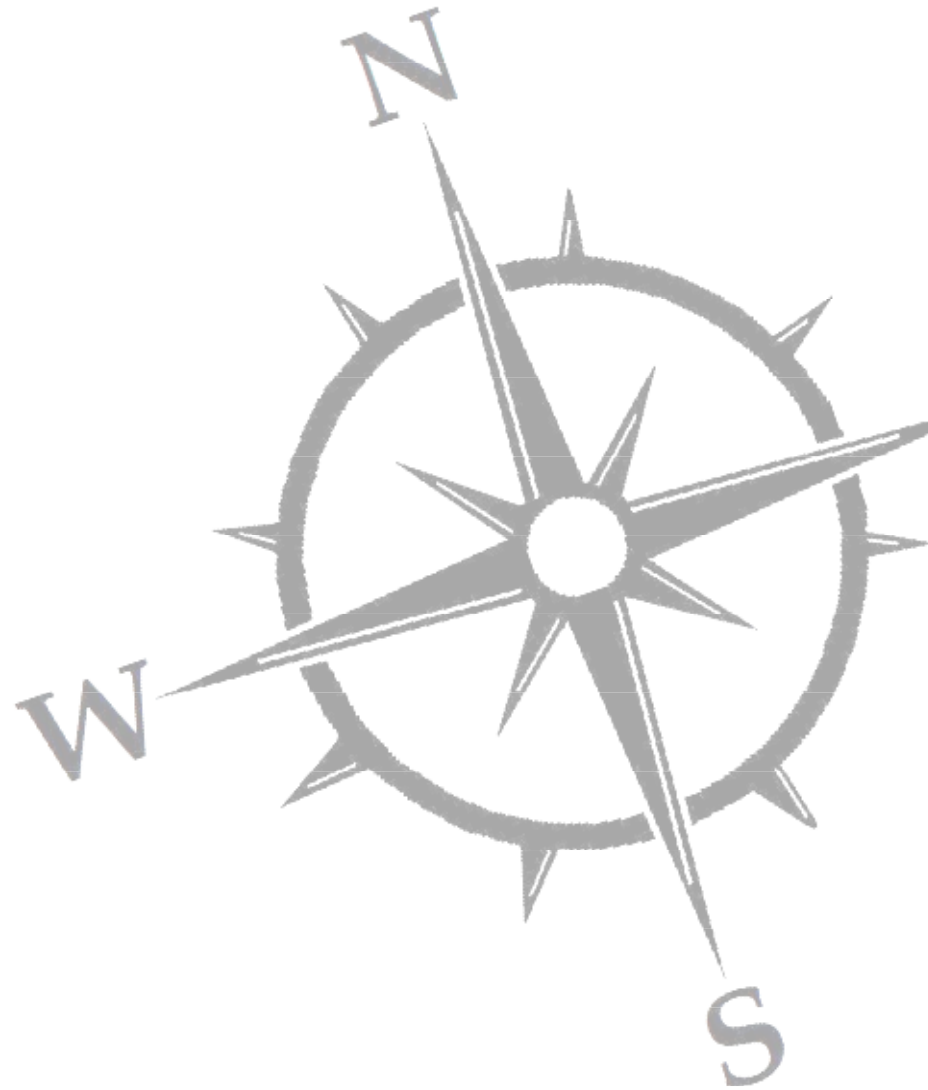
The Life of Hudson Taylor

(1832-1905)

Lesson: 6.5 – Trust Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us that we can trust in what God has promised. Others may break their word and disappoint us, but God will not fail to keep every promise He has ever made. God promises to always be with us and protect us as Christians. Hudson Taylor was determined to trust in what God was doing, even when others around him doubted.

*"In God I will praise his word, in God I have put my trust; I will not fear what flesh can do unto me." -
Psalm 56:4*







Who remembers where we left off last week?

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

them that I would not need their help.

Two weeks later, I stood on the deck of a steamship that was headed to London. "The next time I stand on a ship, I will be headed to China," I thought to myself.

Amelia and I stayed with my Uncle Benjamin when we had gone to London for The Great Exhibition. He offered for me to stay with him again for a couple of weeks once I arrived in London. I had an enjoyable time with my uncle, and then my cousin Tom told me that he was renting an attic in a house just a couple of blocks away. He asked if I would like to move in with him. I moved my things over and soon enrolled in some classes at the London Hospital.

I had saved up a little money back in Hull, and I wanted to make it last as long as I could. On my way home, I would buy a small loaf of bread and have the baker cut it in half. I knew if I cut it in half that I would cut too big of a piece for dinner and wouldn't have enough for breakfast in the morning. On my way to school, I would pick up two apples...one for lunch and one for a snack. By doing this, I only spent a couple of pennies each day on food.

Another way that I saved money was by walking everywhere I went. I walked to school, walked to church, and even walked a four-mile trip to the shipping office as a favor to Mrs. Finch once per month. If you remember, Mrs. Finch was the lady that rented me my room back in Drainside. Mrs. Finch's husband worked on a ship that was based out of London. Once a month, as a favor to her, I would walk to the office, collect Mr. Finch's wages, and send them to

Mrs. Finch. Otherwise, she would have to pay a fee to have them sent to her from the shipping office.

On one occasion, Mrs. Finch wrote to me saying that she needed me to go collect her husband's wages because she needed to pay her rent. I didn't have time with classes to do this, so I decided to send her my own money and then go and collect her husband's wages later in the week and pay myself back at that time. The plan seemed to work fine until I went to collect her husband's wages. The man at the shipping office told me that no wages had been sent. Mr. Finch had abandoned his ship and gone to find gold in a gold rush. The man told me that a lot of men often left their families in situations like this.

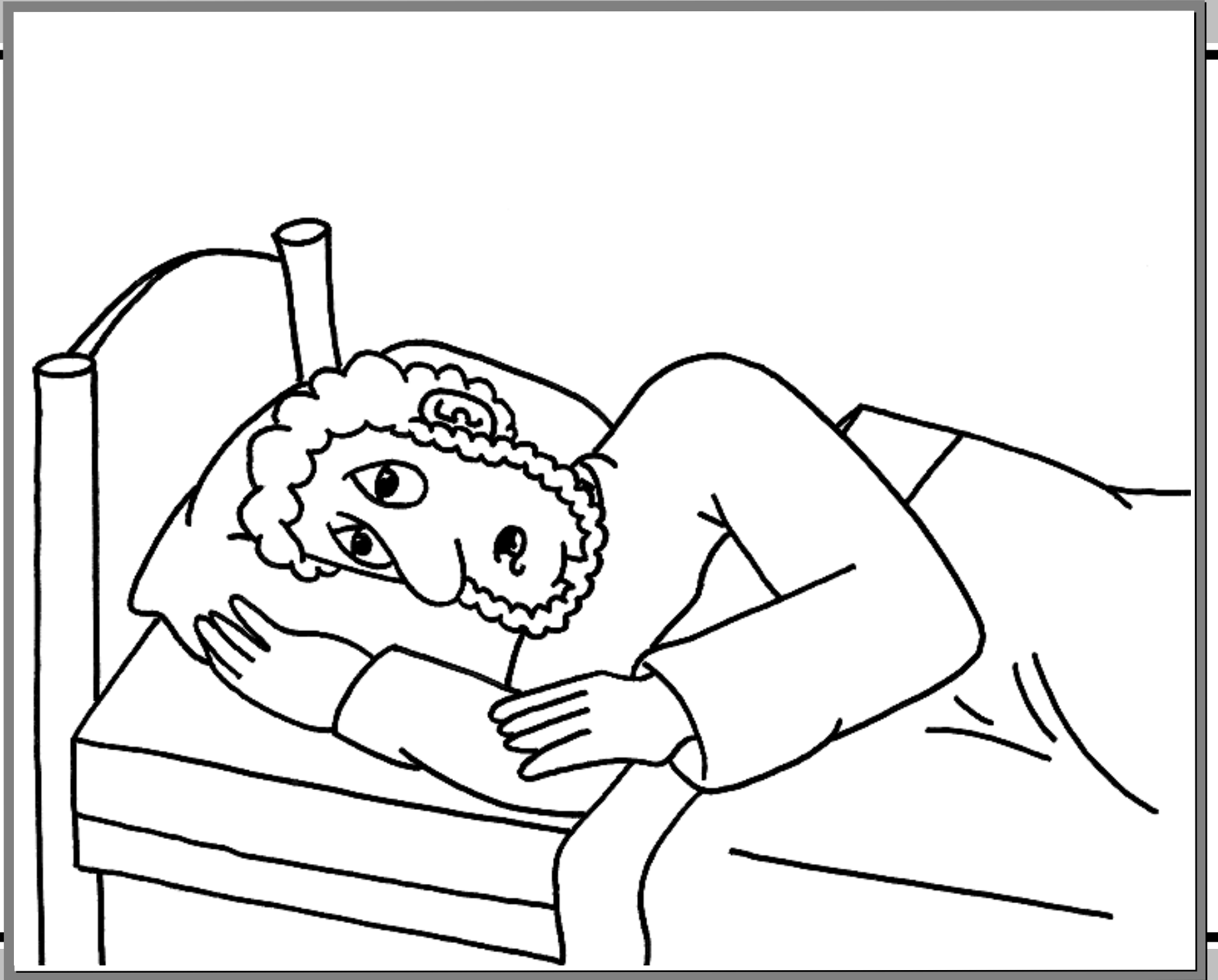
It took me a minute to realize what was happening. I only had a few pennies left since I had sent all my money to Mrs. Finch. As I headed home, I should have been depressed, but instead, I found that I was getting more excited as I walked to my home. I had moved here planning to trust God to provide for me, and now I was excited to see just how He was going to do it.

I got home and finished some studying. Just before going to bed, I decided to make myself a notebook to take notes in class. It was much cheaper for me to make one than to buy one from the store. To make a notebook, I simply took a stack of paper and used a needle and thread to sew it together on one side. I was just about done when the needle came through the paper and pricked my finger. I forgot all about that finger prick and went to bed.

The next day, I was sitting in class

Dr. Hardey had offered for me to become his apprentice. I could be a real doctor in as little as five years, but I knew that God wanted me in China as quickly as possible. I knew that I could get trained to be a doctor much faster in London. I would also be in the same area that the Chinese Evangelization Society was located in. Whenever they were ready to send me to China, I would be right there and could easily go.

Both my father and the Chinese Evangelization Society offered to pay for me to go to medical school in London. I prayed and decided that God wanted me to stretch my faith a little more and trust Him to provide for me. I wrote letters to my dad and the Chinese Evangelization Society telling





when suddenly the room began to swirl around me. I went outside to get a drink of water and felt better. Then I went on to my next class which was back in the surgery room. Earlier that day, my classmates and I had been practicing surgery on a man's body who had died from a terrible disease called malignant fever. Now we were going back to clean up. I felt bad that I couldn't help with the cleanup, but I felt sick, and all that I could do was sit in the corner.

The surgeon came over to talk to me. When I told him how I felt, he said that I must have cut myself while working on this body. I would have known if I had cut myself, and that had not happened. He went on to say that even a tiny, tiny cut in my skin could let disease into my body. Then I remembered that needle prick I got from my notebook. The surgeon put his hand on my shoulder and told me to go home, get my things, and travel to my home right away. He leaned in and cleared his throat before saying, "I'm sorry son, but you are a dead man."

It was true...almost no one who got

malignant fever ever lived to tell about it. "I'm not afraid to die," I told the surgeon. "But the problem is that God has called me to go to China, and I have not been there yet, so I may get very sick, but I don't think that I am going to die." The surgeon was surprised and told me that this was a fine time to argue about my almost certain death.

He helped me get outside, and I used my last penny to catch a coach back to my house. I dragged myself up to the attic room that Tom and I shared. I took a scalpel, cut my pricked finger, and tried to squeeze all of the malignant fever out of me. Very soon, I passed out, and the next thing I knew, my Uncle Benjamin had put me into bed and was shaking me awake. Uncle Benjamin had called his doctor who was now examining me. The doctor told me that if I had been partying and staying up late and drinking alcohol, I had very little hope of surviving this. I smiled, though it hurt to laugh, and whispered to the doctor, "If not doing those things gives me a better chance, then I have a better chance of making it through this than anyone else I know."

Uncle Benjamin and Tom took care of me for weeks. I kept passing out, and each day the doctor came by to give me a horrible medicine called quinine to help fight the fevers. Finally, I started to get better. Some visitors started coming to see me. One student in my class told me that two other students had also cut themselves on a dead body and had gotten very sick. Both of them had died. "God had spared me...He must have a plan for me in China after all," I thought.

The doctor said I should try to go back home to Barnsley because the fresh air would do me some good. I had no money to get home. I began praying for God to supply my needs, and I kept getting the feeling that I should go back to that shipping office. I decided to go. I was still very weak, but I somehow made it all the way there, stopping along the way to catch my breath and strength. The man at the shipping office welcomed me inside. There had been a mix-up. There were two Mr. Finches on the same boat. It was the other Mr. Finch who had gone after the gold. "I had no way to contact you," the man told me, "but here is all the money we owe you."

The next day, the doctor was shocked about the trip I had made to the shipping office. I told him about God leading me to go there and helping me to get there. "I wish that I had faith like yours," the doctor said. "You can," I said, "it's free for the asking." After paying the doctor, I had just enough money to go back home to Barnsley. I made a quick recovery there.

Amelia and Marianne came to visit me several times. One of those times, I asked Marianne to marry me, and she said that she would.

Soon, I learned that my cousin Tom was sick. Since Tom had taken care of me, I moved back to London to care for Tom. It wasn't long after I got there that I ran out of money again. I prayed, and this time God provided a new position for me working as an assistant for Dr. Brown. I again continued my studies at London Hospital.

Marianne came to visit me a few times





and finally told me that neither she nor her dad wanted her to go to China. I wrote her father a letter. Marianne and her father wondered why I couldn't just stay in London and be a doctor there. I did love Marianne, but I loved God more. In the end, I called off the wedding and trusted that God would give me a wife if I was to have one.

Little did I know, but while I was caring for Tom and working for Dr. Brown, things were happening in China. China had been ruled by an emperor and his family for a long time. They were known as the Qing dynasty. A group called the Taipings, in the southern part of China, had started a rebellion that was growing stronger every day. They wanted to overthrow the Qing dynasty and be in control of China. The good thing about the Taipings is that they saw Europeans not as barbarians to be hated, but as friends and people that should be allowed to go where they wanted to go in China.

The China Evangelization Society saw this as a good chance for missionaries to get into China, and they asked me if I wanted to go. I hadn't finished my medical training, but

God had not called me to be a doctor, He had called me to be a missionary to China.

The Chinese Evangelization Society told me that they would pay for me to get to China and then send me some money each month to live off of. I would go first to Shanghai, which is on the coast and try to go inland from there after a while.

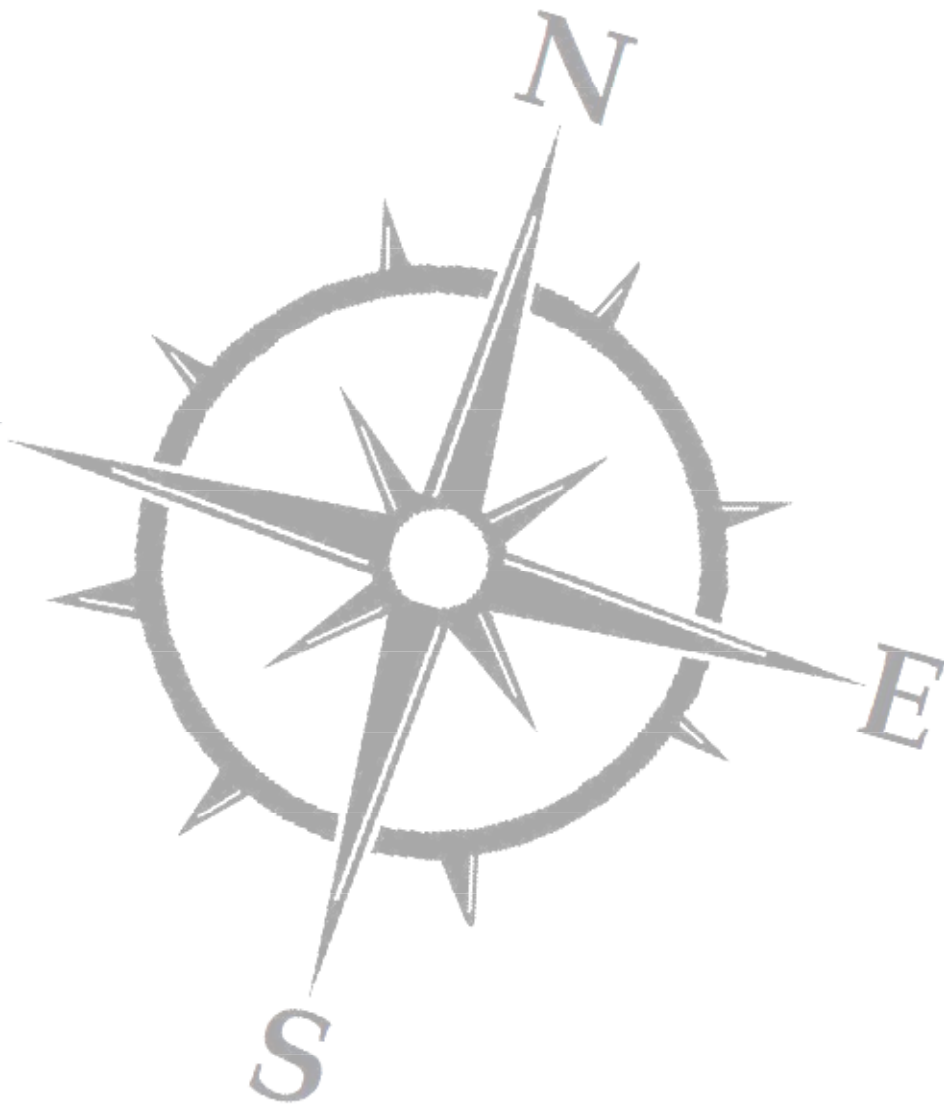
I got my things together and traveled to Liverpool. My ship, the *Dumfries*, would travel from Liverpool to Shanghai on September 19th. My family met me in Liverpool to say goodbye. They helped me onto the ship and then stood on the dock waving. I waved to them until they faded out of sight.

It was 1853, and I was twenty-one years old. I was on board the *Dumfries* and bound for China. I was excited and began to get used to the gentle rocking of the ship...that is until four days into our journey. The lantern over my bed began to swing wildly back and forth. The ship was creaking loudly. I decided to go up on deck to what was going on. Moments after stepping out on the deck, a huge wave crashed into the side of the ship. Foamy water ran across the deck, carrying barrels and other pieces of lumber with it. Our ship was tossed one way and then back the other way. In the storm, I saw Captain Morris had a tight hold on the wheel and was turning it back and forth to try to get our ship to respond. "We don't have long before we crash into the large rocks of the Welsh Coast," the captain yelled. I knew crashing into the rocks would surely sink the ship, and everyone on board would be lost. I was not a sailor, but I must do something. Then I

remembered something I had had that could help, but I had to get to my cabin quickly...very quickly...

What do you think Hudson has? What will happen to the *Dumfries* and Hudson Taylor? Will they make it to China? To find out, come back next time.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 6.5 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:

Benge, Janet and Geoff. *Hudson Taylor: Deep in the Heart of China*. YWAM publishing, 1998

Howell, Clifford G. (1912) J. Hudson Taylor: Founder of the China Inland Mission. *The Advanced Guard of Missions*. Retrieved from <http://www.wholesomewords.org/missions/biotaylor7.html>

Jensen, Florence Huntington. (1932) Hudson Taylor. *Hearts Aflame*. Retrieved from <http://www.wholesomewords.org/missions/biotaylor5.html>

N.A. (n.d.) *Hudson Taylor: Missionary to China*. Retrieved from <http://www.christianitytoday.com/ch/131christians/missionaries/htaylor.html>

N.A. (n.d.) *Hudson Taylor*. Retrieved from http://www.omf.org/omf/us/about_omf_international/history/hudson_taylor

Reese, Ed (n.d.) The life and Ministry of James Hudson Taylor. *Christian Hall of Fame Series*. Retrieved from <http://www.wholesomewords.org/missions/biotaylor5.html>

Schaff, Philip. (n.d.) James Hudson Taylor: Founder of the China Inland Mission. *The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge, Vol. XI*. Retrieved from <http://www.tlogical.net/biohtaylor.html>

