

# The Life of Hudson Taylor

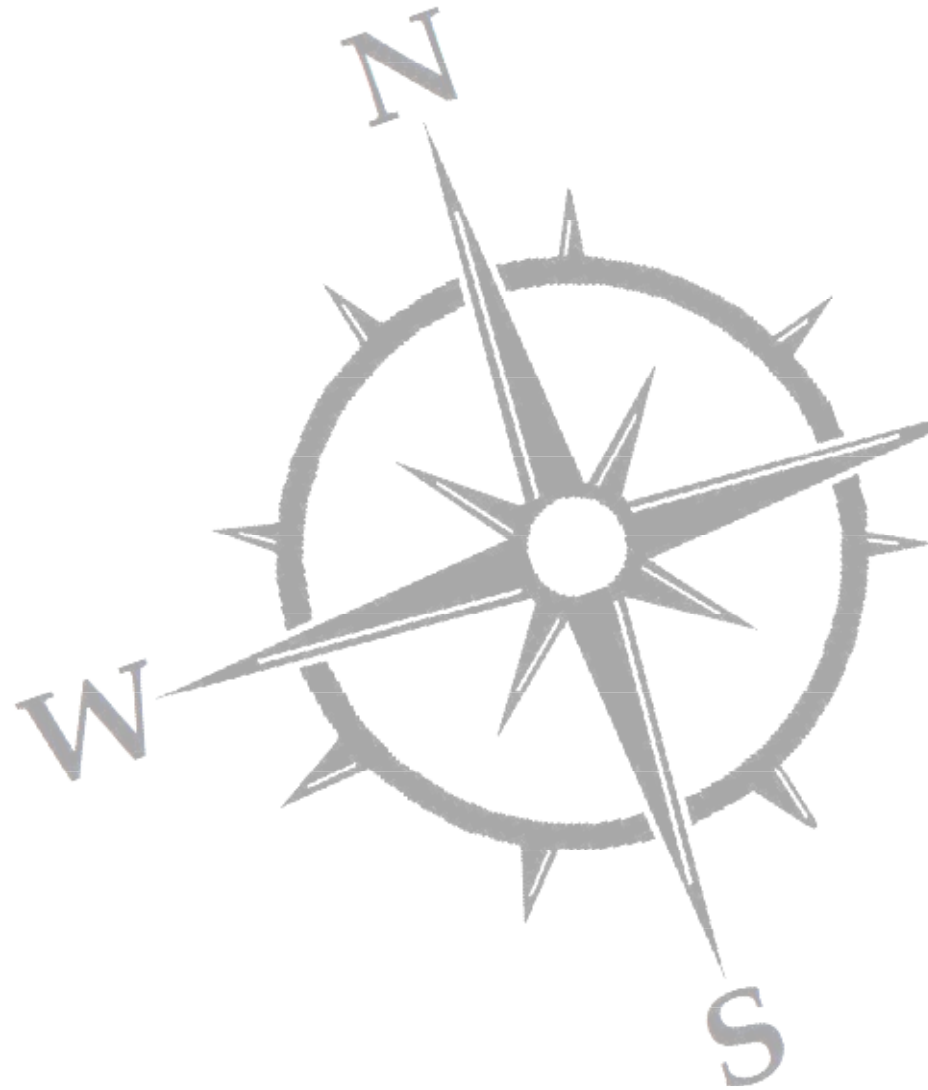
(1832-1905)

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## Lesson: 6.3 – Lost Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us of how important the soul of each sinner is to God. God loves the world and desires for everyone to be saved. The angels rejoice over every person who is saved. God had some big plans for Hudson Taylor, but Hudson also needed to learn some things first. The first thing God wanted Hudson to see was that he was lost and needed to be found.

*“For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.” – Luke 19:10*







I couldn't help but think about my parents and family as I made it back to my bunk. I was now farther from home than most people in Barnsley had probably ever dreamed of going. Barnsley was the name of the little town in England where I was born. I came from a long line of godly people. My grandfather had started the church in our town years before I was born. My father was the town's pharmacist. Both he and my mother were very godly and made sure that we were in church every Sunday. Before I was born, my parents had prayed that God would lead me to become a missionary.

I was sick a lot as a child. Because of how often I was sick, I wasn't able to attend school. Instead, my mother home-schooled me.

My mother taught me all about the Lord. However, I soon began to doubt what my parents had taught me, and I decided to live for this life only. When I turned fifteen, I got a job working as a junior clerk at the town's bank. I met many other boys there who were my age, and they helped me learn to swear and make fun of the Bible and the things of God. Every evening my family would sit around the table while my father read the Bible...I just dreaded listening to my father. It wasn't long before something happened that made my eyes very sore while working at the bank, and I was forced to stop working there.

Thanks to my father and his medicines, my eyes soon got better, but my heart didn't. I still hated going to church, hearing the Bible read, and listening to anyone talk about the Lord. For the next two

years, my life settled into a routine of working for my father in the pharmacy each day. My father and mother began to notice how I hated the things of God, and they began to pray for me. Even my younger sister, Amelia, noticed and she made a note in her diary to pray three times a day for me until I got right with God.

After I turned seventeen, my mother went away for a few weeks to visit her sister. One afternoon, she had nothing to do, and she decided to spend the whole afternoon praying for me. It just so happened that I was bored that afternoon at home as well, and I went into my dad's library to find something to read. Nothing seemed to stand out until I saw a tract that I had not seen before. I knew how tracts worked. They started with a good story and then went into talking about Bible verses and the Lord. I planned on just reading the good story at the beginning, but before I knew it, I had read the whole thing. The tract talked about how Jesus had done all that was needed for a person to be saved. I took the tract to my hideout, which was an old warehouse on our property. I read it through a couple more times and I could not get that idea out of my mind. I knelt and prayed and asked God to forgive me for my sins and to save my soul.

Miles away, my mother sat praying and said that she suddenly had peace that God had saved me. When she returned a few days later, I met her at the door and told her that I had been saved. She told me about praying for me and the peace that had come over her. A few weeks later, I went to write something down, and I picked up Amelia's

Crash! I looked up from writing in my journal. We were only four days into our journey and had already managed to run into a terrible storm. I had watched the lantern in my cabin swing wildly back and forth for the last hour. I could tell by the ship's creaking all around me that something spectacular was going on outside. I quickly made my way up on deck. 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. Captain Morris had a tight hold on the wheel turning it back and forth trying to get our ship, the *Dumfries*, 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. "Unless God helps us, there is no hope for us," the captain continued. I made my way back to my cabin. God had wanted me to be a missionary. Was this how it was supposed to end?





only did I have to share my room with John, which I had not had to do with Amelia, but I also found that John was just like those boys back at the bank. He was always interrupting me when I was praying to tell me a joke or something else silly.

One afternoon, I poured my heart out to the Lord. I was sick of my sins and wanted God to light a fire in me to reach souls for Him. While I was praying, God seemed to say to me that He wanted me to go and be a missionary in China.

I started getting ready at once. I knew that the life of a missionary was not an easy one, and I was determined to do three things to get myself ready. First of all, I knew life in China would be tough, and I needed to toughen up my body some. As I said, I was kind of a sickly child. My mother had always made sure I was dressed warmly and ate good food. If I was to be ready for China and the sea voyage over there, I needed to begin exercising. I started getting up early in the morning and exercising outdoors. I also threw away my feather mattress and started sleeping on the bare hard floorboards.

Secondly, I knew that I needed to learn Chinese if I was going to go to China. I didn't know anyone who spoke Chinese, so I couldn't learn how it sounded. Someone had given me a copy of the gospel of Luke in Chinese, so I decided to at least learn what the Chinese language looked like. The only problem is that it did not come with a translation. In the Chinese language, each word is a separate picture or symbol, not like in English where letters are put together to make words. So to figure out what each

symbol meant, I had my cousin John help me. If we were trying to figure out the Chinese symbol for salvation, we would look up several verses in the English Bible that had the word salvation in them, and then look up the same verses in the Chinese Gospel of Luke and find the symbol that was found in each one of those verses. It was a lot of work, but slowly I memorized over five hundred Chinese symbols and what each one meant.

I also had to learn more about China itself. I borrowed a book that my pastor had about China. It was written by Dr. Medhurst who had printed Bibles in the Chinese language and then disguised himself as a Chinese person and smuggled Bibles into China. My pastor wondered how I would ever afford to pay for the trip to China, and I told him that I would trust God just like the disciples had. My pastor told me that when I got older I would get wiser and see that God doesn't work that way anymore. Little did my pastor know how wrong his advice would be.

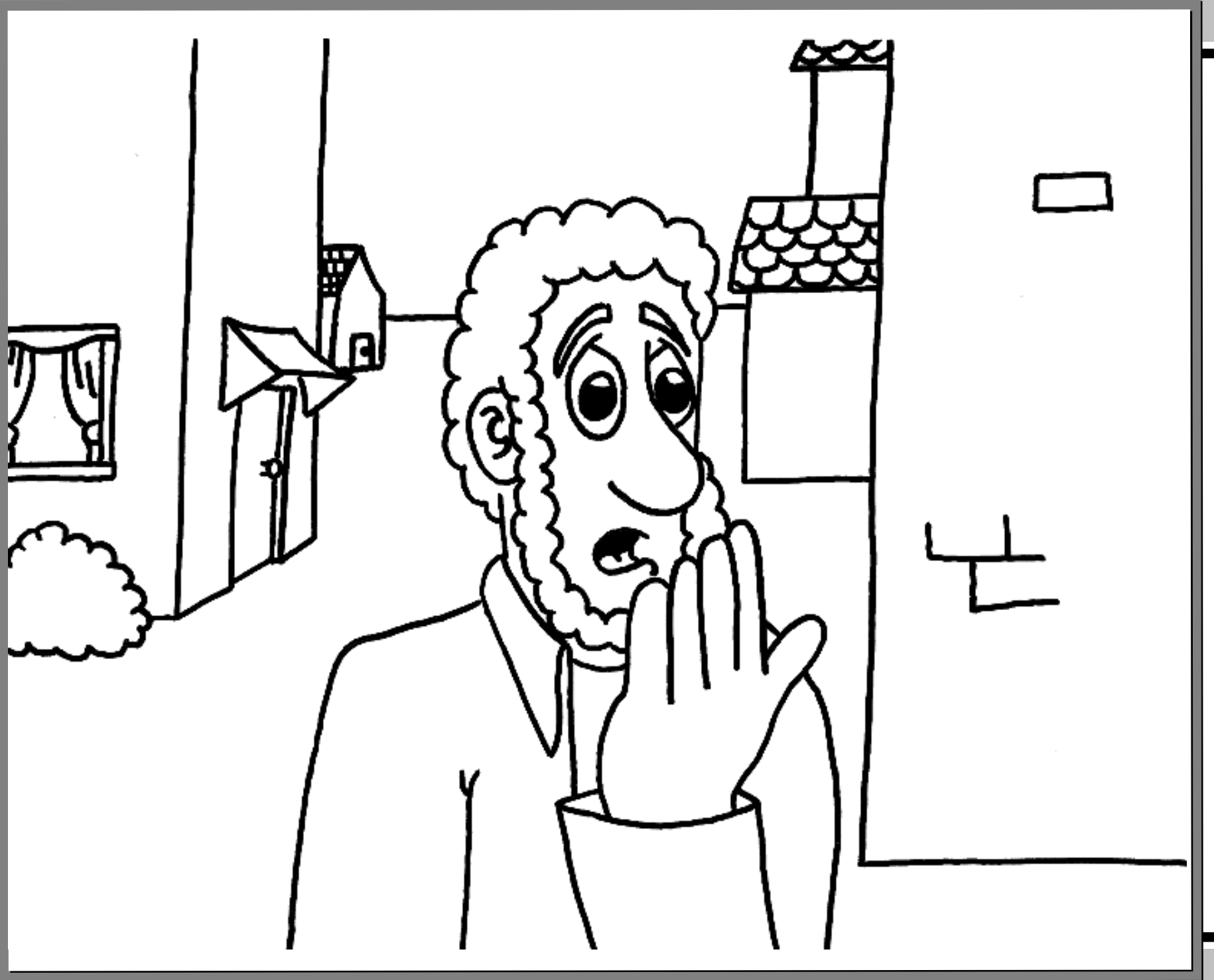
The third thing I would need to do to be ready for China was to get all of the training that I could get. I borrowed some books and began working on my Hebrew, Latin, and Greek. Dr. Medhurst also said in his book that it was best if potential missionaries got some medical training before coming to China. I decided that I would need to get some medical training, but where should I go?

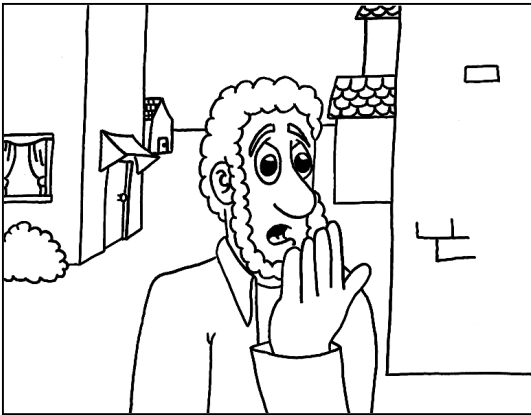
Before I could answer that question, my sister Amelia had come home on summer vacation. When Amelia came home, she also

diary by mistake. I saw my name in it, and I realized that she had been praying for me three times a day for exactly one month before I had been saved. I was amazed at how God had answered prayer.

From that day on, Bible reading, church sermons, and everything else had new excitement for me. God had changed me from what I was. Now I wanted to do something to serve Him. One Sunday, Amelia and I had an idea. We would skip the evening service and go to the poorest areas of Barnsley to hand out tracts, invite people to church, and tell them about God's love for them. Amelia and I grew very close during this time, and we also encouraged each other to grow spiritually. I hoped we would be able to keep doing this forever, but my parents had other plans. Amelia was now fourteen, and my parents wanted her to go off to school. Amelia would go and stay with my Aunt Hodson and my Aunt Hodson's son, John, would come and stay with us and be an apprentice to my father in the pharmacy.

I was sad that Amelia had left, and I became even sadder when John arrived. Not





brought a young lady named Marianne, who was the school's music teacher, with her. Marianne was funny, pretty, and had a lot of abilities in singing and playing the piano. I liked Marianne and wondered if God had brought her into my life as a possible wife to take to China with me someday. We had the most wonderful summer of horseback riding, laughing, and singing together. As I helped Amelia and Marianne back onto the train, I was sure Marianne and I would end up getting married.

Once they had gone, I immediately got to work finding a place to get some medical training. London would be the best place, but it would cost so much for room and board in London that I knew I would not have any money left over for school. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't come up with anything that would work.

Thankfully, my mother's other sister, Aunt Hannah, had an idea. Aunt Hannah lived in the town of Hull. Her brother-in-law, Dr. Hardey, was a well-respected doctor in Hull and just so happened to be looking for an assistant. I could go to the classes Dr.

Hardey taught at the local medical school, and I would have my room and board paid for, and I would also earn some wages for being his assistant.

It didn't take long for me to think that one over. On my nineteenth birthday, I got on board a train that would take me fifty miles away to the town of Hull.

Everything worked out wonderfully when I arrived in Hull. Dr. Hardey was a great doctor and a good Christian man. He gave me several extra responsibilities. My time as a junior clerk at the bank helped me keep track of the bills and accounting. My time working for my father helped me to learn the names of medicines and how to prepare them.

Life fell into a good rhythm. I would work for Dr. Hardey during the week and spend my spare time studying for classes. On Sunday, I would go to church and then either go and visit Aunt Hannah or go a bit further and visit Amelia and Marianne.

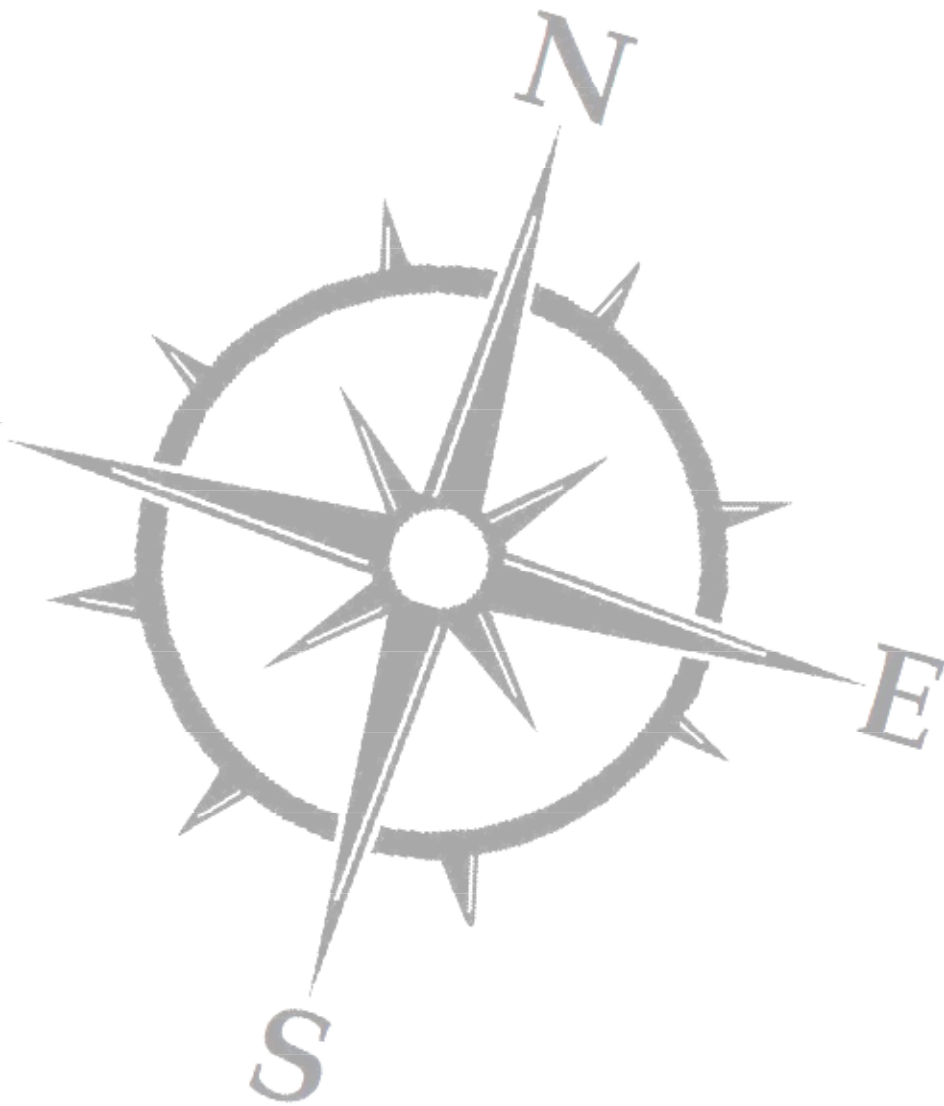
On one of my visits to Amelia and Marianne, I was excited about an article I had read in a magazine put out by the Chinese Evangelization Society. The article talked about a German man named Wilhelm Lobscheid who had been to China and was holding a meeting in London to talk about all that he had seen in China. Amelia was excited to hear about it, but Marianne seemed bored with what I was saying. Marianne even asked me why I had to go to China to serve God. She wondered why I couldn't just stay and work here in England. I was shocked to hear that she felt this way, but I decided to trust that God would change

her heart if He wanted us to marry.

"I must go and see Mr. Lobscheid," I told Amelia. But how would I pay for an expensive ticket to London? I also wondered if Dr. Hardey would give me the time off to go. And what is more, I wondered if I would have anywhere to stay once I got to London. All of these questions ran through my mind as I traveled back home that day. I wanted to go to London so badly, but how was I going to make it work? "There is just no way to do this," I thought as I came around the last corner toward my home. Something ahead of me caused me to stop in my tracks. "That's it! There just might be a way after all," I said with a smile.

### **What do you think Hudson saw? To find out come back next time.**

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 6.3 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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