

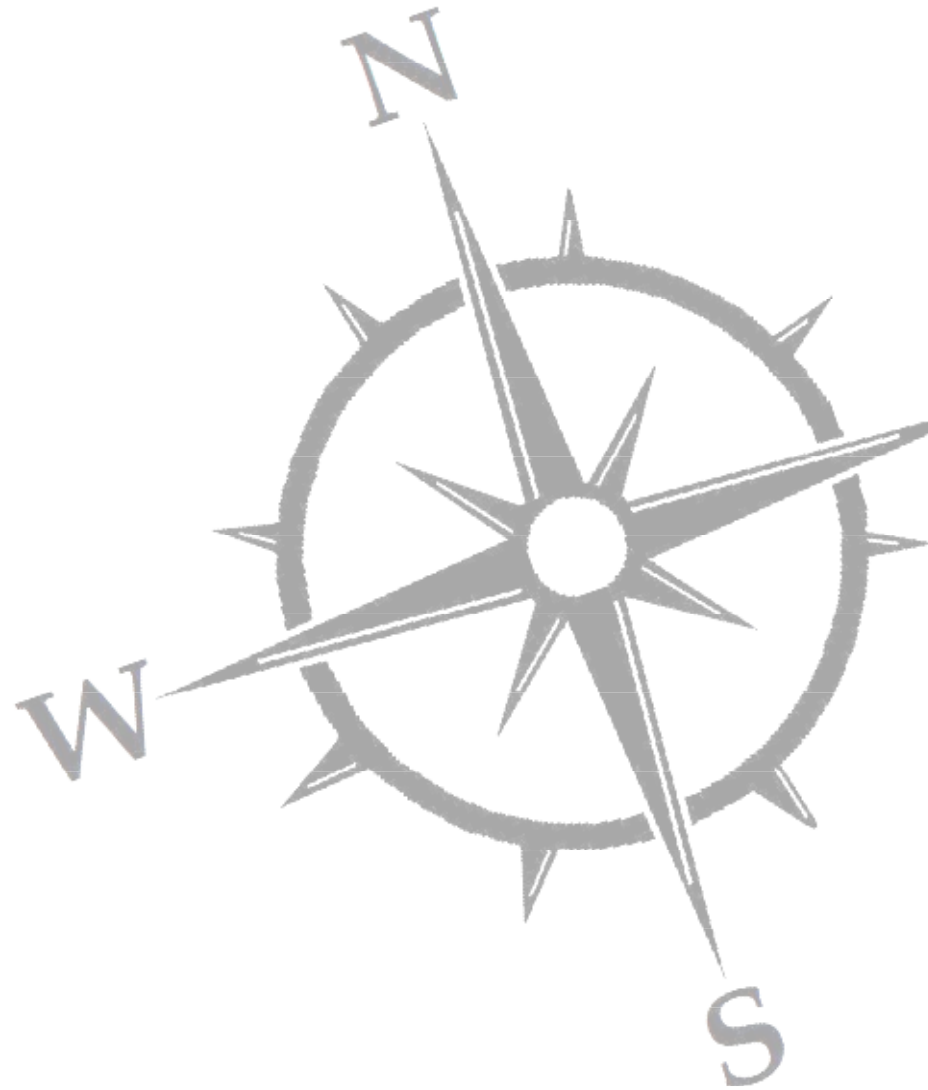
The Life of Hudson Taylor

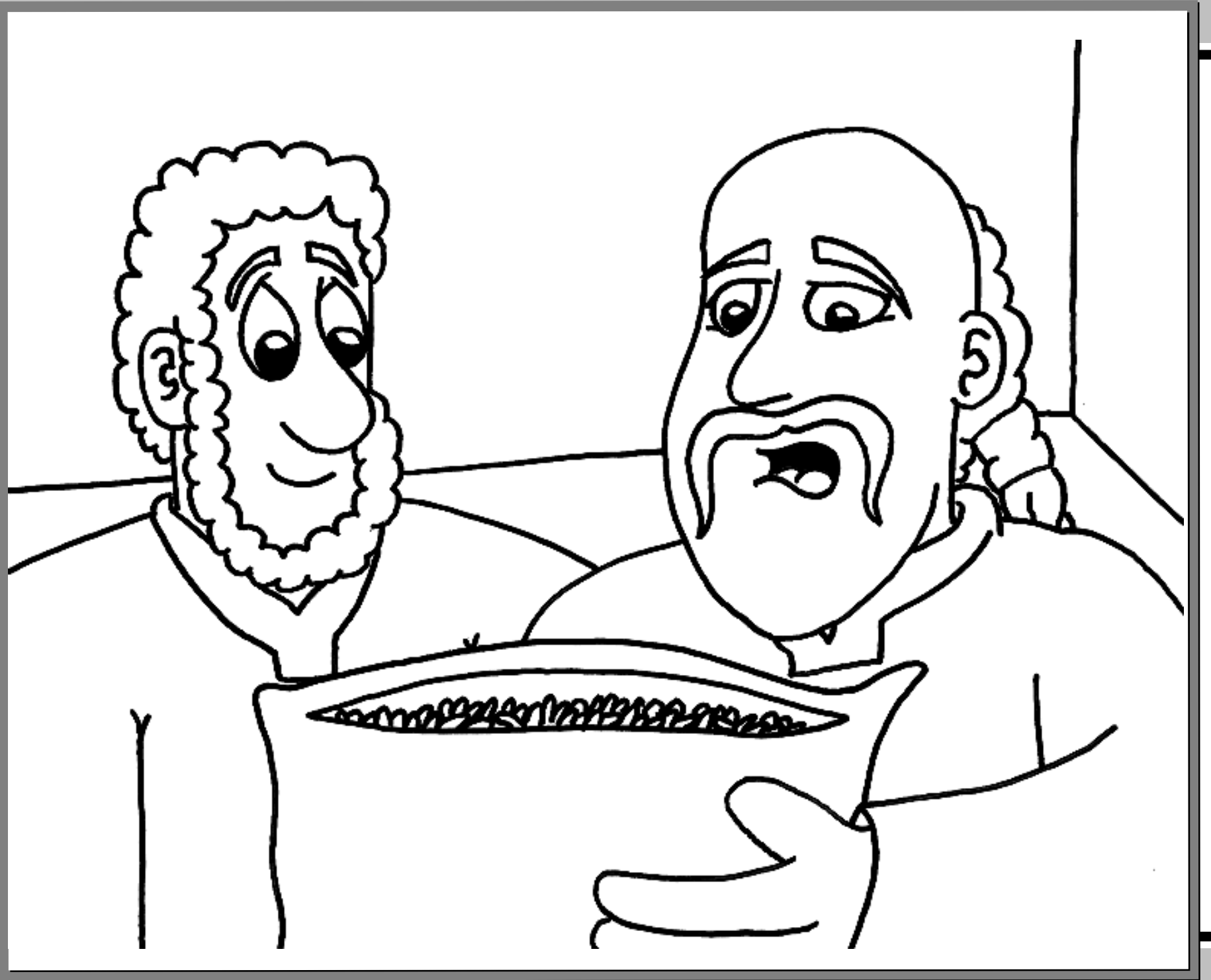
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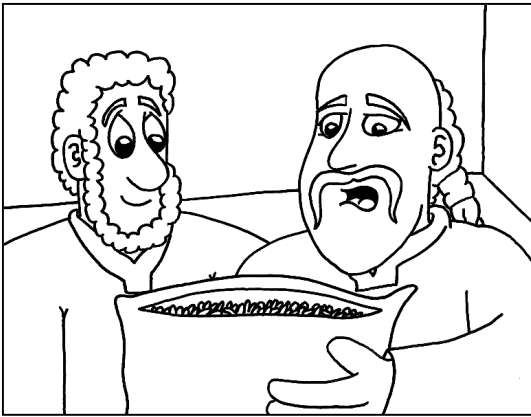
Lesson: 6.9 – Proclaim Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us of the importance of witnessing to the unsaved. Salvation is free to all, but many have never understood its message. Go and tell the good news to all people. Hudson Taylor knew that the gospel message about Jesus was the most important message for the world to hear.

“But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them.” - 2 Corinthians 4:3-4







Who remembers where we left off last week?

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

As I looked over the side of the deck of the *Jubilee*, I caught my last glimpse of China before it went out of sight. My heart was sad. I had been in China for six years. There was still so much to do for the Lord. I had received some news that I was hoping not to. The doctors told me that I had tuberculosis and that I needed to go back to England to rest. I had put it off as long as I could, but I knew that as the doctors said, if I did not go back to England, then I would be dead in a couple of months.

So it was with sadness that we all got on board the *Jubilee* and headed for England. We brought along Wang Lae-djun with us who was a Chinese Christian from our church on Bridge Street. The trip only took us about four months which was good. We

stayed with my sister Amelia and her new husband when we arrived.

Amelia talked me into cutting off my queue and wearing English clothes again. We went and visited my family and then came back to London and moved into a house near the London Hospital. The doctors there told me that my liver, digestive system, and nervous system were damaged and that it would be several years before I could return to China.

Though I had left China, I thought about it often. I even put a large map of China up on my wall.

Being in Ning-Po showed me how important it was for me to finish my medical training. I began working in the London Hospital and taking classes. While I studied at the hospital, I also began working on something else. I brought Wang Lae-djun from China to help us. We began the task of translating the New Testament into words that would make learning the Chinese language easier for both new missionaries and the Chinese people as well. Chinese words are not made up of letters. Each word is a different picture. To make Chinese easier, we did away with the pictures and wrote what the words sounded like instead.

I also tried to recruit new workers for John Jones and the Bridge Street Church back in China.

During this time, I didn't have a job or earn any money, but God seemed to provide at every turn for me, my wife, and our growing family. We now had four children. Sometimes it was at the last minute, but God always provided.

While in England, I was saddened that there were so many Christians doing nothing while thousands of people died in China without Jesus. As I looked at my map one day, I noticed that if I had twenty-four missionaries, each Province in China would have a missionary. I traveled around to visit mission boards and asked if they would help. All of them told me that they did not have anyone and that no one wanted to go to an uncomfortable and dangerous place like China anymore.

I realized that maybe God had me back in England to recruit other missionaries to go to China, but I didn't want to be responsible for those people's safety in China. I had learned that on his way back to China, Dr. Parker had fallen off of a horse and drowned. Another missionary I had recruited had caught a terrible disease and passed away. I also found out that John Jones had gotten sick and had headed back to England as I had done, but he passed away before he ever got back here. I didn't want to recruit people who might pass away in China.

Later on, I went to visit Mr. Berger who had sent us money. While in church one Sunday, I became sad as I looked around and saw so many rich people singing about their salvation, but doing nothing about those in China dying without Jesus. I snuck out and went to a nearby beach. I prayed, and God brought something into my mind. If God called my recruits to go to China, God would protect them and whatever happened to them, God would have allowed it to happen.

I wrote in the back of my Bible that day, "Prayed for twenty-four laborers for





China, June 25, 1865.” The next day, I went home and opened a bank account with ten pounds (about fifty dollars) in the name of the China Inland Mission.

I then took all of the information that I had collected trying to convince the other mission boards to send people to China and wrote a book called *China's Spiritual Need and Claims*. The book talked about how four hundred million Chinese people had never heard about Jesus. Even though the book made many Christians feel guilty and uncomfortable about not doing something, the book sold many, many copies.

I then laid down some rules for the China Inland Mission. The workers would not receive a salary from the China Inland Mission but would trust God to supply what they needed. We would only ask God for the money we needed. All of our workers would dress like the Chinese people, eat like them, and live in Chinese-style houses.

Soon money supplies and even workers began pouring in. Even Charles Spurgeon heard about me and told me that he was impressed by my zeal for China. God was

working in the hearts of people. By May 1866, I had been asked to speak in churches across England, and God provided the money for the team's passage to China. Within the year, we had raised many funds and accepted missionaries to join us.

The group of missionaries traveled to London. All I needed was enough money to pay for the trip to China, but I was certain that God would provide as He had already provided so much up to this point.

While I was in London, I was asked to speak at a gathering in a nearby town called Totteridge. A retired army colonel, Colonel Puget, had asked me to speak to the group. I held up a map and showed how in Scotland there were thousands of pastors, but in China, there wasn't even one pastor for every four thousand people. I finished up and sat down. The room was silent. Colonel Puget jumped up and decided to take an offering. I then reminded him that we had agreed not to take an offering before the meeting.

Later that night, Colonel Puget told me that he thought we had missed an opportunity to let people give. I told him that many people think it is all about money, but if they would pray about it, God might even lead them to go. By giving money, they feel like they don't even need to consider it anymore. Colonel Puget disagreed, and we both went to bed.

At breakfast the next day, I received a letter from Maria in London telling me that they had found a ship big enough to take all of us to China. It was called the *Lammermuir*, and it would be leaving on May 26. Now all I needed was the money to

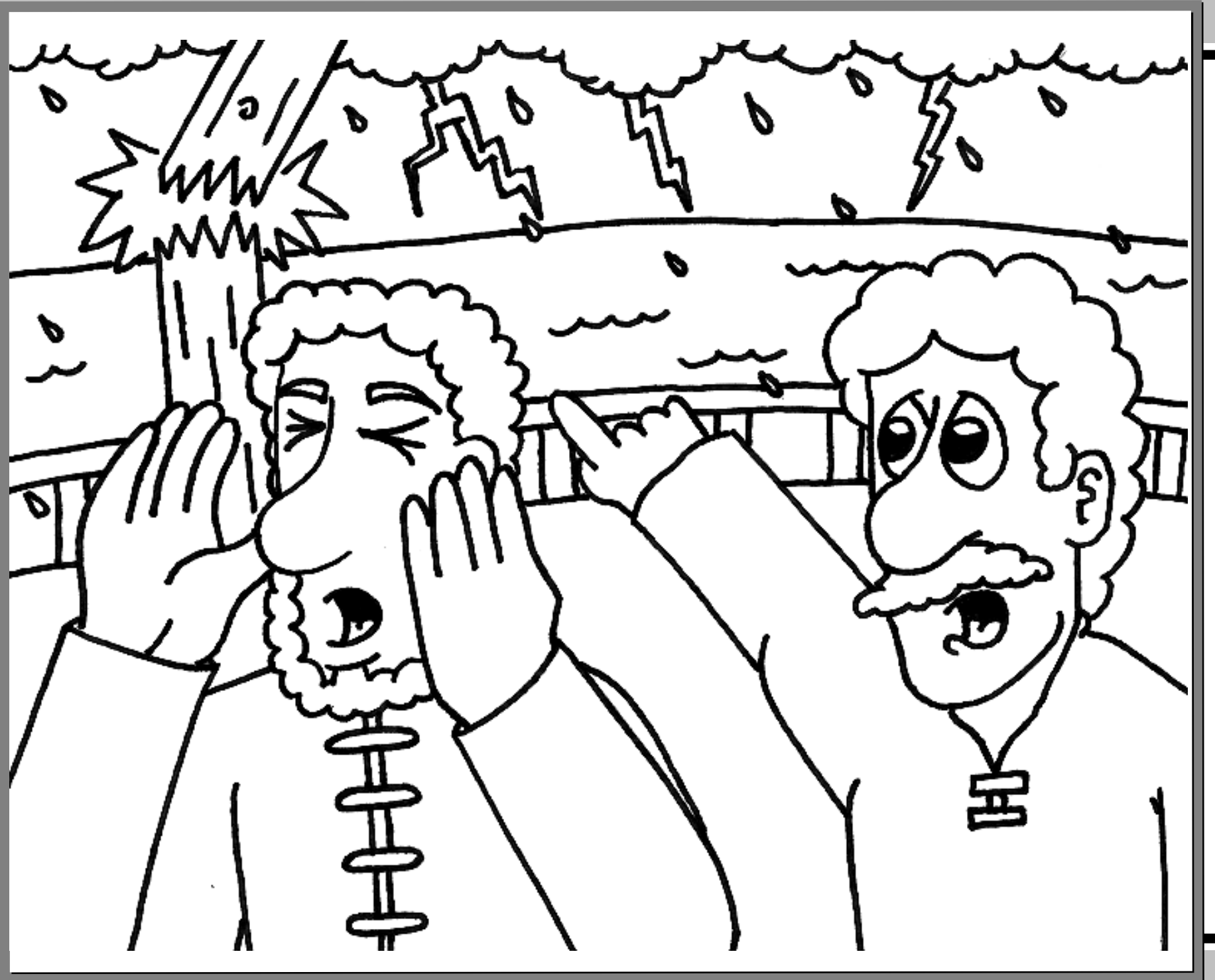
pay for the trip. Soon a tired-looking Colonel Puget came down to breakfast. “You were right,” he said, “I was up all night thinking about the lost souls in China. I asked God what He wanted me to do about it.” He asked me to follow him and soon gave me a check for five hundred pounds. “Truthfully if there had been an offering last night, I would have only given a five-pound note,” he said.

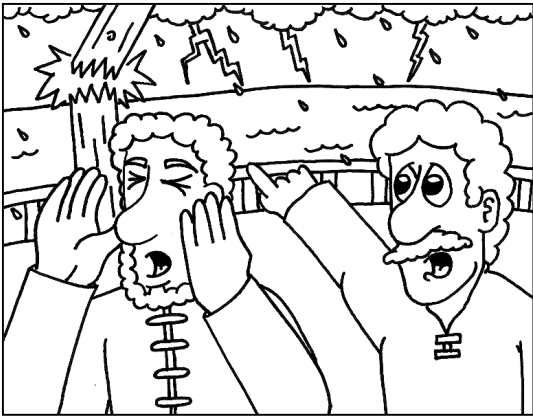
We now had the money we needed to pay for our passage to China. I returned to London and handed the check to Captain Bell to pay for our trip to Shanghai on the *Lammermuir*. Captain Bell was a new Christian and was excited that he would have so many Christians on the voyage with him, though he warned me that his crew was a pretty rough bunch.

It was May 1866. All the other missionaries and I climbed on board the deck of the *Lammermuir* and stowed our supplies in our cabins. Then we went back up on deck. Family members and friends lined the dock. They sang a hymn to us, and we sang one back to them; then, not long after, the ship set sail. I said a prayer committing us and the voyage to the Lord.

Captain Bell had been right about the crew; they were a rough bunch. But I was glad to see that I didn't have to remind the missionaries that their mission field for the next several months was the crew of the *Lammermuir*. We found many ways to help the crew on the deck each day, and slowly but surely, one by one, the crew members began finding reasons to sit outside of the ship's saloon where we held our meetings.

First one, then two, then more began to





slowly ask Jesus to save them. Before the voyage was even half over, twenty-three crew members had asked Jesus to save them.

The first mate, Mr. Brunton, was very angry about what was happening to his crew. He began to bully those who had been saved. This made everyone begin to pray for Mr. Brunton to be saved. Soon, he started letting me read verses to him. One night in August, he realized that he needed to be saved and asked Jesus to save him. He was a different man after that.

Soon, it was September. In about six more days, we would be in Shanghai. We were getting ready by patching our clothes, cutting our hair, and taking baths when I saw a worried look on Captain Bell's face. He ordered everything to be tied down on the deck and ordered us to tie ourselves into our bunks in our cabins. We were headed right into a typhoon. For two days and nights, huge waves smashed the *Lammermuir* and tossed it to and fro. Then, just as quickly as it started, it all stopped. I went up on deck and found that all the lifeboats had washed away, as well as the animal pens and much of the

food. But at least we would be in Shanghai in the next couple of days.

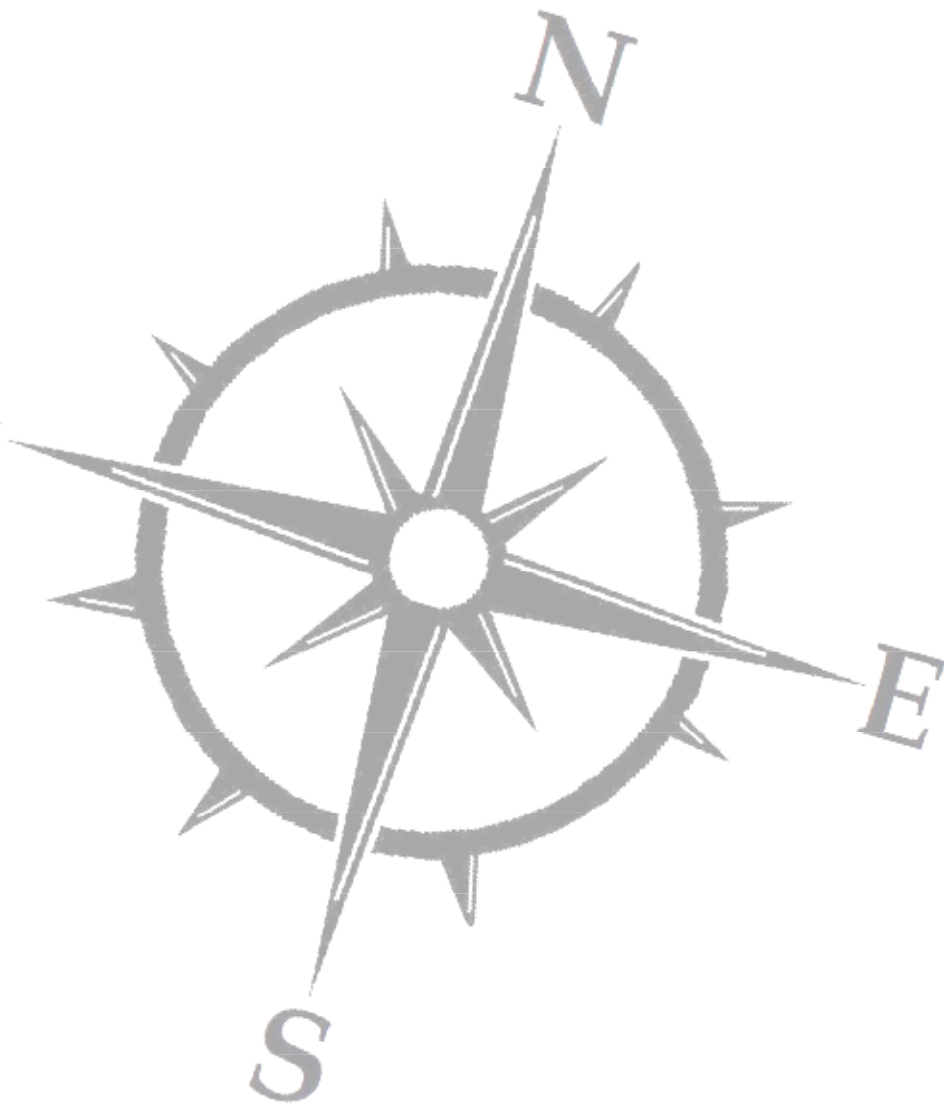
We got set helping the crew repair the ship. Then I was told that Captain Bell needed to see me in his quarters right away. The left side of the captain's face was paralyzed. I would need to get him to a hospital in Shanghai to run some tests and figure out what was wrong.

That night, the barometric pressure dropped again, faster than the previous storm. Our beat-up ship was in no condition to battle another storm. We held a prayer meeting. By the time we were done, the wind was howling and throwing anything that was not tied down into the ocean. One minute, the *Lammermuir* pointed toward the sky, and the next minute, it pointed toward the bottom of the ocean.

After two more days, the storm knocked the bulwarks loose. Now there were no railings to keep the crew from washing overboard. Next, the jib and fore broke loose. These were the poles that supported the bottom of the sails. The crew was too afraid to help, so Captain Bell and Mr. Brunton carefully crawled across the deck to try to tie the jib and fore...SNAP! The main mast snapped and began to fall towards the deck. It was falling faster and faster. It would surely smash through the deck and possibly even sink the ship when it crashed down. Was this the end?

Is it the end for Hudson and his missionaries from the China Inland mission? To find out, come back next time.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 6.9 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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