

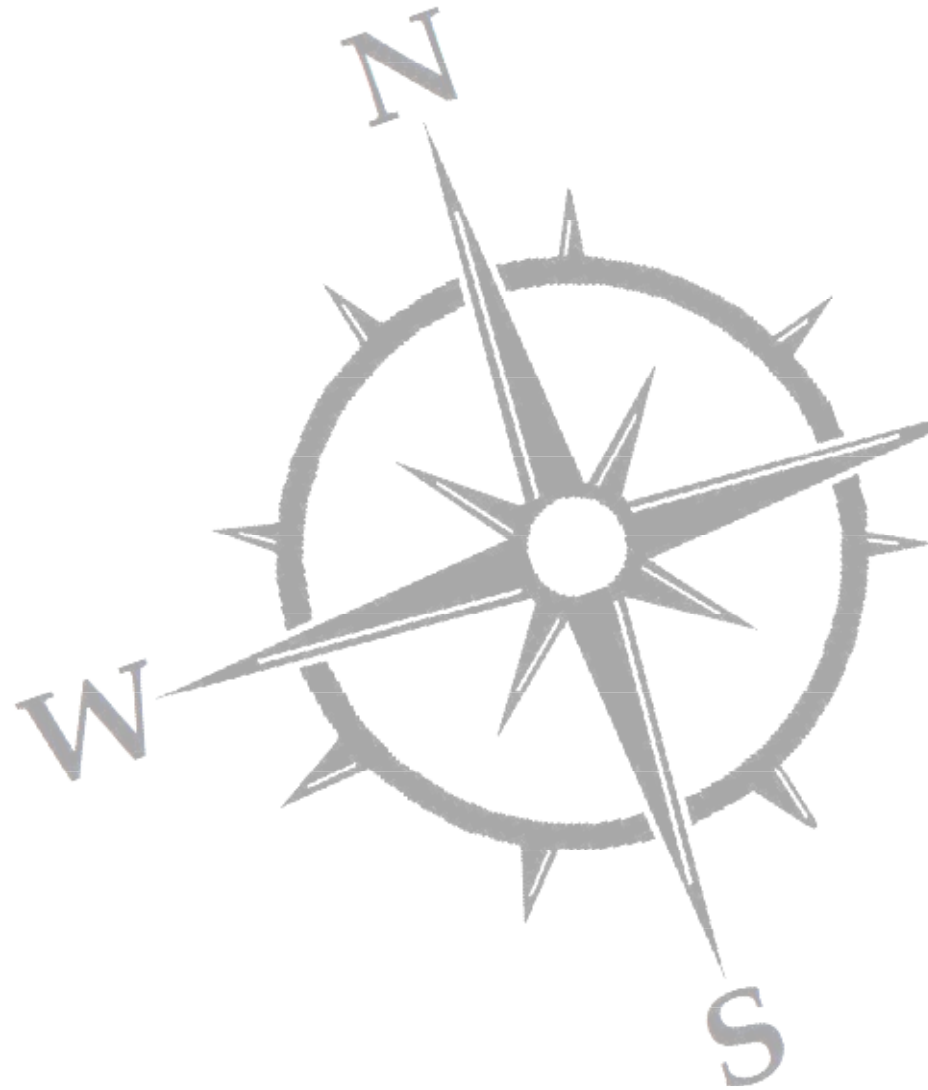
The Life of Hudson Taylor

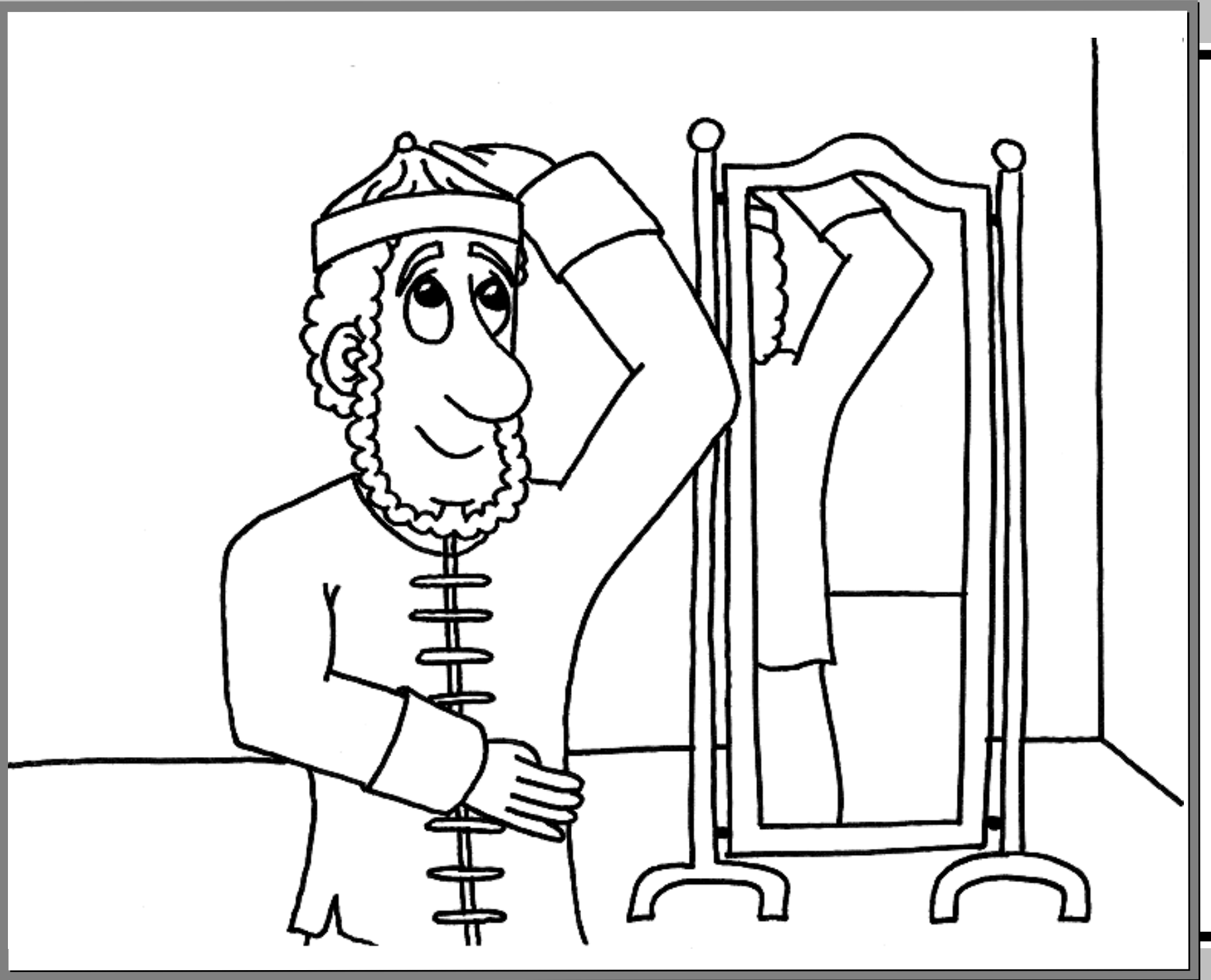
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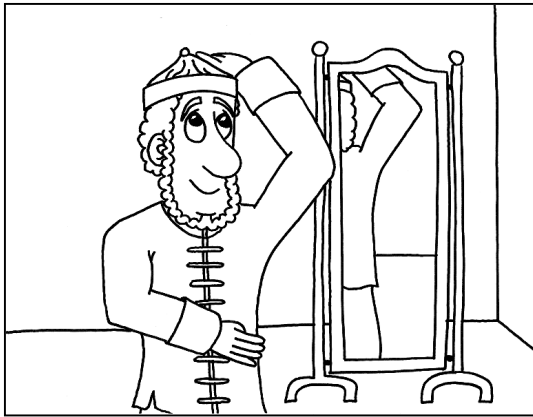
Lesson: 6.8 – Action Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us that Christians are to be actively serving the Lord. With the Lord returning at any time, Christians are to be busy working to reap eternal benefits. Hudson Taylor saw a great spiritual need in China. Others might have been content to just stay where everyone else was. Hudson didn't just think about the needs that he saw, he decided to go and do something about them.

"Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing." - Luke 12:43







Who remembers where we left off last week?

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

I wondered what people would do if I started dressing like the Chinese people. I hired a barber to shave off some of my blond hair and dye the rest of it black. He then braided a fake queue, or pigtail, into the back of my hair as the other Chinese men wore. Next, I went out and bought some Chinese clothes. The pants were big and baggy. The waist seemed to be twice as big as I was. I put on the belt and my socks. The bottoms of my giant pants were supposed to be tucked into my socks. Then I put on my shirt. The sleeves of the shirt hung over my hand by a least a foot, but this is how the people of China dressed. I nervously stepped out of the house onto the street. What happened next really surprised me...no one gave me even a second glance.

The other missionaries did not like my new way of dressing. They thought I looked silly. I knew that harming a person in English clothing was like picking a fight with the British Empire, so in a sense, dressing like the British was a form of protection, but I soon found that the people seemed to listen to me and trust me more because I looked like them.

Several months later, I was attending a prayer meeting at Dr. Medhurst's home. A man by the name of Captain Bowers happened to be visiting us that night. The captain had a ship called the *Geelong*. The captain asked for prayer for the town of Swatow. The people there were very evil, and the captain hoped that God would send a missionary to reach them with the gospel. I felt like God wanted me to be the one to go to Swatow.

I talked with William Burns the next day. William and I had become close friends during the last several months. We had taken several trips inland and got along well with each other. William said that he had felt the same way after the prayer meeting and was coming to tell me the same news this morning.

Captain Bowers gave us free passage on board the *Geelong* and off we went down to Swatow. We rented a room above an incense shop in town. The way you got into the room was by climbing up a rope ladder that was behind the front desk of the store. The room had no door or hatch. Quite often, Chinese people would curiously climb the ladder to look in unannounced to see what we were doing.

I learned the local language and began preaching in the streets. William set up a medical clinic. The problem that we faced was that we had left most of our supplies back in Shanghai. I decided to make the long trip back to collect the supplies. I arrived back only to learn that a recent fire had destroyed all of our medical supplies. I had not traveled eight hundred miles only to come back with nothing, so I decided to go to the town of Ning-Po where Dr. Parker had set up a new hospital to ask him if I could borrow some supplies.

When I arrived, Dr. Parker was thrilled to see me. He asked me to help him organize things and get things up and running. Since we would be doing the same thing in Swatow in the future, I decided to stay on and help him.

While helping Dr. Parker there in Ning-Po, I got to meet some new people. The first people that I was able to meet were the Chinese Evangelization Society's newest missionaries, John and Mary Jones. John Jones and I immediately became good friends. We even went on some preaching trips to nearby villages around Ning-Po.

There were also some other people that I met at Dr. Parker's house for dinner each Wednesday night. Miss Aldersey was a sixty-year-old English woman who had been in China for many years. She had started a school and an orphanage in China. Miss Aldersey had been asked to take care of two sisters...Brunella and Maria Dyer. Brunella was twenty-one years old, and Maria was nineteen. I very much enjoyed our weekly dinners and getting to spend time with Maria.





I liked Maria, and I thought that she liked me some too. Miss Aldersey did not like me at all though. She thought I looked silly in my Chinese clothes.

Soon enough, the hospital was up and running. It was time for me to head back down to Swatow with William Burns. I got a lot of medicine and supplies from Dr. Parker and headed off to Shanghai to get on a boat back down to Swatow. When I got to Shanghai, there was a letter waiting for me from William. William had been arrested trying to take the gospel to nearby villages. The British government had gotten him out of jail, but they forbid him and me from going back to Swatow. I had wanted to get back to Swatow. I would just have to wait until things opened up again. I could either wait and help out in Shanghai or go back and help in Ning-Po.

It wasn't long before I was on my way back to Ning-Po. I fit right back into things in Ning-Po. Weeks passed and soon it was Christmas time. Everyone tried to be happy, but something terrible was beginning to happen in China. The week before, a Chinese

ship called the *Arrow* that was flying the British flag was stopped and searched by Chinese officials, and the drug opium was found on board. The British were furious and said that the Chinese weren't supposed to search ships flying the British flag. The British demanded an apology and when none came, they fired their cannons on the city of Canton.

This made the Chinese mad. In many places, they offered rewards for any British person that was harmed. A baker in Hong Kong tried to hurt foreigners by putting poison into loaves of bread and selling them only to foreigners. He didn't use enough poison though, and all it did was make those who ate the bread sick. Not long after, we learned about a terrible plan. Some Chinese men had asked the magistrate of Ning-Po for permission to hurt or kill our group of missionaries. They planned to wait until we were all in church on Sunday. When we heard this news, we gathered for a secret prayer meeting instead.

God worked, and the magistrate thought that if the missionaries were killed this might make the British army fire their cannons on Ning-Po. He knew the British army could easily wipe out his city, so he called off the attack.

We decided to move the women and children back to Shanghai until it was safe again. Maria and her sister stayed behind to help in the orphanage. John Jones and I escorted the rest to Shanghai. While in Shanghai, I couldn't stop thinking about Maria. I wrote her a letter and asked her to consider marrying me. I later learned that

Maria was very excited to get my letter. Miss Aldersey was angry. She wrote a letter to Maria's guardian and uncle in England. She forced Maria to write me a letter back telling me she was not interested in marrying me.

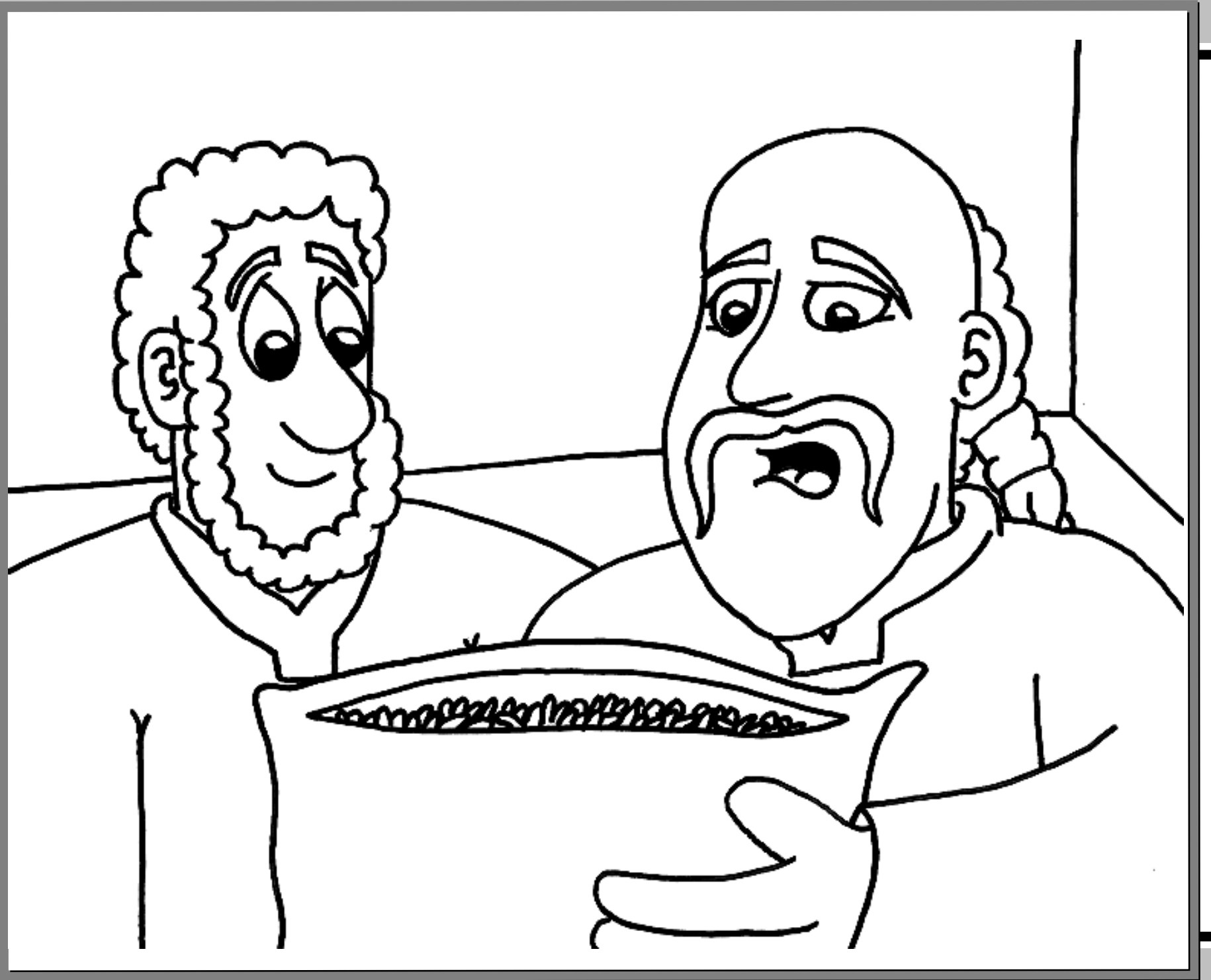
While in Shanghai, John Jones and I also learned that the Chinese Evangelization Society was borrowing the money that they were sending us each month. I didn't think it was right that people were borrowing money for us. John and I prayed about it and felt that God wanted us to resign from the Chinese Evangelization Society.

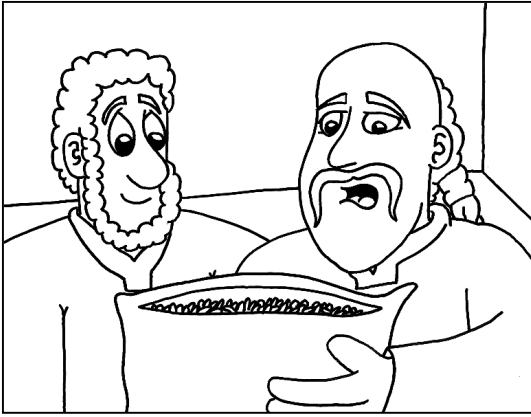
I was again in a place with no income and no job and having to trust the Lord completely as I had done back in Hull and London.

I had also thought about something. It was difficult for foreigners to reach the Chinese for Christ. I wondered if we could instead train up some Chinese men to go deeper into China and tell their people about the gospel. I told John about my idea, and we agreed that when we got back to Ning-Po we would start a church on Bridge Street and train Chinese Christians to reach their people with the gospel.

After two months, things settled down, and we all headed back to Ning-Po. Sometimes I was able to see Maria, but we didn't talk more than we had to. Not long after being there, I had the funny feeling that Miss Aldersey might have been behind Maria's letter.

I decided to visit Miss Aldersey. She said many mean things and that I was not fit to be anyone's husband. After that, she also began to spread rumors around the





community about me that were not true, but I didn't give up. I had to hear Maria say it herself.

Not long after, there was a women's prayer meeting at the church on Bridge Street. I left so that the women could pray. When I came back home, Maria was still there. I learned that she had indeed been forced to write that letter and that she was very interested in marrying me. The next day, I wrote a letter to Mr. Tarn asking permission to marry Maria. He gave his permission, although Miss Aldersey did not. We were soon married on January 20, 1858.

Two weeks after we were married, Maria became very sick with a deadly disease called Typhoid. As I was caring for her, I too caught the disease. It took months for both of us to fully recover.

A year went by, and we had a baby girl that we named Grace. Everything seemed to be going well until suddenly Dr. Parker's wife became very sick and passed away. Dr. Parker was very sad and decided to take his four children back to Scotland so his parents could help raise them. Who would run the

hospital? Everyone looked at me. I was not a trained doctor, but after Maria and I had prayed about it, we decided that God wanted us to take over running the hospital.

Dr. Parker left us enough money to run the hospital for one month. Then he left.

The hospital turned out to be a wonderful thing. The Chinese Christians came over every day and helped run the hospital for no pay. They cleaned and washed and prayed and sang. They were learning first-hand how to serve others.

Soon things began to get ugly. A year and a half before, I had no money. Now I had a wife, a child, and a hospital to pay for. Everyone watched as the money began to run out. I know that they were wondering if God would send more money. I had told them some of the stories from back in Hull and London to try to build their faith, but even I wondered if taking this hospital had been the right decision.

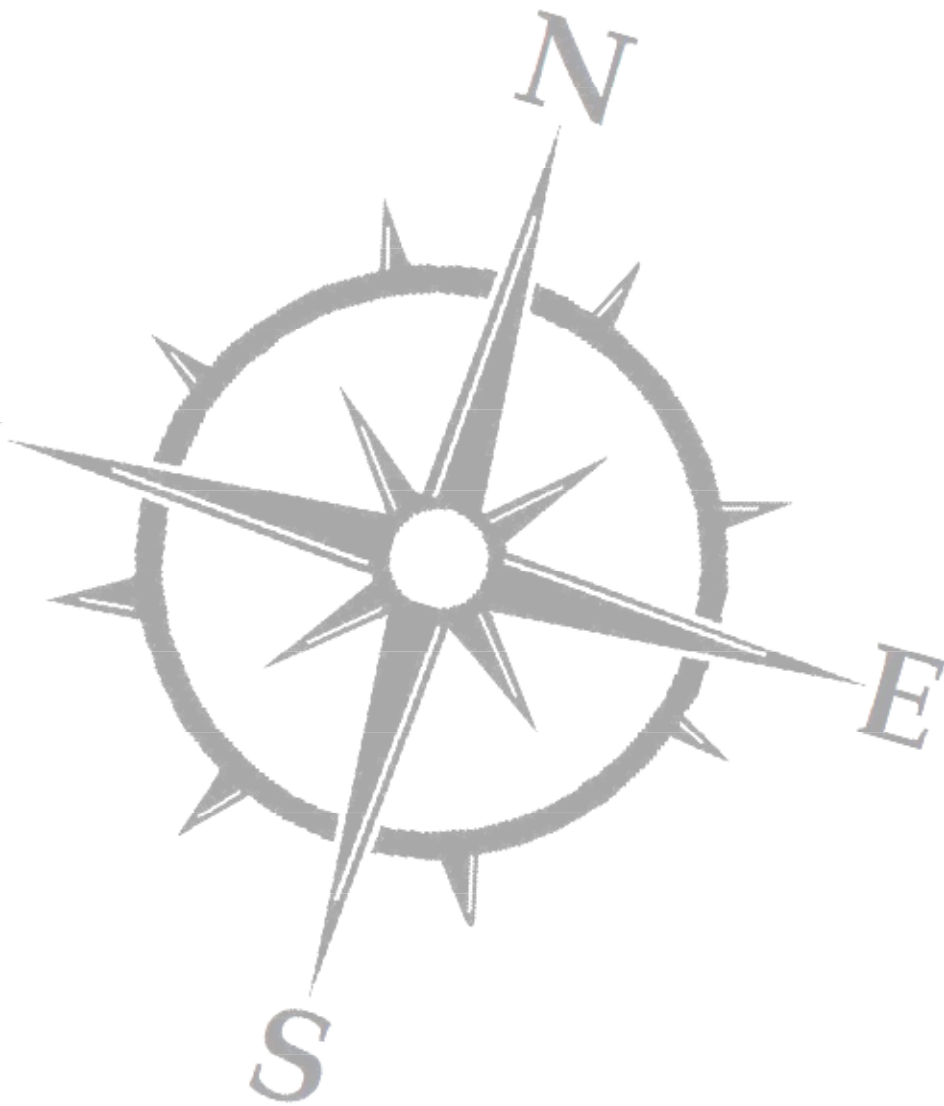
One afternoon, the cook, who was a new Christian, came to tell me that he had just opened our last bag of rice. We had no more food, and no more money to buy any more. I reminded him that we had prayed about it and that we would just have to wait to see what God did. At that moment, someone walked in and handed me the mail. On top of the stack of mail was a letter from a Mr. Berger in England who had sent a check for fifty pounds and a note that said that if we needed more to simply write and ask for it. The cook went running from the room shouting, "God answers prayer! God answers prayer!"

Our church was growing in size. More

and more people were interested in the gospel. I was staying very, very busy and everything seemed to be going well. That is, until one afternoon when I got some news that I was hoping not to hear.

What do you think the news was all about? To find out, come back next time.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 6.8 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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