

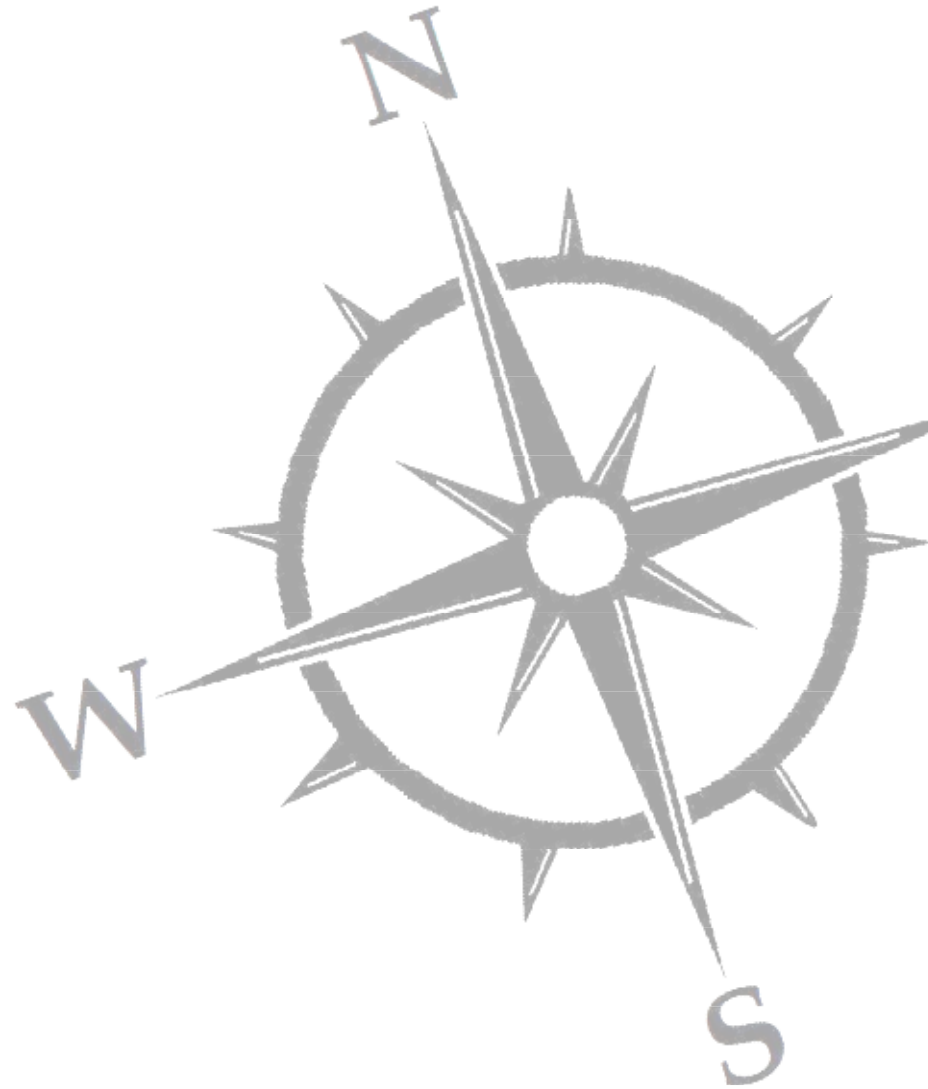
The Life of Hudson Taylor

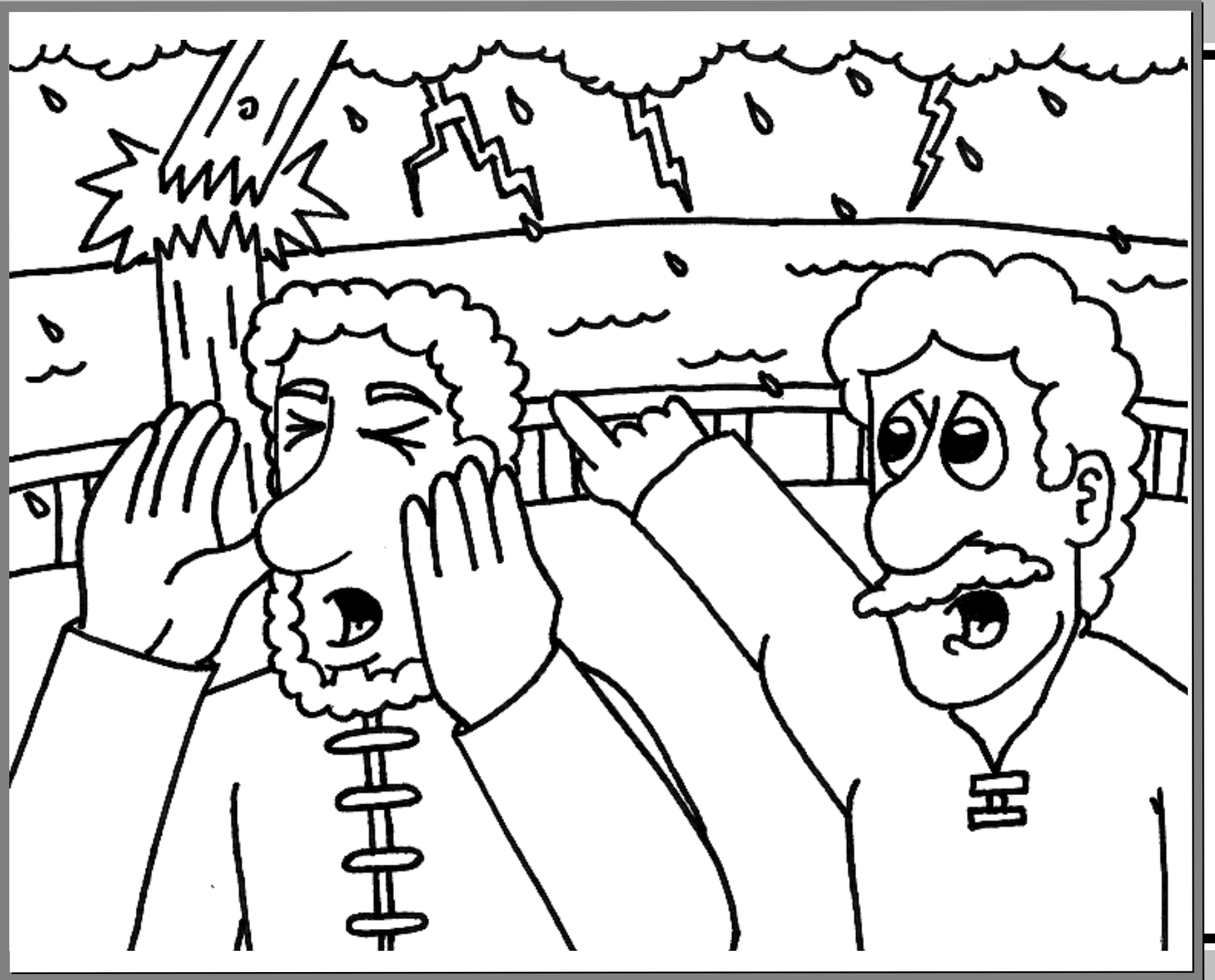
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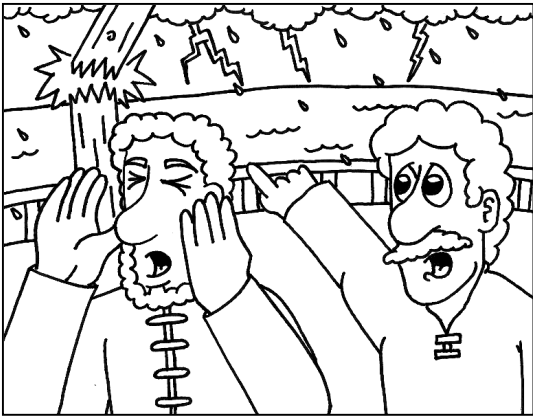
Lesson: 6.10 – Finishing Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us that even if we start our Christian life well, it is very important that we finish well. We must be faithful in serving the Lord throughout our whole life. Hudson Taylor had served the Lord all of his life, but finishing the race is just as important as running hard the rest of the race.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:" - 2 Timothy 4:7







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 *Lammermuir*, had run into two terrible storms while we were only two days away from China. The second storm had broken the sails and masts. One of the masts snapped and began falling toward the deck. It would surely smash through the deck and possibly even sink the ship when it crashed down. Thankfully it got tangled in the ropes of the sails which stopped it from falling.

I heard Captain Bell say to Mr. Brunton, "If only the crew will help me cut the ropes, we can let the mast go over the side...it is our only hope left." The crew was too frightened to move. I spoke with the other missionary men. We began to crawl out onto the deck to try and help the captain. The crew saw our courage and also came out and

helped. The mast was soon thrown overboard. The storm continued through the night, but by the next morning, the sea was finally calmed.

We arrived in Shanghai, and everyone was shocked to see us. Another ship had lost most of its crew going through the same storms, but God had kept all of us alive on board the *Lammermuir*.

God quickly provided a place for us to stay in a warehouse that another missionary in Shanghai had recently purchased while trying to set up a printing press there.

Other missionaries did not like all these new missionaries who dressed like the Chinese people. I reminded my group and others that we wanted the people that we met further inland to remember the first foreigners they have ever seen by the good news that we told them and not by the strange English clothes that we wore.

Three weeks later, we got permission to go further inland. We packed up and headed upriver to the Hang-chow. Soon we purchased a large house on New Lane that had two floors and thirty rooms in it. It had many holes in the walls from the war with the Taipings that had not been fixed, so we got a good price on it. We quickly got started building a hospital and a printing press in the rooms on the ground floor while we lived in the rooms on the second floor. First, the Chinese people just watched us from the outside, but it wasn't long before they were coming up to us. They seemed to like the women's blond hair, and they also liked to rub the freckles on our arms to see if they would come off.

The hospital soon opened, and we saw over two hundred people there each day. Things were going wonderfully. Late that summer, Maria and I and our five children took a short break to the nearby mountains to rest. While there, my daughter Grace became very sick. We tried everything to make her get better, but it did not help, and God took her to Heaven. I missed Grace terribly and cried for days.

Things continued to go well in Hangchow though. Wang Lae-djun who had come to England with me a few years before started a church in Hang-chow that began to grow quickly. Maria and I and some other missionaries decided to go further inland to the town of Yang-chow. Yang-chow was known to be a very wild and crazy place. We stayed on our boat for a few weeks and then moved into a large house that we had found. Some educated people in the city did not want us there. They began spreading rumors that we ate babies and pulled people's eyes out. Each night more and more people surrounded our house and chanted. Finally, on August 22, 1868, there were nearly ten thousand people outside our house pushing on our gate and throwing mud and trash at our house. "This crowd is very angry," I said, "they may not stop until they harm us." I knew our only hope was to get to the Mandarin and ask him for help.

Quietly, another missionary named George and I snuck out the backdoor and cut through a neighbor's courtyard to get to the street behind our house. We walked and kept our heads down in the hopes that no one would recognize us. As we got to the end of

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the street, the mob saw us even though we were dressed in Chinese clothes. George and I began to run as fast as we could, and the crowd was right behind us. It was getting dark, and we tried to cut through a field.

We came around a corner and saw the Mandarin's gate about thirty feet ahead of us. To the side, and about the same distance away from the gate, was a huge mob of Chinese men with knives out. They were yelling and pointing at us. We ran as fast as we could, and they did too. Just as the mob was about to grab us, we fell into the Mandarin's courtyard. "Save life! Save life!" we yelled out in Chinese.

The mandarin's secretary came out; the mob stepped back because this meant that we were under the protection of the Mandarin now. It seemed like forever before the Mandarin would see us. Finally, we spoke. The Mandarin asked what we did with the babies if we did not eat them. I explained that we were there to help babies...not hurt them. I told him that if he would look, he would find not one baby was missing in all of Yang-chow. I also said that it would be sad if

he realized this after the crowd had hurt or killed the other missionaries. The Mandarin sent his guard to stop the riot. They returned to say that some people had been arrested for stealing things from our house.

I was scared. If they had stolen things from our house, they must have broken through the doors. We hurried home. Smoke was rising from the house. We kicked through one door but found no one inside. Then a man came running in and told us to follow him. We found everyone safely hiding in a neighbor's house.

The next day, a message came from the Mandarin to all of the people saying that if anything like this happened again, the offenders would be severely punished. It took some time, but we repaired the house, and things settled down in Yang-chow. The ministry started to grow in Yang-chow.

Maria and I decided to send our children back to England. It would be safer for them there, and they could go to school there as well. On the way to Shanghai, my son Samuel suddenly got very sick and passed away. We placed him next to Grace with a small stone marker. Soon after the ship left, our new baby and Maria got very sick, and they both also passed. I was very sad. Four family members were gone, and I missed them all very much.

There was still so much to do in China. The missionaries from the China Inland Mission were beginning to spread out into other towns. I was kept busy over the next two years helping them all until the summer of 1871. That summer, I decided to go back to England to see how the rest of my children

were doing. On the trip back, I met Jennie Faulding. Soon after arriving in England, Jennie and I were married.

After our brief visit to England, we went back to China, but my sister Amelia and her husband took over running the China Inland Mission along with caring for my children and their children. Stories about the China Inland mission began to spread throughout the world. We had missionaries join us from Sweden, the United States, and even Australia.

I began to travel around the world telling everyone about the great needs of China. I spoke in Australia, New York, and Boston. Even the President of the United States came to hear about China when I spoke in New York.

The doctors told me that I desperately needed to rest. Jennie helped us find a place for us in Switzerland. The mountain air helped me feel better, but soon telegrams started arriving. A terrible thing had begun in China called the Boxer Rebellion. The Empress of China declared war on all foreigners. The Chinese had burned churches to the ground. They had hurt and killed hundreds of Chinese Christians and missionaries all over China. By the time the uprising was over, one hundred missionaries had been killed. I was too sick and weak to return to China, but I could still pray, and that is what I did.

In 1904, my wife Jennie found out that she had cancer and soon passed away. I was very sad to lose her.

Later that year, I went back to China with my son Howard. I was able to visit





to pass on the torch and carry on the work here in China.

(Summary of the life of Hudson Taylor)

Hudson continued visiting and encouraging the missionaries in China until June 3, 1905. Quietly one night, he went home to Heaven in his sleep. He was buried next to his wife Maria and their children.

China had lost a wonderful doctor, a great leader, and a wonderful friend who had given his life to see that they heard the good news of the gospel.

Hudson had come to China when he was just twenty-one years old. Now, fifty-four years later, over one hundred twenty-five thousand Chinese people had asked Jesus to save them, and the China Inland Mission had over eight hundred twenty-five missionaries in two hundred and five mission stations throughout China.

His life and writings inspired generations of Christians to follow his example of service and sacrifice. Other great missionaries like Amy Carmichael, Eric Liddell, and Jim Elliot were inspired by what God had done in Hudson Taylor's life. Hudson finished his life in the very place where he had aimed to be all his life...deep in the heart of China.

Hudson Taylor's life can be summed up in his own words: "Let us see that we keep God before our eyes; that we walk in His ways and seek to please and glorify Him in everything, great and small. Depend upon it, God's work, done in God's way, will never lack God's supplies."

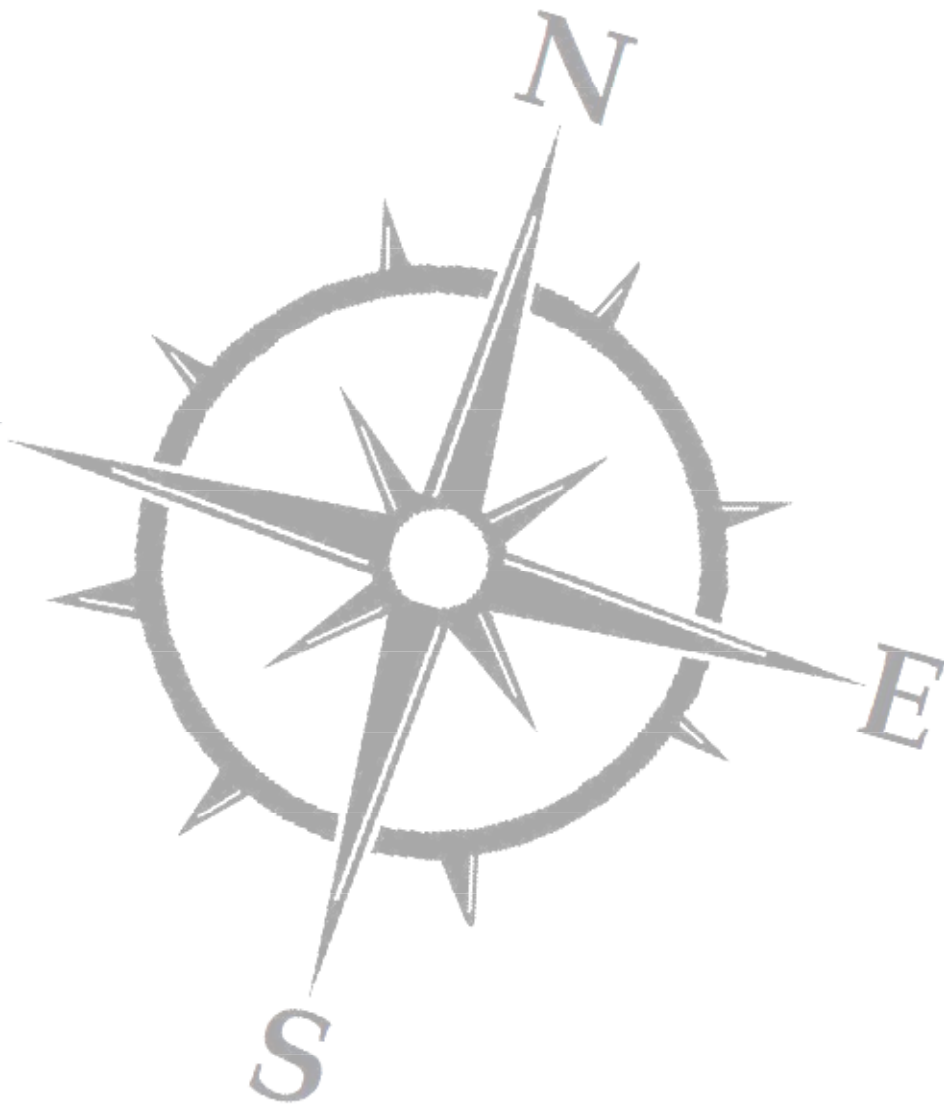
Would you be willing for God to use you to do great and wonderful things like He used Hudson Taylor?

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 6.10 on **page 136** in your **China Expedition - Leader's Guide**).*

many places by train now instead of by wheelbarrow or by junk like I had many years before. I saw many orphanages, churches, and new mission stations all over China. I even visited the old house where we had run to the Mandarin during the riot and visited the grave sites of my dear Maria and my three children.

Just this morning, I had a wonderful opportunity to speak with a brand new group of missionaries who had just arrived in China and are ready to head out to the interior of China. I was excited to look into each one of their faces. It reminded me of being twenty-one years old again and stepping off of that boat onto the shores of China for the first time. I told these young people about finding out that I had no money and no plans waiting for me when I arrived. "I decided to trust God," I told the group, "and God has never let me down." I truly am excited to see all that God has used me to accomplish here in China.

So much has been done in China, but there is still so much more work that needs to be done. I am glad to see God calling more



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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