

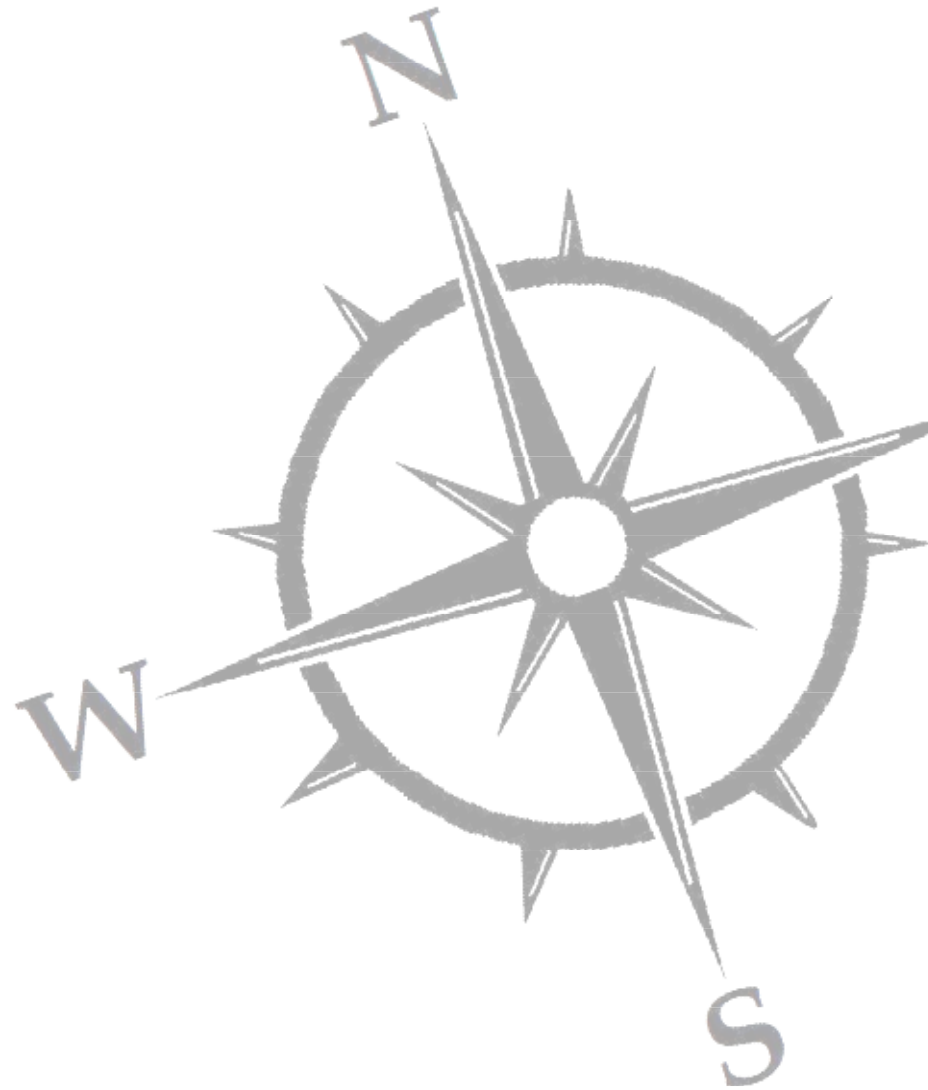
The Life of Hudson Taylor

(1832–1905)

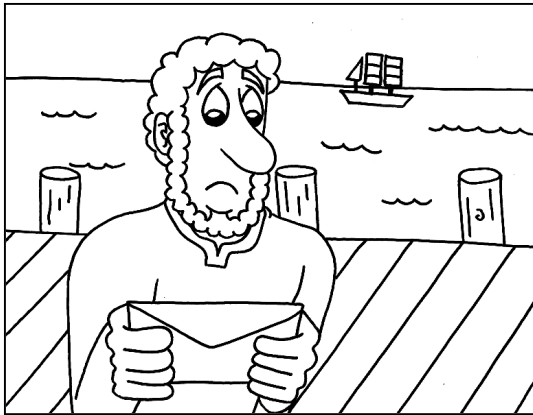
Lesson: 6.7 – Protection Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us that the Lord is ever present to protect and care for His children. When God is on our side, regardless of the opposition, we are never outnumbered. Hudson Taylor faced a lot of scary things, but he knew that the Lord was going to protect him and keep him safe.

“The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.” – Psalm 18:2







Who remembers where we left off last week?

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

The Chinese Evangelization Society had sent no money or instructions to me. Still wondering what I should do next, I walked out of the British Consulate. Dr. Lockhart was waiting there. He had come with me to the consulate that morning. I wasn't sure what to say to him. The fog from the past day had cleared, and now I saw the *Dumfries* was just pulling into the dock. Instead of talking about the mail, we hurried down to the dock.

I was soon talking with Captain Morris again. My things were lowered over the side of the ship, and Dr. Lockhart hired some coolies (local workers who hung around the docks) to carry my things. I watched as they tied my things to long bamboo poles, and then two men put the poles on their shoulders, and off they went toward the

compound.

It didn't take long to unpack. Over the next several days, I continued to check and see if any money had arrived. One morning, the London Missionary Society's printer, Alexander Wylie, offered to take me on a tour of the old walled city where all the fighting was going on

Now as I said earlier, the old walled city had been captured by the Taipings, or the Red Turbans, who were trying to overthrow the Qing Dynasty. The emperor had sent his imperial army and surrounded the city on three sides. The fourth side was where the international settlement was. The international settlement was the place where all the foreigners and missionaries were living and working. Because of a treaty, the imperial guards were not allowed to touch the international settlement. Many hoped the Red Turbans would win because they liked having foreigners around. Because of this, the foreigners would often sneak supplies and food to the Red Turbans inside the walled city.

We stopped outside the wall at the bottom of a tall ladder. "You first," Alexander said. Soon we were inside the city. It looked much worse than I thought it would. As we moved along, Alexander passed out tracts to the Red Turbans. I was amazed at how easily he switched over and talked with them in Chinese and then switched back to talking with me in English.

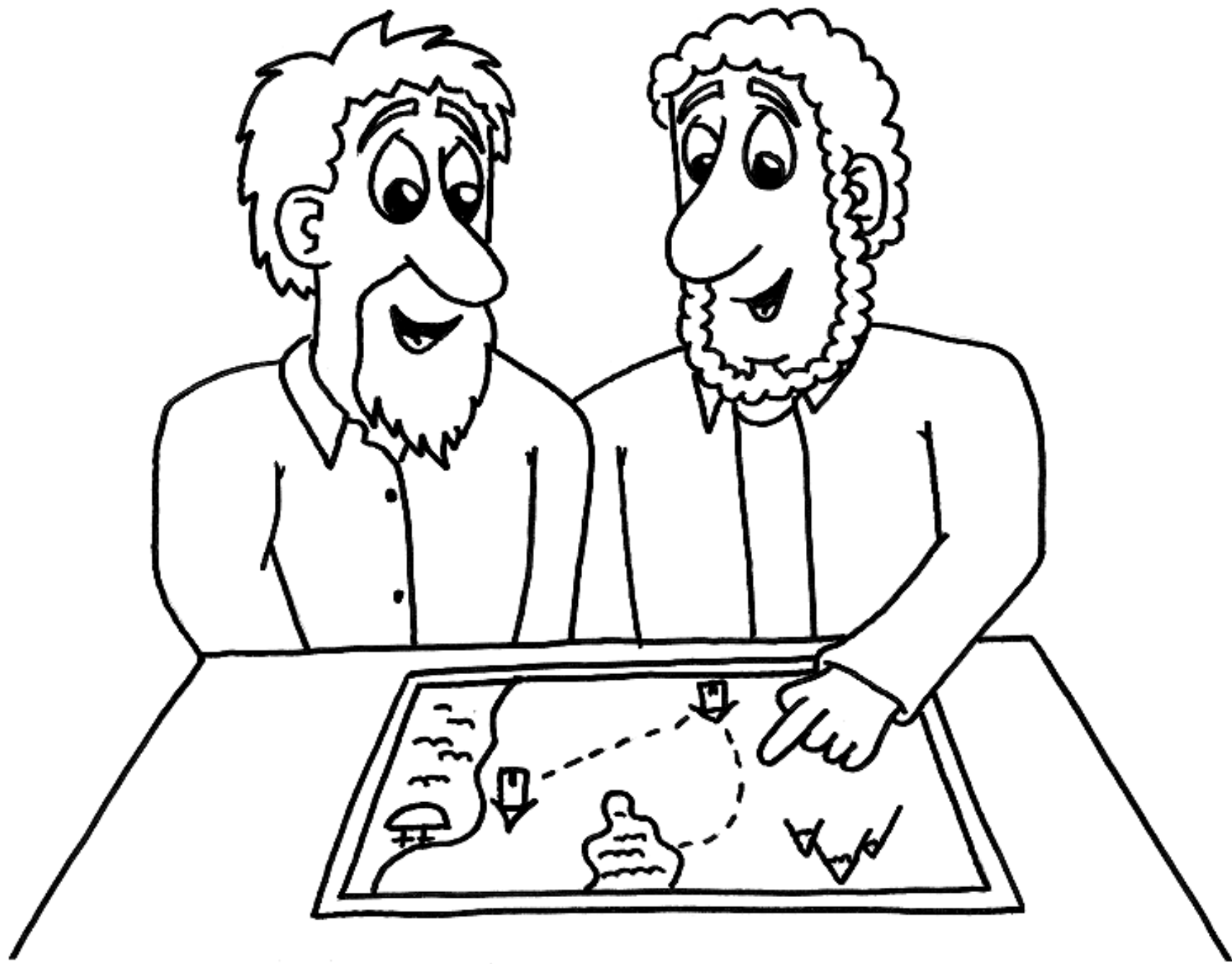
We passed a Buddhist temple, and it amazed me that there were people inside bowing down to a stone statue of Buddha. "If only they knew about the living God," I

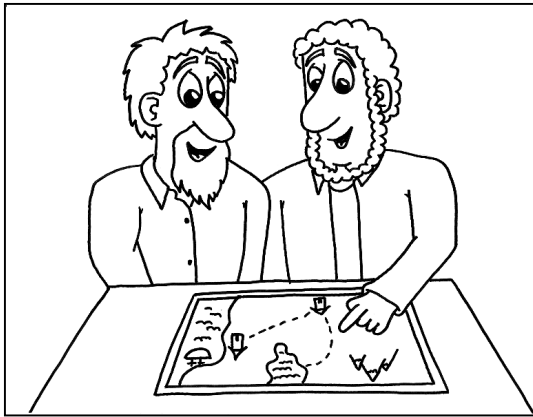
thought.

We kept walking and soon arrived at the north gate and then at the London Missionary Society Chapel. We slipped in just in time to hear Dr. Medhurst get up to preach to the people. After the service, Dr. Medhurst had some errands to run and told us to meet him back by the chapel in a half an hour. Alexander showed me some other sights, but when we headed back to the spot where Dr. Medhurst had told us to meet him, we saw blood all over the ground. We quickly followed the trail of blood wondering at every turn whether or not we would find Dr. Medhurst. We did find him...back at the international settlement. While waiting for us, he had begun speaking to two coolies. They heard cannon fire, and Dr. Medhurst decided to walk on ahead alone. He went only about ten feet when a cannonball whizzed over his head and crashed into the feet of the two coolies, breaking their ankles. They were quickly taken to the mission hospital, bleeding as they went.

What a crazy day! After seeing the Buddhist temple, I knew I had to help these people to hear about the one true and living God. To do that, I needed to learn Chinese. Dr. Medhurst set up a tutor to work with me in the mornings, and it wasn't long before I was in the marketplace talking with people in Chinese.

Since I still had not received any letters from the Chinese Evangelization Society, Dr. Medhurst offered for me to work in the mission hospital caring for patients. I enjoyed telling these people about Jesus as I cared for them, but I knew that God wanted





me to go deeper into China...not to just stay along the coastline. I needed money and instructions. Finally, after what seemed like forever, money began arriving from the Chinese Evangelization Society, but it was never enough to cover the amount I needed to live there. The Chinese Evangelization Society paid me eighty pounds per year. A single missionary from the London Missionary Society was paid seven hundred pounds per year and had their housing and other expenses paid. I wasn't trying to complain, but I wrote a letter to the Chinese Evangelization Society. I told them that with the war, the cost of everything had gone up. I asked if they would consider sending a bit more support if possible. The letter I got back surprised me.

Instead of sending more money, the Chinese Evangelization Society said they would be sending another missionary family to China. Dr. Parker and his wife and three children arrived in Shanghai in November 1854.

I had some coolies take the Parker's belongings up to a small place that I rented

for all of us. The next morning, Dr. Parker and I went to the British Consulate. He also found that there was no money or instructions waiting for him just like what had happened to me. It was good to finally have a companion with me in China now. Even though I had made good friends with many of the missionaries from the London Missionary Society, it was nice to have someone to plan with from my mission board.

I didn't want to stay along the coast like all the other missionaries seemed to want to do. I wanted to take the message of Jesus to the heart of China and tell people who had never seen a foreigner about God's love for them. I had been in China for nearly a year, and yet I was still stuck in Shanghai. Finally, in February of 1855, I got some good news. Alexander Wylie and John Burdon were both planning to travel inland for a one-week preaching tour, and they wanted me to travel with them. We left at once.

Two days after leaving, we decided to hold a worship service at the top of a tall hill. As the service began, I looked back toward Shanghai and noticed a huge cloud of smoke coming from the city. "That can only mean one thing," Alexander said, "the fighting has come to an end." We traveled back to Shanghai as quickly as we could.

When we arrived, we learned that the Red Turbans had finally been defeated. Instead of letting themselves be captured, they had blown up the south gate of the walled city and set the city on fire. The imperial guards had rushed in and attacked.

For the first night since I had arrived in

Shanghai over a year ago, it was completely silent. No cannons...no bombs...just silence. We spent the next few weeks helping those who had survived, providing care for the injured, and helping others to rebuild the city.

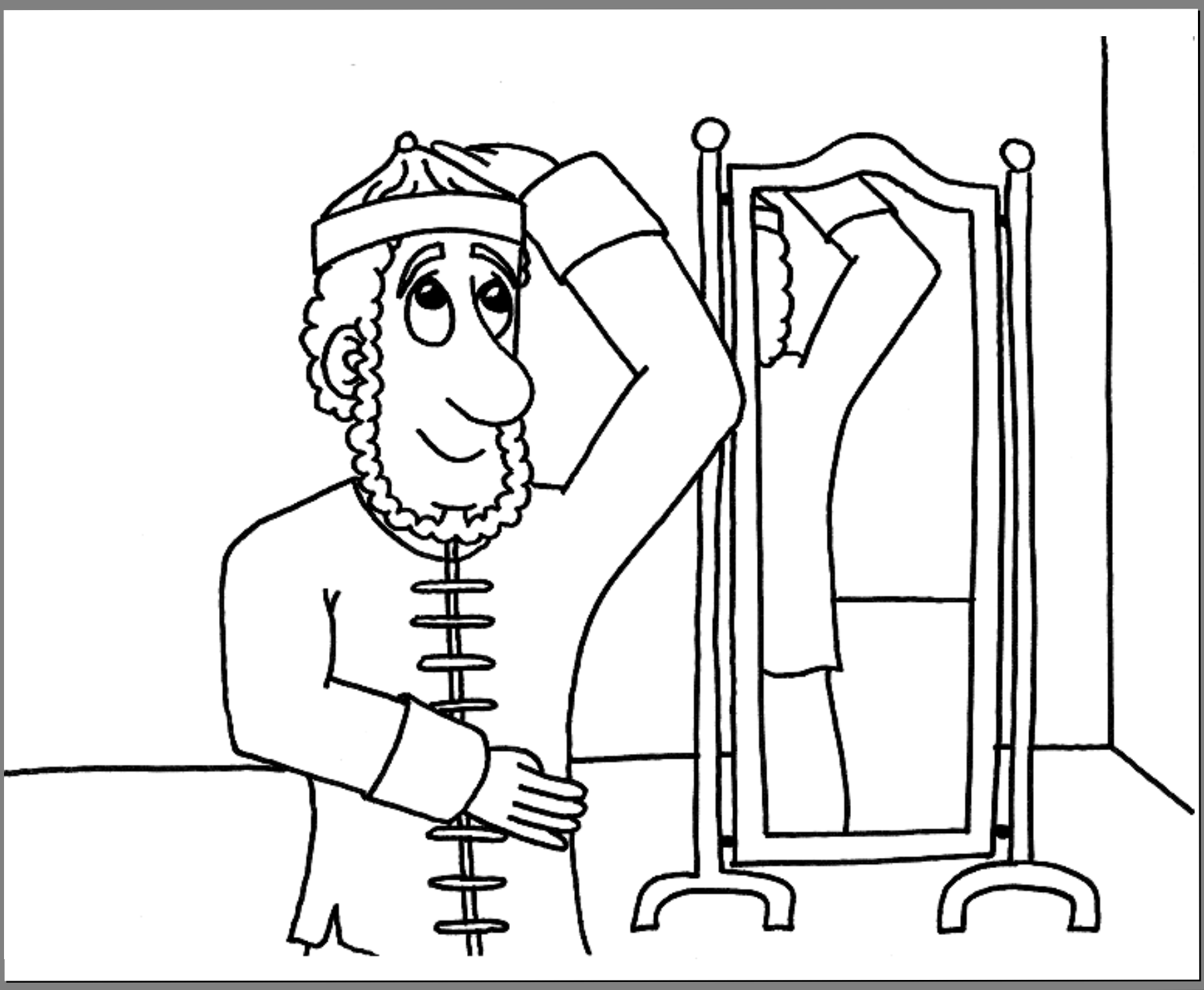
Our earlier trip had been cut short, so John Burdon and I decided to set out on another trip to the city of Tung-chow farther up the Yangtze River. Tung-chow was known as "Satan's Seat" because the people there were very hard to control. We got into a junk and headed up the river.

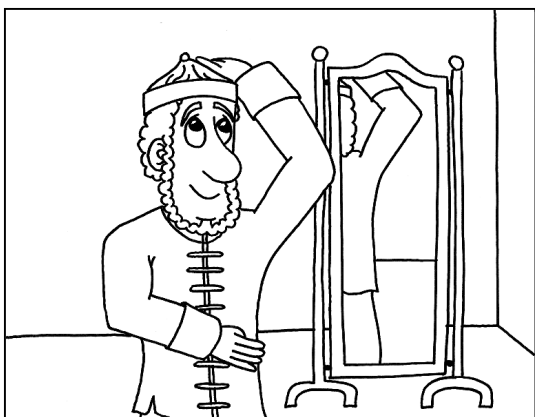
When we arrived at the dock outside of Tung-chow, we hired some wheelbarrow pushers to take us to the city. The city was a little ways away from the dock. About halfway to the city, a well-dressed Chinese man stopped us and warned us that foreigners should not go into the city. This scared the wheelbarrow pushers that we had hired, and they demanded that we get out at once. They ran off with their wheelbarrows in the other direction.

We found some other wheelbarrow pushers who agreed to take us to the city but wanted some extra "danger money" for doing it.

We arrived at the west gate of the city, got out of the wheelbarrows, and gathered our things. I pulled some Bibles from my bag and started asking people if they could read. If the person said that they could read, I handed them a Bible and told them that this was God's message to them.

Things were going very well until suddenly a very large drunk man pushed his way through the crowd and put his hands





around my neck and began choking me. John began to yell, “We demand to be taken to the Mandarin.” No one seemed to pay much attention to that. Instead, the drunken man yelled, “We know what to do with you!” The crowd shouted, “Kill the foreign devils.” People in the crowd began poking us with sticks. The drunken man was pulling me down the road, his hands still tight around my neck. Two other men had a hold of John and were pulling him behind me.

I had to do something, but what could I do? Then I remembered my identity card in my pants pocket. I reached in and grabbed it and then waved it in the air. “I demand to be taken to the Mandarin,” I yelled.

The sight of the identity card made the drunken man loosen his grip. People with identity cards usually had important and powerful friends. The crowd decided it may be best to take us to the Mandarin after all.

We were dragged into a large room. The servants pulled us to our feet and told us that we were about to see Ch’en Tah Laoie (which meant the Great Venerable Grandfather Ch’en.) They led us into another

room, and there sat Grandfather Ch’en on a chair at the other end of the room. He asked us what we were doing in Tung-chow. Since I spoke better than John, I told Grandfather Ch’en that we were bringing the truth of God’s Word to the people, and we had not meant to cause a disturbance. I told him that the crowd had not treated us kindly, but that I hoped things might be better from here on out.

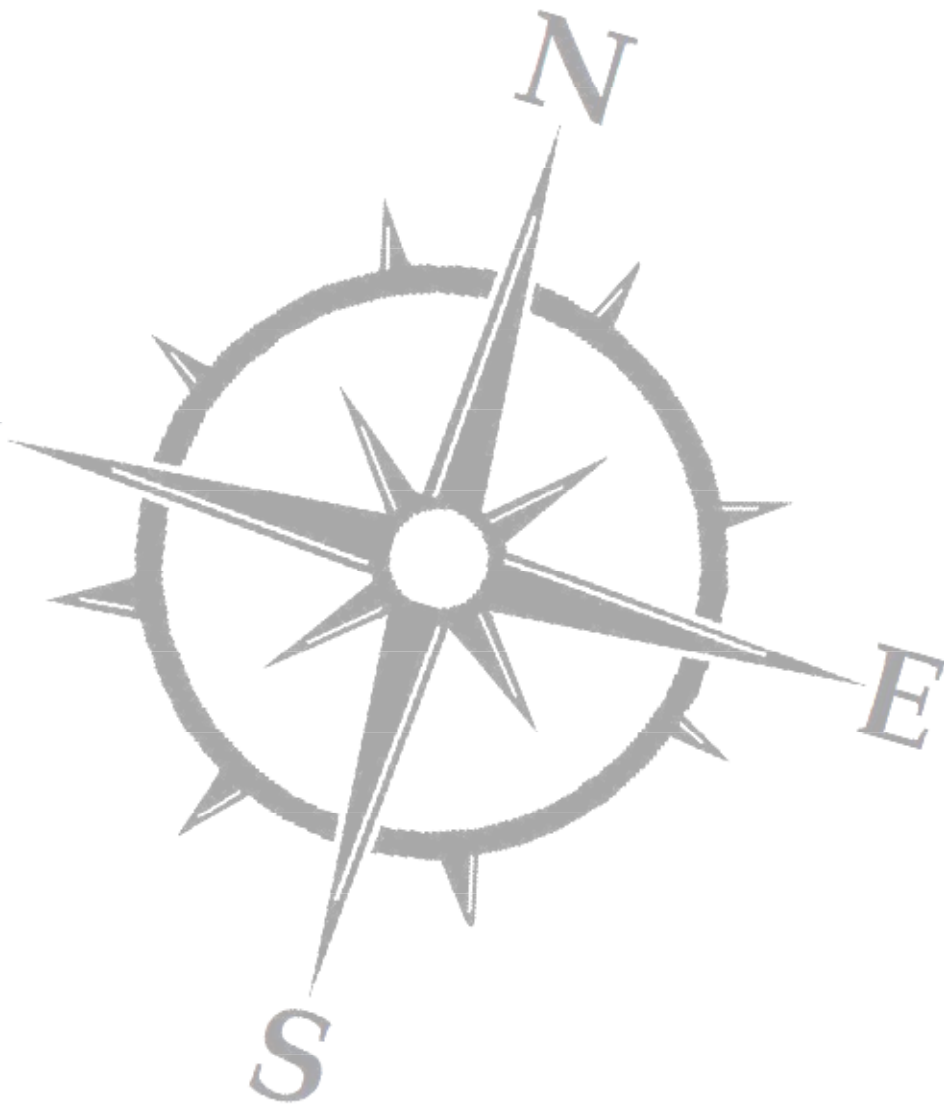
Grandfather Ch’en was pleased. Most foreigners would have complained about his citizens. I asked if I could leave a Bible with him and if we could pass out the rest of our tracts. He nodded his head and even sent an escort out with us so that we would not be disturbed again.

Back out on the streets, we were treated as important guests. If the people did not get out of our way fast enough, the escorts used their whips to clear the way. It wasn’t long before we had given all of our tracts out and were climbing back onto the junks and heading back to Shanghai.

Back in Shanghai, I gave some thought to what had happened in Tung-chow. Years ago, in England, Dr. Medhurst had said the people of China might be afraid of me because of my blond hair and blue eyes. I wondered if there was something I could do to not scare them so much. I wondered what people would do if I started dressing like the Chinese people. One day, I tried it. I dressed in Chinese clothes and nervously stepped out of the house onto the street. What happened next really surprised me.

What do you think happened to Hudson? To find out, come back next time.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 6.7 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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