

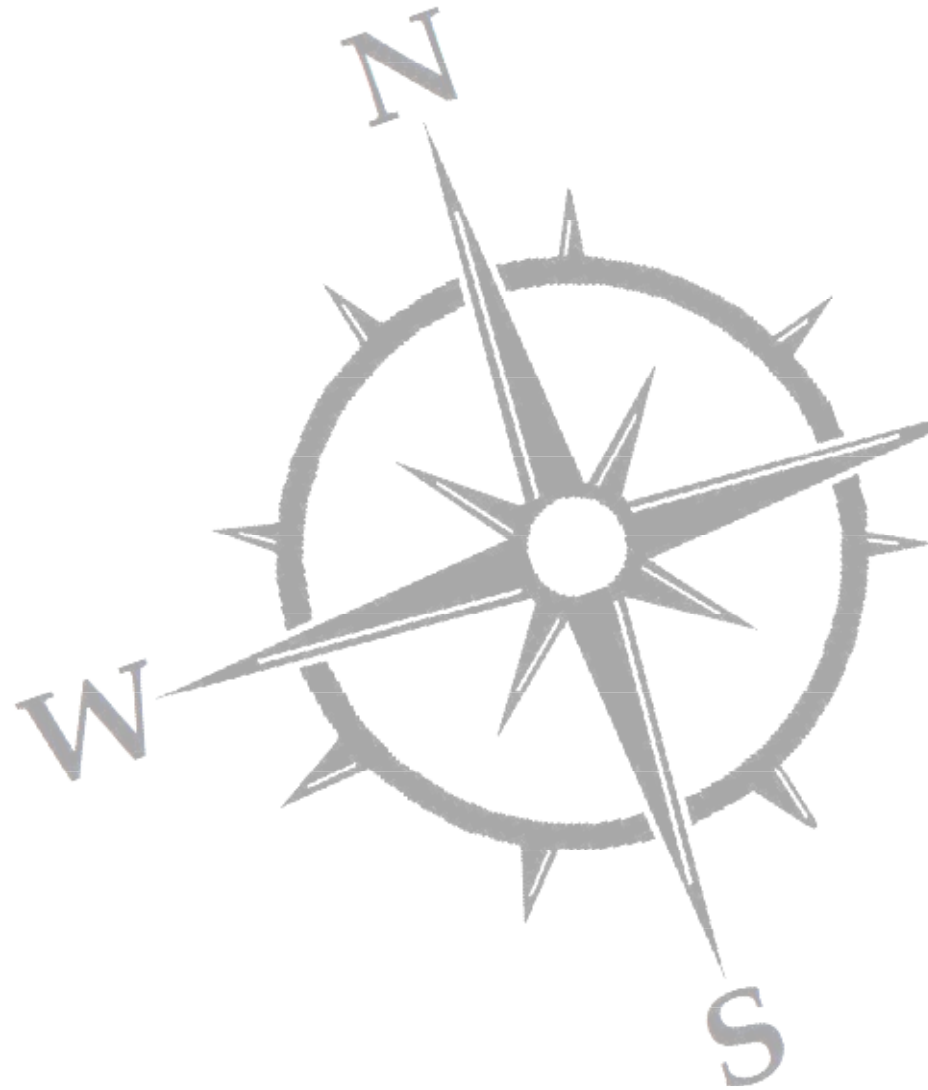
The Life of Hudson Taylor

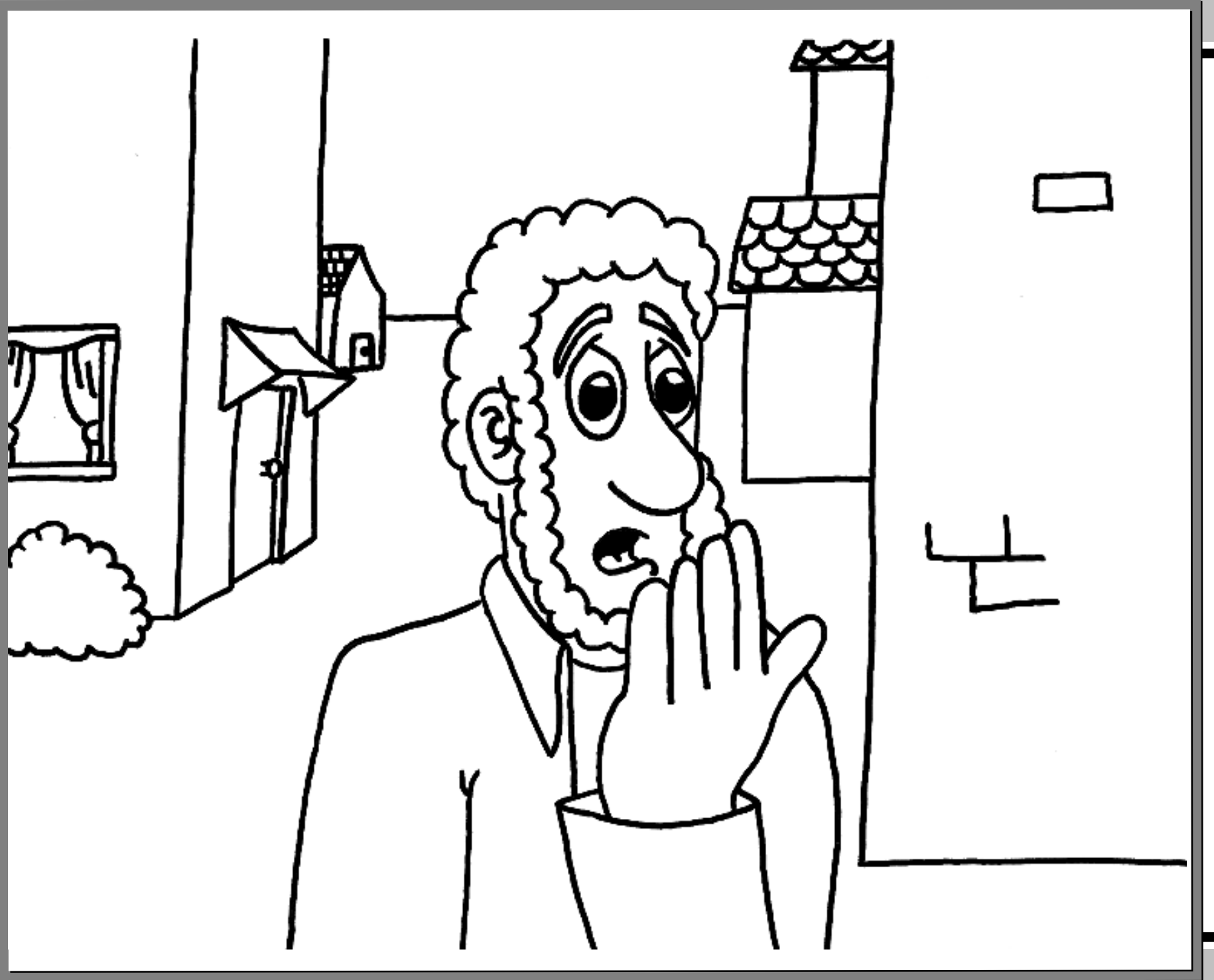
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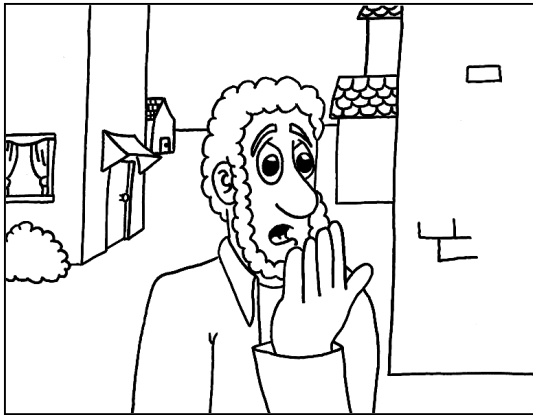
Lesson: 6.4 – Sacrifice Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us that God provides for those who help others. It is a sacrifice to give our things to others, but God promises to supply our needs when we help others in need. God is always watching and many times He gives extra blessings to those who sacrifice for others. Hudson Taylor had to learn about sacrificing for others. Often when we sacrifice for the Lord, He rewards us in amazing and exciting ways.

"Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.." – Luke 6:30-31







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 must find a way to get to London to hear Wilhelm Lobscheid speak about his experiences in China," I thought on my way home. So many questions raced through my mind as I returned home that day from visiting Amelia and Marianne.

As I rounded the last corner, I saw a huge poster. It wasn't long before other posters just like this one began showing up all over Hull. The posters talked about something called "The Great Exhibition." The Great Exhibition was something Prince Albert had thought of. It would be a place where people could come and show off all of the latest technologies of our time...but it wasn't The Great Exhibition that got me excited. Down towards the bottom of the poster, it said that Queen Victoria had

lowered train fares in the hopes that as many people as possible would be able to come. Even better was the fact that Mr. Lobscheid's meeting would be held at the same time as The Great Exhibition. The train fares were even lower than I had ever imagined they could be. They were so cheap that I was able to buy two of them...one for me and one as a present for Amelia for her sixteenth birthday.

Dr. Hardey agreed to give me some time off, and it wasn't long before Amelia and I were on the train headed down the tracks to London. The Great Exhibition was truly an awesome sight. We got a chance to see all sorts of brand-new inventions like a baby carriage, a revolver, and a weird new substance from India that they called rubber. We got to see a machine that made ice, and an alarm clock that woke people up by flipping their beds over. London was wonderful and so was The Great Exhibition, but I couldn't wait for Sunday to arrive.

I was able to hear and talk with Mr. Lobscheid. He told me that the Chinese called him the "Red Devil" because of his red hair. He was sure that the Chinese would never listen to me with my blond hair and blue eyes. This disappointed me a lot, but I told him that it was God that had called me to China, and God knew the color of my hair and eyes.

I also spent some time talking with Mr. Pearse. Mr. Pearse was the secretary of the Chinese Evangelization Society. The Society was a newly formed Missionary Board that sent missionaries to China. I spent the day talking with members of the society and telling them about God calling me to go to

China as a missionary and all the things that I had been doing to prepare to go there.

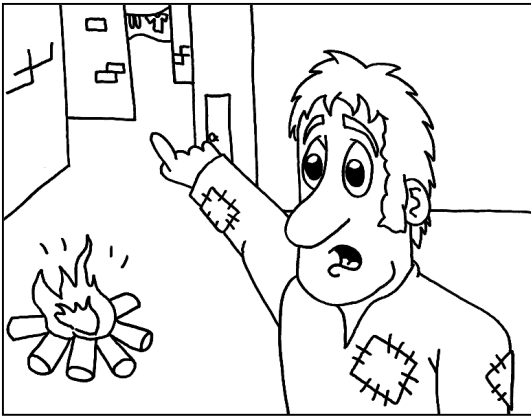
When I got back home to Hull, Dr. Hardey told me that a family member was coming to live with him and that I would have to find somewhere else to live. I decided to move in with my Aunt Hannah and Uncle Richard. Not long after moving in, the Lord began to work on my heart. I couldn't afford to pay rent to my aunt and also give a tithe to the Lord. The only thing that could be done was that I would have to move to a cheaper place in town. The only place I could afford was called Drainside. Drainside got its name because it was found right beside a drain...a drain that people used as a toilet, garbage disposal, and a place to throw out old things. The smell could sometimes be quite terrible!

Mrs. Finch was a Christian woman who rented me a room in Drainside. Mrs. Finch's husband worked at sea, and he would send a little money home when he had it, but it was never enough for Mrs. Finch and all of their children to live on. The room I had rented helped to make up the extra money that she needed to raise her children.

I was learning to make sacrifices to serve God, and God was teaching me to trust Him. God had a big sacrifice that He was about to ask of me that I didn't see coming.

Dr. Hardey paid me once every four months. Because there was so much time in between paydays, Dr. Hardey would often forget when it was time to pay me. He would always tell me to remind him so that he wouldn't forget. I didn't mind reminding him, but I wondered if God was trying to use





this to make my faith grow stronger. I prayed and decided that I would trust God to remind Dr. Hardey to pay me and not say a word about it myself. It was only about two weeks before my next payday, and I wondered what God would do.

Three weeks went by, and Dr. Hardey still had not paid me. I had prayed several times, but God had not reminded Dr. Hardey. I only had one coin left in my pocket. It was a half-crown. That was not enough to pay my rent which was due in the morning to Mrs. Finch. I wondered what she would think if I didn't have the money on time, and I wondered what God was trying to teach me.

The next morning was Sunday. I woke up and only ate half of my oatmeal hoping to save the other half for dinner. On my way to church, I watched the ground to see if maybe someone had dropped some money that God wanted me to find. After church I waited, hoping that maybe God would have someone walk up to me and give me some money, but no one did. That meant I had to go home and tell Mrs. Finch that I didn't have the money.

To get home from church, I had to walk

through a very poor Irish neighborhood. The policemen would only go into this neighborhood when there were at least six of them that could go together. It was a rough place, but I was not scared. Most people knew me as the guy who helped Dr. Hardey, and everyone loved and respected him for his kindness. No one would do anything to hurt him or me as his assistant.

About halfway through that neighborhood, a man came running towards me. I did not know who he was. He grabbed my arm and said, "Hurry...it's my wife...she's dying." I began to follow the man, and he continued, "I know you are a man of God...please come and pray for her." As we hurried on, I wished so badly that the coin in my pocket was three smaller coins. I would give this man one of those coins if so. We passed piles of rotting vegetables and made our way up an old iron staircase. At the top of the stairs, the terrible smell almost took my breath away. On a pile of rags lay the woman. She had just had a new baby. Around her sat several of her other children with sad faces. The woman needed a doctor, but none had been called, and now it seemed too late.

I knelt by the family and told them that God was our Father and each of us needed to trust God. As I said this, the thought occurred to me. "Why couldn't I trust God and give this family that coin in my pocket?" I began to pray, but God kept pushing me to give the family my coin. I finished my prayer and stood up. I had to trust God. I reached into my pocket, pulled out the coin, and gave it to the man. I told him that God was my Father

too and that He always provides for His children. As I walked the rest of the way home, my heart was happy. I had no money, but I was sure that God was pleased that I had listened to Him.

When I got home, I ate my oatmeal and went to bed, not sure what tomorrow would bring. Early the next morning, I heard the postman at the front door. That was strange because our mail didn't usually come until the end of the week.

Mrs. Finch knocked on my door and handed me a letter. I couldn't read the writing on the outside as to who had sent the letter. Inside was a pair of gloves. I turned them over to see if there was a note on them or something to tell me who had sent them. As I did, I heard a "clunk" on the floor. I looked down and goosebumps ran up my arm. There was a half-sovereign coin. That was almost four times more than the coin I had given away the day before. I stopped and prayed. I could trust God to provide for me.

I paid the rent I owed to Mrs. Finch and lived as frugally as I could, but two weeks later, I again was down to my last coin. Dr. Hardey still had not remembered about payday. God had provided before. "If I can't trust God with my pay, how can I ever trust Him with all that awaits me in China," I thought. I prayed and waited. By Saturday of that week, I had no money, and my rent was due again. I had nothing to eat.

That night, as I sat boiling a pan of medicine, Dr. Hardey came over to have a chat. At the end of the conversation, he looked up and said, "Isn't it about time for your wages to be due?" I quietly said that I





check like he usually does.” Still chuckling, Dr. Hardey walked over and entered the amount in his notebook. “You can have this cash, and I’ll pay you the rest on Monday,” he said. “Oh, and by the way, I was caring for a man on the other side of town the other day when an Irishman came up to me and told me to thank you for your prayer...his wife made a full recovery.” With that, he handed me a wad of bills and left. I stood there frozen. God did answer prayer. He did take care of His children. No sacrifice I made would ever go unnoticed by Him. No matter what happened in China, I could trust in Him.

Soon after, Dr. Hardey offered for me to become his apprentice. That would mean five years of hard study, but I would become a real doctor after that. “What should I do?” I thought. I wanted so badly to get to China. I could probably get trained much faster in London and then I would be right there when the Chinese Evangelization Society was ready to send me to China. How would I pay for schooling though?

Soon after that, both my father and the Chinese Evangelization Society offered to pay for me to go to medical school in London. I prayed about it for several days. My answer surprised my father, the Chinese Evangelization Society, and Dr. Hardey. Was this what God wanted? Was I making a wise choice?

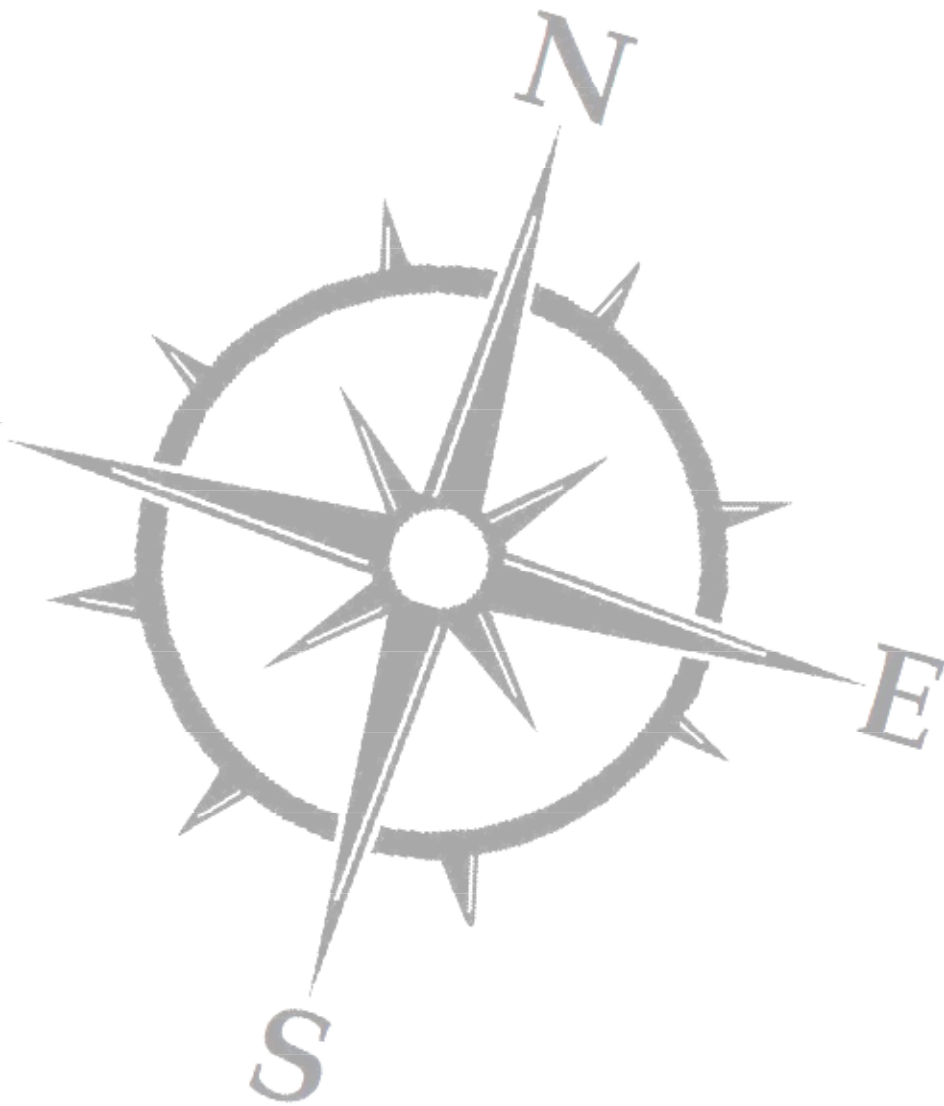
What do you think Hudson decided that surprised everyone so much? To find out come back next time.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 6.4 on page 136 in your **China** Expedition - Leader's Guide).*

thought it was due a little bit ago. Dr. Hardey asked me why I had not reminded him. He told me that he would have paid me right then, but he had forgotten and had just sent all of the money to the bank earlier that afternoon. That meant that he wouldn’t be able to get any money for me until Monday.

Dr. Hardey left and went home very soon after that, which was good because I didn’t want him to see how disappointed I was. I thought for sure that God had finally reminded him. I finished what I was doing and knelt to pray. My heart was sad, but as I prayed, God gave me peace. When I got up, I cleaned up and grabbed my coat to head home. It was now ten o’clock at night, and, thankfully, I knew Mrs. Finch would already be in bed so I wouldn’t have to tell her about the rent tonight.

As I opened the door to leave, Dr. Hardey met me coming up the stairs. “You won’t believe it,” he said. “When I got home, one of my patients was standing there wanting to pay his bill. Who in their right mind would want to pay a bill at ten o’clock at night? And he paid in cash instead of a



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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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