

The Life of

# Hudson Taylor

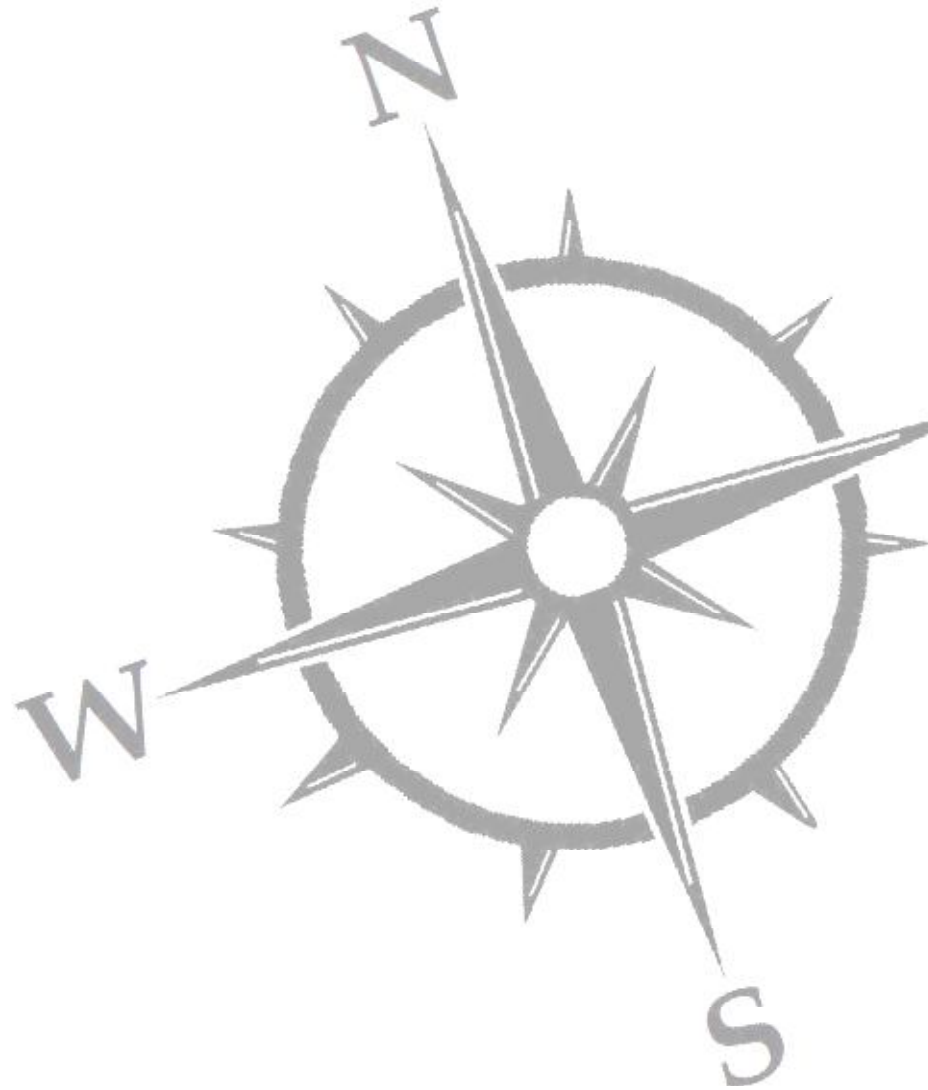
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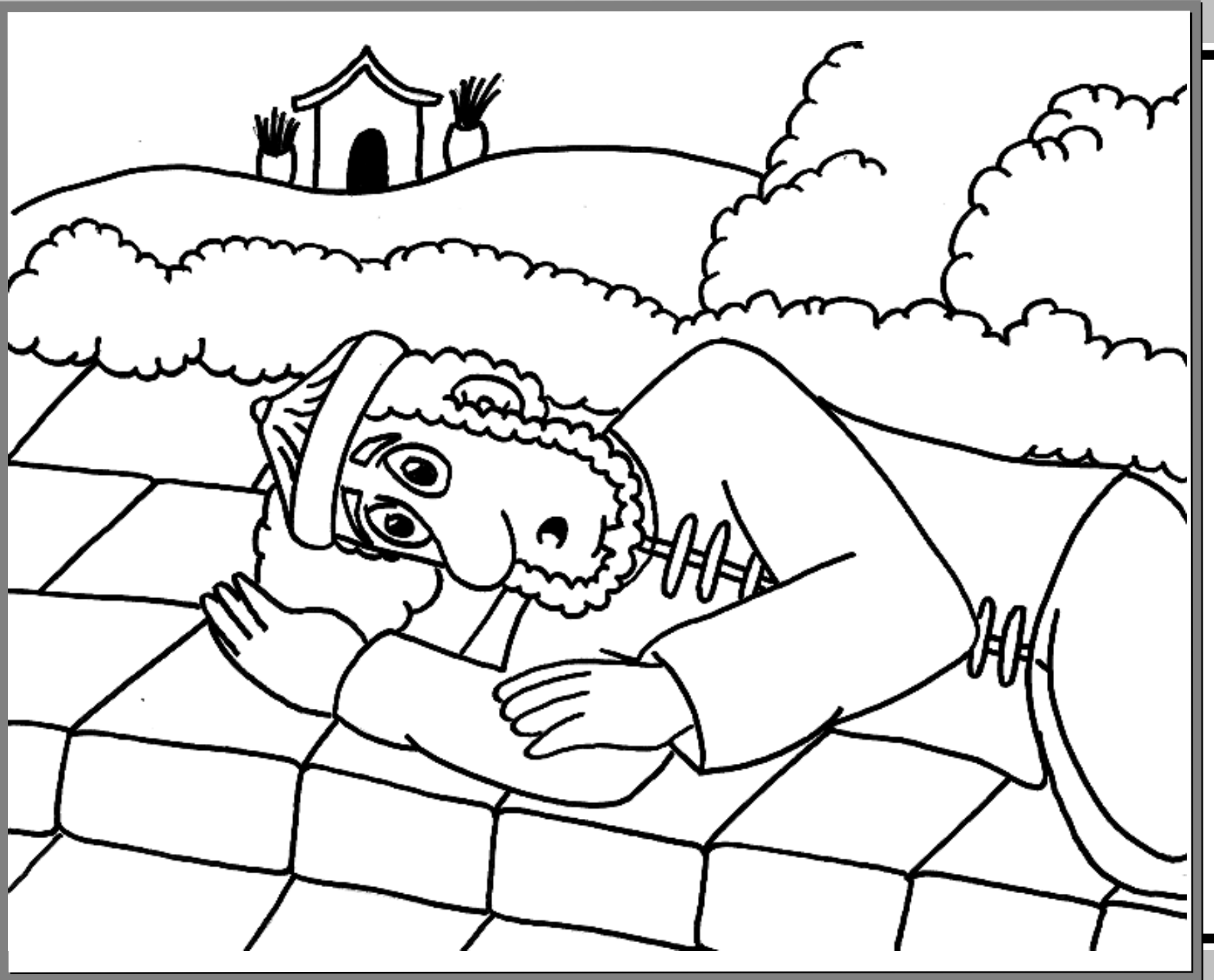
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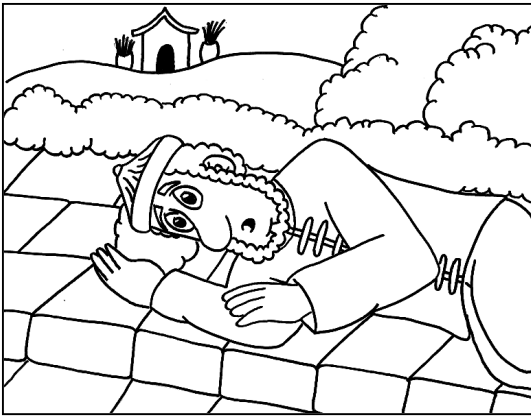
## Lesson: 3.24 – Witnessing Missionary Snapshot Series

This lesson 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 creatures. The Bible tells us that we should be warning others of what will happen if they die without accepting Jesus. Hudson Taylor learned how important it is to share the good news of salvation with everyone that we can.

*“But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost...” - 2 Corinthians 4:3*







### **Introduction:**

Imagine driving at night with your mom and dad. Imagine coming around a corner and seeing that the bridge that went between two cliffs had fallen. If other people did not know that the bridge was out, they might drive off and be badly hurt or even killed. It would be best to drive back down the road, wave your hands, stop the other cars, and warn them that the bridge was out ahead. Our story today is about a missionary to China. This missionary was trying to warn people to accept Jesus before it was too late. Let's listen and see what happens in this story about Hudson Taylor...

### **Missionary Story:**

"Who is there?" I said as I sat up quickly, staring right at the figure that was sneaking up towards me in the moonlight. The startled man jumped back and then turned and ran off into the darkness. I was very tired. "It must be well after midnight," I thought as I looked around, trying to let my eyes get used to the darkness. It had been a very long day. Earlier that morning, I

realized that my servant had run off with my luggage, which had almost everything that I owned inside of it, and had left me alone in this strange and dangerous city deep inside of China. I had spent the whole day searching all over the city for my things and finally had given up and had come and laid down on the stone steps that led up to a temple.

I glanced around once more in the darkness and then lay back down, placing my small purse with the couple of things I still had under my head. I had just dozed off when another sound woke me, and I saw two more dark figures creeping towards me in the night. "Who are these people, and do they have a weapon?" I thought. I lay very still and prayed that God would protect me. The men came closer and closer and began to quietly feel the ground all around me, looking for my money or valuables. I stayed very still. One of the thieves reached under my head, and I said, "What do you want?"

The thief jumped and quickly pulled his hand back. "Nothing at all," he said, "you should sleep so you will be able to travel tomorrow. We'll sit here and guard you. No need to worry." I grabbed hold of my purse and sat up again. "I do not want your protection," I said to the men, "I trust that my God will take care of me." One of the men left and came back with a third man. I decided the best thing to do was to pray out loud and sing. The men realized that I wasn't going back to sleep, and rather quickly, they crept off into the night again.

The next morning, I prayed and thanked the Lord for keeping me safe. I realized that I had been so upset about losing

my things the day before that I had never even stopped to pray and ask God for a safe place to sleep. As I began my long trip back home on foot, I asked God to forgive me for not having more faith. I also prayed that God would help me to be more worried about people's souls than about losing my things.

As I finished praying, my mind thought back to many years before. Long before I had even come to China, I was living in England in a place called Hull, where I was training to become a doctor. I used to go around different homes and take care of those who were sick. In one of these houses, there was a very sick man who was also a very evil man who had no time for God. Each time I came in, the man would be lying in his bed. I would do all of the medical things that I needed to do, like putting bandages on, washing him, and giving him medicine. Then, when I was finished, I would say to this man, "Now, my friend, I want to tell you about Jesus Christ. He came into the world to save sinners, and He will save you if you will simply believe in Him." Every single time, this man would turn his face away from me to the wall and ignore me.

I came by week after week and month after month, and every time I would finish by talking to the man about Jesus. But every time, the man would turn his face away and completely ignore me. One day, I was feeling tired and said to myself, "What's the use? He doesn't even listen to me." This time, I came into the house, gave him the medicine, put on the bandages, and then put my things into my bag and, without a word, began to walk towards the door. "Aren't you going to talk





about Jesus?" He said. I turned and nearly ran back to the bedside. "Dear sir," I said, "yes, I want to tell you all about Jesus who came to save your soul." He was listening! I had been thinking about myself and how tired and frustrated I was, and I almost missed this chance to witness to this man.

I reached the next town just as the sun was setting. This time, I prayed that God would give me a safe place to stay for the night. Out of nowhere, a stranger offered for me to stay at his home. In the morning, he arranged for a boat to take me back to Shanghai. "This man has been robbed," he said to the captain, "but he will pay you when he gets home, and if he does not, come and see me when you return, and I will pay you." I gratefully climbed on board the ship, and it wasn't long before I could see the familiar buildings of my town.

The buildings reminded me of just after I had come to China. I had been preaching for almost a year in the town of Ningpo. The Chinese people were polite and often gathered to listen to me. They liked talking about new ideas, but no one seemed

to believe the gospel. Once again, I was frustrated that no one was listening and was ready to quit. After I finished speaking that day, a man stood up and spoke to the others. "I have been searching all my life for the truth," he said. "Both my father and grandfather also spent their lives searching for the truth. I have traveled to many places in search of the truth. I have tried Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, but have not found peace or rest. But tonight, I have found rest! Tonight, I have heard the truth, and from now on I am a follower of Jesus." I could not believe my ears. This man was a respected Buddhist officer. Did he believe in Jesus? A short time later, the man brought me to a Buddhist meeting where he shared his testimony with the others, and one of his friends also became a Christian. A few nights later, the man asked me something I'll never forget. "How long have the people in your land known about Jesus?" "Oh," I said, "for hundreds of years." The man's mouth fell open. "You have known for hundreds of years and did not come to tell us? My father and grandfather searched for the truth and died without ever finding it. Why didn't you come sooner?" It was a question I could not answer. God had said to go into all the world and preach the gospel to everyone, but many Christians did not obey what their Lord had said. "Perhaps it is because just like me, the other night, they are too busy thinking about their things and not about the souls of others," I thought.

Soon after arriving home, I got a letter in the mail, but I couldn't tell who had sent it. I opened it, and tears immediately

came to my eyes. Inside, I found enough money to replace every single thing that my servant had stolen from me. Once again, God was just reminding me that if I worried about the souls of others, He would always take care of me.

### **Application:**

You know, boys and girls, 2 Corinthians 4:3-4 tells us that we must be sharing the good news of the gospel with all men and not keep it hidden. Hudson Taylor tried to share the gospel with everyone he met. Sometimes they would listen, but other times he would tell them again and again, and they seemed to ignore him. Do not get discouraged if you have been telling someone about Jesus and they have not asked Jesus to save them yet. Keep telling them just like Hudson Taylor did.

Hudson worked with the Chinese people for 54 years. At the time of his death, over one hundred twenty-five thousand Chinese people had asked Jesus to save them, and the China Inland Mission had sent 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.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson, please refer to **lesson 3.24 on page 86 in your Vanuatu 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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