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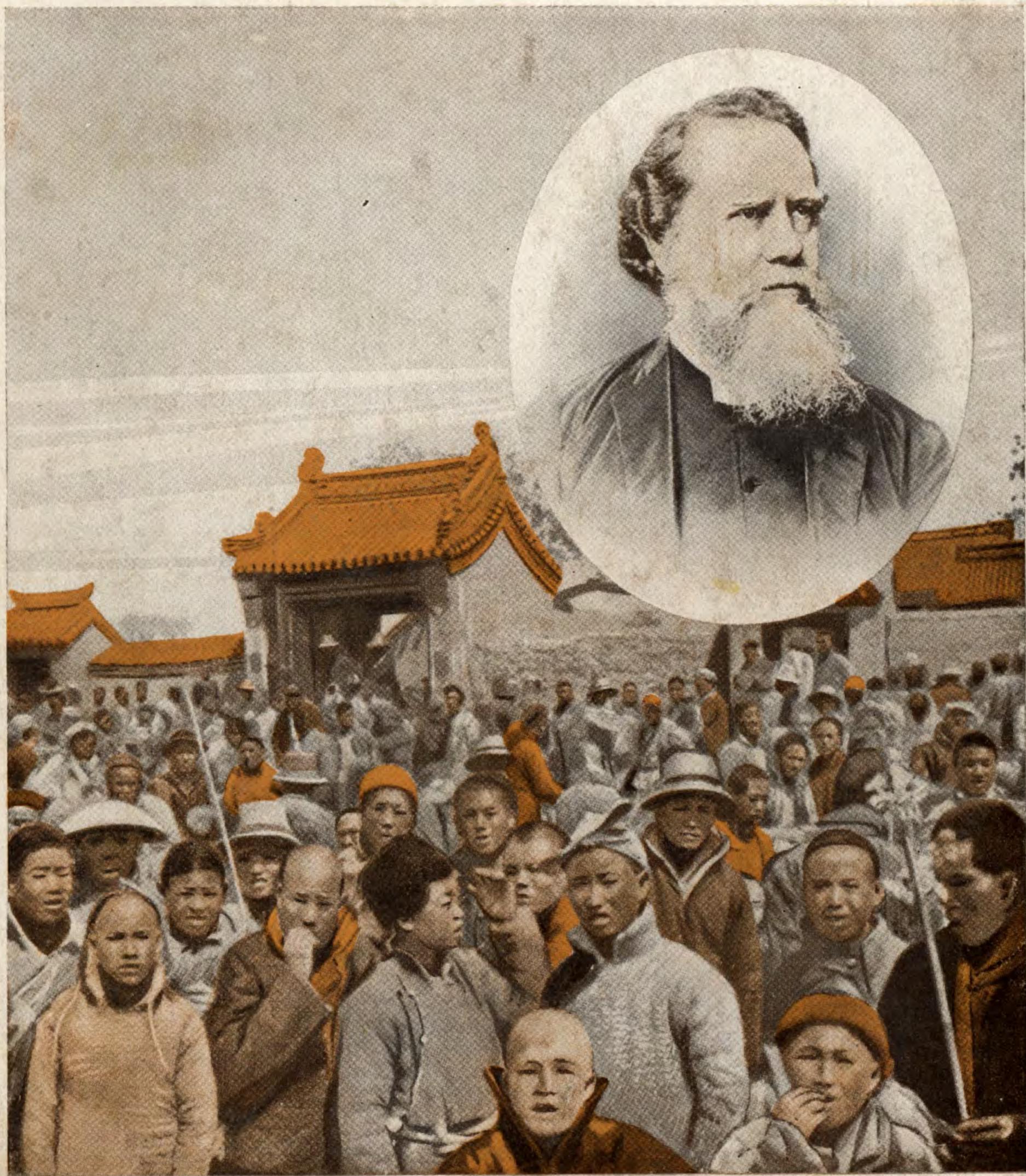
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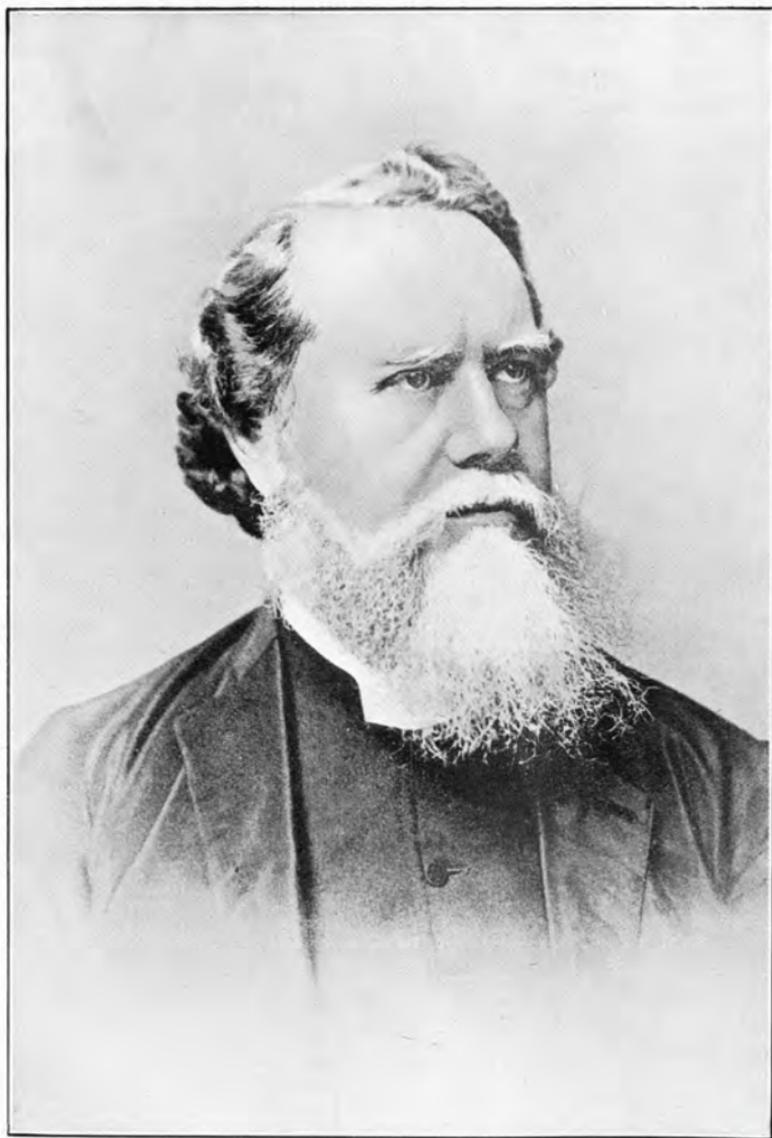
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HUDSON TAYLOR

MISSIONARY AMONG CHINA'S MILLIONS



J. HUDSON TAYLOR



J. HUDSON TAYLOR

Frontispiece

JAMES HUDSON TAYLOR

THE FOUNDER OF THE
CHINA INLAND MISSION

BY

J. J. ELLIS

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JAMES HUDSON TAYLOR

CHAPTER I

Learning to Trust God

"The lamps are alight on the Altar of God,
The Good Shepherd walks with His staff and His rod,
In lands where in darkness the people have trod.
O brother, keep the lamps burning!"—*C. Ellison.*

NO life of Hudson Taylor would be complete which failed to furnish some little information about his forebears. His great-grandfather James Taylor, was following the trade of a stone-mason when he came under the power of the gracious dealings of God's Holy Spirit. On his wedding day he was threshing wheat for the bride loaf, a Yorkshire custom of that time, when like a flash there came to his mind the text: "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," and while his bride waited for him he, after a season of deep exercise, settled the great question by yielding himself to Christ as Master and Lord. His young wife, thoughtless and gay, was at first offended at his abandonment of worldly pleasures, but the sincerity of his affection for her, and the simplicity and saintliness of his life before her, won her for the Lord, and ere long she entered into His service with the same zeal and devotion as her husband.

An accident which took place some years after his marriage and incapacitated the stonemason from following his regular employment, was the cause of the family removing to Barnsley, a notoriously wicked mining town. His earnings there averaged 13/6 per week, of which sum 1/6 was set aside for the poor and for the work of the Lord.

Their kitchen was thrown open for an informal gathering of their neighbours, and at these gatherings James explained the way of life to those who attended. As the blessing of God was manifested, the wrath of man was also shown in envy and hate, James having the apostolic proof of his ministry in persecution. Stones, mud, and even a frying pan were used to punish the faithful minister of Christ. Acts of personal violence were neither repaid nor resented, and as the Christ-like spirit of the young couple was known, the people were attracted to the meeting, with the result that after a visit from John Wesley, then a veteran of 80 years, a Methodist Society was formed.

The children of this worthy couple grew up to be a joy and comfort to them. Their son John became a maker of reeds for the hand looms, with which the linen weaving was then carried on, and achieved considerable success. Like his father, he married young, and found in his wife a devoted helper in every good work. With the blessing of God upon their labours, the influence of the Gospel extended among old and young. Their son, the second James Taylor, was the father of our hero. He had

ambitions towards becoming a doctor, but circumstances prevented this, and he took up the study of chemistry. His studies completed, he set up in business as a chemist in one of the best positions in Barnsley. Led early to the Saviour, he had given himself to the study of the Word of God, and when only 19 years of age was busy preaching the Gospel as opportunity offered in the neglected villages of his native county. To Barnsley he brought his young wife, Amelia Hudson, the eldest daughter of Benjamin Hudson, a Methodist minister. She was a woman of great winsomness, and with a natural charm of character; but what natural attractiveness she possessed was enriched and strengthened by the Spirit of Christ. Her youthful days were marked by loving service and consideration for others, and she was early called upon to sacrifice her own inclinations and desires in order to share the burdens which a minister's large family entailed. Her sweet personality attracted James Taylor; friendship ripened into affection, and after seven years of service and sacrifice, the couple were yoked together in the bonds of holy matrimony on April 5, 1831.

The chemist had ideas beyond the compounding of drugs, and his heart went out toward the heathen at his doors. Active evangelistic effort among them was blessed of God, with the inevitable result that his sympathies were enlarged, and he began to be concerned about the heathen in the regions beyond. Faith gives vision, and one who is in touch

with Jesus Christ has a pity like that of his Lord. His devotion and activities were kept at concert pitch by his sweet and cultured wife, who ruled him by persuasion, and who amid the humble duties of the household, shed a radiance that revealed the presence of the Lord Jesus in her heart.

To this godly couple a child was born on May 21, 1832, and was named James Hudson Taylor. He was gladly and definitely consecrated to the Lord for His service, a consecration which was followed by prayerful instruction and discipline. He was a sensitive and thoughtful boy, but was unusually delicate, and great care and tact were necessary in the early days of his life, in order to avoid spoiling him by over indulgence. His earliest recollections centred round his grandfather, and the chapel on Pinfold Hill. Almost from infancy he was taken there, and his grandfather's caress at the end of the long service was the evidence that he had been specially good. Taught to confide in their parents, Hudson Taylor and his brother and sister, not only brought them their sorrows, but at times also confessed their failures. The atmosphere of the home was affectionate, but self-denial, obedience, thrift in the employment of time and pence were strongly insisted upon, and in such surroundings virtue took definite shape and gathered strength by the habits cultivated.

We are told that Hudson was once overlooked when dinner was being served. He waited patiently, and then quietly asked for the salt

that he might "be ready when mother remembered" her boy. Another time he gently asked "if apple pie were good for little boys?" and of course unable to answer his own shrewd question received his share. Very early in life he felt the influence of the Holy Spirit, perhaps more powerful because he was delicate.

Though very strict with his children, James Taylor was a kind and thoughtful parent, who took great pains with his boy. Too delicate to attend school, Hudson's education was undertaken by his parents, who saw to it that the great truths of the Gospel were instilled into his young mind as well as the three "R's." Their house was open to the Lord's people, many of whom shared its hospitality, much to the delight of the children. Mrs. Taylor's fondness for reading furnished her with many interesting tales for her youthful hearers, and mother's books, among them "The Pilgrim's Progress," made life pleasant for the young people.

At the age of eleven Hudson was sent to a day school at Barnsley, but his attendance was intermittent, and the state of his health brought his school period to an end in a little less than two years. Passing from the secluded atmosphere of his home to rub shoulders with boys of his own age was a test which showed that home influence and careful training were not enough to prevent this boy from desiring to follow the bent of the world. Feelings and fears were released at this time which continued throughout the eighteen months which

followed, during which he continued his studies at home and assisted in the chemist's shop.

When he was fifteen years of age he secured a position as a junior clerk in a Bank. There he learned the value of exactitude in finance and lessons in business carefulness which were to serve him in future years. Unfortunately, however, he came under influences which were far from helpful to his spiritual life, and while he maintained the outward forms of religion, his heart was set on the world. His desires for gaiety and pleasure could not be realised, and he became dissatisfied and even sceptical about spiritual things. His eyesight, however, failed, and he was forced to return home.

His eyesight quickly recovered, but the evil influences of his associates at the Bank continued long after he had severed his connection with them. A period of unrest and unhappiness followed, during which he caused his parents not a little concern. This was brought to an end in a remarkable way. His mother and his sister were praying specially that he might be led to a full and definite surrender to Christ, and to them he ever afterwards attributed his conversion. Left alone one afternoon, he picked up a tract, saying to himself, "There will be a story at the beginning, and a sermon at the end. I'll read the first and leave the rest." Soon he became engrossed in the tract, which dealt with the finished work of Christ. Asking himself what was finished, the young man replied: "A full and perfect atonement and satisfaction for sin. Then if the work was

finished, what is there left for me to do but to fall down on my knees and accept this Saviour and this salvation." While this was going on in the old warehouse, his saintly mother, on a visit to friends seventy or eighty miles away, was wrestling with God for the salvation of her son, and that afternoon had the assurance given her that her prayers were answered.

A deep spiritual experience followed. He definitely yielded himself to the Lord, and from that time gave himself up to the work of winning souls. After a further period of spiritual conflict, in which he proved the power of Christ to give victory over indwelling sin, the call came clear and definite to him, and he learned that the place and sphere of his service was in China. Nothing doubting, he sought to acquire some knowledge of the Chinese language. He also began to collect money for those who were already in the field, and further exercised his gifts by seeking to win some of the heathen that lived and suffered near him. Study, too, was not neglected, for he realised that laziness and ignorance are no qualifications for the Saviour's service, but his thrusting his way through books was also accompanied by deep and continual fellowship with God while alone. All this time he assisted in his father's business dispensing medicines and treating minor complaints.

From home he went to Hull as assistant to a relative, Dr. Hartley. There he acquired more medical knowledge, and also learned more perfectly the blessedness of a life of faith.

In order to innure himself to the hardships inseparable from itinerancy, he hired a room in a cottage on the Drainside. There amidst the poor he lived on the meanest fare, not that he might save money, but so that he might give it to the needy and to missions. A brief visit to the Crystal Palace brought him into contact with some of the saints of London. There he met with a missionary who told him: "You will never do for China. They call me red-haired devil, and would run from you in terror. You could never get them to listen." "And yet," mused Hudson, "it is God who called me, and He knew all the time about the colour of my hair and eyes."

The sacred ministry of disappointment was not omitted from his education; a love that had mastered his heart was refused, and the denial and refusal, although painful to bear, compelled a deeper trust in God and in His Word. Self-denial he knew. One day he gave 2/6 to a starving family, but the Lord discharged the debt by sending money through a saint who withheld his name. A further test was when his salary being long overdue and the money required for rent, Dr. Hartley discovered the fact with regret, saying that he had just paid all his money into the Bank. But at ten o'clock at night a wealthy client called to pay his bill, and instead of a cheque, offered notes. Thus the rent was paid, and Hudson was much encouraged to fully trust the Banker who was also His Heavenly Father.

After this experience, in order to secure

better medical training, Hudson came up to London. Lodging with an uncle near Soho Square, he walked right across London to the London Hospital, in Whitechapel Road. He boarded himself, and on his way home from the Hospital purchased a twopenny loaf. The baker cut this, one half being the evening supply, and the remainder, with water, was Hudson's breakfast.

No wonder, thus poorly fed and walking so far, that he became weak. Moreover, while dissecting, he pricked a finger, and was at once pronounced dying. But he survived, for his life-work was as yet unaccomplished. Yet while in peril he walked from Soho to the City and obtained some needed money with which he went back home.

A brief stay at Barnsley soon restored him, for high purpose and the grace of God gave strength to the body. Then once more Hudson came to London, this time, however, as an assistant to a doctor near Finsbury Circus.

He was soon a favourite with the children of his employer, and took them out when they were not able to drive with the doctor. During this period a patient bitterly opposed to the Gospel, being relieved by Hudson's loving care, listened to his pleadings and came to the Saviour whom he so long had despised. Thus while accumulating medical knowledge, Hudson became skilled in dealing with anxious and unconcerned souls.

CHAPTER II

Obedient to Christ's Call

"I thought for myself, I lived for myself,
For myself, and none beside—
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if He had never died!"

HUDSON TAYLOR now found himself confronted by a difficulty, and a difficulty that could not be ignored. He was being assisted to obtain a medical degree, yet he did not feel justified in sparing the time absolutely necessary to fully qualify as a doctor. The longing to save was clamant and dominant, and at any cost he felt that he must seek the service appointed to him. He at once decided, and on 19th September, 1853, set sail in the "Dumfries." He was accompanied on board by those whose love prompted them to pray, he himself being the most cheerful of the company. His mother remained on board until the last moment, and then from the wharf watched him depart. As the ship slipped away a cry of anguish burst from her lips, and, says Hudson, "I never knew until then what 'God so loved the world' meant."

The voyage thus commenced was stormy and full of perils, for the powers of evil were opposing the young missionary. More than once the "Dumfries" was almost cast away; but at last, on 1st March, 1854, it anchored a wreck at Shanghai. Hudson found a welcome in the London Missionary Society's quarters,

and fully appreciated the kindness of the learned, devoted men there, who received him as a brother, although their ideas differed much from his as to methods of service.

For six months he remained a guest, and then the arrival of Dr. Parker, a married man with three children, compelled him to move. A native house was secured, in which the whole party found shelter. Compelled to abandon it by the lawless state of the district, where fighting was going on, a small house in the L.M.S. compound was then placed at his disposal by the kindness of the Master he served.

Supplies from home were not forthcoming, for the friends in London did not realise the conditions then prevailing in China, nor even the needs of those who had gone into the field.

Hudson, active and in desperate earnest, although with a gentle energy, went with Dr. Edkin by water on an evangelistic tour. From city to city they passed giving away books, healing the sick, and preaching the Gospel. The success of this journey led to another mission into the vast districts thick with human beings and dark with misery, woe, and sin. Peril was never absent, but, said Hudson, "I knew that I was where duty had placed me, unworthy as I am of such a position, and felt that though solitary I was not alone."

Another tour with Dr. Parker deepened his desire to have a hospital where the healing of the body might accompany the healing of the disease of sin; but at least a thousand pounds were required to secure this hospital. To

encourage His servants, the Lord put it into the heart of Mr. Berger to send £10 for the support of a child whom the missionaries were anxious to adopt and educate for Jesus Christ. The value of a child had not yet become apparent to the Chinese mind, but those who had learned the pity of Jesus felt the yearning compassion that moved Him to live and die for the salvation of sinners.

Realising that the vast multitudes that clustered in the cities of China were the race to which they were sent, the magnitude of the task to evangelise them humbled these missionaries, but because they were weak they caught hold of the might of the Holy Spirit. In the estuary of the great River Yang-tse there lay an island, only thirty miles away from Shanghai, the home of more than a million people, who amidst peach orchards and acres of wheat had never received from Protestant missionaries the Bread of Life.

To these untaught hordes went Mr. Taylor and Mr. Burden, a C.M.S. missionary of great zeal. They gave away books, healed the sick, and preached—Mr. Taylor using a huge bronze incense vase as a pulpit.

They purposed following the line of the coast, but their boatmen, craving for opium in the night-time changed the course. This, however, resulted in the visit to another island now united to the mainland. There they evangelised with much success, and so they advanced until they reached Tungchow, a city with an evil name. Warned of the fierce character of

the populace, they penetrated the city gradually from the suburbs, gladdened when they heard a Chinaman tell his people that God loved them, that they were sinners, and that Jesus died to save them.

Assailed as black devils, they still went on, when they were seized by a tall drunken soldier. Others followed this evil example, and the two men were hustled at a fearful pace along the uneven road. Mr. Taylor, carrying a heavy bag, was exhausted, but he was maltreated and manacles were called for. A lesser Mandarin refused help, but the Superior to whom they were sent allowed them to distribute their books, and then sent them back to their boat.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, anxious to distribute the Scriptures in China, sent him forth with copies of the Word of God, and Hudson hoped to reach Nanking, the headquarters of the Tai-ping rebellion. The tour extended to twenty-four days, and 58 cities, towns, and large villages were visited and supplied with the sacred Scriptures. Of these, 51 had never before been visited by messengers of the Cross.

Then came to him an experience of Divine visitation and comfort that he found it impossible to relate. But he tells us that during one day while walking from place to place, tired and bathed in perspiration, he was much refreshed in spirit by the thought that the Lord Jesus doubtless had often felt as did His servant while walking the hills of Palestine.

Accompanied by Dr. Parker, a new colleague from England, he and his friend Mr. Burden commenced their seventh journey, but they were hampered by the fact that the Home Society did not approve of their plans for securing head-quarters.

Acting upon the conscious Divine leading, they sought and eventually settled at Ningpo, where some eleven foreigners were witnessing for Jesus, and where a school was established, in which two ladies named Dyer were engaged as teachers. There it was resolved to found a hospital which should prove a Bethesda to the sin-sick and sorrowing.

"How little can we tell all we are delivered from by our limitations in the wider service to which the Lord is leading us in ways beyond our ken," said Hudson, and his words proved true of this settlement.

Mr. Taylor at Ningpo rented rooms, and resolved henceforth to wear native dress and live upon Chinese food. In this he was separating himself from the other missionaries, who did not think this the wisest course to take. So wearing a pigtail and attired like those he sought to save, Hudson Taylor cut himself off from the mission band who did not agree with him on this matter. Feeling this slight censure, he says: "I am not alone. I have such a sensible presence of God with me as I never before experienced, and such drawings to prayer and watchfulness as are very blessed and necessary." Because the desire to be completely the Lord's servant, even in food and

raiment, brought with it intense pleasure and secret springs of power.

Mr. Taylor also secured a footing in Tsing-ming, where more than a million souls were within his range of service. He made his head-quarters in a city of between 20 to 30,000 inhabitants, and these souls he felt to be his charge. Said he: "I sometimes feel a sense of responsibility that is quite oppressive—the only light-bearer among so many. But it is wrong. It is Jesus who is to shine in me. I am not left to my own resources."

Leaving an evangelist in charge of this important station, Mr. Taylor returned to Shanghai in order to secure clothing suitable for winter wear, as well as medical supplies. While thus engaged in securing the necessary supplies for Tsing-ming, two Chinese doctors and four druggists, finding their trade affected, bribed the Mandarin to expel the Christian teachers. For six weeks the Devil raged, then the Consul interfered and compelled Hudson to abandon the mission, although the Consul did not interfere with the Roman Catholics. Thus the work that had opened so auspiciously at Tsing-ming was closed, and it soon appeared as if the British Authorities were intent in closing the interior provinces to the Gospel.

Hudson was not daunted, he consulted his English friends as to the wisdom of renouncing Consular protection before penetrating into the inland provinces. While thus uncertain as to the future, Mr. Taylor commenced his tenth tour of evangelisation, travelling with the

sainted Williams Burns and two evangelists. They carried in two boats literature and medicine, and the presence of the Lord was manifest to them as well as to those to whom they preached. Selecting a large town, they penetrated it gradually from the suburbs, preaching, giving away tracts, visiting temples, schools, and teashops, and everywhere wisely seeking to show Jesus in the tenderness of His love and the power of His saving grace. Mr. Burns was soon compelled to follow Mr. Taylor's example and adopt Chinese dress, and with the like success.

Said one man to another, after hearing the sweet story that never tires, "Do you believe in this doctrine of Jesus?" "Believe! I certainly believe," was the reply that gladdened the heart of the listening Hudson.

Thus encouraged, they went on to Blocktoun, a filthy den of robbers, smugglers, and the like lawless people. Commencing at the suburbs, they wrought their way into the city, and in a tea-shop bore witness to Jesus the mighty to save. But the smugglers attacked the boats, and then sent one of their number to demand ten dollars in cash and a pound of opium. If these demands were refused the boats were to be destroyed. The missionaries, unaware of this attack, were guided back to the tea-shop where they had been welcomed. Then they missed the messenger sent to warn them, and meanwhile the boats slipped out of danger. The brigands ordered tea, which the missionaries were to pay for, and while they waited the

night grew intensely dark. The missionaries, finding no inquirers at the tea-shop, started to return, and met the captain, who was watching for them, and soon all the party were afloat and moved away unobserved. Then the rain fell in torrents, which checked the ardour of their enemies, and so they escaped from the hands of those who sought their goods and their lives. They came back to Shanghai, and there met a Christian captain, with whom they proceeded to Swatow, an important port in Southern China, the nest of opium merchants and stealers of men. They were offered a free passage, and duly reached a place where Satan reigned with undisputed sway. Securing a room over an incense shop, they thus began a work upon which the Presbyterians afterwards entered with wonderful results. The two pioneers had to climb through a trap door to the wretched room for which they paid an amount which the friendly captain said would not keep him for a month in cigars.

One advantage Mr. Burns possessed, he could speak the local dialect, and his companion at once sought to acquire the tongue of the lawless crowd amongst whom they had raised the standard of the Cross. The room was furnished at a cost of 1/1, for it held two bamboo stools and a bamboo easy chair.

The character of their neighbours will appear from the way in which they treated a wealthy man whom they had captured. Refusing to pay the exorbitant sum asked for his release, the man was subjected to cruel tortures, his

ankle-bones crushed by a club, after which he paid what they demanded.

When the heat came on the Britons suffered much from the close atmosphere. Yet Mr. Taylor sat at work, a towel at hand to wipe away the perspiration that streamed from face and hands. One who saw Hudson, tells us how he would at night come back to his little room beneath the tiles, footsore and weary, his face covered with blisters from the heat of the sun, fling himself down to rest, utterly exhausted, only to rise again after a brief sleep to resume his toil. He adds of Mr. Taylor that his influence was like that of a fragrant flower, diffusing the sweetness of true Christianity...

The heat of summer and the uncomfortable room over the incense shop caused the flower to droop, and Hudson began to search for other quarters. He went too and fro, and was enabled to rent a cottage at a little town, but when possession was asked, the landlord refused to admit the foreigner. "Go back," he screamed. "Go back at once. My neighbours will not allow me to let you have the house." A brief prayer enabled Mr. Taylor to accept the refusal calmly, and he went on with his preaching and distributing Gospels. The climate was unsuitable, the citizens were evil, and his servant asked anxiously: "What will you do? Where shall we go when darkness comes on? We cannot stay out all night?" "The Lord will provide," was the calm answer, as Hudson in the streets and tea-shops gave away copies of the Word of Life. His happiness struck the

Chinese, and one asked him, "Where are you going to sleep?" "I cannot tell you. But my Heavenly Father knows. He is everywhere present, and never forgets the needs of His people." "But are you not anxious lest you should get into trouble?" was the natural question. "No, I am not anxious," was the smiling answer, "My heart is in perfect peace; the Lord will provide."

He did, for Hudson was invited to sleep over a barber's shop, and provided with a supper of rice and water gruel. To this humble abode many inquirers came, one man bringing some flowers. Hudson spoke to them all, directing their thoughts to the Giver of all good.

Mr. Taylor was able to render skilled medical aid to the Mandarin at Swatow, which was now the head-quarters of the missionaries, and as a result, the Mandarin urged them to commence medical work there. The condition of Mr. Taylor's health made a change advisable, and though it meant leaving Mr. Burns alone, it was decided he should go to Shanghai for medical supplies. Rooms had been secured, and on Mr. Taylor's return the work could be commenced. A free passage to Shanghai being offered him by an English captain, Hudson took farewell of Mr. Burns, never to meet him again. Mr. Burns shortly afterwards was taken prisoner, and sent under escort to Canton. On reaching Shanghai, Mr. Taylor found that the stores of the London Mission had been destroyed by fire, and his medical outfit had perished in the conflagration.

At least six months must elapse before fresh stores could be brought from England, and he had left Mr. Burns at Swatow to await his return. Hudson therefore determined to go to Ningpo and beg supplies from Dr. Parker to enable him to commence work without delay. He set out, but did not reach Ningpo. Walking ahead, his coolies decamped with his goods and left him penniless. It was with much difficulty that Hudson returned to Shanghai. His servant had sold the goods, valued at about £40, and some thought that he ought to be prosecuted for the robbery. Hudson refused to do this, and pleaded in a letter with the thief to forsake sin and serve Christ. In course of time, by the providence of God, this letter found its way to England, and came into the hands of George Müller. He was delighted with the Christlike forgiveness of Hudson, sent him money sufficient to cover the cost of a new outfit, and ever afterwards became a supporter of the mission.

The mission staff at Shanghai, in spite of their own losses, had offered to make good the deficit but as they could not afford it, the offer with grateful appreciation was declined.

The generous Mr. Berger at this juncture sent a cheque, so this evil only brought out the goodness of the Lord and His people.

Hudson went to Ningpo, where Dr. Parker had secured a foothold. There it fell out that he met with his future wife, a self-supporting missionary assisting in a mission school for girls. The news of Mr. Burns' arrest, and the

check at Swatow, led Hudson to remain at Ningpo, and he secured a small two storied building where he lodged and also conducted a boys' school and dispensary.

He frequently met Miss Dyer, an active missionary, and the two saintly workers fell in love, but, alas, only to find trouble. The head of the school did not like Hudson Taylor, would not attempt to understand him, and did her utmost to keep the lovers apart. For a while she succeeded, and while thus suffering the pangs of wounded affection, Hudson resigned from the Chinese Evangelization Society that had sent him out. This step left him free to go as God might guide him. This, however, did not lessen his difficulties, but soon he was encouraged by a little success in soul-winning. Mr. Nyi, passing the mission house, heard John 3. 15 and 16 read, and, said he, "In Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism, I have found no rest. But I do find rest in what we have heard to-night. Henceforward I am a believer in Jesus." He added sadly, "My father sought the truth for more than twenty years, and died without finding it. Oh, why did you not come sooner?" Mr. Taylor nursed a man who died of smallpox, and of course had to discard the garments he had worn in the sick room. He had given away most of his money, so could not afford to buy new clothes, but just in the hour of need a box containing all the raiment he had left at Swatow came to hand, and thus faith was both strengthened and justified.

In due time all the obstacles were removed,

and Hudson Taylor and Maria Dyer were married. She shared her husband's faith, for, said she: "I was left an orphan in a far-off land. God has been my Father all these years; and do you think I shall be afraid to trust Him now?"

Alas, the honeymoon was followed by a severe attack of typhoid fever, which laid them both low. As soon as strength came back they were at work in Bridge Street, Ningpo, and were gladdened by some marks of the Lord's working with them. A basket-maker named Fang Neng Kuli, was struck by the picture of the Prodigal Son. He learned to read and resolved to keep the Sabbath holy. His master was content to pay him for six days, but not for the Sabbath. This meant a loss of two pence in pay and the expenditure of two or threepence for the rest-day's food. But this loss meant a real sacrifice, but it was cheerfully made, and Neng Kuli was wonderfully successful in saving souls. Then his master refused to employ him unless he gave up the Lord's day, and to compel surrender the employer induced other basket-makers to decline his services. Neng Kuli spent his time now in distributing tracts and in tea-shops speaking of Jesus to those who gathered there. There he met a farmer who came from a distant village, supporting himself on the journey by cutting for cattle the grass by the roadside, and thus he heard the Jesus doctrine he had come so far to hear. He embraced it at once, was taught to read, and so he fed from the wonderful provision in the

Bible stored for all who will take it as a gift. Said he to Mr. Taylor, this Wang, the grass-cutter: "I think much of Heaven and Jesus. The weather is so hot. You see, I have to cut grass in the burning sun, and sometimes I hardly know how to keep on. And then I think of Jesus—Jesus and Heaven—and my mind becomes peaceful, my body so much rested, that I can do twice as much as before. Oh, it is wonderful the difference it makes when you just think of Jesus."

Another Wang, a house-painter, was busy in a mansion up a ladder, decorating the guest hall, when a basket-maker (no less than Neng Kuli) was shown in to receive orders from the ladies. The painter went on with his work, but his curiosity was aroused. The ladies were annoyed that the workman refused an order to make baskets for holding incense, and listened to a brief statement of the evangel. After they had tottered away, the painter came down the ladder and asked that he, too, might once more hear the story of redeeming love. He heard, believed, and in future years was a devoted helper of Mr. Taylor, and of course a soul-winner, too.

All was not pleasing, for counterbalancing trials came with the blessing. Mrs. Taylor was sick, indeed dying; but the Lord healed her without the use of means, for she had yet much work to do for Him in China. Then there was danger, and a window at the back held a rope down which she must slide to a boat lying moored if the mob attacked the mission pre-

mises, as they frequently threatened to do. So the peril came and passed, but in spite of difficulties and discouragements, husband and wife continued their obscure service, well content to fill a little space so that Christ be magnified.

Then Dr. Parker's wife was translated, and he resolved to take his helpless children back to England. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Taylor took up his work, and having no funds to spare, they taught the staff the lesson of living by faith, a mode of life that they had found so happy and successful. The hospital was soon restaffed, only those who were definitely on the Lord's side were now employed, and the blessing increased as the staff learned to put God first, and trust Him in things small as well as in the so-called greater matters of business life.

Widening opportunities presented themselves, but with the possibilities of greater service there came almost complete collapse of health. Leaving the hospital well provided for by "*Jehovah-Jireh*," Mr. and Mrs. Taylor took ship for England, bringing with them Wang, the painter, who felt that they were not strong enough to travel without his aid, and thus passed their first spell of active missionary life in China.

Not much had been accomplished that could be tabulated, but thousands had heard or read the tale of undying love that story which will never fail to secure a heart in which to abide and out of which to operate for good.

CHAPTER III

Alone on the Seashore

"We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness never more."—*Whittier*.

MR. AND MRS. TAYLOR reached England after six and a half years' service in China, a period full of perils and arduous labours, but not without happiness and some success. They came back because of Mr. Taylor's illness, but not to be idle, for with them health depended upon constant effort for God. They therefore purposed as a rest task to prepare a more correct translation of the New Testament and a hymn book for the Chinese Christians, and as a kind of afterthought Mr. Taylor resolved to resume his medical studies and take his degree. They took up residence at 1 Beaumont Street, Whitechapel, near the London Hospital, Wang acting as helper, cook, servant, and evangelist. Four years were spent in a variety of toils; these named and others, all exhaustive, yet sweetened and lightened by the wonderful favours of the Lord. All the while events were taking place which were forcing him to come to the great decision which led to the founding of the China Inland Mission.

Missionaries were diminishing instead of increasing in China. A million souls a month

were dying in that land without God. Christians were apathetic, and he seemed to have done all that one man could. Faith triumphed over his natural inclinations, and weakness, as after a period of great exercise during which he suffered in mind and body, the decision to ask for workers for Inland China was made. The crisis came on Sunday, June 25, 1865, when on the sands at Brighton (whither he had gone in quest of health), in an agony about the unsaved millions of China, he said: "At Thy bidding as Thy servant I go 'forward,'" resolving to make an appeal for evangelists for China, and leaving with the Lord the burden of their support. The editor of the *Baptist Magazine* asked for an article on China, to excite interest in the new mission. When he had published one article, Mr. Lewis urged that these articles should be published as a book, which was done, and as "China's Spiritual Needs and Claims," the book had an extensive circulation and many labourers were by it brought into the field.

Then while at Bayswater Mr. Taylor strayed into Welbeck Street, where the little company of open brethren welcomed him. Among them was the Dowager Lady Radstock, with whom her married daughter was staying. That daughter was Lady Beauchamp, and her husband invited Mr. Taylor to their Norfolk home at Langley Park. So impressed were they that they gave up the insurance money due for their extensive conservatories, and found that while other glass houses in the vicinity suffered,

those that had been committed to the Lord quite escaped injury.

Meanwhile recruits had applied for service in the mission, and these were principally from the class that have experience of the toil of life, rather than from those who have been trained in the schools.

Some of these pioneers proved men of startling merit, among them Mr. Stevenson, who eventually rose to be a chief man among his brethren, who admired his grace even more than his conspicuous gifts. James Meadows was another of these brave souls. A Barnsley man, his friend who valued his help in open-air meetings said: "James, I have a job for you, will you undertake it?" "What is it, sir?" "Go to China. Will you go?" "I will," replied the young mechanic. "I will, if God is calling me. But I must have time to pray about it." He fasted, and in the dinner hour definitely sought direction from the Lord. "Go, and the Lord be with thee," was the response, and he went.

Rudland was another, and a saintly man he indeed was, as we knew him to be in after years. Rudland was at first a working blacksmith in a Cambridgeshire village where rumour told him of Mr. Taylor's appeal at Perth. Rudland had been converted in a farmhouse kitchen near his workshop, but his friends knew nothing of the new mission. His employer, unwilling to spare a good workman, showed him a Chinese book, asking: "This is the language they talk over there. Do you think you could ever learn

it?" "Has anybody else learned it?" asked Rudland. "A few." "Then why not I?" He went, and when in China found that he could not acquire this terrible tangle of symbols. Headaches ensued, but Mr. Taylor eventually solved the difficulty. "I wonder if you could spare time to help me a little?" he asked. "Gladly would I, but what is there I can do?" "Well, I am troubled about the printing press. The Chinese workmen seem to get through so little when left to themselves, and I really have no time to look after them. You managed so well in putting the press together, do you not think you could superintend it for me now? If you will just go in and begin at the beginning the men will be pleased to show you how to set up type, etc., and the fact of your being there will keep them to their work." Rudland consented, picked up the language as he worked, eventually becoming a wonderfully successful worker. He opened 37 out-stations, and in connection with them and his centre baptised over 3000 converts. When he died in 1912 there were 1500 communicants. He translated the whole New Testament and part of the Old Testament into the local dialect, and printed off edition after edition on the mission press, for which he was responsible.

Duncan was another recruit who found the Chinese tongue difficult. He sat beside the man at the washtub, seeking his conversion, the while acquiring words and phrases that he could not learn from a book, and brought the washer-man into full salvation.



A CHINESE BABY WITH GIRL NURSE



TWO TYPICAL TINY TOTS

The while these helpers were being attracted, held, and trained, there was no fund for their support save that Bank upon which faith draws by pleading and accepting the promises. One day Mr. and Mrs. Taylor had but 2/5½ in hand, and of this sum 2/ was readily given by them for the Lord's work.

Another time Mr. Taylor returned from a visit to his parents and found that the rent money he had left was short by 20/. He waited on God for help, knowing well the character of the rent collector tremblingly awaiting his call. The day passed and the man had not been seen. When he called next day the sovereign was ready to complete the rent, the Lord had not forgotten the need of His people and their work, and was not before the time nor yet behind.

In the kindness of God, Hudson Taylor met Grattan Guinness, then an evangelist of singular success. He went with him to Ireland and was invited to address a class of young men, among them Thomas Barnardo, the friend of the waifs; and M'Carthy, Charles and Edward Fishe, who became pioneers of the C.I.M. in untrodden lands.

When Barnardo saw the slender stranger, being himself small of stature, he took comfort, saying: "Good, there's a chance for me." Evidently what is a defect may be a comfort to some one else. Subsequently Mr. Guinness moved to Bow Road, where he opened a Training Institute, which, while working in East London, sent more than a thousand evangelists into the Home and Foreign Field; at

least a hundred of these went to China under Mr. Taylor's auspices

Mr. Muller had long been interested in the mission, and now he and Mr. Taylor met for the first time, and henceforward they were co-workers in the great task for which every believer is responsible—the carrying the Gospel to every creature under the broad blue sky.

The mission party now prepared to go forth consisted of eighteen adults and four children, and it was considered that the cabin space of a three-master would be needed to accommodate the travellers, and besides the help each could give the others while aboard, money would be saved. Prayer was made, and in due time Mr. Taylor went down to speak at a meeting at Totteridge, over which Colonel Puget, brother of the Dowager Lady Radstock, was to preside. All went well, the Lord gave utterance, and seeing how interested the audience was, the chairman desired a collection should be taken. Mr. Taylor declined. His host said: "You have made a great mistake. The people were really interested. We might have had a good collection." However, the following morning Colonel Puget said: "Lying awake in the night, as I thought of the stream of souls in China, a thousand every hour going out into the dark, I could only cry, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' I think I have His answer." Then he handed a cheque for £500 to Mr. Taylor, saying: "If there had been a collection I should have given a five pound note. This cheque is the result of part of the night spent in prayer."

At once Mr. Taylor secured the whole accommodation of the "Lammermuir," a three-master of 760 tons. Said Mr. Taylor when some one wondered what would happen in China after the voyage, and how these eighteen folk were to be fed in a strange lad: "I am taking my children with me, and I notice that it is not difficult for me to remember that the little ones need breakfast in the morning, dinner at midday, and something before they go to bed at night. Indeed I could not forget it. And I find it impossible to suppose that our Heavenly Father is less tender or mindful than I."

The "Lammermuir" left England, 26th May, 1866, and reached Shanghai on the following September. On the voyage great unity prevailed at first, and the crew were won to attending to the Gospel, more than twenty professing conversion; but after a while petty jealousies and misunderstandings cooled the fervour and stopped the work of the Spirit. This put right, the enemy changed his tactics, wild storms shattered the ship so that for more than two weeks she was all but a wreck. But she gained the harbour, and her cargo of missionaries were at their desired haven. On parting with the "Lammermuir," the sum of £30 was subscribed by the sailors as a help to the missionaries with whom they had travelled so far.

The party had household goods, printing and lithographic presses, medical apparatus, drugs, and literature. To accommodate this party appeared impossible, but a gentleman con-

trolling the Printing Press of the Presbyterian Mission had a large disused building which he generously offered to Mr. Taylor. Labour was required to put this into a fit state for habitation, and then the clothing used on the voyage had to be washed and made again fit for wearing. Then they adopted Chinese dress, not with the approval of all the missionaries or even of their own party, some of whom rather stumbled at the change.

Four weeks later a party went by water to Hang Chow, as a base whence they could reach the interior. Arrived at their destination, they found a home awaiting them. A young missionary had gone to fetch his wife and child from Ningpo and for a week the travellers were welcome to use his home as theirs.

While thus sheltered they sought for a permanent home and found a large dilapidated ruin, a perfect rabbit warren of poor families. It was in two stories and very dirty. Some of the tenants remained and became friendly as they saw the kind and considerate behaviour of the newcomers. Two texts from the walls proclaimed the spirit of the new family. They said in Chinese: "I must work the work of Him that sent me." "Even Christ pleased not Himself."

A dispensary was next opened, regular services commenced, and while busy, reinforcements arrived amazed and delighted at what they saw of the new mission. Miss Faulding, one of the "Lammermuir" party tells of Mr. Taylor's restless activity and eagerness for new

work, adding: "He goes on so quietly and calmly always—just leaning upon God and living for others—that it is a blessing merely to witness his life."

Alas, before long elements of strife appeared, and some of the mission party drew back from their pledges. To wear native dress, live on native food, and conform to native rules was to some of them a trouble, but they complained to outsiders, and discontent talked about, makes sad havoc of Christian character and feeling. Fortunately Mr. Berger who in England contributed to the work was a wise Christian, and he wrote to Mr. Taylor: "It is not our mistakes, but our refusing to correct them when discovered, that will prove baneful." But to Mr. Taylor the pettiness or want of courage manifested by some was a great pain.

However, he went forward, shaping towards the great task, hoping to crawl gradually to those far-away provinces where Christ was not named.

Embarking upon a flat-bottomed boat, with an arched roof of matting, they went up a great river, and then changed into a smaller boat to Yenchow. After a stay here of some days they went on to Lan-chi, where Mr. Duncan proposed to stay. In a room imperfectly roofed, with a shutter to serve as window, the mud floor thickly coated with accumulated filth, he made his abode. His furniture was secured by the expenditure of sixpence, and consisted of a chair, bamboo trestles, and a few boards, a travelling rug, pillow, and mos-

quito net. But he was not a man to consider comfort when called upon to act as an ambassador for Christ to those he longed to save.

Mr. Taylor had his children with him. Grace, the firstborn, two sons, and an infant sister. Gracie was eight years of age, and already ripening as those do who are nearing Heaven. On a boat trip arranged because the children were ailing, she spied a man making an idol. She was shocked. "Oh, papa," cried she, "he doesn't know about Jesus, or he would never do it. Won't you tell him?" Praying for the deluded idolater was instinctive; before a week passed Gracie had gone to where the holy see the face of Jesus and are glad with Him. Meanwhile Duncan, with his native helpers was holding on with Scots determination and Christian fortitude. He laboured, preached, and taught; his money gone and food supplies melting away. Mr. Taylor tried in vain to send help, and was helpless until Mr. Rudland, providentially arriving at the moment of need, volunteered to attempt to reach the lonely outpost. There was indeed great need of help, for Duncan, confident that he would be fed, wasted no time in foreboding or in attempts to help himself. Mr. Rudland arrived in time, and, said Duncan to his helper: "Did I not tell you this morning that it is always all right to trust in the Living God?"

Among the "Lammermuir" party, Miss Faulding had been conspicuous for her cheerful piety and self-sacrifice. Her smiling face won for her from the Chinese the name of Miss

Happiness, and skilfully she laid her talents out to serve Christ. A girl with her hand in the palm of Miss Happiness was told that she should worship God who gave her food. She rose at once, went to the door of the hut, bowed herself down three or four times and then returned to listen attentively to the tale of Divine Love for needy men and women. Said Miss Happiness after a round of such visits: "As I came home it was raining, and not very pleasant, but this and other receptions I have just had made me feel: 'Would that others might know the joy of this work, and come and carry the truth to every Chinese home.' " The women readily called her sister, and willingly came on Lord's Days to the meetings. Her sympathy and that charm that is always manifested by true love and gentleness commended the Gospel.

One thing is clear, that the presence of a holy woman whose warm love to the Saviour makes both face and life radiant will always be the winning force that will persuade men and women to come to Jesus. Yet with this bright example before them, there were true Christians in China who were doubtful if it were wise to allow unmarried women to live and shine for Christ in China.

An example of Mr. Taylor's success was his arrival in Hang Chow after the closing of the city gates. One of the mission party had been seized with illness, but the closed gate would not open for a missionary who happened to be a doctor. But he spied a basket being lowered for a Government messenger. Seizing the rope

that hung from the basket, Mr. Taylor was drawn up to the astonishment of the watch. Angry they were, but said Hudson: "I gave them two hundred good reasons why they should allow me to proceed. They came out of my cash bag." Evidently a man who would not be denied in the path of loving duty.

He had need of all his tact, courage, and faith, for while sick he had to be carried to appeal on behalf of Mr. M'Carthy's helpers who had been beaten well-nigh to death. Other workers were meted out the same hardness, for Satan never willingly admits Christian aggression, especially that which makes much of Christ.

For sixteen months had Hang Chow been the advance post of the Mission; now it was deemed necessary to advance the lines nearer the vast Inland Provinces in heathen darkness lying.

Mr. and Mrs. M'Carthy and Miss Faulding were left in charge of the little flock at Hang-chow; Mrs. Taylor and the children sailed up the Grand Canal. At Soo-chow Mr. Taylor joined them, and for three weeks the party remained to assist the Mission band recently settled there. Then they went on to Chin-Kiang, where the Grand Canal flows into the vast Yangtse. Here Hudson attempted to secure premises, but the negotiations being prolonged, he went on to Yang-chow. This city had a population of 360,000, who lived, longed, and suffered without a glimpse of the Lord Jesus Christ, or even a whisper of His love for them. The heat came on and rain fell,

so the missionaries took shelter in an inn, where five small rooms upstairs became their resting place.

Mrs. Taylor could not rest. Leaving her boys, she went to Shanghai, where smallpox was raging at the time, to save her baby, now reduced to weakness by months of whooping cough. She also purposed welcoming Mr. Duncan's fiancee.

After her departure it seemed certain that premises were secured at Chin-Kiang. Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Rudland were called to bring from Hang-chow the printing and other presses, heavy and cumbersome packages, together with their own belongings. Mrs. Taylor found that her baby had measles, and being weakly, the mother suffered the loss of her little one. Her boys at Yang-chow were also stricken with the same illness. Then she heard that Hudson himself, far away, was ill, and hurried to his side. As it was the Lord's Day, she would not take the steamer, but went by a boat. At length the boatman dropped wearied, and Mrs. Taylor took his place and plied the oars, love and anxiety strengthening her for the arduous task. In due time she reached her husband and nursed him back to health.

Opposition had to be overcome, and the enemies of the Gospel stirred up opposition among the people. Placards were displayed in the city calling upon the people to fire the house that sheltered the foreign devils. Then came a heavy rainfall, and this quieted the

rioters, who dread severe rain. Again it was noised abroad that two men in foreign dress were prowling about the city, and rumour reported that in consequence twenty-four children were missing. In the midst of this, Mr. and Mrs. Rudland, Mr. and Mrs. Reid, and Miss Desgraz arrived with the heavy printing presses and household goods, all offering a chance to robbers.

Mrs. Taylor and Miss Blatchley, to save their lives, leaped from the veranda roof. Mrs. Taylor injured her leg; her companion fell on her back on the stones. The mob pillaged the house. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Duncan, ill and injured, went for help to the authorities. They were hustled by the fierce mob and neglected by the Mandarin, although they cried, "Save life! Save life!" a cry which a Mandarin was expected to obey at any hour and at any cost; but when Christians were in danger, Chinese law was set aside in the fierce resistance to Christ.

After some plain speaking, the Mandarin consented to send troops to calm the mob, which by this time had grown to eight or ten thousand ruffians. Later on he allowed the two anxious missionaries to return home, and when they reached their abode they found everything wrecked, some things burned, and fragments of desks, books, surgical appliances were strewn about. They found their dear ones in a neighbouring house, and after a while returned to their wrecked home. Says Mrs Taylor: "My heart was too full for me to pay

much heed to the scene of ruin through which we passed, but at the foot of the stairs my eye fell on a bead mat worked for me by our little Gracie before leaving England. The sight of it at that moment seemed to speak of our Father's love and tenderness in a way that perhaps it would be difficult for another to understand. I asked some one to pick it up and give it to me."

At night the mob returned, but another appeal to the Mandarin brought back the guard, who had been called away. The next day the missionary party was escorted out of the city, and at Chin-Kiang the fugitives were put up by the foreign residents, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor taking the ground floor, because it was damp. There they went to work, for as the Mission now numbered nine or ten stations, they had much to do.

A resident of the city sent an account of this riot to the Shanghai paper, demanding the interposition of the British Authorities. The Consul-General and Ambassador at once interposed, but Mr. Taylor did not ask the protection of gunboats, being satisfied with the Divine promise.

In writing to Mr. Berger, who controlled the Home Department, he said: "China is not to be won for Christ by self-seeking, easy-living men and women. Those not prepared for labour, self-denial, and many discouragements will be poor helpers in the work."

The best commentary on this is what a young missionary's wife tells us. Mrs. Taylor

had welcomed her to China, and as the night came down she saw cockroaches creeping out of the crevices of the boat. "Oh, Mrs. Taylor," she exclaimed, "I really cannot go to bed with all these cockroaches about." She with another damsel prepared a light so as to be able to watch against these unwelcome visitors. "Dear child," Mrs. Taylor quietly said, "if God spares you to work in China you will have many nights like this, and you will not be able to afford to lose your sleep. Can you not lie down quietly and trust Him to keep you?"

Mr. Taylor brought his family to Ningpo, and then returned to the danger zone. Before long the stations from which they had been expelled were reoccupied.

The Chin-Kiang house was then secured, but the funds rapidly fell off, in consequence of a wild outburst of hatred in the British Press. George Muller readily increased his gifts as a proof of his practical sympathy and faith both in the Mission and its agents.

While thus misrepresented and assailed, Mr. Taylor found the secret that long before Miss Faulding and others of his friends had discovered. The Keswick Movement, with its message of victory and consecration, had reached China. Mr. M'Carthy wrote a faithful tender account of what had befallen him; his leader received the message in a sweet spirit of humility, saying: "As I read I saw it all. I looked to Jesus, and when I saw, oh, how joy flowed." To his household and the members of the Mission, to whom he stood in place of a

loved and trusted parent, he told the tale. "God has made me a new man," he said. "As for work, mine never was so plentiful, so responsible, so difficult; but the weight and strain are all gone." With this deep, restful delight there came a deep, touching humility. "I thank God," he said, "for permitting me to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water in His glorious work."

Thus patient in tribulation and unswerving in purpose, Mr. Taylor went forward, finding as the children of faith always do, that God had gone in front, and even Jordan was no barrier to those who had the Ark of the Covenant with them. Our fears, shrinkings, and attempts to elude the dreaded duty dishonour God. Let us go forward in His Name and greater success than we anticipate may be granted to our weak and feeble efforts.

"Man cannot compass it; yet never fear,
The leper Naaman
Shows what God will and can;
God who worked there is working here;
Wherefore let shame nor gloom betinge thy brow,
God who worked then is working now."

CHAPTER IV

Growing Rich Without Danger

"Our wisdom is kneel as children kneel,
Placing our hands in His, come woe or weal:
To wait with patient heart and reverent eyes
On One who understands His children's cries."

—*Nettie Rooker.*

YANG-CHOW proved to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor to be more like home than any of the other stations at which they had been. There they left their children under the care of Miss Blatchley, while they were busy on long journeys, which enabled them to reach a great number of people in a short time. Never idle, they were able in spite of the heavy responsibilities which the work involved, not only to maintain a spirit of calm confidence and restfulness which was a great comfort and cheer to their companions, but by many acts of thoughtfulness provide help and succour for some of their number who stood in need of it.

One such instance is worth recording. Mr. Judd was suffering in health, and it was necessary he should get more exercise. Mr. Taylor arranged with another of his helpers to procure a small horse for riding. The animal was left in Mr. Judd's care, which necessitated his exercising it, and in the exercise of the animal he found the means of restoration to health. Mr. Taylor meanwhile encouraging him to keep on "doing good deeds."

Those in most intimate touch with the devoted couple bore testimony to the sweetness of their lives. Yet humanly speaking, many with but a tithe of their cares and responsibilities would have been disturbed and have disturbed others too with complaints and murmurs. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cast all on Christ and so were at rest.

The delicacy of their children and the sanitary dangers of China now compelled the fond parents to part with them. The baby could not be spared, but the other children, to save their lives, went to England under the care of the faithful and loving Miss Blatchley. On the point of starting one of them died.

A fifth son was born, but after a week only of this world he left it for the place where there is no death, and joined the holy, happy band around the throne. Tidings came that Miss Blatchley and her charge were safe in England, and then Mrs. Taylor, who had cholera, passed to her rest. To her heart-wrung husband she said: "You know, darling, that for ten years past there has not been a cloud between me and my Saviour. I cannot be sorry to go to Him, but it does grieve me to leave you alone at such a time. Yet He will be with you and meet all your need." Her translation took place on 23rd July, 1870.

Her husband mourned for her as love must, but faith sustained him. Said he: "With the weakness of a child I have the rest of a child. I know my Father reigns."

Then came a series of troubles, each serious,

and all hurtling along in rapid succession. No wonder is it that lung-trouble and a badly deranged liver prostrated the over-worked man, and after six years of intense and incessant labour in China, Hudson came home in 1872. He could, however, as he reviewed the past, raise an Ebenezer, for the C.I.M. had now 30 foreign and 50 native workers engaged in China, with 30 stations spread over a hundred miles. This meant the expenditure of £300 per month.

November 28th, Mr. Taylor married the bright-faced Miss Faulding, and once more had a home at 6 Pyrland Road, Stoke Newington. Numbers 4 and 2 were also afterwards required, and the little block of buildings were not too much for the growing work.

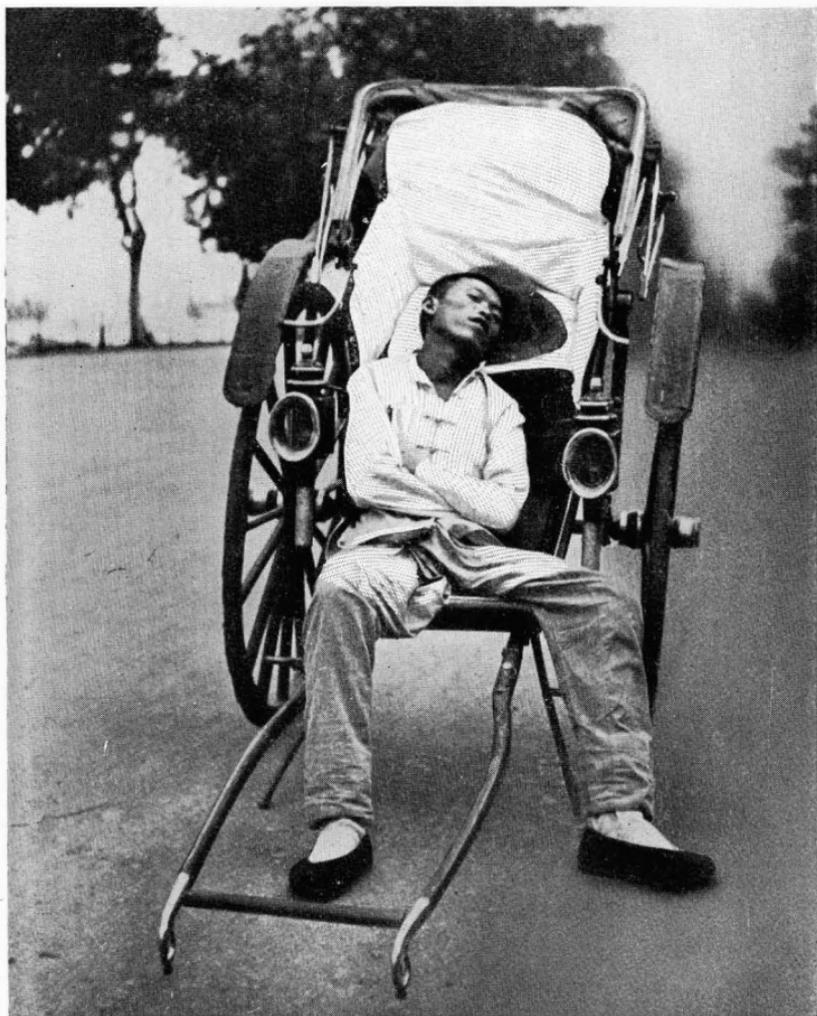
In 1872 Mr. Taylor attended Mildmay, then the gathering place of all the most spiritual in the land, and gave the opening address. He held fast to his desire to evangelise China, and asked for eighteen new workers to go two and two together to the heathen districts. Nothing was done without prayer. The lives of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were lived in utmost simplicity, and they truly prayed, "Give us this day our daily bread." After eighteen months' absence Mr. Taylor and his wife returned to China, but before doing so were able to form a small council of four worthy Christians who would look after the affairs of the Mission at home.

When he reached the land of his adoption he found some of his best workers laid aside by illness, the spiritual life of the churches, too, was ebbing out, and a lethargy was creeping



覺世清鐘
從善如歸

A NATIVE EVANGELIST SETTING OUT FOR THE VILLAGES



A CHINESE RICKSHA MAN WAITING FOR A FARE

over the most active Christians. Aggression is always an essential of spiritual health; no individual can keep well before God, and no church pleases Him that does not seek to do as Jesus did, and labour to rescue the perishing and care for the dying.

Hudson at once set out to rally the discouraged and stir up the more alert to greater efforts to reach the unsaved. From station to station he passed, meeting not only the leaders, but all the lesser workers of the Mission. In addition to this personal inspection and encouragement, he wrote many letters, and controlled all the forces in the field. Thus at one station 89 letters lay awaiting him. These were dealt with and then off he started for another visitation, for he was doctor as well as bishop of his flock.

Then from London news came that Miss Blatchley's health had failed. She had mothered his children, kept house, led the weekly prayer meeting, dealt with the correspondence, and edited as well as sent out the annual papers. Her loss was therefore a great trial. This and shortage of funds him cast daily upon God.

An interesting account of his reception of new arrivals on the field is too long to relate. Mr. Taylor took the two young men to a room about twelve feet square, fully furnished with a food basket, a small box, and a square table. A little platform ran along one side of this apartment, and on this they sat down. They read and prayed, and with characteristic

thoughtfulness, Mr. Taylor asked their opinion as to the meaning of one of the verses read. Then he sent a man out with a wooden basin, which he brought back filled with hot water. Dipping a rag with a wide mesh into the water, he wrung it out, and Mr. Taylor passed the damp cloth over face and hands, cleansing and polishing them. After this they were taken to a cook-shop, where they breakfasted on rice, hot vegetables, and chunks of fat pork. These last were considered a delicacy, but after a helping the newcomers declined to have more of the greasy dainty.

During this period, while itinerating, an old man followed Mr. Taylor to his boat. He came to ask what he could do with his sins. When he heard the tale of God's free grace given to those who accept the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour, he wondered what he could do to recompense such goodness. He received the free grace offered to those who accept the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour, who died for our sins at Calvary; he was soothed and comforted, and went away to rejoice over what he had heard and received.

Frequently the balance in hand fell very low, and on one of these occasions Hudson wrote home: "We have this and all the promises of God" (the balance was twenty-five cents). The fear that friends at home would appeal for funds caused the missionary more concern than the apparent shortage. All this time Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were themselves giving to the work in various ways—Mrs.

Taylor setting apart a property yielding £400 a year to the work of the Mission. A considerable portion of what they received for their own use was also passed on to fellow-workers. A gift of £800 was a great cheer, and enabled the missionaries to extend their work to other provinces. Following the river Yangtse to its tributary Han, six hundred miles from the coast, the missionaries entered into new territory to possess it for Christ.

News of the death of Miss Blatchley necessitated his return to England, and when he returned he found his family scattered, and the prayer meeting at Stoke Newington discontinued. An accident which had occurred in China now disabled him. While voyaging up the Yangtse, Mr. Taylor slipped on one of the steps of the ladder between decks, sprained his ankle, and injured his spine, so that concussion of the spine and paralysis followed. He came home to lie upon a bed, all the while busy praying, thinking, planning for the work, and encouraging others to trust God.

With true humility Mr. Taylor declined the honours of earth. To one who spoke of the honour that had been put upon him by the amazing success of the C.I.M., Mr. Taylor quietly said: "I don't look upon it in this way. Do you know, I sometimes think that God must have been looking for some one small enough and weak enough for Him to use, so that the glory might be His, and He found me."

Later on a chairman referred to Mr. Taylor as "our illustrious guest." Mr. Taylor com-

menced his speech thus: "Dear friends, I am the little servant of an illustrious Master." The humility is not more evident than the desire to magnify Christ.

Mr. and Mrs. Broomhall, his sister, now decided to live at No. 2 Pyrland Road, and before long they were absorbed in the Mission to which they had been thus led; Mr. Soltau became secretary, and thus gradually the mission developed its organisation. In 1875 the first number of *China's Millions*, the organ of the Mission, was published.

Mr. Taylor's return to health was very slow, and for long the affairs of the Mission were conducted from a sick-bed; but strength gradually returned, and with it a renewal of activity on behalf of China in this country. The eighteen missionaries necessary to allow a forward move in the Western Provinces of China were now ready, but the war cloud hung dark over that land, and it seemed as if hostilities between Britain and China could not be avoided.

It was under these circumstances that Mr. Taylor returned to China in 1876. Before he reached Shanghai the Treaty of Chefoo had been signed, and the door of access had been opened to the remotest part of China, and already three parties were well on their way to the interior. For long the missionaries of the C.I.M. were the only foreigners who availed themselves of these open doors. They travelled far and wide, even penetrating into Eastern Tibet, traversing 30,000 miles in

eighteen months, selling and distributing the Scriptures and tracts wherever they went.

All was not smooth going for the director of the Mission. His own health was far from satisfactory. Heavy cares devolved on him in consequence of the unsettled state of the country, the health of the workers in various parts gave cause for concern, yet he never lost heart.

One day there came news of serious rioting, and he read aloud the letter which told of the danger of his loved colleagues. This done, he began to whistle the chorus of, "Jesus, I am resting, resting in the joy of what Thou art." "How can you whistle when our friends are in such danger?" asked a young missionary. "Would you have me anxious and troubled? That would not help them, and would certainly incapacitate me for my work. I have just to roll the burden on the Lord."

At this time several members of the Mission band were engaged on hazardous enterprises. Mr. M'Carthy set out to walk across China, from the Yangtse to the Irrawadi, a journey which took seven months. Time was taken to preach the Gospel as he journeyed and to open a mission station at Chung-king, in the centre of a population of seventy millions.

From Bhamo, Messrs. Stevenson and Soltau hoped to reach a similar objective, but were hindered by Government interference. All the while Mr. Taylor was overseeing the work, succouring the workers, and seeking to create unity and fellowship among all the missionaries on the Yangtse river.

In 1877 Mr. Taylor visited all the stations of the Mission in Che-kiang, being fully occupied thus from May to October. The awful famine of 1876-79 was ravaging China, and from Shansi news of the impending calamity, which lasted for nearly four years, ravaged eighteen provinces of China, and cut off between eighteen and twenty millions of people, began to reach the missionary. This hurried his return to England to secure such assistance as he could to relieve the suffering in Shansi. The awful tales of suffering which reached home, of orphaned children perishing in multitudes who might be saved, of women and girls sold into slavery, presented new problems for the Mission. Orphanages and havens of rest must be provided, and women workers of experience and wisdom were urgently needed. The one woman best fitted for this work was Mrs. Taylor, but she had a sick husband, and a large family of young children to care for. Severe as the trial of separation was, she was prepared "*to go for Christ's sake.*" Mr. Taylor's sister, Mrs. Broomhall, hearing of the proposal, added her contribution. She said: "If Jenny is called to go to China, I am called to care for her children," and to her family of ten, the missionaries' bairns were added. A gift of £1000 received by Mrs. Taylor the day she set sail for China was a further indication that the Lord was prospering her journey. Penetrating into the interior, she was able to carry succour to the suffering.

Mr. Taylor at home was finding that the

mission was growing beyond anything he had anticipated, and with this growth new problems were arising. Frequently missionaries were accepted, and told there was not a penny on hand for their passage, but time and again the necessary funds came in at the moment they were required. Leaving home affairs in the hands of trusted friends, he again returned to China in 1879. He became seriously ill on the voyage and reached Shanghai an invalid, where his wife was waiting his arrival. They were, on medical advice, directed to Chefoo, which became in time a centre and a place of training and care for the children of the numerous missionaries now in China.

In 1883 Mr. Taylor returned to the home base, and was soon busy attending conferences, interviewing candidates, and in 1885 he went back to China with some of the Cambridge Seven. One of the new recruits tells us that when he interviewed Mr. Taylor he "went away deeply impressed with the character of the man with whom he had been speaking, and with his heart more than ever set upon becoming a missionary in China."

This band, well-known as athletes, impressed Britain, and almost equally the Chinese. One of them was subsequently set apart as Bishop of a great western province of Szechwan. But why praise some, when it is clear that all the members of the Mission band shared the same absorption in Divine truth, and manifested the same sacrifice of self if only the kingdom of Jesus might be extended?

CHAPTER V

The Unchangeable God

"Is it worth while? Ah, yet! to reach the goal
Were worth the struggle of the whole hard way,
Is it worth while? To help one human soul
Were worth the whole long day."—*Vera Hope*.

"I STRONGLY suspect that by his unconscious influence, Mr. Hudson Taylor did more than any other man of his day to compel Christian people to revise their ideas of greatness," said C. G. Moore, for many years a member of the China Inland Mission, and afterwards Editor of *The Life of Faith*. "He did both by his humble saintliness and by his sufferings and many labours." "There was in him, said an acute observer, "a simplicity, a tenderness, a boldness, a power that hushed and subdued one, and made it clear that God had admitted him into the inner circle of His friendship." This silent influence enabled him to control a large staff and secure and retain the sympathy of Christians of another view. Perhaps, too, this is the reason why on a review of the past, Hudson was "impressed with the fact that every important development of the Mission had sprung from or had been directly connected with times of sickness and suffering, which had cast him in a special way on God.

In true humility he would frequently say: "It is His work—not mine nor yours—and yet it is ours, not because we are engaged in it,

but because we are His, and one with Him whose work it is." Thus taking the servant's place, Hudson became a great man with his Master, and with those who served with him in the happy task of winning China for Christ.

Sincerely Christ's, he said once: "The cause of a want of success is very often that we are only half-saved ourselves. If we are fully saved, and confess it, we shall see results;" and his life and service are a proof of his words. With terse force he asked his helpers: "What is the object of being apprenticed to a builder but to learn to build? What is the outcome of being joined to a Saviour if we do not learn to save? Though we might ourselves be saved, should we be His disciples indeed?" Words that might be pressed upon every one who seeks in any humble degree to be an ambassador for Christ.

This whole-hearted consecration brought concentration and strengthened faith, and before long the money and the helpers flowed in a gracious tide of fertilising blessing.

In 1888 Mr. Taylor went to China via America. There, to his surprise, young men and women came forward to join the band working in China, and in due time an American Branch of the C. I. M. was formed. These were impressed not by the eloquence of the advocate, but by his holiness. "It was not the words only of Mr. Taylor that helped us. It was the life of the man. He bore about with him the fragrance of Jesus Christ." Helpers and organisers were provided, for when a work is of

God He always has workers ready for the emergency long before foreseen.

As Mr. Taylor crossed the Rocky Mountains on his way to China he thanked God for the Spirit's wonderful ministry, but felt a deep sense that in China itself the powers of evil would oppose him. Success and earnestness in Christ's service always provoke retaliation, and it was so with the C. I. M. Serious news of the sickness and death of valued helpers reached him at Yokohama, and on landing at Shanghai came the tidings of the death of another worker of much promise, and the serious illness of others; while in the party which accompanied him sickness had broken out.

Misunderstandings between himself and friends at home in regard to the American missionaries added to his troubles; but at the end of 1889 he was able to put on record that the spiritual life of the Mission was higher than ever before; souls were being won and real progress was being made in a number of directions.

In order to clear up difficulties, Mr. Taylor found it necessary to return to England. The difficulties arranged, he visited Sweden, where the work of the C. I. M. was beginning to be known. Here he was received by the Queen, who was in fullest sympathy with his work.

The man seemed to grow with the work. As it expanded new strength was given for the heavier load. As the number of missionaries increased, the desire to see more grew, until he is found praying for 1000 workers for the

Celestial Empire. A prayer in which he was joined by his devoted wife. A prayer which was answered in the year 1895.

The Scandinavian contingent of the C.I.M. duly arrived in China, a singing band, and soon won their way to the hearts of the people.

Then another point of organisation was settled. It was amicably decided that the headship of those in the field must be on the scene of conflict, the Home Council acting as the base and in harmony with those who faced heathenism.

There was need for increased income, but as the need arose the Lord sent through His stewards more than sufficient to meet all demands. The organisation in China had been developed slowly to meet the growing need of the work in charge of devoted men to whom Mr. Taylor had imparted much of his own devotion and enthusiasm.

One tour he took with the greatest risk to his health but full of tokens of Divine favour and grace. His self-sacrifice was infectious. One man, a labourer jealous of the life of Mr. Taylor, said: "If I should die suddenly it is because I have offered the remaining years of my life so that they may be added to his life."

At Shansi, Pastor Hsi welcomed him with characteristic generosity and love. Everywhere the Christians were glad, and walked before the Lord in great happiness and power.

Riots broke out, bands of soldiers wrought their wicked will upon the helpless, and pillaged the goods; while public feeling, exasperated by

the defeat of China by Japan, was bitter against Europeans and their religion. The fierce attack of all the foes upon every isolated post brought out the heroic faith of the missionaries and the faithfulness of their Saviour, who Himself stood by them in the hour of their trouble.

Then weak and sick in body, but strong in faith and radiant with the glory of grace, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor came back to the headquarters of the C.I.M. They arrived in time for the prayer meeting, and sat at the back undiscovered until the supplication had closed. They had reason to be thankful, for the Mission was now well housed. Towards the erection of the new buildings Mr. and Mrs. Taylor had contributed £900.

After a brief visit to Mr. Berger, Hudson went to Germany, and returned home to find that a true supporter of the C.I.M. had given £10,000 to the funds, and had left at least £100,000 to be paid in instalments, and all to be expended as received upon aggressive work.

Then in 1897 he paid his tenth visit to China, accompanied by his wife and two other ladies. While there a visit of the Keswick Deputation brought much blessing, reviving the drooping, adding strength to the workers, and bringing them and the unsaved within sight and reach of Christ.

He was again laid low, and spent a time at Chefoo, where he planned a cottage where he and his wife could come for rest when sick or weary.

He visited Australia, and there met with a warm response. Men gave up assured positions, sacrificed comfort and income, to go to China, there to risk life and to face horrors and cruel death that Christ might be made known to those in "heathen darkness dwelling."

He was still in Australia when the Boxer Riots broke out, and while Mr. Taylor and his friends were voyaging to California the horrors of the Boxer Massacre began. Mr. Taylor, who reached England in a state of collapse, was conveyed to Davos, and there the news came of riot, massacre, and sore distress.

"I cannot read, I cannot think, I cannot even pray—but I can trust," said he, at the darkest hour of that black time.

A vivid, thrilling account of that period is given in "A Thousand Miles of Miracle" (Pickering & Inglis), one that at once shows what man can bear when God is with him, and what God can do for His own in spite of foes.

Mr. Taylor longed to be back in the midst of the martyrs, if only that he might weep with the sufferers, but he was not able to move. Then it began to dawn upon him that his work was over; perhaps the hardest lesson one who loves his Master can ever learn. To be able to cheerfully stand aside, to be still while longing to be active, and to pass to other hands the standard received from those who died beneath it, requires much grace; but Hudson had learned to obey, even when obedience meant his giving up of that which to him was dearer than life. He bore about the fragrance of the

Lord Jesus Christ, and found that Jesus does satisfy, if only we will let Him be all and do all.

Mrs. Taylor's life slowly ebbed away. Cancer had developed, but she did not know the cause of her pain and lassitude. In 1902 Mr. Taylor passed the control of the Mission to Mr. Hoste, and waited beside his dying wife, whose last days were spent amidst the solemn grandeur and beauty of the Swiss mountains. Almost her last moments were spent in distributing the £1500, all that remained of the fortune left by her uncle, among different societies that sought to save, and then she was ready to go. Seeing the anguish that Mr. Taylor suffered at her pangs, she whispered: "Ask Him to take me quickly." He prayed, and then she slipped out of his sight into the loving embrace of the Blessed Jesus with whom she had so long communed.

His niece, Miss Mary Broomhall, came to comfort the lonely widower, and Christian friends readily gave him of their tenderest and best.

Hudson slowly regained some measure of health, and earnestly longed to visit China once more. Accompanied by his son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor, he went across America and reached Shanghai, 17th April, 1905. After attending some meetings of the Council he went on to Hankow, and thence to Yen-cheng, a place reached by railway. As the way opened up he visited various centres in Honan. They spent the 39th anniversary of the sailing of the "Lammermuir" at

Hankow, and then passed forward to Chang-sha. They reached the station on Thursday, June 1, 1905, and were warmly welcomed by the staff. On Saturday, Mr. Taylor could not rise for breakfast; in the afternoon he came to a reception in the Mission House garden, to which all the missionaries in the city had been invited. After the guests had departed, Mr. Taylor rose and crossed the room to fetch two fans. One he gave to Dr. Barrie, who asked: "Oh, why did you not let me bring them?" "I wanted to get you one," was the tender answer. They talked of prayer, and Dr. Barrie said that he was sometimes hampered by the feeling that the things he prayed about were too small to speak to God about. Mr. Taylor answered, "There is nothing small and there is nothing great; only God is great and we should trust Him fully."

Mr. Taylor took his supper and prepared to go to rest. His daughter-in-law waited while he retired. She went in and found that he was in bed, the lamp burning on the chair beside it, and he leaning over it with his pocket-book open and the home letters it contained spread out before him. She began to talk, when he turned his head, gave a gasp or two, and then he was in the presence of the Lord.

Great was the sorrow that evening among the saints, who had hoped to worship with him on the Lord's Day, for Mr. Taylor had lived down all criticism, and by his self-denial, humility, self-sacrifice had won a high place among those who love the Lord Jesus Christ. He had

initiated a new form of missionary enterprise, and had stimulated to renewed energy the older agencies who had preceded him in the field. And through his labours multitudes had been won for Christ, some of whom had died for their faith and others had lived it amidst hostile surroundings.

One of those who were near on June 3, 1905, when Hudson Taylor went home, remarked: "Thousands and myriads of angels have welcomed him, and as one who had glorified their Lord." They laid him to rest beside the mighty river at Chin-kiang, there to wait the day of reunion, when partings shall be no more.

"Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the Rock which naught can move."

PRAISE GOD