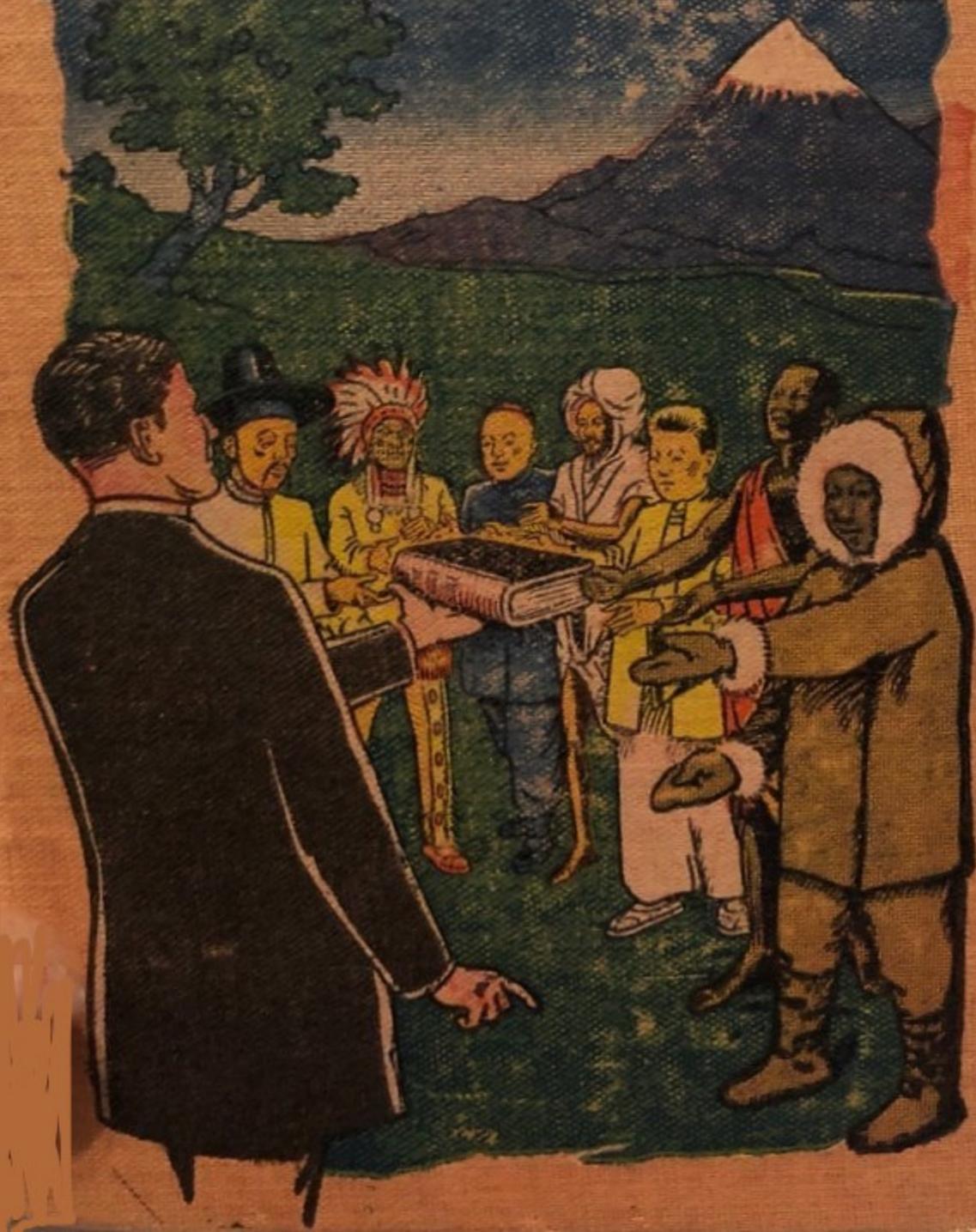


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J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

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The Life of J. HUDSON TAYLOR

FOUNDER OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

Being mainly an abridgement of "The China
Inland Mission," by Geraldine Guinness
(Taylor).

THE WORLD-WIDE
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Vol. V

The Revivalist Press
Cincinnati, Ohio
1915

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoyce; let the multitude of isles be glad. . . The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the peoples have seen his glory. Ashamed be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of their idols: worship him all ye gods." Psalm 97.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

It has long been on our hearts to issue a series of biographies which by the attractiveness of their appearance as well as by the thrilling interest of their narration, would, to some extent at least, provide a substitute for the cheap literature which floods the land.

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PREFACE.

Among the pioneer missionaries of China, J. Hudson Taylor stands in the front rank. This book consists of sketches of his life and work selected from, "The Story of the China Inland Mission," by Geraldine Guinness. The aim of the present compiler has been to select that part of the story which relates more directly to J. Hudson Taylor, consequently many interesting details of the history of the mission have been omitted.

A careful and prayerful reading of this volume will not only interest and instruct the reader in general missionary effort, but the character of the man, his simple faith in God, his perseverance in facing almost insurmountable difficulties, and his resolute purpose in fulfilling his mission, will not fail to inspire every devoted follower of God. It will serve as an incentive to those who pass through trial and

danger to trust in God, regardless of all else.

Mr. Taylor's success did not lay in great natural resources, but in his absolute faith in the promises of a great God, whose Word to his children is: "I will not fail thee," and "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
The Power of Prayer.....	9

CHAPTER II.

The Call to Service.....	17
--------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

Life in London.....	40
---------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

Voyage to China.....	61
----------------------	----

CHAPTER V.

Early Missionary Experiences.....	70
-----------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VI.

Man Proposes, God Disposes.....	78
---------------------------------	----

CHAPTER VII.

Settlement in Ningpo.....	95
---------------------------	----

CHAPTER VIII.

Timely Supplies—Return to England....	109
---------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER IX.

The New Mission.....	129
----------------------	-----

CHAPTER X.

Launching Forth..... 146

CHAPTER XI.

Christmas in China..... 168

CHAPTER XII.

Safe in the Arms of Jesus..... 189

CHAPTER XIII.

New Developments..... 195

CHAPTER XIV.

The Yang-Chau Riot..... 201

CHAPTER XV.

Thick Darkness Where God was..... 226

CHAPTER XVI.

Ask and Ye shall Receive."..... 242

CHAPTER XVII.

"Ye Did It unto Me."..... 252

CHAPTER XVIII.

Founding the Western Branch of C. I. M. 260

CHAPTER XIX.

The Lowest Ebb, and the Turn of the Tide 282

CHAPTER XX.

Closing Events..... 291

CHAPTER I.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

MR. JAMES TAYLOR, of Yorkshire, England, was for many years an earnest and successful evangelist. Through reading an account of travels in China he became deeply impressed with the awful spiritual need of the vast empire. Prevented by adverse circumstances from devoting his own life to the cause, he was led to pray that God would give him a son to fill the place.

About two years later, on May 21st, 1832, James Hudson Taylor was born, the first and only surviving son of that godly father. But although he seemed to have been given directly for China, in answer to his father's prayers, all hope of his ultimately becoming a missionary was by degrees abandoned, on account of extreme delicacy of health in his early years.

Surrounded though he was from childhood by all the influences of a truly Christian home, it was not until he had reached his sixteenth year that the great change took place which

permanently altered the whole of life for young Hudson Taylor. Of the experiences preceding his conversion we read from his own pen:—



JAMES TAYLOR.

“I had many opportunities in early years of learning the value of prayer and of the Word of God; for it was the delight of my dear

parents to point out that if there were any such being as God, to trust and to obey Him and to be fully given up to His service must of necessity be the best and wisest course both for myself and others. But in spite of these helpful examples and precepts my heart was unchanged. Often I had tried to make myself a Christian; and failing of course in such efforts, I began at last to think that for some reason or other salvation could not be for me, and that the best I could do was to take my fill of this world, as there was no hope beyond the grave.

“While in this state of mind I came in contact with persons holding sceptical and infidel views, and accepted their teaching, only too thankful for some hope of escape from the doom which, if my parents were right and the Bible true, awaited the impenitent. It may seem strange to confess it, but I have often felt thankful for the experience of this time of scepticism. The inconsistencies of Christian people, who while professing to believe their Bibles were yet content to live just as they would if there were no such book, had been one of the strongest arguments of my sceptical companions; and I frequently felt at that time,

and said, that if I pretended to believe the Bible I would at any rate attempt to live by it, putting it fairly to the test, and if it failed to prove true and reliable, throw it overboard altogether. These views continued with me when the Lord was pleased to bring me to Himself; and I think I may say that since then I have put God's Word to the test. Certainly it has never failed me. I have never had reason to regret the confidence I have placed in its promises, or to deplore following the guidance I have found in its directions."

During those early years before his conversion, it was often a cause of sorrow to the Christian members of the little family circle at Barnsley that the only son and brother, so dear to all their hearts; should not be one with them in the love and service of God. Prayer was constantly made on his behalf; and very marked was the answer with which the Lord was pleased to honour the faith that had been strengthened to claim the longed-for blessing. Of the interesting circumstances connected with this conversion we read:—

"On a day that I can never forget, when I was about fifteen years of age, my dear mother being absent from home, I had a holiday, and

in the afternoon looked through my father's library to find some book with which to while away the unoccupied hours. Nothing attracting me, I turned over a little basket of pamphlets, and selected from amongst them a Gospel tract which looked interesting, saying to myself, 'There will be a story at the commencement, and a sermon or moral at the close: I will take the former and leave the latter for those who like it.'

"I sat down to read the little book in an utterly unconcerned state of mind, believing indeed at the time that if there were any salvation it was not for me, and with a distinct intention to put away the tract as soon as it should seem prosy. I may say that it was not uncommon in those days to call conversion 'becoming serious;' and judging by the faces of some of its professors, it appeared to be a very serious matter indeed. Would it not be well if the people of God had always tell-tale faces, evincing the blessings and gladness of salvation so clearly that outsiders might have to call conversion 'becoming joyful' instead of 'becoming serious?'

"Little did I know at the time what was going on in the heart of my dear mother, sev-

enty or eighty miles away. She rose from the dinner-table that afternoon with an intense yearning for the conversion of her boy, and feeling that—absent from home, and having more leisure than she could otherwise secure—a special opportunity was afforded her of pleading with God on my behalf. She went to her room and turned the key in the door, resolved not to leave that spot until her prayers were answered. Hour after hour did that dear mother plead for me, until at length she could pray no longer, but was constrained to praise God for that which His Spirit taught her had already been accomplished—the conversion of her only son.

“I in the meantime had been led in the way I have mentioned to take up this little tract, and while reading it was struck with the sentence, ‘The finished work of Christ.’ The thought passed through my mind, ‘Why does the author use this expression? why not say the atoning or propitiatory work of Christ?’ Immediately the words ‘It is finished’ suggested themselves to my mind. What was finished? And I at once replied, ‘A full and perfect atonement and satisfaction for sin: the debt was paid by the Substitute; Christ died for our sins,

and not for ours only, but also the sins of the whole world.' Then came the thought, 'If the whole work was finished and the whole debt paid, what is there left for me to do?' And with it dawned the joyful conviction, as light was flashed into my soul by the Holy Spirit, that there was nothing in the world to be done but to fall down on one's knees, and accepting this Saviour and His salvation, to praise Him for evermore. Thus while my dear mother was praising God on her knees in her chamber, I was praising Him in the old ware-house to which I had gone alone to read at my leisure.

"Several days elapsed ere I ventured to make my beloved sister—now Mrs. Brommhall—the confidant of my joy, and then only after she had promised not to tell any one of my soul secret. When our dear mother came home a fortnight later, I was the first to meet her at the door, and to tell her I had such glad news to give. I can almost feel that dear mother's arms around my neck, as she pressed me to her bosom and said, 'I know, my boy; I have been rejoicing for a fortnight in the glad tidings you have to tell me.' 'Why,' I asked in surprise, 'has Amelia broken her promise? She said she would tell no one.' My dear mother

assured me that it was not from man that she had learned the tidings, and went on to tell the little incident mentioned above. You will agree with me that it would be strange indeed if I were not a believer in the power of prayer.

“Nor was this all. Some little time after, I picked up a pocket-book exactly like one of my own, and thinking it was mine, opened it. The lines that caught my eye were an entry in the little diary, which belonged to my sister, to the effect that she would give herself daily to prayer until God should answer in the conversion of her brother. Exactly one month later the Lord was pleased to turn me from darkness to light.

“Brought up amid such influences and saved under circumstances like these, it was perhaps natural that from the commencement of my Christian life I was led to feel that the promises were very real, and that prayer was in sober matter of fact, transacting business with God, whether on one’s own behalf or on behalf of those for whom one sought His blessing.”

CHAPTER II.

THE CALL TO SERVICE.

“THE first joys of conversion passed away after a time, and were succeeded by a period of very painful deadness of soul, with much conflict. But this also came to an end, leaving a deepened sense of personal weakness and dependence on the Lord as the only Keeper as well as Saviour of His people. How sweet to the soul, wearied and disappointed in its struggles with sin, is the calm repose of trust in the Shepherd of Israel.

“Not many months after my conversion, having a leisure afternoon, I retired to my own chamber to spend it largely in communion with God. Well do I remember that occasion. How in the gladness of my heart I poured out my soul before God; and again and again confessing my grateful love to Him who had done everything for me—who had saved me when I had given up all hope and even wish for salvation—I besought Him to give me some

work to do for Him, as an outlet for love and gratitude; some self-denying service, no matter what it might be, however trying or however trivial; something with which He would be pleased, and that I might do directly for Him who had done so much for me. Well do I remember, as in unreserved consecration I put myself, my life, my friends, my all, upon the altar, the deep solemnity that came over my soul with the assurance that my offering was accepted. The presence of God became unutterably real and blessed; and though but a child of fifteen, I remember stretching myself on the ground, and lying there silent before Him with unspeakable awe and unspeakable joy.

“For what service I was accepted I knew not; but a deep consciousness that I was no longer my own took possession of me, which has never since been effaced. It became a very practical consciousness. Two or three years later propositions of an unusually favourable nature were made to me with regard to medical study, on the condition of my becoming apprenticed to the medical man who was my friend and teacher. But I felt I dared not accept any binding engagement such as was suggested. I was not my own to give myself away; for

I knew not when or how He whose alone I was, and for whose disposal I felt I must ever keep myself free, might call for service.

“Within a few months of this time of consecration the impression was wrought into my soul that it was in China the Lord wanted me. It seemed to me highly probable that the work to which I was thus called might cost my life; for China was not then open as it is now. But few missionary societies were at that time organised in England, and books on the subject of China missions were very little accessible to me. I learned, however, that the Congregational minister of my native town possessed a copy of Medhurst’s ‘China,’ and I called upon him to ask a loan of the book. This he kindly granted, asking me why I wished to read it. I told him that God had called me to spend my life in missionary service in that land. ‘And how do you propose to go there?’ he inquired. I answered that I did not at all know; that it seemed to me probable that I should need to do as the Twelve and the Seventy had done in Judea—go without purse or scrip, relying on Him who had called me to supply all my need. Kindly placing his hand upon my shoulder, the minister replied, ‘Ah, my boy, as you grow

older you will get wiser than that. Such an idea would do very well in the days when Christ Himself was on earth, but not now.'

"I have grown older since then, but not wiser. I am more than ever convinced that if we were to take the directions of our Master and the assurances He gave to His first disciples more fully as our guide, we should find them to be just as suited to our times as to those in which they were originally given."

From the very first the missionary call that had come into this young life proved to be a practical and formative power. To the earnest-hearted lad of sixteen it became a simple, solemn fact, and one that called for definite preparation quite as much as for consecration and prayer. Medhurst's book on China had emphasized the value of medical missions in that particular sphere, and his attention was thus early directed to this special branch of study. In his own immediate circle it was already quite an understood thing that his heart was fixed on China; but owing to continued delicacy of health, it seemed questionable as to whether these hopes would ever be realised.

"My beloved parents neither discouraged nor encouraged my desire to engage in mis-

sionary work. They advised me, with such convictions, to use all the means in my power to develop the resources of body, mind, heart, and soul, and to wait prayerfully upon God, quite willing, should He show me that I was mistaken, to follow His guidance, or to go forward if in due time He should open the way to missionary service. The importance of this advice I have often since had occasion to prove. I began to take more exercise in the open air to strengthen my physique. My feather bed I had taken away, and sought to dispense with as many other home comforts as I could, in order to prepare myself for rougher lines of life. I began also to do what Christian work was in my power, in the way of tract distribution, Sunday-school teaching, and visiting the poor and sick, as opportunity afforded.

“After a time of preparatory study at home, I went to Hull for medical and surgical training. There I became assistant to a doctor who was connected with the Hull school of medicine, and was surgeon also to a number of factories, which brought to our dispensary a great many accident cases, and gave me the opportunity of seeing and practising the minor operations of surgery.

“And here an event took place that I must not omit to mention. Before leaving home the subject of setting apart the firstfruits of all one’s increase and a proportionate part of one’s possessions to the Lord’s service was brought to my attention. I thought it well to study the question with my Bible in hand before I went away from home, and was placed in circumstances which might bias my conclusions by the pressure of surrounding wants and cares. I was thus led to the determination to set apart not less than one-tenth of whatever moneys I might earn or become possessed of for the Lord’s service. The salary I received as medical assistant in Hull at the time now referred to would have allowed me with ease to do this. But owing to changes in the family of my kind friend and employer, it was necessary for me to reside out of doors. Comfortable quarters were secured with a relative, and in addition to the sum determined on as remuneration for my services I received the exact amount I had to pay for board and lodging.

“Now arose the question in my mind, Ought not this sum also to be tithed? It was surely a part of my income, and I felt that if it had been a question of Government income tax it

certainly would not have been excluded. On the other hand, to take a tithe from the whole would not leave me sufficient for other purposes; and for some little time I was much embarrassed to know what to do. After much thought and prayer, I was led to leave the comfortable quarters and happy circle in which I was to have resided, and to engage a little lodging in the suburbs—a sitting-room and bedroom in one—undertaking to board myself. In this way I was able without difficulty to tithe the whole of my income; and while I felt the change a good deal, it was attended with no small blessing. More time was given in my solitude to the study of the Word of God, to visiting the poor, and to evangelistic work on summer evenings than would otherwise have been the case. Brought into contact in this way with many who were in distress, I soon saw the privilege of still further economising, and found it not difficult to give away much more than the proportion of my income I had at first intended.

About this time a friend drew my attention to the question of the personal and pre-millennial coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and gave me a list of passages bearing upon it, without

note or comment, advising me to ponder the subject. For a while I gave a good deal of time to studying the Scriptures about it, with the result that I was led to see that this same Jesus who left our earth in His resurrection body was so to come again, that His feet were to stand on the Mount of Olives, and that He was to take possession of the temporal throne of His father David promised before His birth. I saw, further, that all through the New Testament the coming of the Lord was the great hope of His people, and was always appealed to as the strongest motive for consecration and service, and as the greatest comfort in trial and affliction. I learned, too, that the period of His return for His people was not revealed, and that it was their privilege, from day to day and from hour to hour, to live as men who wait for the Lord, that living thus it was quite immaterial, so to speak, whether He should or should not come at any particular hour, the important thing being to be so ready for Him as to be able, whenever He might appear, to give an account of one's stewardship with joy, and not with grief.

“The effect of this blessed hope was a thoroughly practical one. It led me to look care-

fully through my little library to see if there were any books there that were not needed or likely to be of further service, and to examine my small wardrobe to be quite sure that it contained nothing that I should be sorry to give an account of should the Master come at once. The result was that the library was considerably diminished, to the benefit of some poor neighbors, and to the far greater benefit of my own soul, and that I found I had articles of clothing also which might be put to better advantage in other directions.

“It has been very helpful to me from time to time through life, as occasion has served, to act again in a similar way; and I have never gone through my house, from basement to attic, with this object in view, without receiving a great accession of spiritual joy and blessing. I believe we are all in danger of accumulating—it may be from thoughtlessness, or from pressure of occupation—things which would be useful to others, while not needed by ourselves, and the retention of which entails loss of blessing. If the whole resources of the Church of God were well utilised, how much more might be accomplished. How many poor might be fed and naked clothed, and to how many of

*help-me
to do with
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Jesus
Sake*

those as yet unreached the Gospel might be carried. Let me advise this line of things as a constant habit of mind, and a profitable course to be practically adopted whenever circumstances permit."

"Having now the twofold object in view of accustoming myself to endure hardness, and of economising in order to be able more largely to assist those amongst whom I spent a good deal of time labouring in the Gospel, I soon found that I could live upon very much less than I had previously thought possible. Butter, milk, and other luxuries I soon ceased to use; and I found that by living mainly on oatmeal and rice, with occasional variations, a very small sum was sufficient for my needs. In this way I had more than two-thirds of my income available for other purposes; and my experience was that the less I spent on myself and the more I gave away, the fuller of happiness and blessing did my soul become. Unspeakable joy all the day long, and every day, was my happy possession. God, even my God, was a living, bright reality; and all I had to do was joyful service.

"It was to me a very grave matter, however, to contemplate going out of China, far

away from all human aid, there to depend upon the living God alone for protection, supplies, and help of every kind. I felt that one's spiritual muscles required strengthening for such an undertaking. There was no doubt that if faith did not fail, God would not fail; but, then, what if one's faith should prove insufficient? I had not at that time learned that even 'if we believe not, He abideth faithful, He cannot deny Himself,' and it was consequently a very serious question to my mind, not whether He was faithful, but whether I had strong enough faith to warrant my embarking in the enterprise set before me.

"I thought to myself, 'When I get out to China, I shall have no claim on any one for anything; my only claim will be on God. How important, therefore, to learn before leaving England to move man, through God, by prayer alone.'

"At Hull my kind employer, always busily occupied, wished me to remind him whenever my salary became due. This I determined never to do directly, but to ask that God would bring the fact to his recollection, and thus encourage me by answering prayer. At one time, as the day drew near for the payment of a

quarter's salary, I was as usual much in prayer about it. The time arrived, but my kind friend made no allusion to the matter. I continued praying, and days passed on, but he did not remember, until at length, on settling up my weekly accounts one Saturday night, I found myself possessed of only a single coin—one half-crown piece. Still I had hitherto had no lack, and I continued in prayer.

“That Sunday was a very happy one. As usual my heart was full and brimming over with blessing. After attending Divine service in the morning, my afternoons and evenings were filled with Gospel work in the various lodging-houses I was accustomed to visit in the lowest part of the town. At such times it almost seemed to me as if heaven were begun below, and that all that could be looked for was an enlargement of one's capacity for joy, not a truer filling than I possessed. After concluding my last service about ten o'clock that night, a poor man asked me to go and pray with his wife, saying that she was dying. I readily agreed, and on the way to his house asked him why he had not sent for the priest, as his accent told me he was an Irishman. He had done so, he said, but the priest refused to come without

a payment of eighteenpence, which the man could not produce, as the family was starving. Immediately it occurred to my mind that all the money I possessed in the world was the solitary half-crown, and that it was in one coin; moreover, that while the basin of water gruel I usually took for supper was awaiting me, and there was sufficient in the house for breakfast in the morning, I certainly had nothing for dinner on the coming day.

“Somehow or other there was at once a stoppage in the flow of joy in my heart; but instead of reproving myself I began to reprove the poor man, telling him that it was very wrong to have allowed matters to get into such a state as he described, and that he ought to have applied to the relieving officer. His answer was that he had done so, and was told to come at eleven o'clock the next morning, but that he feared that his wife might not live through the night. ‘Ah,’ thought I, ‘if only I had two shillings and a sixpence instead of this half-crown, how gladly would I give these poor people one shilling of it!’ But to part with the half-crown was far from my thoughts. I little dreamed that the real truth of the matter simply was that I could trust in God plus one-and-

sixpence, but was not yet prepared to trust Him only, without any money at all in my pocket.

“My conductor led me into a court, down which I followed him with some degree of nervousness. I had found myself there before, and at my last visit had been very roughly handled, while my tracts were torn to pieces, and I received such a warning not to come again that I felt more than a little concerned. Still, it was the path of duty, and I followed on. Up a miserable flight of stairs, into a wretched room, he led me; and oh what a sight there presented itself to our eyes! Four or five poor children stood about, their sunken cheeks and temples all telling unmistakably the story of slow starvation; and lying on a wretched pallet was a poor exhausted mother, with a tiny infant thirty-six hours old moaning rather than crying at her side, for it too seemed spent and failing. ‘Ah,’ thought I, ‘if I had two shillings and a sixpence instead of a half-a-crown, how gladly should they have one-and-sixpence of it!’ But still a wretched unbelief prevented me from obeying the impulse to relieve their distress at the cost of all I possessed.

“It will scarcely seem strange that I was

unable to say much to comfort these poor people. I needed comfort myself. I began to tell them, however, that they must not be cast down, that though their circumstances were very distressing, there was a kind and loving Father in heaven; but something within me said, 'You hypocrite! telling these unconverted people about a kind and loving Father in heaven, and not prepared yourself to trust Him without half-a-crown!' I was nearly choked. How gladly would I have compromised with conscience if I had had a florin and a sixpence! I would have given the florin thankfully and kept the rest; but I was not yet prepared to trust in God alone, without the sixpence.

"To talk was impossible under these circumstances; yet, strange to say, I thought I should have no difficulty in praying. Prayer was a delightful occupation to me in those days; time thus spent never seemed wearisome; and I knew nothing of lack of words. I seemed to think that all I should have to do would be to kneel down and engage in prayer, and that relief would come to them and to myself together. 'You asked me to come and pray with your wife,' I said to the man, 'let us pray.' And I knelt down. But scarcely had I opened my

lips with 'O Father who art in heaven' than conscience said within, 'Dare you mock God? Dare you kneel down and call Him Father with that half-crown in your pocket? Such a time of conflict came upon me then as I have never experienced before or since. How I got through that form of prayer I know not, and whether the words uttered were connected or disconnected I cannot tell; but I arose from my knees in great distress of mind.

"The poor father turned to me and said, 'You see what a terrible state we are in, sir; if you can help us, for God's sake do!' Just then the word flashed into my mind, 'Give to him that asketh of thee,' and in the word of a King there is power. I put my hand into my pocket, and slowly drawing forth the half-crown, gave it to the man, saying that it might seem a small matter for me to relieve them, seeing that I was comparatively well off, but that in parting with that coin I was giving him my all; what I had been trying to tell him was indeed true—God really was a Father, and might be trusted. The joy all came back in full flood-tide to my heart; I could say anything and feel it then, and the hindrance to blessing was gone—gone, I trust, for ever.

“Not only was the poor woman’s life saved, but I realised that I was saved too. My life might have been a wreck—would have been a wreck probably, as a Christian life—had not grace at that time conquered, and the striving of God’s Spirit been obeyed. I well remember how that night, as I went home to my lodgings, my heart was as light as my pocket. The lonely, deserted streets resounded with a hymn of praise which I could not restrain. When I took my basin of gruel before retiring, I would not have exchanged it for a prince’s feast. I reminded the LORD as I knelt at my bedside of His own Word, that he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the LORD, and I asked Him not to let my loan be a long one, or I should have no dinner the next day; and with peace within and peace without, I spent a happy, restful night.

“Next morning for breakfast my plate of porridge remained, and before it was consumed the postman’s knock was heard at the door. I was not in the habit of receiving letters on Monday, as my parents and most friends refrained from posting on Saturday night; so that I was somewhat surprised when the landlady came in holding a letter or packet in her

wet hand covered by her apron. I looked at the letter, but could not make out the handwriting. It was either a strange hand or a feigned one, and the postmark was blurred. Where it came from I could not tell. On opening the envelope I found nothing written within; but inside a sheet of blank paper was folded a pair of kid gloves, from which, as I opened them in astonishment, half-a-sovereign fell to the ground. 'Praise the Lord!' I exclaimed; 'four hundred per cent for twelve hours' investment; that is good interest. How glad the merchants of Hull would be if they could lend their money at such a rate!' I then and there determined that a bank which could not break should have my savings or earnings as the case might be—a determination I have not yet learned to regret.

"I cannot tell you how often my mind has recurred to this incident, or all the help it has been to me in circumstances of difficulty in after life. If we are faithful to God in little things, we shall gain experience and strength that will be helpful to us in the more serious trials of life.

"This remarkable and gracious deliverance was a great joy to me, as well as a strong confirmation of faith; but of course ten shillings,

however economically used, will not go very far, and it was none the less necessary to continue in prayer, asking that the larger supply which was still due might be remembered and paid. All my petitions, however, appeared to remain unanswered; and before a fortnight had elapsed I found myself pretty much in the same position that I had occupied on the Sunday night already made so memorable. Meanwhile, I continued pleading with God, more and more earnestly, that He would graciously remind my employer that my salary was overdue. Of course it was not the want of the money that distressed me—that could have been had at any time for the asking—but the question uppermost in my mind was this: ‘Can I go to China? or will my want of faith and power with God prove to be so serious an obstacle as to preclude my entering upon this much-prized service?’

“As the week drew to a close I felt exceedingly embarrassed. There was not only myself to consider; on Saturday night a payment would be due to my Christian landlady which I knew she could not well dispense with. Ought I not, for her sake, to speak about the matter of the salary? Yet to do so would be, to myself at any rate, the admission that I was not fitted

to undertake a missionary enterprise. I gave nearly the whole of Thursday and Friday—all the time not occupied by my regular employment—to earnest wrestling in prayer with God. But still on Saturday morning I was in the same position as before. And now my earnest cry was for guidance as to whether it was my duty to break silence and speak to my employer, or whether I should still continue to wait the Father's time. As far as I could judge I received an assurance that to wait His time was best, and that God in some way or other would interpose on my behalf. So I waited, my heart being now at rest and the burden gone.

“About five o'clock that Saturday afternoon, when the Doctor had finished writing his prescriptions, his last circuit for the day being taken, he threw himself back in his arm-chair, as he was wont, and began to speak of the things of God. He was a truly Christian man, and many seasons of very happy spiritual fellowship we had together. I was busily watching, at the time, a pan in which a decoction was boiling that required a good deal of attention. It was indeed fortunate for me that it was so, for without any obvious connection with what had been going on, all at once he said, 'By-the-bye,

Taylor, is not your salary due again?' My emotion may be imagined! I had to swallow two or three times before I could answer. With my eye fixed on the pan and my back to the Doctor, I told him as quietly as I could that it was overdue some little time. How thankful I felt at that moment! God surely had heard my prayer, and caused him, in this time of my great need, to remember the salary without any word or suggestion from me. Presently he replied, 'Oh, I am so sorry you did not remind me! You know how busy I am; I wish I had thought of it a little sooner, for only this afternoon I sent all the money I had to the bank, otherwise I would pay you at once.' It is impossible to describe the revulsion of feeling caused by this unexpected statement. I knew not what to do. Fortunately for me my pan boiled up, and I had a good reason for rushing with it from the room. Glad indeed I was to get away, and keep out of sight until after the Doctor had returned to his house, and most thankful that he had not perceived my emotion.

"As soon as he was gone I had to seek my little sanctum, and pour out my heart before the Lord for some time, before calmness—and more than calmness—thankfulness, and joy were stored. I felt that God had His own way,

and was not going to fail me. I had sought to know His will early in the day, and as far as I could judge had received guidance to wait patiently; and now God was going to work for me in some other way.

“That evening was spent, as my Saturday evenings usually were, in reading the Word and preparing the subjects on which I expected to speak in the various lodging houses on the morrow. I waited, perhaps, a little longer than usual. At last, about ten o'clock, there being no interruption of any kind, I put on my overcoat, and was preparing to leave for home, rather thankful to know that by that time I should have to let myself in with the latch-key, as my landlady retired early to rest. There was certainly no help for that night; but perhaps God would interpose for me by Monday, and I might be able to pay my landlady early in the week the money I would have given her before, had it been possible.

“Just as I was preparing to turn down the gas, I heard the Doctor's step in the garden which lay between the dwelling-house and surgery. He was laughing to himself very heartily, as though greatly amused by something. Entering the surgery, he asked for the ledger, and told me that, strange to say, one of his

richest patients had just come to pay his doctor's bill—was it not an odd thing to do? It never struck me that it might have any bearing on my own particular case, or I might have felt embarrassed; but looking at it simply from the position of an uninterested spectator, I also was highly amused that a man who was rolling in wealth should come after ten o'clock at night to pay a doctor's bill, which he could any day have met by a cheque with the greatest ease. It appeared that somehow or other he could not rest with this on his mind and had been constrained to come at that unusual hour to discharge his liability.

"The account was duly receipted in the ledger, and the doctor was about to leave, when suddenly he turned, and handing me some of the banknotes just received, said, to my surprise and thankfulness, 'By the way, Taylor, you might as well take these notes; I have not any change, but can give you the balance next week.' Again I was left—my feelings undiscovered—to go back to my own little closet and praise the Lord, with a joyful heart that after all I might go to China.

"This incident was not a trivial one to me; and to recall it sometimes, in circumstances of great difficulty, in China or elsewhere, has proved no small comfort and strength."

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN LONDON.

"BY-AND-BY the time drew near when it was thought desirable that I should leave Hull to attend the medical course of the London Hospital. A little while spent there, and then I had every reason to believe that my life work in China would commence. But much as I had rejoiced at the willingness of God to hear and answer prayer and to help His half-trusting, half-timid child, I felt that I could not go to China without having still further developed and tested my power to rest upon His faithfulness; and a marked opportunity for doing so was providentially afforded me.

"My dear father had offered to bear all the expenses of my stay in London. I knew, however, that, owing to recent losses, it would mean a considerable sacrifice for him to undertake this just when it seemed necessary for me to go forward. I had recently become acquainted with the Committee of the Chinese

Evangelisation Society, in connection with which I ultimately left for China, and especially with my esteemed and much-loved friend, Mr. George Pearse, now and for many years himself a missionary. Not knowing of my father's proposition, they also kindly offered to bear my expenses while in London. When these proposals were first made to me, I was not quite clear as to what I ought to do, and in writing to my father and the secretaries, told them that I would take a few days to pray about the matter before deciding on any course of action. I mentioned to my father that I had had this offer from the Society, and told the secretaries also of his proffered aid.

“Subsequently, while waiting upon God in prayer for guidance, it became clear to my mind that I could without difficulty decline both offers. The secretaries of the Society would not know that I had cast myself wholly on God for supplies, and my father would conclude that I had accepted the other offer. I therefore wrote declining both propositions, and felt that without any one having either care or anxiety on my account I was simply in the hands of God, and that He, who knew my heart, if He wished to encourage me to go to

China, would bless my effort to depend upon Him alone at home.

“I must not now attempt to detail the ways in which the Lord was pleased to help me from time to time. I soon found that it was not possible to live quite as economically in London as in Hull. To lessen expenses I shared a room with a cousin, four miles from the hospital, providing myself with board; and after various experiments I found that the most economical way was to live almost exclusively on brown bread and water. Thus I was able to make the means that God gave me last as long as possible. Some of my expenses I could not diminish, but my board was largely within my own control. A large twopenny loaf of brown bread, purchased daily on my long walk from the hospital, furnished me with supper and breakfast; and on that diet, with a few apples for lunch, I managed to walk eight or nine miles a day, besides being a good deal on foot while attending the practice of the hospital and the medical school.

“An incident that occurred just about this time I must refer to. The husband of my former landlady in Hull was chief officer of a ship that sailed from London and by receiving

his half-pay monthly and remitting it to her I was able to save her the cost of a commission. This I had been doing for several months, when she wrote requesting that I would obtain the next payment as early as possible, as her rent was almost due, and she depended upon that sum to meet it. The request came at an inconvenient time. I was working hard for an examination in the hope of obtaining a scholarship which would be of service to me, and felt that I could ill afford the time to go during the busiest part of the day to the city and procure the money. I had, however, sufficient of my own in hand to enable me to send the required sum. I made the remittance therefore, purposing, as soon as the examination was over, to go and draw the regular allowance with which to refund myself.

“Before the time of examination the medical school was closed for a day, on account of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and I had an opportunity of going at once to the office, which was situated in a street turning out of Cheapside, and applying for the amount due. To my surprise and dismay the clerk told me that he could not pay it, as the officer in question had run away from his ship and gone to

the gold diggings. 'Well,' I remarked, 'that is very inconvenient for me, as I have already advanced the money, and I know his wife will have no means of repaying it.' The clerk said he was sorry, but could of course only act according to orders; so there was no help for me in that direction. A little more time and thought, however, brought the comforting conclusion to my mind, that as I was depending on the Lord for everything, and His means were not limited, it was a small matter to be brought a little sooner or later into the position of needing fresh supplies from Him; and so the joy and the peace were not long interfered with.

"Very soon after this, possibly the same evening, while sewing together some sheets of paper on which to take notes of the lectures, I accidentally pricked the first finger of my right hand, and in a few moments forgot all about it. The next day at the hospital I continued dissecting as before. The body was that of a person who had died of fever, and was more than usually disagreeable and dangerous. I need scarcely say that those of us who were at work upon it dissected with special care, knowing that the slightest scratch might cost us our

lives. Before the morning was far advanced I began to feel very weary, and while going through the surgical wards at noon was obliged to run out, being suddenly very sick—a most unusual circumstance with me, as I took but little food and nothing that could disagree with me. After feeling faint for some time, a draught of cold water revived me, and I was able to rejoin the students. I became more and more unwell, however, and ere the afternoon lecture on surgery was over found it impossible to hold the pencil and continue taking notes. By the time the next lecture was through, my whole arm and right side were full of severe pain, and I was both looking and feeling very ill.

“Finding that I could not resume work, I went into the dissecting-room to bind up the portion I was engaged upon and put away my apparatus, and said to the demonstrator, who was a very skilful surgeon, ‘I cannot think what has come over me,’ describing the symptoms. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘what has happened is clear enough: you must have cut yourself in dissecting, and you know that this is a case of malignant fever.’ I assured him that I had been most careful, and was quite certain that

I had no cut or scratch. 'Well,' he replied, 'you certainly must have had one;' and he very closely scrutinised my hand to find it, but in vain. All at once it occurred to me that I had pricked my finger the night before, and I asked him if it were possible that a prick from a needle, at that time, could have been still unclosed. His opinion was that this was probably the cause of the trouble, and he advised me to get a hansom, drive home as fast as I could, and arrange my affairs forthwith. 'For,' he said, 'you are a dead man.'

"My first thought was one of sorrow that I could not go to China; but very soon came the feeling, 'Unless I am greatly mistaken, I have work to do in China, and shall not die.' I was glad, however, to take the opportunity of speaking to my medical friend, who was a confirmed sceptic, as to things spiritual, of the joy that the prospect of perhaps soon being with my Master gave me, telling him at the same time that I did not think I should die, as, unless I were much mistaken, I had work to do in China, and if so, however severe the struggle, I must be brought through. 'That is all very well,' he answered, 'but you get a hansom and drive home as fast as you can.

You have no time to lose for you will soon be incapable of winding up your affairs.' I smiled a little at the idea of my driving home in a hansom, for by this time my means were too exhausted to allow of such a proceeding, and I set out to walk the distance if possible. Before long, however, my strength gave way, and I felt it was no use to attempt to reach home by walking. Availing myself of an omnibus from Whitechapel Church to Farringdon Street, and another from Farringdon Street onwards, I reached, in great suffering, the neighbourhood of Soho Square, behind which I lived. On going into the house, I got some hot water from the servant, and charging her very earnestly—literally as a dying man—to accept eternal life as the gift of God through Jesus Christ, I bathed my hand and lanced the finger, hoping to let out some of the poisoned blood. The pain was very severe; I fainted away, and was for sometime unconscious, so long that when I came to myself I found that I had been carried to bed.

“An uncle of mine who lived near at hand had come in, and sent for his own medical man, an assistant surgeon at the Westminster Hospital. I assured my uncle that medical help

would be of no service to me, and that I did not wish to go to the expense involved. He, however, quieted me on this score, saying that he had sent for his own doctor, and that the bill would be charged to himself. When the surgeon came and learned all the particulars, he said, 'Well, if you have been living moderately, you may pull through; but if you have been going in for beer and that sort of thing, there is no manner of chance for you.' I thought that if sober living was to do anything, few could have a better chance, as little but bread and water had been my diet for a good while past. I told him I had lived abstemiously, and found that it helped me in study. 'But now,' he said, 'you must keep up your strength, for it will be a pretty hard struggle.'

"I was much concerned, notwithstanding the agony I suffered, that my dear parents should not be made acquainted with my state. Thought and prayer had satisfied me that I was not going to die, but that there was indeed a work for me to do in China. If my dear parents should come up and find me in that condition, I must lose the opportunity of seeing how God was going to work for me, now that my money had almost come to an end. So, after prayer,

for guidance, I obtained a promise from my uncle and cousin not to write to my parents, but to leave me to communicate with them myself. I felt it was a very distinct answer to prayer when they gave me this promise, and I took care to defer all communication with them myself until the crisis was past and the worst of the attack over. At home they knew that I was working hard for an examination, and did not wonder at my silence.

“Days and nights of suffering passed slowly by; but at length, after several weeks, I was sufficiently restored to move downstairs and lie on the sofa; and then I learned that two men, though not from the London Hospital, who had had dissection wounds at the same time as myself, had both succumbed, while I was spared in answer to prayer to work for God in China.

“One day the doctor coming in found me on the sofa, and was surprised to learn that with assistance I had walked downstairs. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘the best thing you can do is to get off to the country as soon as you feel equal to the journey. You must rusticate until you have recovered a fair amount of health and strength, for if you begin your work too soon the con-

sequences may still be serious.' When he had left, as I lay very exhausted on the sofa, I just told the Lord all about it, and that I was refraining from making my circumstances known to those who would delight to meet my need, in order that my faith might be strengthened by receiving help from Himself in answer to prayer alone. What was I to do? And I waited for His answer.

"It seemed to me as if He were directing my mind to the conclusion to go again to the shipping office and inquire about the wages I had been unable to draw. I reminded the Lord that I could not afford to take a conveyance, and that it did not seem at all likely that I should succeed in getting the money and asked whether this impulse was not a mere clutching at a straw, some mental process of my own, rather than His guidance and teaching. After prayer, however, and renewed waiting upon God, I was confirmed in my belief that He Himself was teaching me to go to the office.

"The next question was, 'How am I to go?' I had had to seek help in coming downstairs, and the place was at least two miles away. The assurance was brought vividly home to me that whatever I asked of God in the name of

Christ would be done, that the Father might be glorified in the Son; that what I had to do was to seek strength for the long walk, to receive it by faith, and to set out upon it. Unhesitatingly I told the Lord that I was quite willing to take the walk if He would give me the strength. I asked in the name of Christ that the strength might be immediately given; and sending the servant up to my room for my hat and stick, I set out, not to *attempt* to walk, but to *walk* to Cheapside.

“Although undoubtedly strengthened by faith, I never took so much interest in shop windows as I did upon that journey. At every second or third step I was glad to lean a little against the plate glass, and take time to examine the contents of the windows before passing on. It needed a special effort of faith when I got to the bottom of Farringdon Street to attempt the toilsome ascent of Snow Hill, but there was no Holborn Viaduct in those days, and it had to be done. God did wonderfully help me, and in due time I reached Cheapside, turned into the by-street in which the office was found, and sat down much exhausted on the steps leading to the first floor, which was my destination. I felt my position to be a little

peculiar—sitting there on the steps, so evidently spent—and the gentlemen who rushed up and downstairs looked at me with an inquiring gaze. After a little rest, however, and a further season of prayer, I succeeded in climbing the staircase, and to my comfort found in the office the clerk with whom I had hitherto dealt in the matter. Seeing me looking pale and exhausted, he kindly inquired as to my health, and I told him that I had had a serious illness, and was ordered to the country, but thought it well to call first, and make inquiry, lest there should have been any mistake about the mate having run off to the gold diggings. ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘I am so glad you have come, for it turns out that it was an able seaman of the same name that ran away. The mate is still on board; the ship has just reached Gravesend, and will be up very soon. I shall be glad to give you the half-pay up to date, for doubtless it will reach his wife more safely through you. We all know what temptations beset the men when they arrive at home after a voyage.’

“Before, however, giving me the sum of money, he insisted upon my coming inside and sharing his lunch. I felt it was the Lord indeed who was providing for me, and accepted

his offer with thankfulness. When I was refreshed and rested, he gave me a sheet of paper to write a few lines to the wife, telling her of the circumstances. On my way back I procured in Cheapside a money order for the balance due to her, and posted it; and returning home again, felt myself now quite satisfied in taking an omnibus as far as it would serve me.

“Very much better the next morning, after seeing to some little matters that I had to settle, I made my way to the surgery of the doctor who had attended me, feeling that, although my uncle was prepared to pay the bill, it was right for me, now that I had some money in hand, to ask for the account myself. The kind surgeon refused to allow me to pay anything for his attendance, but he had supplied me with quinine, which he allowed me to pay for to the extent of eight shillings. When that was settled, I saw that the sum left was just sufficient to take me home; and to my mind the whole thing seemed a wonderful interposition of God on my behalf.

“I knew that the surgeon was sceptical, and told him that I should very much like to speak to him freely, if I might do so without offence; that I felt that under God I owed my life to his

kind care, and wished very earnestly that he himself might become a partaker of the same precious faith that I possessed. So I told him my reason for being in London, and about my circumstances, and why I had declined the help of both my father and the officers of the Society in connection with which it was probable that I should go to China. I told him of the recent providential dealings of God with me, and how apparently hopeless my position had been the day before, when he had ordered me to go to the country, unless I would reveal my need, which I had determined not to do. I described to him the mental exercises I had gone through; but when I added that I had actually got up from the sofa and walked to Cheapside, he looked at me incredulously, and said, 'Impossible! Why, I left you lying there more like a ghost than a man.' And I had to assure him again and again that, strengthened by faith, the walk had really been taken. I told him also what money was left to me, and what payments there had been to make, and showed him that just sufficient remained to take me home to Yorkshire, providing for needful refreshment by the way and the omnibus journey at the end.

“My kind friend was completely broken down, and said with tears in his eyes, ‘I would give all the world for a faith like yours.’ I, on the other hand, had the joy of telling him that it was to be obtained without money and without price. We never met again. When I came back to town, restored to health and strength, I found that he had had a stroke, and left for the country; and I subsequently learned that he never rallied. I was able to gain no information as to his state of mind when taken away, but I have always felt very thankful that I had the opportunity, and embraced it, of bearing testimony for God. I cannot but entertain the hope that the Master Himself was speaking to him through His dealings with me, and that I shall meet him again in the Better Land. It would be no small joy to be welcomed by him, when my own service is over.

“The next day found me in my dear parents’ home. My joy in the Lord’s help and deliverance was so great that I was unable to keep it to myself, and before my return to London my dear mother knew the secret of my life for some time past. I need scarcely say that when I went up again to town I was not allowed to live—as, indeed, I was not fit to live—on the

same economical lines as before my illness. I needed more now, and the Lord did provide."

Returning to London when sufficiently recovered to resume his studies, Mr. Hudson Taylor again devoted himself to the busy life of hospital and lecture-hall, occupying all his spare time, as before, with earnest evangelistic efforts on behalf of those with whom he came in contact.

Towards the close of his medical course, in the spring of 1853, a remarkable case of conversion occurred through the blessing of God upon his labours—that of a dying man in whom he was specially interested. God had given him the joy of winning souls before, but never under circumstances of so much difficulty; and the incident became a great encouragement to the young worker, who was thus to gain a deepened knowledge of the prayer-answering God as one "mighty to save."

"A short time before leaving for China," he writes, "it became my duty daily to dress the foot of a patient suffering from senile gangrene. The disease commenced, as usual, insidiously, and the patient had little idea that he was a doomed man, and probably had not long to live. I was not the first to attend him,

but when the case was transferred to me, I naturally became very anxious about his soul. The family with whom he lived were Christians, and from them I learned that he was an avowed atheist, and very antagonistic to anything religious. They had, without asking his consent, invited a Scripture reader to visit him, but in great passion he had ordered him from the room. The vicar of the district also had called, hoping to help him; but he had spit in his face, and refused to allow him to speak to him. His passionate temper was described to me as very violent, and altogether the case seemed to be as hopeless as could well be imagined.

“Upon first commencing to attend him I prayed much about it; but for two or three days said nothing to him of a religious nature. By special care in dressing his diseased limb I was able considerably to lessen his sufferings, and he soon began to manifest grateful appreciation of my services. One day, with a trembling heart, I took advantage of his warm acknowledgments to tell him what was the spring of my action, and to speak of his own solemn position and need of God’s mercy through Christ. It was evidently only by a powerful effort of

self-restraint that he kept his lips closed. He turned over in bed with his back to me, and uttered no word.

“I could not get the poor man out of my mind, and very often through each day I pleaded with God, by His Spirit, to save him ere He took him hence. After dressing the wound and relieving his pain, I never failed to say a few words to him, which I hoped the Lord would bless. He always turned his back to me, looking annoyed, but never spoke a word in reply.

“After continuing this for some time, my heart sank. It seemed to me that I was not only doing no good, but perhaps really hardening him and increasing his guilt. One day, after dressing his limb and washing my hands, instead of returning to the bedside to speak to him, I went to the door, and stood hesitating for a few moments with the thought in my mind, ‘Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone.’ I looked at the man and saw his surprise, as it was the first time since speaking to him that I had attempted to leave without going up to his bedside to say a few words for my Master. I could bear it no longer. Bursting into tears, I crossed the room and said,

‘My friend, whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, I must deliver my soul,’ and went on to speak very earnestly to him, telling him how much I wished that he would let me pray with him. To my unspeakable joy he did not turn away, but replied, ‘If it will be a relief to you, do.’ I need scarcely say that I fell on my knees and poured out my whole soul to God on his behalf. I believe the Lord then and there wrought a change in his soul.

“He was never afterwards unwilling to be spoken to and prayed with, and within a few days he definitely accepted Christ as his Saviour. Oh, the joy it was to me to see that dear man rejoicing in hope of the glory of God! He told me that for forty years he had never darkened the door of church or chapel, and that then—forty years ago—he had only entered a place of worship to be married, and could not be persuaded to go inside when his wife was buried. Now, thank God, his sin-stained soul, I had every reason to believe, was washed, was sanctified, was justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and in the Spirit of our God. Oftentimes, when in my early work in China, circumstances rendered me almost hopeless of success, I have thought of this man’s conver-

sion, and have been encouraged to persevere in speaking the Word, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear.

“The now happy sufferer lived for some time after this change, and was never tired of bearing testimony to the grace of God. Though his condition was most distressing, the alteration in his character and behaviour made the previously painful duty of attending him one of real pleasure. I have often thought since, in connection with this case and the work of God generally, of the words, ‘He that goeth forth *weeping*, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.’ Perhaps, if there were more of that intense distress for souls that leads to tears, we should more frequently see the results we desire. Sometimes it may be that while we are complaining of the hardness of the hearts of those we are seeking to benefit, the hardness of our own hearts, and our own feeble apprehension of the solemn reality of eternal things, may be the true cause of our want of success.”

CHAPTER IV.

VOYAGE TO CHINA.

SOON after this the time so long looked forward to arrived, when Mr. Hudson Taylor was to leave England for China. Five years of waiting and preparation, though they had matured the lad into a man of deepened purpose and of wider resources and experience, had not lessened the ardour of his love for the missionary service to which his life was given.

Many lessons had been learned during those years in which, through varied circumstances, he had been coming to know God, to count on God, as all-sufficient for every need. The power of faith and the reality of prayer were well-tried truths to the young missionary, as he set forth alone, with God, to meet the unknown future, and to trust in Him at all times, for all things.

The Chinese Evangelisation Society, lately organised as a missionary body, had invited Mr. Hudson Taylor, some months previously,

to become their representative on the Mission field. After prayerful consideration, the proposal was accepted, and it was under their auspices that arrangements were made for his departure in the early autumn of 1853.

In London the outgoing missionary was set apart, with many prayers, for the life-work that lay before him; after which, in company with his beloved mother, he travelled down to Liverpool, to join the good ship *Dumfries*, bound for Shanghai.

A little farewell service was held on board, in the stern cabin that had been secured for the solitary traveller; and then came the parting, and the last, last words. That was no easy moment; for China, at half a year's distance, seemed very far away, and the mother scarcely hoped to see her only son on earth again.

"Thirty years ago," wrote Mr. Taylor long afterwards, "when I was leaving the shores of England for China, my beloved, now sainted, mother came to see me off from Liverpool. Never shall I forget that day, nor how she went with me into the little cabin that was to be my home for nearly six long months. With a mother's loving hand she smoothed the little bed. She sat by my side, and joined me in the

last hymn that we should sing together before the long parting. We knelt down, and she prayed—the last mother's prayer I was to hear before starting for China. Then notice was given that we must separate, and we had to say good-bye, never expecting to meet on earth again. . . .

“For my sake she restrained her feelings as much as possible. We parted; and she went on shore, giving me her blessing; I stood alone on deck, and she followed the ship as we moved towards the dock gates. As we passed through the gates, and the separation really commenced, I shall never forget the cry of anguish wrung from that mother's heart. It went through me like a knife. I never knew so fully, until then, what ‘God *so* loved the world’ meant. And I am quite sure that my precious mother learned more of the love of God to the perishing in that hour than in all her life before.”

It was on September 19th, 1853, that the *Dumfries* sailed for China; and not until March 1st, in the spring of the following year, did the travellers arrive in Shanghai.

“Our voyage had a rough beginning, but many had promised to remember us in constant

prayer, and this proved of no small comfort. We had scarcely left the Mersey when a violent equinoctial gale caught us, and for twelve days we were beating backwards and forwards in the Irish Channel, unable to get out to sea. The gale steadily increased, and after almost a week we lay to for a time; but drifting on a lee coast, we were compelled again to make sail, and endeavoured to beat off to windward. The utmost efforts of the captain and crew, however, were unavailing; and Sunday night, September 25th, found us drifting into Carnarvon Bay, each tack becoming shorter, until at last we were within a stone's throw of the rocks. About this time, as the ship, which had refused to stay, was put round in the other direction, the Christian captain said to me, 'We cannot live half an hour now: what of your call to labour for the Lord in China?' I had previously passed through a time of much conflict, but that was over, and it was a great joy to feel and to tell him that I would not for any consideration be in any other position; that I strongly expected to reach China; but that, if otherwise, at any rate the Master would say it was well that I was found seeking to obey His command.

"Within a few minutes after wearing ship

the captain walked up to the compass, and said to me, 'The wind has freed two points; we shall be able to beat out of the bay.' And so we did. The bowsprit was sprung and the vessel seriously strained; but in a few days we got out to sea, and the necessary repairs were so thoroughly effected on board that our journey to China was in due time satisfactorily accomplished.

"One thing was a great trouble to me that night. I was a very young believer, and had not sufficient faith in God to see Him in and through the use of means. I had felt it a duty to comply with the earnest wish of my beloved and honoured mother, and for her sake to procure a swimming-belt. But in my own soul I felt as if I could not simply trust in God while I had this swimming-belt; and my heart had no rest until on that night, after all hope of being saved was gone, I had given it away. Then I had perfect peace; and, strange to say, put several light things together, likely to float at the time we struck, without any thought of inconsistency or scruple. Since then I have clearly seen the mistake I made. The use of means ought not to lessen our faith in God; and our faith in God ought not to hinder our

using whatever means He has given us for the accomplishment of His own purposes.

“For years after this I always took a swimming-belt with me, and never had any trouble about it; for when the storm was over, the question had been settled for me, through the prayerful study of the Scriptures. God gave me then to see my mistake, probably to deliver me from a great deal of trouble on similar questions now so constantly raised. When in medical or surgical charge of any case, I have never thought of neglecting to ask God’s guidance and blessing in the use of appropriate means, nor yet of omitting to give Him thanks for answered prayer and restored health. But to me it would appear as presumptuous and wrong to neglect the use of those measures which He Himself has put within our reach, as to neglect to take daily food, and suppose that life and health might be maintained by prayer alone.

“The voyage was a very tedious one. We lost a good deal of time on the equator from calms; and when we finally reached the Eastern Archipelago, were again detained from the same cause. Usually a breeze would spring up soon after sunset, and last until about

dawn. The utmost use was made of it, but during the day we would lie still with flapping sails, often drifting back and losing a good deal of the advantage we had gained during the night.

“This happened notably on one occasion, when in dangerous proximity to the north of New Guinea. Saturday night had brought us to a point some thirty miles off land; but during the Sunday morning service, which was held on deck, I could not fail to notice that the captain looked troubled, and frequently went over to the side of the ship. When the service was ended, I learnt from him the cause—a four-knot current was carrying us rapidly towards some sunken reefs, and we were already so near that it seemed improbable that we should get through the afternoon in safety. After dinner the long-boat was put out, and all hands endeavoured, without success, to turn the ship’s head from the shore. As we drifted nearer we could plainly see the natives rushing about the sands and lighting fires every here and there. The captain’s horn-book informed him that these people were cannibals, so that our position was not a little alarming.

“After standing together on the deck for some time in silence, the captain said to me,

'Well, we have done everything that can be done; we can only await the result.' A thought occurred to me, and I replied, 'No, there is one thing we have not done yet.' 'What is it?' he queried. 'Four of us on board are Christians,' I answered, (the Swedish carpenter and our coloured steward, with the captain and myself); 'let us each retire to his own cabin, and in agreed prayer ask the Lord to give us immediately a breeze. He can as easily send it now as at sunset.'

"The captain agreed to this proposal. I went and spoke to the other two men, and after prayer with the carpenter we all four retired to wait upon God. I had a good but very brief season in prayer, and then felt so satisfied that our request was granted that I could not continue asking, and very soon went up again on deck. The first officer, a godless man, was in charge. I went over and asked him to let down the clews or corners of the mainsail, which had been drawn up in order to lessen the useless flapping of the sail against the rigging. He answered, 'What would be the good of that?' I told him we had been asking a wind from God, that it was coming immediately, and we were so near the reef by this time that there was not a minute to lose. With a look of in-

credulity and contempt, he said with an oath that he would rather see a wind than hear of it! But while he was speaking I watched his eye, and followed it up to the royal (the top-most sail), and there, sure enough, the corner of the sail was beginning to tremble in the coming breeze. 'Don't you see the wind is coming? Look at the royal!' I exclaimed. 'No, it is only a cat's-paw,' he rejoined (a mere puff of wind). 'Cat's-paw or not,' I cried, 'pray let down the mainsail, and let us have the benefit!'

"This he was not slow to do. In another minute the heavy tread of the men on the deck brought up the captain from his cabin to see what was the matter; and sure enough the breeze had come. In a very few minutes we were ploughing our way at six or seven knots an hour through the water, and the multitude of naked savages whom we had seen on the beach had no wreckage that night. We were soon out of danger; and though the wind was sometimes unsteady, we did not altogether lose it until after passing the Pelew Islands.

"Thus God encouraged me, ere landing on China's shore, to bring every variety of need to Him in prayer, and to expect that He would honour the name of the Lord Jesus, and give the help which each emergency required."

CHAPTER V.

EARLY MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES.

“LANDING in Shanghai on March 1st, 1854, I found myself surrounded with difficulties that were wholly unexpected. A band of rebels, known as the ‘Red Turbans,’ had taken possession of the native city, against which was encamped an Imperial army of from forty to fifty thousand men, who were a much greater source of discomfort and danger to the little European community than were the rebels themselves. Upon landing, I was told that to live outside the Settlement was impossible, while within the foreign concession apartments were scarcely obtainable at any price. The dollar, now worth about three shillings, had risen to a value of eight-and-ninepence, and the prospect for one with only a small income of English money was dark indeed. However, I had three letters of introduction, and counted on advice and help from one especially of those to whom I had been commended, whose friends

I well knew and highly valued. Of course I sought him out at once, but only to learn that he had been buried a month or two before, having died from fever during my voyage.

“Saddened by these tidings, I inquired for a missionary to whom another of my letters of introduction was addressed; but a further disappointment awaited me—he had left for America. The third letter remained; but as it had been given by a comparative stranger, I had expected less from it than from the other two. It proved, however, to be God’s channel of help. The Rev. Dr. Medhurst, of the London Mission, to whom it was addressed, introduced me to Dr. Lockhart, who kindly allowed me to live with him for six months. Dr. Medhurst procured my first Chinese teacher; and he, Dr. Edkins, and the late Mr. Alexander Wylie gave me considerable help with the language.

“Those were indeed troublous times, and times of danger. Coming out of the city one day with Mr. Wylie, he entered into conversation with two coolies, while we waited a little while at the East Gate for a companion who was behind us. Before our companion came up an attack upon the city from the bat-

teries on the opposite side of the river commenced, which caused us to hurry away to a place of less danger, the whiz of the balls being unpleasantly near. The coolies, unfortunately, stayed too long, and were wounded. On reaching the Settlement, we stopped a few minutes to make a purchase, and then proceeded at once to the London Mission compound, where, at the door of the hospital, we found the unfortunate coolies with whom Mr. Wylie had conversed, their four ankles terribly shattered by a cannon ball. The poor fellows declined amputation, and both died. We felt how narrow had been our escape.

“At another time, early in the morning, I had joined one of the missionaries on his veranda to watch the battle proceeding, at a distance of perhaps three-quarters of a mile, when suddenly a spent ball passed between us and buried itself in the veranda wall. Another day my friend Mr. Wylie left a book on the table after luncheon, and returning for it about five minutes later, found the arm of the chair on which he had been sitting shot clean away. But in the midst of these and many other dangers God protected us.

“After six months’ stay with Dr. Lockhart,

I rented a native house outside the Settlement, and commenced a little missionary work amongst my Chinese neighbours, which for a few months continued practicable. When the French joined the Imperialists in attacking the city, the position of my house became so dangerous that during the last few weeks, in consequence of nightly recurring skirmishes, I gave up attempting to sleep except in the daytime. One night a fire appeared very near, and I climbed up to a little observatory I had arranged on the roof of the house, to see whether it was necessary to attempt escape. While there a ball struck the ridge of the roof on the opposite side of the quadrangle, showering pieces of broken tile all around me, while the ball itself rolled down into the court below. It weighed four or five pounds; and had it come a few inches higher, would probably have spent its force on me instead of on the building. My dear mother kept the ball for many years. Shortly after this I had to abandon the house and return to the Foreign Settlement—a step that was taken none too soon, for before the last of my belongings were removed the house was burnt to the ground.

“Of the trials of this early period it is scarcely possible to convey any adequate idea. To one of a sensitive nature, the horrors, atrocities, and misery connected with war were a terrible ordeal. The embarrassment also of the times was considerable. With an income of only eighty pounds a year, I was compelled, upon moving into the Settlement, to give one hundred and twenty for rent, and sublet half the house; and though the Committee of the Chinese Evangelisation Society increased my income when, after the arrival of Dr. Parker, they learned more of our circumstances, many painful experiences had necessarily been passed through. Few can realise how distressing to so young and untried a worker these difficulties seemed, or the intense loneliness of the position of a pioneer who could not even hint at many of his circumstances, as to do so would have been a tacit appeal for help.

“The great enemy is always ready with his oft-repeated suggestion, ‘All these things are against me.’ But oh, how false the word! The cold, and even the hunger, the watchings and sleeplessness of nights of danger, and the feeling at times of utter isolation and helplessness, were well and wisely chosen, and tenderly and

lovingly meted out. What circumstances could have rendered the Word of God more sweet, the presence of God more real, the help of God more precious? They were times, indeed, of emptying and humbling, but were experiences that made not ashamed, and that strengthened the purpose to go forward as God might direct, with His proved promise, 'I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.' One can see, even now, that 'as for God, His way is perfect,' and yet can rejoice that the missionary path of today is comparatively a smooth and an easy one.

Before the end of his first summer in China Mr. Taylor was able to go as helper with more experienced missionaries on inland evangelistic tours. On some of these he had some very interesting experiences, and endured some severe persecutions which can not be narrated here. The next year he formed the happy acquaintance of Rev. Wm. Burns and spent a number of months as his colaborer. Of this time Mr. Taylor writes:

"Those happy months were an unspeakable joy and privilege to me. His love for the Word was delightful, and his holy, reverential life and constant communings with God made fellowship with him satisfying to the deep crav-

ings of my heart. His accounts of revival work and of persecutions in Canada, and Dublin, and in Southern China were most instructive, as well as interesting; for with the spiritual insight he often pointed out God's purposes in trial in a way that made all life assume quite a new aspect and value. His views especially about evangelism as the great work of the Church, and the order of lay evangelists as a lost order that Scripture required to be restored, were seed-thoughts which were to prove fruitful in the subsequent organisation of the China Inland Mission.

“Externally, however, our path was not always a smooth one; but when permitted to stay for any length of time in town or city, the opportunity was well utilised. We were in the habit of leaving our boats, after prayer for blessing, at about nine o'clock in the morning, with a light bamboo stool in hand. Selecting a suitable station, one would mount the stool and speak for twenty minutes, while the other was pleading for blessing; and then changing places, the voice of the first speaker had a rest. After an hour or two thus occupied, we would move on to another point at some distance from the first, and speak again. Usually about midday

we returned to our boats for dinner, fellowship, and prayer, and then resumed our out-door work until dusk. After tea and further rest, we would go with our native helpers to some tea-shop, where several hours might be spent in free conversation with the people. Not infrequently before leaving a town we had good reason to believe that much truth had been grasped; and we placed many Scriptures and books in the hands of those interested."

At a place called Black Town after preaching for some time and seemingly accomplishing considerable good, they were suddenly attacked by a band of ruffians and, only through the providence of God, narrowly escaped with their lives.

CHAPTER VI.

MAN PROPOSES, GOD DISPOSES.

HAVING to leave the neighbourhood of Black Town thus unexpectedly was a real disappointment both to Mr. Burns and Mr. Taylor, as they had hoped to spend some time evangelising in that district. They were to prove, however, that no unforeseen mischance had happened to them, but that these circumstances that seemed so trying were necessary links in the chain of a Divinely ordered providence.

“God does not permit persecution to arise without sufficient reason. . . . He was leading us by a way that we knew not; but it was none the less His way.

‘And I will go!

I may no longer doubt to give up friends, and idle hopes,
And every tie that binds my heart. . . .
Henceforth, then, it matters not, if storm or sunshine be my
earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup;
I only pray, God, make me holy,
And my spirit nerve for the stern hour of strife.’

“When we reached Shanghai, thinking to return inland in a few days with fresh supplies of books and money, we met a Christian captain

who had been trading at Swatow, and he very strongly set before us the need of that region, and the fact that there were British merchants living on Double Island, selling opium and engaged in the coolie trade (practically a slave traffic), while there was no British missionary to preach the Gospel. The Spirit of God impressed me with the feeling that this was His call, but for days I felt that I could not obey it. I had never had such a spiritual father as Mr. Burns; I had never known such holy, happy fellowship; and I said to myself that it could not be God's will that we should separate.

"In great unrest of soul I went one evening, with Mr. Burns, to take tea at the house of the Rev. R. Lowrie, of the American Presbyterian Mission, at the South Gate of Shanghai. After tea Mrs. Lowrie played over to us 'The Missionary Call.' I had never heard it before, and it greatly affected me. My heart was almost broken before it was finished, and I said to the Lord, in the words that had been sung,—

'O Lord, how happy should we be
If we would cast our care on Thee,
If we from self would rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!'

“Upon leaving I asked Mr. Burns to come home with me to the little house that was still my headquarters in the native city, and there, with many tears, told him how the Lord had been leading me, and how rebellious I had been and unwilling to leave him for this new sphere of labour. He listened with a strange look of surprise, and of pleasure rather than pain, and answered that he had determined that very night to tell me that he had heard the Lord’s call to Swatow, and that his one regret had been the prospect of the severance of our happy fellowship. We went together; and thus was recommenced missionary work in that part of China, which in later years has been so abundantly blessed.”

Long before this time the Rev. R. Lechler, of the Basel Missionary Society, had widely itinerated in the neighbourhood of Swatow and the surrounding regions. Driven about from place to place, he had done work that was not forgotten, although ultimately he was obliged to retire to Hong-kong. For more than forty years this earnest-hearted servant of God continued in “labours more abundant,” and later on left Hong-kong, with his devoted wife, returned again inland, and spent the strength of

his remaining years amongst the people he has so long and truly loved.

Captain Bowers, the Christian friend who had been used of God in bringing the needs of Swatow before Mr. Burns and Mr. Taylor, was overjoyed when he heard of their decision to devote themselves to the evangelisation of that busy, important, and populous mart. Being about to sail himself on his return journey, he gladly offered them free passages on board the *Geelong*, in which they left Shanghai early in the month of March, 1856.

A favourable journey of six days brought them to Double Island, where they found themselves landed in the midst of a small but very ungodly community of foreigners, engaged in the opium trade and other commercial enterprises. Unwilling to be in any way identified with these fellow-countrymen, the missionaries were most desirous of obtaining quarters at once within the native city, situated on a promontory of the mainland, five miles farther up, at the mouth of the Han River. Great difficulty was experienced in this attempt to obtain a footing amongst the people. "Indeed, it seemed," continues the journal, "as though we should fail altogether, and we were helplessly

cast upon the Lord in prayer. Our God soon undertook for us. Meeting one day with a Cantonese merchant, a relative of the highest official in the town, Mr. Burns addressed him in the Cantonese dialect; this gentleman was so pleased at being spoken to by a foreigner in his own tongue that he became our friend, and secured us a lodging. We had only one little room, however, and not easily shall I forget the long hot summer months in that oven-like place, where towards the eaves one could touch the heated tiles with one's hand. More or better accommodation it was impossible to obtain.

“We varied our stay by visits to the surrounding country; but the difficulties and dangers that encountered us here were so great and constant, that our former work in the North began to appear safe and easy in comparison. The hatred and contempt of the Cantonese was very painful, ‘foreign devil,’ ‘foreign dog,’ or ‘foreign pig,’ being the commonest appellations; but all this led us into deeper fellowship than I had ever known before with Him who was ‘despised and rejected of men.’

“In our visits to the country we were liable

to be seized at any time and held to ransom; and the people commonly declared that the whole district was 'without emperor, without ruler, and without law.' Certainly, might was right in those days. On one occasion we were visiting a small town, and found that the inhabitants had captured a wealthy man of another clan. A large ransom was demanded for his release, and on his refusing to pay it they had smashed his ankle-bones, one by one, with a club, and thus extorted the promise they desired. There was nothing but God's protection to prevent our being treated in the same way. The towns were all walled, and one such place would contain ten or twenty thousand people of the same clan and surname, who were frequently at war with the people living in the next town. To be kindly received in one place was not uncommonly a source of danger in the next. In circumstances such as these the preserving care of our God was often manifested.

"After a time the local mandarin became ill, and the native doctors were unable to relieve him. He had heard from some who had been under my treatment of the benefit derived, and was led to seek our help. God blessed the medicines given, and grateful for relief, he advised

our renting a house for a hospital and dispensary. Having his permission, we were able to secure the entire premises, one room of which we had previously occupied. I had left my stock of medicine and surgical instruments under the care of my friend, the late Mr. Wylie, in Shanghai, and went back at once to fetch them.

“Mr. Burns came down from a town called Am-po, that we had visited together several times, to see me off, and returned again when I had sailed, with two native evangelists sent up from Hong-kong by the Rev. J. Johnson, of the American Baptist Missionary Union. The people were willing to listen to their preaching, and to accept their books as a gift, but they would not buy them. One night robbers broke in and carried off everything they had, with the exception of their stock of literature, which was supposed to be valueless. Next morning, very early, they were knocked up by persons wishing to buy books, and the sales continued; so that by breakfast time they had not only cash enough to procure food, but to pay also for the passage of one of the men to Double Island, below Swatow, with a letter to Mr. Burns' agent to supply him with money. Purchasers

continued coming during that day and the next, and our friends lacked nothing; but on the third day they could not sell a single book. Then, however, when the cash from their sales was just exhausted, the messenger returned with supplies."

It was early in July, after about four months' residence in Swatow, that Mr. Taylor left, as we have already seen, for Shanghai, intending to return in the course of a few weeks, bringing with him his medical apparatus, for further work in association with the Rev. William Burns. A new and promising field seemed to be opening before them, and it was with much hopeful anticipation they looked forward to the future of the work. Marked blessing was indeed in store for the city and neighbourhood of Swatow through the missionary labours thus commenced; but it was not the purpose of God that either of the pioneer evangelists of 1856 should remain to reap the harvest. Two years later William Burns, the beloved and honoured founder of the Mission, was called to Amoy for other service, which prevented his subsequent return; and the temporary absence of Mr. Hudson Taylor on his journey to Shanghai proved to be the first step in a diverging path-

way leading to other spheres.

It is interesting to notice the various events which united, in the providence of God, in preventing Mr. Taylor's return to Swatow, and ultimately led to his settling in Ningpo, and making that the centre for the development of his future labours. The story is thus continued in Mr. Taylor's own words:

"Upon reaching Shanghai, great was my dismay to find that the premises in which my medicines and instruments had been stored were burnt down, and that all the medicines and many of the instruments were entirely destroyed. To me this appeared a great calamity, and I fear I was more disposed with faithless Jacob to say, 'All these things are against me,' than to recognize that 'All things work together for good.' I had not then learned to think of God as the One Great Circumstance 'in whom we live and move and have our being;' and of all lesser, external circumstances, as necessarily the kindest, wisest, best, because either ordered or permitted by Him. Hence my disappointment and trial were very great.

"Medicines were expensive in Shanghai, and my means were limited. I therefore set out on an inland journey to Ningpo, hoping to obtain

a supply from Dr. William Parker, a member of the same mission as myself. I took with me my few remaining possessions, . . . but left behind in Shanghai a portion of my money.

“The country through which I had to pass was suffering much from drought; it was the height of summer; and the water in the Grand Canal was very low, having been largely drawn upon for the neighbouring rice fields, as well as evaporated by the intense heat. I had determined to make the journey as much of a mission tour as possible, and set out well supplied with Christian tracts and books. After fourteen days spent in travelling slowly through the populous country, preaching and distributing books, etc., we reached a large town called Shih-mun-wan, and here, finding that my supply of literature was exhausted, I determined not to linger over the rest of the journey, but to reach Ningpo as speedily as possible, *via* the city of Hai-ning.”

The journey thus determined upon proved to be one of great peril, hardship and suffering. Mr. Taylor was deceived, deserted and robbed by his most trusted servant to whom he had intrusted all his earthly possessions for transportation to Ningpo. After a long and futile

search for the servant, entailing hardships and suffering which completely exhausted him, Mr. Taylor was providentially rescued and taken back to Shanghai.

It now seemed very clear that the lost property—including everything Mr. Taylor possessed in China, with the exception of a small sum of money providentially left in Shanghai—had been deliberately stolen by his servant, who had gone off with it to Hang-chau. The first question, of course, was how best to act for the good of the man who had been the cause of so much trouble. It would not have been difficult to take steps that would have led to his punishment; but the likelihood of any reparation being made for the loss sustained was very small. Another consideration also weighed heavily with Mr. Hudson Taylor; for “the thief,” he writes, “was a man for whose salvation I had laboured and prayed; and I felt that to persecute him would not be to emphasise the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, in which we had read together, ‘Resist not evil,’ and other similar precepts. Finally, concluding that his soul was of more value than the forty pounds’ worth of things I had lost, I wrote and told him this, urging upon him his need of repent-

ance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The course I took commended itself to Christian friends at home, one of whom was led to send me a cheque for forty pounds—the first of many subsequently received from the same kind helper.”

Having obtained the little money left in Shanghai, which was now the entire sum of his worldly belongings, Mr. Taylor again set out for Ningpo, to seek assistance from Dr. Parker in replacing the medicines he had previously lost by fire. This being satisfactorily accomplished, he returned once more to Shanghai, *en route* for Swatow, hoping soon to rejoin his much-loved friend, Mr. Burns, in the work in that important centre. God had willed it otherwise, however; and the delay caused by the robbery was just sufficient to prevent Mr. Taylor starting for the South as he had intended.

Over the political horizon storm-clouds had long been gathering, precursors of coming war; and early in October of this year (1856) the affair of the *Lorcha Arrow* at Canton led to the definite commencement of hostilities. Very soon China was deeply involved in a second prolonged struggle with foreign powers;

and missionary operations, in the South at any rate, had to be largely suspended. Tidings of these events, together with letters from Mr. Burns, arrived just in time to meet Mr. Taylor in Shanghai as he was leaving for Swatow; and thus hindered, he could not but realise the hand of God in closing the door he had so much desired to enter.

While in Ningpo, on his recent visit, Mr. Taylor had made the acquaintance of Mr. John Jones, who, with Dr. Parker, represented the Chinese Evangelisation Society in that city. Hindered in his project of returning to Swatow, he now decided to join these brethren in the Ningpo work, and set out at once upon his journey. On the afternoon of the second day, when already about thirty miles distant from Shanghai, the travellers drew near the large and important city of Sung-kiang, and Mr. Taylor spoke of going ashore to preach the Gospel to the thronging multitudes that lined the banks and crowded the approaches to the city gates.

Among the passengers on board the boat was one intelligent man, who in the course of his travels had been a good deal abroad, and had even visited England, where he went by the

name of Peter. As might be expected, he had heard something of the Gospel, but had never experienced its saving power. Mr. Taylor became much interested in this fellow-pilgrim, and on the first evening in their journey together drew him into earnest converse about his soul's salvation. The man listened with attention, and was even moved to tears, but still no definite result was apparent.

On the afternoon in question, hearing Mr. Taylor speak of going ashore at Sung-kiang Fu, Peter asked to be allowed to accompany him, and listen to anything further he might have to say. To this unexpected proposal Mr. Taylor gladly acceded, and then went into the cabin of the boat to prepare tracts and books for distribution on landing with his Chinese friend. Suddenly, while thus engaged, he was startled by a loud splash and cry from without. He sprang on deck, and took in the situation at a glance. Peter was gone! The other men were all there, on board, looking helplessly at the spot where he had disappeared, but making no effort to save him. A strong wind was carrying the junk rapidly forward in spite of a steady current in the opposite direction, and the low-lying, shrubless shore afforded no land-

mark to indicate how far they had left the drowning man behind.

A few moments sufficed for Mr. Taylor to drop the heavy sail and spring overboard in the hope of finding him. Unsuccessful, however, he had to relinquish the effort, and looking around in agonising suspense, he discovered some fishermen in a boat at no great distance, manipulating a peculiar kind of dragnet furnished with hooks—just fitted for the purpose he required.

“Come!” cried the missionary at once, as hope revived in his heart. “Come and drag over this spot directly; a man is drowning just here!”

“Veh bin” (It is not convenient), was the unwilling answer.

“Don’t talk of *convenience!*” cried Mr. Taylor in an agony; “a man is drowning, I tell you!”

“We are busy fishing,” they responded, “and cannot come.”

“Never mind your fishing,” insisted the stranger. “I will give you more money than many a day’s fishing will bring; only come—come at once!”

“How much money will you give us?”

"We cannot stay to discuss that now! Come, or it will be too late. I will give you five dollars" (then worth about thirty shillings in English money).

"We won't do it for that," replied the men. "Give us twenty dollars, and we will drag."

"I do not possess so much," cried the missionary in despair. "But come quickly, and I will give you all I have!"

"How much may that be?"

"I don't know exactly, about fourteen dollars."

At last, but even then slowly enough, the boat was paddled over, and the net let down. Less than a minute sufficed to bring up the body of the missing man, and every effort was promptly made to recall him to consciousness; but all in vain. Clamorous and indignant because their exorbitant demand was not immediately met, the fishermen would hardly wait while efforts at resuscitation were attempted. No thought of the tragedy that had occurred seemed to solemnise their hearts; and none but the missionary in that little group could in the least degree appreciate what had really happened, or the momentous change that had so

suddenly overtaken one of their number—all unprepared.

To Mr. Taylor this incident was profoundly sad and full of significance, suggesting a far more mournful reality ever present to his soul. "Were not those fishermen actually guilty," he writes, "of this poor Chinaman's death, in that they had the means of saving him at hand, if they would but have used them? Assuredly they were guilty. And yet, let us pause ere we pronounce judgment against them, lest a greater than Nathan answer, '*Thou art the man.*' Is it so hard-hearted, so wicked a thing to neglect to save the body? Of how much sorer punishment, then, is he worthy who leaves the soul to perish? 'If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain, . . . doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth He not know it? and shall He not render to every man according to his works?'"

CHAPTER VII.

SETTLEMENT IN NINGPO.

AUTUMN was well advanced before Mr. Hudson Taylor reached Ningpo—the City of the Peaceful Wave; but New Year's Day, 1857, saw him quite a familiar member of the little foreign community already settled in that important centre.

The place in which he now found himself is well known as one of the most ancient, interesting, and influential in Southern China. Opened to the residence of foreigners in 1842 by the treaty of Nan-king, it had long been the scene of missionary labours; and not only the Church Missionary Society, but the American Baptists and the Presbyterians also were represented by a devoted band of workers.

The wide and fertile plain in the midst of which the city stands is bounded on the east by the broken coast-line of the Yellow Sea, from which it stretches inland, twelve to twenty miles, to the fine amphitheatre of hills enclosing its western limits. Admirably situated

at the junction of two streams, and less than twelve miles from the coast, the city occupies a commanding position for purposes of commerce; and the ever-changing population brought by trade to its marts adds not a little to its importance as a sphere for missionary



WEST GATE, NINGPO.

effort. Within its thronging thoroughfares the busy tide of life runs high. Four hundred thousand human beings dwell within or around the five miles' circuit of its ancient wall, every one a soul that Jesus loves, for whom He died.

A small stone bridge, spanning a dirty canal, leads into a busy street of poor, little, crowded shops, the end of which is crossed by another bridge between the lakes, which bear the very inappropriate names of the Sun and Moon Lake respectively. It is to this insignificant, ill-paved and altogether unattractive little by-way that we wish just now to direct particular attention; for, strange as it may seem, this is none other than Lake Head Street (Wu-gyiao-deo), scene of the earliest beginnings of the present China Inland Mission.

Entering the city by the East Gate, and mingling with the thronging crowds that all day long seem ceaselessly to ebb and flow beneath its heavy portal, the visitor finds himself plunged at once into the characteristic surroundings of Chinese life. "Many little things and many wonders" claim his interested attention at every step, as he threads his way through the maze of streets that form the heart of the city. At last, leaving the handsomer thoroughfares behind, he finds himself nearing the broad lagoons—united by fanciful bridges, and adorned with the surrounding buildings of fine ancestral temples and private dwelling—that form one of the marked features of the city.

We cross the small stone bridge, and make our way carefully down into the little street. There is the spot, only a few steps from the bridge, and on the left-hand side. What a poor little place it is!—but precious to many a soul as the very gate of heaven. An ordinary doorway, opening from the street, gives access to a little lobby within. Upon entering, the first object to attract attention is a large wooden pillar, occupying the centre of this small space. The pillar is necessary, it appears, and has to be respected, though its presence involves many an unceremonious reminder to the careless or hurried passer-by. To the right of the big pillar opens the chapel, a good-sized room, occupying the whole lower floor; and at the back of the lobby another door leads to a steep stair, by which one climbs to the dwelling-rooms above. From the little, low, front windows a glimpse may be obtained of the busy street beneath; and the back of the house opens directly upon one of the stagnant, odoriferous canals which so abound in the City of the Peaceful Wave.

Here it was, in the winter of 1856, that Mr. Hudson Taylor first made his home; but the appearance and accommodation of the prem-

ises were not at that time nearly so elaborate as we have now described. "I have a very distinct remembrance," he writes, "of tracing my initials on the snow which during the night had collected upon my coverlet in the large barn-like upper room, now subdivided into four or five smaller ones, each of which is comfortably ceiled. The tiling of an unceiled Chinese house may keep off the rain—if it happens to be sound—but it does not afford so good a protection against snow, which will beat up through crannies and crevices, and find its way within." But however unfinished may have been its fittings, the little house on Lake Head Street, between the bridges, was considered a precious vantage-ground for work amongst the people; and there thankfully and gladly Mr. Taylor settled down, and devoted himself to unwearied labours for their benefit—morning, noon and night.

Thus opened the troublous times of the year 1857, which was to close with the notorious bombardment of Canton by the British, and the commencement of our second Chinese war. Rumours of trouble were everywhere rife, and in many places the missionaries passed through not a little danger. In Ningpo this was espe-

cially the case, and the preserving care of God in answer to prayer was consequently most marked. When the awful news of the bombardment of Canton reached the Cantonese residents in Ningpo—of whom there were a large number—their wrath and indignation knew no bounds, and they immediately set to work to plot the destruction of all the foreigners resident in the city and neighborhood. It was well known that many of the foreigners were in the habit of meeting for worship every Sunday evening at one of the missionary houses outside the Salt Gate, and the plan was to surround the place on a given occasion and make short work of all present, cutting off afterwards any who might escape.

The sanction of the Tao-t'ai, or chief civil magistrate of the city, was easily obtained; and nothing remained to hinder the execution of the plot, of which the foreigners were of course entirely in ignorance. It so happened, however, that one of those acquainted with the conspiracy had a friend engaged in the service of the missionaries, and anxious for his safety, he was led to warn him of the coming danger, and urge his leaving foreign employ. The

and thus the little community became aware of their peril. Realising the gravity of the situation, they determined to meet together at the house of one of their number to seek the protection of the Most High, and to hide under the shadow of His wings. Nor did they thus meet in vain.

“At the very time we were praying the Lord was working. He led an inferior mandarin, the Superintendent of Customs, to call upon the Tao-t'ai, and remonstrate with him upon the folly of permitting such an attempt, which he assured him would rouse the foreigners in other places to come with armed forces to avenge the death of their countrymen and raze the city to the ground. The Tao-t'ai replied that, when the foreigners came for that purpose, he should deny all knowledge of or complicity in the plot, and so direct their vengeance against the Cantonese, who would in their turn be destroyed; ‘and thus,’ said he, ‘we shall get rid of both Cantonese and foreigners by one stroke of policy.’ The Superintendent of Customs assured him that all such attempts at evasion would be useless; and, finally, the Tao-t'ai sent to the Cantonese, withdrawing his permission, and prohibiting the attack. This took place at the

very time when we were asking protection of the LORD, though we did not become acquainted with the facts until some weeks later. Thus again we were led to prove that—

‘Sufficient is His arm alone,
And our defense is sure.’”

Not long after his settlement in Ningpo, Mr. Hudson Taylor was called to pass through a critical experience in his missionary career, and one that was to exercise a marked and blessed influence upon the future of his life service. In connection with this important subject he writes as follows:—

“During the latter part of this year, 1856, my mind was greatly exercised about continued connection with my society, it being frequently in debt. Personally I had always avoided debt, and kept within my salary, though at times only by very careful economy. Now there was no difficulty in doing this, for my income was larger, and the country being in a more peaceful state, things were not so dear. But the Society itself was in debt. The quarterly bills which I and others were instructed to draw were often met by borrowed money, and a correspondence commenced which terminated in the following year by my resigning from conscientious motives.

“To me it seemed that the teaching of God’s Word was unmistakably clear: ‘Owe no man anything.’ To borrow money implied, to my mind, a contradiction of Scripture—a confession that God had withheld some good thing, and a determination to get for ourselves what He had not given. Could that which was wrong for one Christian to do be right for an association of Christians? Or could any amount of precedents make a wrong course justifiable? If the Word taught me anything, it taught me to have no connection with debt. I could not think that God was poor, that He was short of resources or unwilling to supply any want of any work that was really His. It seemed to me that if there were lack of funds to carry on such work, then to that degree, in that special development or in some other respects, it could not be the work of God, as it should be. To satisfy my conscience I was therefore compelled to resign connection with the Society which had hitherto supplied my salary.

“But it was a step that was not a little trying to one’s faith. I was not at all sure what God would have me do, or whether He would so meet my need as to enable me to continue working as before. I had no friends whatever from whom I expected supplies. I did not

know what means the LORD might use; but I was willing to give up all my time to the service of evangelisation among the heathen, if by any means He would supply the smallest amount on which I could live; and if He were not pleased to do this, I was prepared to undertake whatever work might be necessary to supply myself, giving all the time that could be spared from such a calling to more distinctly missionary efforts. But from the day I took this step GOD blessed and prospered me; and how glad and thankful I felt when the separation was really effected. I could look right up into my FATHER'S face with a satisfied heart, ready, by His grace, to do the next thing as He might teach me, and feeling very sure of His loving care.

“And how blessedly He did lead me on and provide for me I can never, never tell. It was like a continuation of some of my earlier home experiences. My faith was not untried; my faith often, often failed, and I was so sorry and ashamed of the failure to trust such a FATHER. But oh! I was learning to know Him. I would not even then have missed the trial. He became so near, so real, so intimate. The occasional difficulty about funds never came from an insufficient supply for personal needs,

but in consequence of ministering to the wants of scores of the hungry and dying ones around us. And trials far more searching in other ways quite eclipsed these difficulties; and being deeper, brought forth in consequence richer fruits. How glad one is now, not only to know that 'they who trust Him wholly find Him wholly true,' but also that when we fail to trust completely He still remains unchangingly faithful. He *is* wholly true whether we trust or not. 'If we believe not, He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself.' But oh, how we dishonour our LORD whenever we fail to trust Him, and what peace, blessing, and triumph we lose in thus sinning against the Faithful One! May we never again presume in anything to doubt Him!"

It was a great satisfaction to Mr. Taylor that his friend and colleague, Mr. Jones, also of the Chinese Evangelisation Society, was led to take the same step in association with himself; and both were profoundly thankful that the separation took place without the least breach of friendly feeling on either side. Indeed, they had the joy of knowing that the step they took commended itself to several members of the Committee, although the Society as a

whole could not come to their position. Although from that time forward depending upon God alone for supplies, they were enabled to continue a measure of connection with their former supporters, sending home their journals, etc., for publication as before, so long as the Society continued to exist.

It was a busy centre, that unpretending little mission-house on Lake Head Street. There, and at other premises occupied by the missionaries, earnest work was steadily carried on. Numbers thronged the open halls; blessing followed in answer to prayer; souls were saved; and a little Church had to be formed, the harvest of which is still being reaped in many of the stations of the present Mission. The conversion of the first members of this little gathering of believers was as remarkable as it is interesting. The following brief record of the circumstances has been preserved for us by Mr. Taylor's own pen:—

“On one occasion, in the year 1857, I was preaching in Ningpo the glad tidings of salvation though the finished work of CHRIST, when a middle-aged man stood up, and testified before his assembled countrymen to his faith in the power of the Gospel.

“ ‘I have long sought for the Truth,’ said he earnestly, ‘as my father did before me; but I have never found it. I have travelled far and near, but without obtaining it. I have found no rest in Confucianism, Buddhists, or Taoism; but I do find rest in what I have heard here to-night. Henceforth I am a believer in JESUS.’

“This man was one of the leading officers of a sect of reformed Buddhists in Ningpo. A short time after his confession of faith in the Saviour, there was a meeting of the sect over which he had formerly presided. I accompanied him to that meeting, and there, to his former co-religionists, he testified of the peace he had obtained in believing. Soon after, one of his former companions was converted and baptised. Both now sleep in JESUS. The first of these two long continued to preach to his countrymen the glad tidings of great joy. A few nights after his conversion, he asked how long this Gospel had been known in England. He was told that we had known it for some hundred of years.

“ ‘What!’ said he, amazed; ‘is it possible that for hundreds of years you have had the knowledge of these glad tidings in your possession,

and yet have only now come to preach it to us? My father sought after the Truth for more than twenty years, and died without finding it. Oh, why did you not come sooner?’

“A whole generation has passed away since that mournful inquiry was made; but how many, alas! might repeat the same question to-day? More than two hundred millions in the meanwhile have been swept into eternity, without an offer of salvation. How long shall this continue, and the Master’s words, ‘To every creature,’ remain unheeded?”

CHAPTER VIII.

TIMELY SUPPLIES—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

FOR three years after leaving the Chinese Evangelisation Society, Mr. Hudson Taylor remained in Ningpo, working in association with his loved colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Jones. Depending upon God alone for the supply of all their needs, they often had opportunity of proving His faithfulness in a way that would otherwise have been impossible; and many a time their hearts were strengthened when, in circumstances of difficulty and trial, some marked deliverance or unforeseen provision testified to the gracious and loving care of Him in whose promises alone they placed their trust. To Mr. Taylor especially these were precious experiences, preparing him more and more fully for the unknown future that God had in store for him.

“Not infrequently,” he writes, looking back upon the lessons learned at this time, “our God brings His people into difficulties on purpose

that they may come to know Him as they could not otherwise do. Then He reveals Himself as 'a very present help in trouble,' and makes the heart glad indeed at each fresh revelation of a Father's faithfulness. We who only see so small a part of the sweet issues of trials often feel that we would not for anything have missed them; how much more shall we bless and magnify His name when all the hidden things are brought to light!"

In the autumn of 1857, just one year after Mr. Taylor came to settle in Ningpo, a little incident occurred that did much to strengthen his faith in the lovingkindness and ever-watchful care of GOD.

A brother in the Lord, the Rev. John Quarterman, of the American Presbyterian Mission North, was taken with virulent smallpox, and it was Mr. Taylor's mournful privilege to nurse him through his sufferings and illness to the fatal close. When all was over, it became necessary to lay aside the garments worn while nursing, for fear of conveying the dreaded infection to others. Under these circumstances Mr. Taylor found himself in the perplexing position of not having sufficient money in hand to purchase what was needful in order to make

this change; and, as he says, "prayer was the only resource." The difficulty was all laid before the LORD in simple faith; and very soon His answer came in the unexpected form of a long-lost box of clothing from Swatow, that had remained in the care of the Rev. William Burns when Mr. Taylor left him for Shanghai, in the early summer of the previous year. The arrival of the things just at this juncture was as appropriate as it was remarkable, and brought a sweet sense of the Father's own providing.

About two months later we find the following noteworthy extract from Mr. Taylor's journal, which with the subsequent story, will give some idea of the manner of his life and work at this time:—

"Many seem to think that I am very poor. This certainly is true enough in one sense, but I thank GOD it is 'poor, yet making many rich; having nothing, yet possessing all things.' And my GOD shall supply *all* my need: to Him be all the glory. I would not, if I could, be otherwise than I am—entirely dependent myself upon the LORD, and used as a channel of help to others.

"On Saturday, the 4th inst., our regular

home mail arrived. That morning we supplied, as usual, a breakfast to the destitute poor, who came to the number of seventy. Sometimes they do not reach forty, at others again exceeding eighty. They come to us every day, LORD'S Day excepted, for then we cannot manage to attend to them and get through all our duties too. Well, on that Saturday morning we paid all expenses, and provided ourselves for the morrow, after which we had not a single dollar left between us. How the LORD was going to provide for Monday we knew not; but over our mantelpiece hang two scrolls in the Chinese character—*Ebenezer*, 'Hitherto hath the LORD helped us'; and *Jehovah-Jirch*, 'The Lord will provide'—and He kept us from doubting for a moment. That very day the mail came in, *a week sooner than was expected*, and Mr. Jones received a bill for two hundred and fourteen dollars. We thanked GOD and took courage. The bill was taken to a merchant, and although there is usually a delay of several days in getting the change, this time he said, "Send down on Monday." We sent, and though he had not been able to buy all the dollars, he let us have seventy on account; so all was well. Oh, it is sweet to live thus directly dependent upon the

LORD, who never fails us!

“On Monday the poor had their breakfast as usual, for we had not told them not to come, being assured that it was the Lord’s work, and that the LORD would provide. We could not help our eyes filling with tears of gratitude when we saw not only our own needs supplied, but the widows and the orphans, the blind and the lame, the friendless and the destitute, together provided for by the bounty of Him who feeds the ravens. “O magnify the LORD with me, and let us exalt His name together. . . Taste and see that the LORD is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in Him. O fear the LORD, ye His saints: for there is no want to them that fear Him. The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that wait upon the Lord shall not want any good thing’—and if not good, why want it?”

But even two hundred dollars cannot last forever, and by New Year’s Day supplies were again getting low. At last, on January 6th, 1858, only one solitary cash remained—the twentieth part of a penny—in the joint possession of Mr. Jones and Mr. Taylor; but untroubled they looked to God once again to manifest His gracious care. Enough provision was

found in the house to supply a meagre breakfast; after which, having neither food for the rest of the day, nor money to buy any, they could only betake themselves to Him who was able to supply all their need with the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread."

"After prayer and deliberation we thought that perhaps we ought to dispose of something we possessed in order to meet our immediate requirements. But on looking round we saw nothing that we could well spare, and little that the Chinese would purchase for ready money. Credit to any extent we might have had, could we conscientiously have availed ourselves of it, but this we felt to be unscriptural in itself, as well as inconsistent with the position we were in. We had, indeed, one article—an iron stove—which we knew the Chinese would readily purchase; but we much regretted the necessity of parting with it. At length, however, we set out to the founder's, and after a walk of some distance came to the river, which we had intended to cross by a floating bridge of boats; but here the LORD shut up our path. The bridge had been carried away during the preceding night, and the river was only passable by means of a ferry, the fare for which was two

cash each person. As we only possessed one cash between us, our course clearly was to return and await GOD's own interposition on our behalf.

“Upon reaching home, we found that Mrs. Jones had gone with the children to dine at a friend's house, in accordance with an invitation accepted some days previously. Mr. Jones though himself included in the invitation, refused now to go and leave me to fast alone. So we set to work and carefully searched the cupboards; and though there was nothing to eat, we found a small packet of cocoa, which, with a little hot water, somewhat revived us. After this we again cried to the LORD in our trouble, and the LORD heard and saved us out of all our distresses. For while we were still upon our knees a letter arrived from England containing a remittance.”

This timely supply was the more providential and welcome from the fact that Mr. Hudson Taylor's marriage had been arranged to take place just a fortnight from that date—“in the assured confidence that GOD, whose we were and whom we served, would not put to shame those whose whole and only trust was in Himself. And this expectation was not disap-

pointed; for the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but His kindness shall never be withdrawn from His people, nor His covenant fail."

And so, in the summer of 1858, a young bride was brought home to the little house on the Lake Head Street with thankfulness and rejoicing. Never, perhaps, was there a union that more fully realised the blessed truth, "He that findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and shall obtain favour of the LORD." GOD had made this marriage, and GOD blessed it during all the twelve eventful years through which Mrs. Taylor was spared to those that loved her and to China.

Hers had been a life connection with missionary work in that great empire; for her father, the loved and devoted Samuel Dyer, was amongst the very earliest representatives of the London Mission in the East. He reached Malay Land as early as 1827, and for sixteen years laboured assiduously amongst the Chinese in Penang and Singapore, completing at the same time a valuable font of Chinese metallic type, the first of the kind that had then been attempted. Dying in 1843, it was never Mr. Dyer's privilege to realise his hopes of

ultimately being able to settle on Chinese soil; but his children lived to see the country opened to the Gospel, and to take their share in the great work that had been so dear to his heart. At the time of her marriage, Mrs. Taylor had been already living for several years in Ningpo with her friend and guardian, Miss Aldersey, in whose varied missionary operations she was well qualified to render valuable assistance.

Amongst the remarkable answers to prayer recorded by Mr. Hudson Taylor at this time was one that, early in the year 1859, filled his heart with special thankfulness and praise. Serious illness had entered the little household at Lake Head Street, and she who was the light of his home had been laid low. At last all hope of recovery seemed gone. Every remedy tried had proved unavailing; and Dr. Parker, who was in attendance, had nothing more to suggest. Life was ebbing fast away. The only ground of hope was that God might see fit to raise her up, in answer to believing but submissive prayer.

“The afternoon for the usual prayer meeting among the missionaries had arrived, and I sent in a request for prayer, which was most warmly responded to. Just at this time a remedy

that had not yet been tried was suggested to my mind, and I felt that I must hasten to consult Dr. Parker as to the propriety of using it. It was a moment of anguish. The hollow temples, sunken eyes, and pinched features denoted the near approach of death; and it seemed more than questionable as to whether life would hold out until my return. It was nearly two miles to Dr. Parker's house, and every moment appeared long. On my way thither, while wrestling mightily with God in prayer, the precious words were brought with power to my soul, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me.' I was at once enabled to plead them in faith, and the result was deep, deep joy and unspeakable peace. All consciousness of distance was gone. Dr. Parker cordially approved of the use of the means suggested, but upon arriving at home I saw at a glance that the desired change had taken place in the absence of this or any other remedy. The pinched aspect of the countenance had given place to the calmness of tranquil slumber, and not one unfavourable symptom remained to retard recovery to health and strength."

In 1860, in the midst of abundant labors

and encouraging results Mr. Taylor's health completely gave way, and much to his sorrow, he was compelled to seek relief in the more bracing climate of his native land. On reach-



WONG LAE-DJUN.

ing England he was told by the physician that he must abandon all hope of returning to China, for the present at least.

During this enforced stay in the home-land, which proved to be a period of nearly five years, his time was occupied in seeking in every way possible to advance the interest of the cause which lay nearest his heart. He presented the great need to the people, prepared and sent out five missionaries for which he had been definitely led to ask the Lord before leaving China, and revisid and edited a translation of the New Testament in the dialect of the converts he had left at Ningpo.

But of greater importance than all this is the fact that his stay in England was the first necessary step in a chain of providences which led to the founding of the Inland China Mission. When he was in the actual work in China, he had received a vision of the great need of the inland provinces.

In England he found societies ready to undertake the evangelisation of the inland provinces. But they argued that under the circumstances it was not the proper time. To Mr. Taylor, with the work of the whole Chinese Empire before him, the crying need of these millions of souls without one ray of hope was burned in upon his heart in such a way that he

could only find relief in earnest importunate prayer. He wrote at this time a burning appeal to the church, in a series of papers entitled "China's Spiritual Need and Claims."

It became evident, however, that but little hope could be entertained of inducing any of the existing missionary agencies to undertake the evangelisation of the eleven unoccupied provinces; and the vividly realised need of the enormous population of those vast regions, combined with the conviction that there were promises sufficient in the Word of God to meet all the difficulties raised in the way of penetrating them with the Gospel, brought an unexpected climax to the whole matter in the startling reflection: "Well, if you see these things more clearly than others, why not go forward yourself, and trust God to accomplish His purposes through you? Go yourself to Inland China! If power in prayer be granted, what is to hinder your obtaining the men and the means? Five have already been given for the Ningpo work: why not a larger number to meet the greater need?"

It was an overwhelming suggestion, and at first was put away as one that could not be seriously considered; but the thought became

persistent, and would not be so easily dismissed. By degrees, face to face with God and the simple promises of the Word, Mr. Hudson Taylor was constrained to confess that there could be no doubt as to the *possibility* of the undertaking. He could not question the power and willingness of the Lord of the harvest to give the labourers, and sustain them, even through the weakest instrumentality; but certain though it was that by faith the men and the means could be obtained, he was conscious of the very strongest objection to the idea of personally obtaining them.

It was early spring-tide in the year 1865 when this controversy began in his soul; and all through the lovely months of April, May, and June the conflict became ever more intense.

"I saw," Mr. Taylor tell us, "that in answer to prayer the workers needed would certainly be given, and their support secured, because asked for in the precious name of JESUS, which is worthy; but there a trembling unbelief crept in.

" 'Suppose that workers are given,' I asked myself doubtfully, 'and that they succeed even in reaching Inland China: what then? Trials will surely come; such conflicts, perhaps, as

they have never dreamed of at home. Their faith may fail, and they may even be tempted to reproach one for having brought them into such a plight. Have I strength and ability to cope with such difficulties as these?

“And the answer, of course, was always ‘No!’

“It was just a bringing in of self through unbelief, the devil getting one to feel that while prayer and faith might lead one into the dilemma one would be left to get out of it as best one might. And I failed entirely to see that the Power that would give the labourers would be quite sufficient also to sustain them, under any circumstances, no matter how trying.

“Meanwhile, the awful realisation was burned into my very soul that a million a month in China, the heathen were dying without God.

“‘If you would pray for preachers,’ came the dread conviction. ‘they might have a chance of hearing the glorious Gospel; but still they pass away without it, simply because you have not faith to claim for them heralds of the Cross.’”

Week after week the conflict went on, until at last the pressure upon mind and soul became

so intense that sleep almost forsook him, and it seemed as if reason itself must fail. Rest was impossible by day or night. The thought of China's millions was continually before his mind, and of what the Gospel might bring to them of blessing if only they could come in contact with it. And yet he could not yield and accept the position and responsibility that would have ended all the strife.

"How inconsistent unbelief always is," Mr. Taylor continues. "I had no doubt that if I prayed for fellow-workers they would be given me. I had no doubt that in answer to prayer the means for our going forth would also be supplied and that doors would be opened before us in unreached parts of the Empire. But I had not then learned to trust God fully for *keeping* power and grace for myself, so it was not much to be wondered at that I found difficulty in trusting Him to keep any others who might be led to go out with me.

"Yet what was I to do? The feeling of blood-guiltiness became more and more intense. Simply because I refused to ask for them, the labourers did not come forward, did not go to China; and every day tens of thousands in that

vast land were living and dying with no knowledge of the way of salvation."

Summer succeeded spring, and by this time the burden upon his mind began seriously to affect Mr. Taylor's health. He felt unable to speak to others about the matter; and though Mrs. Taylor knew a good deal of the experiences through which he was passing, even to her he said but little, unwilling as yet that she should share a burden so crushing. Prayer was the only resource; and on June 1st, at a weekly gathering of the LORD'S people held in Mr. Berger's chapel at Saint Hill, we find Mr. Taylor proffering an earnest appeal for intercession on behalf of China, "that suitable men might be raised up and means provided for the evangelisation of the eleven provinces still without any missionary." But he did not even then go so far as to surrender himself to be one of them, and if necessary their leader.

A few days later Mr. George Pearse, seeing how worn and weary Mr. Taylor was looking, pressed him to come down to Brighton and take a rest by the sea. This kind invitation was gladly accepted, though it seemed more than doubtful whether the change of scene would bring any relief of heart.

Sunday morning came, June 25th, and to the music of the bells, borne far and wide upon the peaceful air, hundreds of happy church-goers thronged the quiet streets. But there was one burdened soul that could not join the multitudes on their way to the house of God. The all-absorbing realisation in Mr. Taylor's mind, that seemed to darken with its shadow every thought of brighter things, was still that of the need of the vast land to which his life was given.

"More than a thousand souls in China," he remembers, "will be swept into eternity while the people of God, in the gladness of their Christian privileges, are gathered here in their morning services to-day!"

The incubus of heathendom was upon him, and was almost more than his soul could bear. In distress of mind that seemed to have reached its climax, he left the quiet house and went down the hill to the forsaken beach. It was a lovely summer morning; the tide was out; and far away upon the silent sands he met the crisis of his life, alone with God.

At first there was no light, and the conflict was intense. The only ray of comfort he could obtain was from the strange reflection: "Well,

if GOD, in answer to prayer, does give a band of men for Inland China, and they go and reach those distant regions, and if the worst should come to the worst, and they all die of starvation even, they will all go straight to heaven; and if only one heathen soul is saved it would be well worth while!" But the thought was agony; for still he could not see that GOD, if He gave the labourers, would be sure to keep them, even in Inland China.

All at once, however, came the further thought: "Why burdened thus? If you are simply obeying GOD, all the responsibility must rest with *Him*, and not with you."

What an unspeakable relief!

"Very well," was the immediate, glad reply; "thou LORD, shalt be responsible for them, and for me too!" And the burden from that moment was all gone.

Then and there Mr. Hudson Taylor surrendered himself to GOD for this service, and lifted up his heart in prayer for *fellow-labourers*—two for each of the inland provinces, and two for Mongolia. His Bible was in his hand; and there upon the margin of the precious volume he at once recorded the momentous transaction that had taken place between his

soul and God. Few and simple are the words he uses; but oh, how full of meaning!

“Prayed for twenty-four willing, skilful labourers, at Brighton, June 25th, 1865.”

“How restfully I turned away from the shore,” he adds, “when this was done. The conflict was all ended. Peace and gladness filled my soul. I felt almost like flying up that steep hill by the station to Mr. Pearse’s house. And how I did sleep that night! My dear wife thought that Brighton had done wonders for me; and so it had.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW MISSION.

FROM that time the matter began to take form. The papers on China that were in course of preparation were soon completed, and it was decided to publish them under the title of "China's Spiritual Need and Claims." Prayer and sympathy were sought among the LORD'S people on behalf of the new Mission; and Mr. Taylor gave up his work in connection with the revision of the Ningpo Testament, in order to be more free to go from place to place for meetings, as the way might open.

But it was down in Sussex, in the quiet country home of Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Berger, at Saint Hill, that most of the actual work was done. Here the foundations of the future Mission were deeply laid in long and prayerful conference over important principles of the Divine Word; while the illumination of the HOLY SPIRIT was sought, in conscious dependence and need, from Him who alone is the Great Worker. Here plans were pondered in con-

nection with the many details of the responsible and difficult undertaking that was to be; and here faith was strengthened and power realised in pleading for the full and suitable supply of every need. Grace and guidance, men and means, faith and the fulness of the SPIRIT for this service, all were sought and found by this little company of men and women on their knees, who had been taught to trust in the simple promises of GOD; and trusting, to obey.

Those were hallowed seasons of sweet and precious fellowship; days long to be remembered by each one of that little group—the four who were never all to meet again until, their earthy service ended, they should enter into the rest that remains for the people of God.

But it was not all plain sailing, even after the call of GOD had been obeyed, and the responsibility of carrying the Gospel to Inland China definitely accepted. There were serious questions to be considered, prominent amongst which was the problem of how to attempt an auxiliary effort which should be helpful to all previously existing agencies and injurious to none. Twenty or more societies were already at work in the field; and although their efforts were almost entirely confined to the seaboard

provinces, they were rendering much-needed and very important service, upon which God had set the seal of His marked approval. Mr. Taylor and those associated with him were anxious from the very first that any effort they might be led to make might not for a moment appear to conflict with the work of these older organisations, and still more so that it should not actually divert help of any kind from already familiar channels. Such a result they felt would be no gain either to China or to the cause of God; and their earnest desire and prayer was that a method might be given them that should draw out fresh labourers, who probably might not otherwise have reached the mission field, and open up new channels of pecuniary aid. But this was a matter of no easy attainment. Already there were societies seeking in vain for labourers and agencies in need of increased funds. Where, then, were new missionaries and fresh sources of income to be found?

Again, another very serious difficulty was raised by the question as to whether, granted that men and means were forthcoming, the interior of China would prove to be open to our efforts. Nominally it had been so ever since

the treaty of Tien-tsin, concluded more than seven years before; but would it practically be possible to travel and reside in those distant regions? Would the missionaries have needful protection? And should they even succeed in penetrating the remote provinces of Central and Western China, how could letters and money be transmitted to them, in their lonely outposts, far in the heart of heathendom?

Such were some of the problems requiring solution; and many an hour of prolonged waiting upon GOD was needed, combined with no little earnest and prayerful conference with experienced workers both in the home and foreign fields, ere light began to penetrate these matters of difficulty. But the light, when it did dawn, was from His presence, with whom is no darkness, perplexity, or doubt; and it shone clear and bright upon the pathway He had marked out for His servants' feet.

"All these questions so puzzling to us," writes Mr. Taylor, "we simply met by asking one another: 'When the Lord Jesus gives a definite command, is it for us to reason whether it be possible to obey?' The terms of His great Commission are explicit: He would have the Gospel preached in *all* the world, to *every*

creature; and He answers all objections, and meets every possible difficulty from the very outset, by once and for ever assuring us that fulness of power is His, both in heaven and on earth, and that He who is true, and can neither fail nor forget, is with us always, even to the end of the world. The dangers and difficulties in our way we knew to be neither few nor small; but with Jesus as our Leader we could not fear to follow on. We expected that all the trials we must meet, while leading to a deeper realisation of our own weakness, poverty, and need, would also constrain us to lean more constantly, to draw more deeply, and to rest more implicitly on the strength, riches, and fulness of Christ. We knew that our experience would be, in the world, tribulation; but in Him, peace—perfect peace. And we were assured that if times of trial and danger were to be most conducive to the glory of God, the good of those engaged in the work, and the truest interests of His cause, that at such times either His delivering power would be most conspicuously displayed, or His sustaining grace would prove sufficient for the weakest of His servants in the fight.”

And so in prayerful dependence upon God all

these difficulties were patiently met and pondered, until by degrees a simple, definite plan began to unfold itself, based upon a few broad principles—principles so far differing from those adopted by other missionary agencies as to be in themselves a sufficiently clear line of demarcation between the sphere already occupied both at home and in China by older workers and that now proposed for the new Mission.

It was decided in the first place to form the new association upon a broadly catholic basis, inviting the sympathy and co-operation of all the Lord's people, irrespective of denominational differences. By this means it was hoped to avoid the danger of drawing upon the resources of any one special body of Christians either for men or means and to raise a testimony also to the essential unity of the Church of Christ, in which there are "diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all."

And then, as regards the fellow-labourers to be sought and accepted in connection with the work, the supreme importance of *spiritual* qualifications, rather than intellectual, social, or any other, was from the first distinctly recognised. From the careful study of the Word

and the experience of his own missionary life in China, Mr. Hudson Taylor was fully convinced of the power of the Spirit of God to work through a great variety of agencies, and of the need that exists for widely differing qualifications in the various classes of workers.

"The man who would attempt," he writes, "to build a house without an architect would not be a very wise person; but it would be quite as great a mistake to say, 'Because architects are needed we will have none but architects.' And so in missionary effort. Men who have had a valuable curriculum of study are comparatively few, and the number able and willing to devote themselves to missionary work is altogether insufficient. But, more than this, there is much to be done in the service of missions that others are better fitted to undertake. God has adapted each one to his own special calling. A bricklayer will build better than an architect; but the architect will superintend and make plans better than the bricklayer. It is only in the combination of willing, skilful workers, suited to every department of service, that the cause of God can advance as it might and should."

Far from undervaluing educational advan-

tages and intellectual attainments, Mr. Hudson Taylor and those associated with him esteemed them highly, at their true worth; but they felt also, and felt deeply, that a large class of much-needed workers was being kept back from entering the mission field, simply because the value of their different qualifications was not sufficiently recognised.

“God has His own universities,” continues Mr. Taylor, “and His ways of training men for service. . . . I hold it sheer infidelity to doubt that God gives to every one of His children, without exception, those circumstances which are, to him, the highest educational advantages he can improve, and which will best fit him for his own work. Let us see to it that we do not reject God-given men simply because they may have been brought up in widely differing social circles.”

Spiritual qualifications, therefore, were sought in the candidates as more important than any other; and it was hoped that a class of workers might thus be drawn into the field for whom up to that time there had been but few openings and little welcome.

And in the third place, the difficulty as to a possible deflection of *funds* from old-estab-

lished channels was met by a very simple but radical change in the ordinary method of obtaining an income for the support of missionary work.

To begin with, it was decided once and for all never to go into debt. The funds received would be used as they were needed; but beyond this not one penny more. And as a natural outcome of such an understanding, no regular salaries could be promised to the workers. Whatever sums of money the Lord might be pleased to send would be prayerfully appropriated to the various objects of the work, the personal needs of the members of the Mission being proportionally met. If none came in at home, none could be forwarded to China; but if, on the other hand, more was received than usual, more would be sent on.

In speaking of the proposed operations of the new Mission this fundamental principle was especially emphasised, and only those men and women encouraged to volunteer who were fully prepared to prove their faith in the God they desired to preach among the heathen by willingly going forward to Inland China "with no other guarantee for their support than the promises they carried within the covers of their

pocket Bibles."

Upon this important subject Mr. Taylor says:—

"We might, indeed, have had a guarantee fund if we had wished it; but we felt it to be unnecessary, and likely to do harm. Not only is money given from mixed motives to be dreaded; money wrongly placed may also prove a serious hindrance to spiritual work, especially should it lead the confidence of any to rest in the material rather than the spiritual, the finite instead of the infinite supply. We can afford to have as little as the Lord may see fit to give, but we cannot afford to have unconsecrated money or money in wrong positions. Far better to have no means at all, even to purchase food with; for there are plenty of ravens in China, and the Lord could commission them again to feed His servants day by day.

"The Lord is always faithful, although at times He may see fit to try the faith of His people, or their faithlessness rather. We sometimes cry, 'Lord, increase our faith!' Did not the Master, in substance, reply, 'It is not greater faith that you need, but faith in A Great God. If your faith was small even as a grain of mustard seed, it would suffice to remove

mountains?' We need a faith that rests continually upon A Great God, expecting Him always to keep His own word and to do exactly as He has promised.

"As regards trusting the Lord for the daily supply of our needs in connection with this Mission, had He not said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom, . . . and all these things shall be added unto you'? If any brother did not believe that God spoke the truth, it would be far better for him not to go to China to propagate the faith; and if he did believe it, surely the promise sufficed. Again, we had the assurance that 'no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.' If any did not mean to walk uprightly, it would be better for them to stay at home; but if they did purpose so to walk, they had in that one word all that could be necessary in the shape of a guarantee fund. God owns all the gold and silver in the world, and the cattle upon a thousand hills; His children need have no lack."

Men and women, therefore, were sought for Inland China who had been used of God in winning souls at home, who were possessed of the spiritual grace that is the best and highest qualification for missionary service, and who

were willing to prove their call of God to the work and their faith in the truths they preached by relying on Him alone who had sent them to supply their every need.

It was deeply felt from the first that not many men and not large means were the supreme necessity; but just "*to get God's man, in God's place, doing God's work, in God's way, and for God's glory.*" For if in all its details the work was according to His mind and will, the needed supplies would be sure.

"Our Father is a very experienced one," continues Mr. Taylor. "He knows very well that His children wake up with a good appetite every morning, and He always provides breakfast for them, and sees to it also that they do not go to bed supperless at night. 'Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure.' He had no difficulty in sustaining two or more millions of Israelites in the wilderness for forty years. We scarcely expect that He will send two million missionaries to China; but if He should do so, He would have abundant means to sustain them all. Let us see to it that we keep God before our eyes, that we walk in His ways, and seek to please and glorify Him in all things great and small. Depend upon it, God's

work, done in God's way, will never lack God's supplies.

"When the supplies do not come in, it is time to inquire what is wrong. Surely something is amiss somewhere. It may be only a temporary trial of faith; but if there be faith, it will bear trying; and if there is none, it is well that we should not be deceived. How easy it is with money in the pocket and food in the cupboard to think that one has faith in God! But oh! when our faith fails, His faithfulness stands sure. . . . He does not break His word nor cast off His children in their hours of trial and weakness. No! He is always gracious, always tender. 'If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself.'"

Trusting thus in God alone, it was felt to be unnecessary to make direct appeals to any but Himself for needed aid. Thus it was recognised as a general principle of the Mission that all its needs were to be brought before the Lord in faith and prayer; and that though, when it seemed desirable, they might also be more publicly mentioned, anything of the nature of solicitation for money was to be carefully avoided. Further, it was also decided to adopt the plan of making no collection at meet-

ings held in connection with the Mission—partly with a desire to avoid the danger of drawing away contributions from other channels, and partly in order to leave upon the minds of the hearers as deep an impression as possible of individual responsibility with regard to the claims of heathendom.

It was felt that very frequently the value of the impression made at missionary meetings was largely lost in consequence of the collection contributed to at the close. Those whose hearts had been burdened with a sense of their own personal responsibility in connection with the needs of which they had heard were too apt to purchase relief by giving, on the spot, more or less liberally to the collection; after which, feeling that they had done their part, it was easy to go away and forget the matter amid the pressure of other claims. If money was the great necessity, such a result might be considered satisfactory; but where the object desired is nothing less than to bring hearts into truer sympathy with God, and so to deepen the work of grace in the lives of His own people as naturally to produce the missionary spirit, anything short of full personal consecration, leading to sacrifice and definite service, could

hardly be considered an adequate outcome of the meetings.

“We do not appeal for men or money. The thing we do appeal for is love to God and a walk that pleases Him. Nothing is of any value that is not the outcome of hearts brought near to God. Let men see God working; let God be glorified; let souls be made holier, happier, nearer to Him, and they won't want to be asked to help. A consecrated shilling, given from love to God, is worth far more to us than an unconsecrated sovereign.”

So it was decided to have no collection at the meetings, and to issue no appeals for support, but just to wait upon the Lord for the supply of every need, and to trust Him to incline the hearts of His own people to send in, unasked, just as much or as little as He would have them send.

From all this it will be seen that the broad underlying principle upon which the whole superstructure of the new Mission was based may be expressed in one word—the simple, sublime, all-enabling word, Faith;—faith that links our nothingness with almighty power, that inspires prayer, and is ready to meet every difficulty with the assured conviction that

"God, alone, is sufficient for God's own work."

But besides possessing a ground-work of very definite though simple *principles*, the new Mission was started upon a well-defined, straightforward *plan*. There was no haziness as to its object, or the way in which that object was to be obtained; and the plan was as simple as were the principles of which it was the result. Eleven provinces of Inland China, with a population of more than one hundred million precious souls, were entirely without the saving Light of Life. The Master's command was plain: "Preach the Gospel to every creature." The aim of the Mission, therefore, was to carry the glad tidings of salvation in His name to all these distant regions, and to plant in every one of the then unevangelised provinces at least two heralds of the Cross. A basis of operations being needed near the coast, it was decided to commence work in the province of Cheh-Kiang, hoping from the already existing nucleus of the Ningpo Mission to extend first to the unreached districts close at hand, and thence farther afield.

It was also thought well for the new workers to adopt the native dress, and to seek, in bringing the Gospel to the Chinese, to do so as near-

ly as possible in the way in which they might carry it one to another. Any advantage or influence that could have been gained among them from wearing our own national costume was neither valued nor desired, it being clearly recognised that spiritual blessing is obtainable only by spiritual power.

CHAPTER X.

LAUNCHING FORTH.

THUS Christmas again drew near, bringing the close of 1865. Six months had now elapsed since that summer Sunday on the sands at Brighton, when, alone with God, Mr. Taylor had definitely consecrated his all to the evangelisation of Inland China, and had prayed for fellow-labourers for each of the unoccupied provinces. Much progress had been made since then; and now, at the close of the year, he found himself in the position of having many of the workers needed, men and women ready to go forth trusting in God alone, and looking to Him for grace and strength to meet all difficulties that might arise; but the necessary means to provide for their passage and outfit expenses had not yet been supplied.

The new Mission was fairly launched, and was already becoming known throughout a wide circle of Christian friends, before whom its faith principles had made it from the first

a marked movement. Many courageous boasts had been made of its confidence in God alone, that Heavenly Father in whose great faithfulness and love His children so delighted to put their trust; and yet as the time drew near for the actual departure of the first band, for that final going forth, not knowing whither they went, a strange sense of utter helplessness and need became deeply felt by those upon whom God had placed the responsibility of the work.

“One experienced,” says Mr. Hudson Taylor, “a very real sympathy with Moses, the man of God, in that hour of peril and perplexity when the Lord, seeing through all outward appearances of courage and quiet faith, said to His tried servant, ‘Wherefore criest thou unto Me?’ But had he cried? The people had not heard him. He alone who reads the heart had measured the deep sense of need that lay behind those strong assurances of faith with which he had rallied the faltering courage of Israel’s host. ‘Wherefore criest thou unto me?’ *Moses* knew that he had cried. And we knew, as the year drew to a close, how often our hearts similarly had gone up to God in the presence of a strongly felt need. We seemed at this point to have come to such

an utter plunge into the dark, counting solely upon His faithfulness and power ; and we deeply realised the importance of waiting much upon the Lord.

“The last day of the year, therefore, was set apart as a special season of fasting and prayer, in which a few friends joined. The numbers gathered were not large, but an intense sense of reality that can never be forgotten characterised those earnest dealings with God. All felt it, and realised the supreme need to be that each member of that little group should be fully kept in touch with the Lord, that He might work unhindered to His own glory. So marked was the blessing given that from that day to this, December 31st has continued to be observed in the same way throughout the Mission, both in China and at home.”

Just at this juncture it was thought desirable to publish a little pamphlet, to be introductory to a series of “Occasional Papers,” which should record the future progress of the work. A first issue was prepared early in the New Year, in which, after a brief account of the help and guidance so far given, the writer concluded:—

“It now remains to speak of the prospect

immediately before us. The Lord having graciously removed obstacles that had so far hindered the return to China of Mrs. Taylor and myself with our dear children, we are now preparing to leave England by May 15th, or as soon after as a suitable ship can be found. A party of ten brethren and sisters will accompany us, if the Lord provide the means, as they fully believe themselves called to the work, and we have every reason to hope that they will labour happily and usefully in China. To meet the expenses of the outfit and passage of so large a party funds to the amount of fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds, according to the number going, will be required."

This little paper was put into the printer's hands early in February; but owing to delays in engraving the design for the cover, more than a month elapsed before it was ready for circulation; and in the meanwhile the Lord Himself interposed, and by a very remarkable providence met the whole need.

On February 6th, when the first "Occasional Paper" was sent to press, special prayer was made at noon that the Lord would graciously incline the hearts of His people to send in fifteen hundred or two thousands, to meet the

expenses of those whom He wished to have included in the outgoing party. Up to that time the donations for the year had amounted to a little over one hundred and seventy pounds—not a small sum to receive in only one month and six days, entirely unsolicited, save of God. But thankful though they were for this aid, the outgoing missionaries could not but feel that they must wait upon the Lord to do still greater things, or it would be impossible for a company of ten or sixteen to leave in the month of May. They agreed therefore that daily united prayer should continue to be made at noon, to keep this matter before the Lord in simple faith. One month and six days later, on March 12th, the completed issue of the little pamphlet for which they had been waiting was delivered from the printer's; and before it was put into circulation, at the prayer meeting of that day, Mr. Hudson Taylor brought in the Mission cash-book, and cast up the receipts that had been entered during the interval, to see how matters stood. It was found that in this period, throughout the whole of which special daily prayer had been ascending, considerably over *nineteen hundred and seventy pounds* had been received, unasked of any, save God

alone. Thus the need was met almost before they were aware, and that without even the circulation of the little paper that was to have made it known.

This gracious answer to prayer made it impossible to publish the pamphlet just as it stood, for the wants it mentioned had already been supplied. A coloured slip was therefore inserted in each copy, stating that funds for the passage and outfit of the whole party were already in hand, the response of a faithful God to the believing petitions of His people.

“We were reminded of the difficulty of Moses, not a very common one in the present day, and of the proclamation he had to send throughout the camp, that the people should prepare no more for the building of the tabernacle. May it not be that, if there were less solicitation for money, and more dependence upon the power of the Holy Ghost, and upon the deepening of the spiritual life of the Church, the experience of Moses would be a more frequent one in every branch of Christian service?”

After the publication of the first “Occasional Paper,” containing the above-mentioned notice, the donations steadily decreased, so that within

the next similar period of one month and six days only five hundred and twenty-nine pounds came in, "showing that when God had met the special need the special supply ceased also. Truly there is a living God, and He is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer." An exact comparison of the facts will further emphasise this remarkable interposition of Divine providence, and show with added clearness how definitely prayer "moved the arm that moves the world," and obtained God's own direct and unmistakable response.

From January 1st to February 6th, a period of one month and six days, the donations received amounted to £170 8s. 3d.

From February 6th to March 12th, also a period of one month and six days, donations were sent in to the amount of £1974 5s. 11d.

From March 12th to April 18th, a third period of the same length, the receipts fell again to £529.

And the only difference that distinguished the second period from the first and third was that during all that month daily united prayer was being made to God that He would be pleased to send in the fifteen hundred or two thousand pounds needed.

No obstacles now remained to hinder the departure for China of the band that had been provisionally accepted to sail in May, and final preparations were at once proceeded with. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Nicol, five brethren, and six sisters, besides Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor's own family, including Mary Bell, who went out as mother's-help, and the gifted and devoted Emily Blatchley, who had for many months rendered very valuable assistance in the correspondence, outfitting, and general work of the Mission. Miss Bausum also, who was going to assist her mother, Mrs. Lord, of Ningpo, became their companion for the voyage. Thus the whole party, including children, numbered two-and-twenty; and in those days it was no easy matter to find a vessel bound for China that had accommodation to spare for so many. However, in this matter also the Lord undertook for His people, and provided not the ship only, but one of His own "exceeding abundant" blessings with which He loves to encourage the hearts of those who put their trust in Him. The incident is given as Mr. Hudson Taylor has recorded it:—

"In the month of April I was asked to give a lecture on China at Totteridge, a village no

great distance from London, and willingly consented to do so, on condition that there should be no collection, and that this should be announced on the bills. Mr. Puget, who invited me and who kindly presided as Chairman, said that he had never before heard such a stipulation. He accepted it, however, and the bills were issued for May 2nd.

“With the aid of a large map, something of the extent, population, and deep spiritual need of China was presented to the people, many of whom were evidently much impressed. At the close of the meeting the Chairman said that at my request it had been intimated on the bills that there would be no collection, but he felt that there were many present who would be distressed and burdened if they had not the opportunity of contributing something to the good work proposed. He trusted that, as the suggestion that such gifts should still be received emanated entirely from himself and expressed the feelings of many in the audience, I should not object to it. I begged, however, that the condition already agreed upon might not be altered, pointing out that the very reason adduced by our kind Chairman was to my mind one of the strongest for *not* making

any collection. My desire was not that those present might be relieved by giving then and there such contributions as might be convenient under the influence of present emotion, but that each one should go home really burdened with a sense of China's deep need, and go to ask of God what He would have them do. If, after thought and prayer, they were satisfied that a pecuniary contribution was all He wanted of them, this could be given to any society having missionaries at work in China, or might be posted to our London address. But perhaps, in many cases, what God was asking was not a money contribution, but personal consecration to His service abroad, or the gift of a dear son or daughter, more precious far than gold.

"I added that I thought the tendency of a collection was to leave upon the mind the impression that the all-important thing was money, whereas no amount of money could convert a single soul. The supreme need was that men and women filled with the Holy Spirit should give *themselves* to the work, and for the support of such there would never be a lack of funds.

"As my wish was evidently strong, the Chairman kindly yielded and closed the meet-

ing. He told me, however, at the supper-table that he thought I was sadly mistaken, and that notwithstanding all I had said some little contributions had been put into his hand for the Mission.

“Next morning at breakfast my kind host came in a little late, and said he had passed a restless night. After the meal was over he asked me into his study, and handing me the contributions given him the previous evening, remarked: ‘I thought yesterday, Mr. Taylor, that you were in the wrong about the collection; but now I am convinced you are right. As I considered in the night that stream of souls in China, ever passing onward to the dark, I could only cry, as you suggested, “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?” I believe I have obtained the guidance I sought; and here it is.’ He handed me, as he spoke, a cheque for *five hundred pounds*, adding that if there had been a collection he would have given a few guineas towards it, but that this cheque was the result of having spent no small part of the night in prayer.

“I need scarcely say how surprised and thankful I was for the gift. A letter had reached me at the breakfast-table that very

morning from the shipping agents, in which they stated that they could offer us the whole passenger accommodation of the *Lammermuir*. I went on my way home to see the ship, found it in every way suitable, and paid the cheque on account. Thus did the Lord encourage our hearts in Himself."

And now the time drew near when the long anticipated departure for China was to become an actual fact. Much had happened during the five and a half years that had been spent in England; and it was with feelings of wonder and gratitude that the returning missionaries paused to remember, and exclaim, "What hath God wrought?" Before them lay an unknown future; but the same guiding hand and ever-watchful love would lead them there; only "goodness and mercy" should follow them through all the days that were to come.

And now it only remains to mention the last steps in the full inauguration of the Mission, and the sailing of the good ship *Lammermuir* with the first company of those who went out at this time. And this takes us back once again to the quiet home at Saint Hill, where so much of the initial work was done, and where, in Mr. Berger's drawing-room, the

new organisation received its name.

One of the most serious considerations, of course, in connection with the formation of the work upon its free and undenominational basis, without any committee or even council to begin with at home, might have been the question of representation in England, when Mr. Hudson Taylor and his companions should have sailed for China. Who would correspond with candidates, receive supplies, forward reinforcements, and attend to all the hundred and one other necessary duties connected with the home department of the work? But the Lord had not forgotten this special need, nor had He failed most graciously to supply it. He had His willing, skilful helpers ready; and when the time came Mr. Berger took over the home affairs of the Mission.

"The thing grew up gradually," Mr. Taylor tells us. "When I decided to go forward, Mr. Berger kindly agreed to carry on the home department of the work after our leaving England. We were much drawn together, and were thoroughly of one mind in it all. It was naturally understood that I was to be responsible, as Director, for all our operations in China; and he, as naturally, assumed the position of

Director at home. Neither of us asked or appointed the other; it just came to be so in the providence of God. And as to our principles of association amongst the missionaries themselves, they were equally simple. We had no written agreement at first, but merely a verbal understanding that each would act under my direction. We felt we had to learn, in working, how to work. We simply came out as God's children, at God's command, to do God's work, depending on Him alone for supplies; and our purpose was to wear the native dress and go to the interior. We realised that we were called of God to commence a great work, nothing less than evangelisation in all the eleven unoccupied provinces of Inland China. The already existing Mission in Ningpo and its vicinity we proposed to utilise as a basis of operations, to be extended by the blessing of God into each of these neglected regions; and the whole work, having evangelism in the interior as its special object, was designated the China Inland Mission."

Thus, then, we come, in the closing days of May, to the final preparations, the farewell meetings, and the last long parting from home and loved ones, that made those bright spring

days so memorable to each one of the outgoing missionary band. Seven men, ten women, and four little children; picture them in all their weakness, their poverty, inexperience, and *faith*, going forth to such a mighty task, to carry the Gospel of God's love to the unreached millions of the vast and populous provinces of Inland China, with no wisdom and no resources, no protection, no provision or reward, except in God—except in God. Truly "they went forth not knowing whither they went," with no certain prospect upon arrival in China, not knowing who would receive them—knowing and trusting God alone, believing that He who had unmistakably led and guided them thus far would certainly continue to provide.

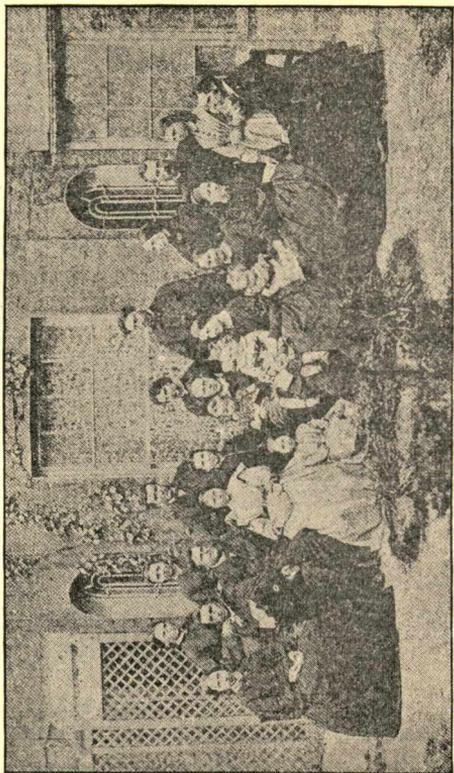
"Who is sufficient for these things? Utter weakness in ourselves, we should be simply overwhelmed with the immensity of the work before us, and the weight of the responsibilities involved, were it not that our very weakness and insufficiency give us a special claim to the fulfilment of His promise who has said, 'My grace is enough for thee; My strength is made perfect in weakness.' Very earnestly would we entreat those of the Lord's dear people who are precluded from going themselves to the high

places of the field to fulfil the service to Moses of Aaron, and Hur, and by prayer and supplication in the spirit, with all perseverance, to draw down upon, from our Great Captain, that blessing we so ardently desire.

“BRETHERN, PRAY FOR US.”

Saturday morning, May 26th, dawned bright and clear at last, and the good ship *Lammermuir* lay in the London Docks all ready to start on her long journey eastward. A voyage to China in those days was by no mans so simple a matter as it is now, and the little company of travellers had to look forward to at any rate four months of ship-board life ere they could reach the land of their longings. Many were the prayers that went up from full hearts in the stern cabin of that outward-bound vessel as the last good-byes were said and the pioneer band commended to GOD for their distant and difficult sphere of labour.

The parting was a solemn and touching occasion. “Our hearts,” wrote Mr. Berger, “were too full to allow of many words. It was a trying time, but all were sustained. We parted, to meet again in the presence of Jesus,



THE LAMMERMUIR PARTY.

if not in this poor world. And now may daily prayer be made to our Heavenly Father for the preservation, spiritual prosperity, and harmony of this company of His dear children, who have gone forth in His name to declare the unsearchable riches of His Son to the perishing millions in China."

Of the following day Mrs. Taylor wrote:—

"We were anchored most of Sunday, on account of contrary winds. We had a little service in our stern cabin, and Captain Bell has given Mr. Taylor permission to have public service every Sunday morning at a quarter to ten. He wishes it to be in the saloon, as the sailors will be more likely to attend than if we were on deck. I should like you to be able to take just a peep at us, to see how happy we all are. The Lord graciously keep us so! The captain and crew number thirty-four, which, with our party, makes fifty-six on board."

The Start Point light was the last glimpse of the shores of England; and on the second Sunday, when Cape Finisterre faded from view, Europe also was fairly left behind. Madeira was sighted in the dim distance; and getting into favourable trade winds, good progress was made towards the Cape. At the end of

August, more than three months from the time they first set sail, the *Lammermuir* entered the Sunday Straits, and the lovely tropical forests of Anjer came in sight. Here for the first time the travellers were able to leave the ship, and a delightful day was spent on shore in the pretty native town and Dutch settlement.

“We landed under a beautiful banyan tree, and set out for the post-office. The ground we trod was strewn with coral, and we passed plenty of palms, orange trees, and bananas. Most of us got letters. . . . We sat down in the post-office—a large cool room—and read our treasures.”

The rest of the day was spent in enjoying the shady woods and pleasant beach of the settlement, and making acquaintance with its interesting population of Malays and Chinese. In the evening “we had tea at the hotel, being waited on by Chinese servants; and then, after resting in the garden and singing some hymns, we went back to the boat, tired out with our long, happy day.”

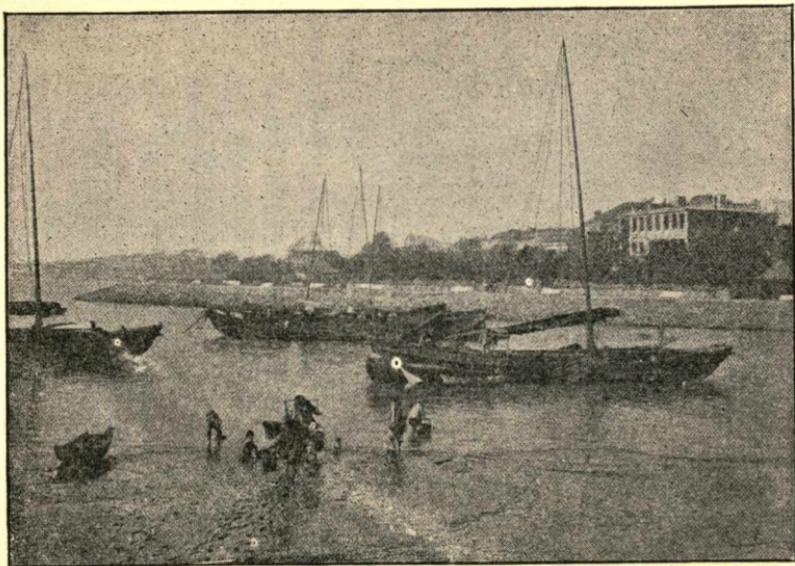
Letters were posted at Anjer, telling of mercies received during the first part of the voyage; amongst them a communication from Mr.

Taylor to the friends at Saint Hill, giving the following interesting account:—

“It would be difficult for me to convey to you in writing any adequate idea of the goodness of God to us all. This has been a voyage full of evidences of His loving care. We have met with nothing but kindness from Captain Bell and his officers, and have had every facility for carrying on our Chinese studies, and for seeking in proper times and ways the spiritual good of the crew. The weather has been wonderfully fine; we have had very few storms, and no intense cold or heat. . . .

“But our great joy is in the spirit of harmony and love which now prevails and daily increases, not only in our own party, but amongst the crew, of whom twenty have already professed to put on the Lord Jesus Christ since we left our native land. Three others confessed to have been believers before sailing, leaving eleven for whose conversion we still pray and labour. I can give you but little idea of the precious answers to prayer we have received, and of the change wrought in some of these men. Four of them were Romanists; now they are resting in the finished work of the Lord Jesus and prizing His precious words.

Both the mates and all four of the midshipmen are included in the number converted. We hope to see the others brought in ere long; for did we not ask God to gather together a crew to whom He would bless His own Word before the men were engaged? and will He not continue to answer prayer as He has already done? I wish you could have been with us sometimes when we have received special answers to prayer. Our joy has literally overflowed, and we have longed that our friends at home could know one-half of the blessing God has poured out upon us. As is often the case, some who have been brought in seemed amongst the most unlikely—men who, at the first, manifested the strongest opposition to the Gospel. And these, who were a terror to the rest of the crew, are now seated at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in their right minds. Others, again, being foreigners and knowing very little English, seemed discouraging cases; but the Lord has opened their hearts."



NATIVE BOATS IN THE SU-CHAN CREEK, SHANHAI.

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTMAS IN CHINA.

STRANGERS in a strange land, most of the *Lammermuir* party now found themselves face to face for the first time with the practical problems of a missionary's life, and earliest among the difficulties that arose was the pressing question as to where so large a party, including ladies and children, could be received and sheltered, while preparations were being made for the journey inland. But the Lord did not allow the hearts of His servants to be troubled even for an hour, and before nightfall, on the very day of their arrival, the whole matter was arranged for them, and they had found a welcome and a home. Writing about this gracious answer to many prayers, Mr. Taylor says:—

“After experiencng much danger and signal blessings on the voyage, we cast anchor off Shanghai on September 30th, 1866. The kindness of the captain and the officers of the

Lammermuir during the whole journey we never can forget. We had brought with us a large amount of material,—stores, which former experience in China had taught us would be useful; printing and lithographic presses, with type and other accessories; a large supply of medicines, and the requisite apparatus for commencing a hospital and dispensary; and the private effects of twenty-two individuals, old and young. Now that our voyage was terminated, all this had, of course, to be removed from the ship; but where accommodation could be found for its storage, even temporarily, we knew not.

“With regard to our own course, also, we were equally in the dark. But of one thing we were well assured—that He who had so remarkably answered prayer in raising up our band of helpers, in providing the means for their outfit and passage, in delivering us from the stormy tempest and furious typhoon, He was still with us, to guide and direct, and would surely provide for all our wants. And we were not disappointed. When were those who trusted in the Lord ever put to shame? On the very evening of our arrival we received an invitation from our warm-hearted friend,

W. Gamble, Esq., who kindly stored our luggage and entertained the whole party during our stay in Shanghai."

Upon the arrival of the *Lammermuir*, the Mission was already represented by seven brethren and sisters in the field, working in four settled stations. It was with no small measure of thankfulness that this little band heard of fresh reinforcements, and joined the native Church in welcoming Mr. Taylor again to Ningpo, after his long, eventful absence. From amongst the native Christians two or three men were found as helpers for the recently arrived party, who hoped to make their way inland at once, in the direction of Hang-chau.

Distant about one hundred and eighty miles from Shanghai, in a south-westerly direction, across the low-lying populous plain, stands the important city of Hang-chau, provincial capital of Cheh-Kiang, *en route* for which the travellers now found themselves. This great city, with a population of little less than half a million people, was at that time only beginning to recover from the terrible devastations of the T'ai-p'ing rebellion. Much of the ground within its far-reaching walls was still waste and desolate, and but little trace remained of the

beauty and magnificence which in the famous days of Marco Polo's visit* had drawn merchants from Persia and Arabia to its marts, and had so stirred the admiration of even European travellers.

Missionary operations, which had been entirely suspended during the years of rebellion and trouble, had been recommenced in 1864 by the Rev. G. E. Moule, now Bishop of Mid-China, who first visited Hang-chau in November of that year, and in the following autumn brought his family to reside in the city. Subsequently Mr. Green, of the American Presbyterian Board, had also taken up work in that needy centre; and in the autumn of 1866, very shortly before the arrival of the *Lammermuir*, Mr. Kreyer, of the American Baptist Missionary Union, had obtained premises on the Ta-tsin Hiang, a busy and important thoroughfare at the foot of the famous City Hill. These three pioneer missionary families composed the entire foreign community resident in Hang-chau at the time that Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor and their large party left Shanghai—in the end of October, 1866.

The future all looked very uncertain before

*At the close of the thirteenth century.

the travellers, as they slowly made their way amongst the many winding streams and busy populous cities that mark the plain between the port they had just left and the capital of Cheh-Kiang. The object before them was, of course, to get into regular settled work as soon as possible, and to establish, by God's blessing, at least one strong central station, as a basis of operations for more extended efforts in the future. At several places on the way Mr. Taylor endeavoured to obtain a settlement, hoping to divide the large party, and leave some of the young men at any rate, with the native evangelist, to commence work in one or more of the cities between Shanghai and Hang-chau, *all* of which were destitute of missionary labourers. These efforts, however, proved unsuccessful; residence was not to be effected in any of the places visited. And so the travellers had no alternative but to move slowly in the direction of Hang-chau, praying earnestly that the Lord would open their way to obtain a home somewhere before the winter weather fairly set in. More than a month, however, passed by, and boat-life began to be very wearisome and the weather very cold before the ancient turreted wall of the great city came in

sight. How much experience had been gained in that one short month, and how different missionary life appeared at its close to those who for the first time had proved something of what it meant to be homeless strangers in a heathen land!

At last, towards the end of November, circumstances began to straiten about the little band of travellers. The weather was now quite winterly, and life on board the native boats—draughty at all times—was scarcely safe any longer for so uninitiated a party, including little children. The servants began to speak of leaving, finding the cold trying; and the boatmen themselves wished to return home, and go to work on their farms for the winter. The difficulties in the way of renting accommodation for so large a party had already been proved, and it was with very earnest prayers to God for help and guidance that the travellers drew near Hang-chau.

“Of ourselves we were just *helpless*; but we knew that we were being led by the Hand that opens and *no* man shuts, that shuts and *no* man opens—the same Hand which had prepared for us at Shanghai a hospitable roof and stowage for all our goods; and so we prayed

and moved forward, nothing doubting."

It was on Thursday, November 27th, that the neighbourhood of the great city was reached, and the boats had to come to a standstill, being unable to proceed any farther. Many of the party were poorly, and Mr. Taylor left them in the boats, while he went on alone to the city to seek accommodation in some house or temple, as the Lord might open the way. Little thinking of the provision already made to meet their pressing need, Mr. Taylor went to call upon one of the missionaries then residing in Hang-chau, from whom he heard the unexpected tidings that Mr. Kreyer, who had left the city to return shortly with his bride, had given instructions to the effect that, should Mr. Taylor's large party arrive during his absence, his own house was to be placed at their disposal for the time being. This was indeed welcome news; for five days still remained before Mr. Kreyer's expected return, and during that time another place might be found for permanent occupation, the Lord willing.

Very much cheered by the kindness of this unknown friend, Mr. Taylor went back to bring all his large family up to the house so remarkably provided for them. The boats they

had come in so far had to be exchanged for others of a poorer description—flat-bottomed concerns, roofed over with straw matting—in which they could enter the city; and in these they passed under one of the water-gates, and found themselves within the walls, crossing some of the wide open spaces then under cultivation, which before the rebellion had been populous districts, but were left in ruins through the troubles of that stormy time. As the chill November afternoon darkened into twilight these less-frequented suburbs were left behind, and the closely covered boats passed in among the crowded streets and buildings of the busiest part of the city. It was quite dark when at last, all unobserved, they drew up in the neighbourhood of Mr. Kreyer's house, and the travellers made their way along one or two silent streets, where the business-places were already closed, the work of the day being done, and found themselves entering an ordinary-looking Chinese dwelling, hard by a busy tea-shop crowded with guests, beneath the shadow of the City Hill. Here, although so large a party, they found room to bestow the little luggage they had brought, and to unroll their native bedding and settle for the night, the

ladies and children in one part of the house, and the men in another, according to proper Chinese etiquette.

Next morning the great city awoke just as usual to its busy, eager life, all unconscious of the fact that no less than twenty additional foreigners had just found shelter within its walls; and the new arrivals were not anxious that the truth should be made known. It was Saturday morning, and Mr. Kreyer's return with his bride was expected on Wednesday of the following week, so there was no time to be lost in seeking other quarters. Continual prayer was being made about it, and Mr. Taylor went out early to look for suitable premises. The very first house he was led to seemed so well adapted to their requirements that he entered at once into negotiations with the portly landlord, through the indispensable middleman, hoping to secure it without delay. But the terms asked were exorbitantly high; and a weary day was spent in polite discussions, that ended as they had begun, without settling anything. The next day, Sunday, was set apart for waiting upon the Lord in prayer and fasting; and while His servants were on their knees, He was working on their behalf.

Monday was again spent in fruitless search; no other house could be found that seemed so suitable; and when evening came, matters began to look grave. By that time, however, the landlord of the first house could wait no longer. All Sunday he had been expecting the return of the foreigner; and when Monday followed and still he did not appear, the middle-men were sent round to re-open negotiations. Another day had to be spent in elaborate discussion of the matter; but by Tuesday evening the deposit-money was paid, and the strangers at last put in possession of premises in every way adapted to their needs. And it was none too soon, for Mr. Kreyer was to return the very next day; but also it was none too late, for "God's clocks keep perfect time."

In the early dawn of Wednesday morning, long before the sleeping city could have any consciousness of their movements, the whole party quickly and noiselessly transferred themselves and their few belongings to the new house on the Sin-k'ai Lung, crossing the silent streets in little groups of only a few together, and thankfully finding themselves established in their new quarters without disturbance or even observation.

“Here, then, for a time,” wrote Miss Blatchley, “Mr. Taylor intends us to remain (with God’s protecting permission) as quietly and as little seen as possible, the study of the language affording quite sufficient occupation. By the time that any of us are ready for direct missionary work, it will have become a well-known fact that our large party of foreigners is settled in the city; and no disturbance or mischief having resulted therefrom, we hope to get among the people with less difficulty, and excite less suspicion than might otherwise have been the case. We also trust to reap an advantage in coming thus direct to the capital of the province, because the mere fact of our having gained a footing here will help to pave the way in other places. The house that we have obtained is so exactly suited to our requirements that we feel specially grateful to God for enabling us to procure it. We have it cheaply, and it is very large, having evidently been before the time of the rebellion the mansion of some wealthy family of mandarins; but to our English notions, especially in its present dilapidated condition, it does not savour much of comfort, closely resembling a number of barns or out-houses, all clustered together. There is

a great superabundance both of dust and ventilation, and it comes far short of its full complement of doors and windows; but we have temporarily supplied the latter deficiency with old sheets, and hope soon to get the place into somewhat more comfortable condition."

The first days of December witnessed many changes coming over the roomy but sadly ramshackle and dilapidated premises on the quiet Sin-k'ai Lung, where by degrees dirt and disorder began to give place to the very different conditions of a missionary home. Really large and commodious, the house possessed over thirty rooms, more or less spacious and lofty; and a separate staircase gave access to one of the wings, which was therefore set apart for the use of the young men exclusively, as long as they should need a home in Hang-chau. For some weeks all were busy from morning to night in getting the place into habitable order—putting up doors, papering the wooden partitions, making paper ceilings, and arranging for chapel, dispensary, printing-office, women's class-rooms, etc. Miss Desgraz took charge of the daily housekeeping duties—no sinecure for so large a family; and having studied the Romanised colloquial on the voyage, some of

the party soon began to make themselves understood by their new neighbours.

It was some time after the house had been rented to them, however, ere the missionaries could obtain full possession; for the premises being extensive, quite a number of Chinese families had occupied them together, and five or six of these remained on for several weeks, regardless of the changed circumstances. "Our first care, therefore, was to bring the Gospel before these neighbours, and to seek to convert what was to us a temporary inconvenience into permanent blessing for them." The women of these families were Miss Faulding's special care, and day by day she would go and read to them from the Romanised New Testament and hymn-book, and try to teach them about the love of God. By degrees her patient labours, strengthened by what these poor heathen women daily saw of life in a Christian home, produced a deep impression on their minds; and one woman was led to give her heart to the Saviour, becoming from the first a valued helper in the work. After a while Miss Faulding was able to induce one and another to take her to visit the houses of their relatives in the neighbouring streets; so that not only were the

missionaries' first friends and their earliest convert found amongst those who lived with them under the same roof, but the commencement of their work amongst the women of the city was equally traceable to the spirit of Christian love and forbearance with which inconvenience was borne and discomfort met in those early days. Surely the more openly we are enabled to live among the people lives of which they may readily take knowledge day by day, meeting theirs at all points, accessible, visible, and with no mystery about them or forbidding seclusion, the more we may expect to win that heart-confidence and sympathy which pave the way so wonderfully for spiritual blessing.

Towards the end of December sufficient progress had been made to enable the new arrivals to extend hospitality to some of the older members of the Mission, not residing in Hang-chau, who came over to join them in consultation as to plans, and in waiting upon God for His blessing during the coming year. Among these welcome visitors was Mr. Stevenson, from Shao-hing, who retains a vivid recollection to this day of the impressions received upon his first introduction to the members of the *Lammermuir* party in their new home.

They were still busy papering and cleaning when he arrived at Sin-k'ai Lung, and it was with much interest that he observed the heartiness with which all seemed to throw themselves into the work; but the thing that drew his attention most was the deeply prayerful spirit of the little company. "Their prayers impressed me immensely," he has said; "I felt that the Mission *must* succeed with such an amount of real waiting upon God."

And another recollection of those days is one upon which the Deputy Director—then a young missionary only ten months in the field—still loves to dwell: a memory that five-and-twenty eventful years, with all that they have brought, cannot efface, and one that lives in many another heart as well, with equally undying power and sweetness; the memory most of all associated now with that first C. I. M. home in China—of her who moved amongst them with a mother's heart, and though so young herself, filled a true mother's place, not to the children only, but to all. "I was much impressed," says Mr. Stevenson, recalling those far-off days, "with Mrs. Hudson Taylor's beautiful spirit—with her calmness, devotion, wise judgment, and far-seeing discretion. Ev-

ery one seemed to have so much confidence in her opinion, which was never hastily given, but always so well worth waiting for." And her prayerfulness is even more generally remembered. Truly the influence of that calm life and spirit, in its deep fearless faith and abiding communion with God, it would be difficult to over-estimate in connection with those early days of trial and blessing.

New Year's Eve, 1866, was set apart by the household at Sin-k'ai Lung for special waiting upon God in prayer and fasting. It was a season of many memories, and as the simple record runs: "We realised much of God's presence while reviewing the mercies of the past and seeking special guidance for the coming year."

"Oh, that Thou wouldst bless me indeed and enlarge my coast, and that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldst keep me from evil that it might not grieve me"—the prayer of Jabez—was the deep heart cry with which that little band at Hang-chau entered the unknown year, the first year to so many of them of their missionary life in China; and the Lord granted their request.

A footing had graciously been given them in the important provincial capital of Cheh-

Kiang; and from that city as a basis of operations they began to look forward to extended efforts. A great work lay before them, beset by many trials and dangers and increasingly were they brought to feel their need of power from on high.

“The difficulties of the work are so great,” wrote Mr. Taylor, “that apart from the mighty power of God we should indeed have a hopeless task before us. As it is, He *can* and He *will* supply all our need, and make His grace sufficient for us.”

Very early in the New Year a remarkable instance occurred of the loving care and faithfulness of God, in whom His servants delighted to put their trust. This was in connection with what proved to be the first extension of the Mission from Hang-chau, when, in the month of January, their prayers began to be answered, and a new station was given them in the neighbouring city of Siao-shan.

Distant about fifteen miles from Hang-chau, and situated on the direct route between that city and Mr. Stevenson's station, Siao-shan had for some time appeared a desirable centre for missionary operations, and a suitable house had been found, which Mr. Taylor would glad-

ly have rented. But a deposit of sixty dollars was required for this purpose, and funds were low. Much prayer was made about the matter, for this city seemed so large and important; but it still remained a serious question as to whether the expense could be met. Just then an unexpected communication arrived from Mr. Gamble, in Shanghai, enclosing a subscription, from an unknown donor, of *sixty-six dollars* for the work, with the following interesting letter:—

“MY DEAR MR. GAMBLE:—

“I know you take a warm interest in the China Inland Mission, and will be glad to hear of a pleasant little incident which presented itself yesterday.

“A friend of mine called on me in the afternoon, and told me he had just happened to fall in with a Singapore Chinaman, who had lately been up country visiting a number of Protestant foreign missionaries, ladies and gentlemen, who wore the Chinese costume, lived on Chinese diet, ate with chopsticks, and went in and out among the people just as the Chinese themselves. He told me he had been so much interested in the Chinaman’s account of matters that, on inquiring of him who among the

foreigners in Shanghai were friends of the Mission, and getting my name, he had come along at once to make further inquiries, and to offer me a subscription for the Mission, if I thought it would be acceptable. He said that from what he heard he considered that the self-renunciation, carried to such an extent by those Protestant missionaries, in identifying themselves as much as possible, in manners and customs and outward circumstances, with the people they had come to Christianise and save, was something so noble in itself that it was impossible sufficiently to admire it. He could not imitate it, but he could appreciate it; and he did not care of what denomination those missionaries might be, he would be happy to be put down as a subscriber of fifty or one hundred taels a year, if that would do them any good; and he gave me an order for fifty taels to begin with.

“I have much pleasure in enclosing the order herewith to you, and I shall be glad if any of the missionaries will kindly acknowledge the receipt of the amount to Mr. ———. I have the more pleasure in relating this little incident to you, that in the Singapore Chinaman I recognise the friend I have met at your house,

and whom you have so lately been the means of guiding into the fold of Christ."

With joy and gratitude the little band of workers at Hang-chau recognised in this unexpected gift God's own gracious answer to their prayers about Siao-shan; and the money being thus provided, the house was taken, and Mr. and Mrs. Nicol, with Mr. Williamson, went over at once to occupy it.

Towards the end of January the native evangelist, Tsiu Sien-seng, of Ningpo, joined them to assist in opening the chapel for daily preaching; and on Sunday, the 27th, they had large and attentive audiences. Next day, however, opposition began to appear; and in the evening the little household was surprised by the violent entrance of one of the local mandarins—unfortunately a good deal the worse for drink—who ordered their immediate departure from the city, and had the evangelist severely beaten in their presence with seven hundred blows. The missionaries were obliged to leave for a time, but subsequently returned; and in the autumn of the same year numbers were coming daily to hear the Gospel, and there were three applicants for baptism.

Soon after the opening of Siao-shan, and

before commencing much regular work in Hang-chau, Mr. Hudson Taylor paid a brief visit to the older stations of the Mission, in some of which he had not yet been able to see anything of the work. Before starting upon this journey, in a letter to his beloved mother at home he wrote:—

“Never before have I so fully realised that ‘I am a pilgrim and a stranger,’ as the little hymn says; and I might indeed add,—

‘Rough and thorny is the road,
Often in the midst of danger,
But it leads to God.’

It is an easy thing to sing, ‘I all on earth forsake;’ it is not very difficult to think, and honestly, though very ignorantly to say, ‘I give up all to Thee;’ but God sometimes teaches us that that little word *all* is terribly comprehensive. Thank God, He has left me much, very much, and above all He never leaves us.”

CHAPTER XII.

“SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.”

DURING the early part of the first summer, Mr. Taylor, with a number of helpers, made a journey up the river, preaching the Gospel in many towns, and leaving missionaries at two large cities—Yen-chau and Lau-k'i.

The heat of that first summer in Hang-chau was very great, and not long after the ordination of Wang Sien-seng, feeling that they could be spared for a while from the city, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor, who were much needing rest, took a little party with them, and went away for a few days by boat amongst the quiet hills to a temple in which they had rented accommodation. Of this brief summer journey—so memorable, as it proved, in the unerring providence of God—Mr. Taylor and others give the following touching record:—

“It was Saturday night when we reached our destination, and too late for the party to land; so we spent Sunday in our boats. To-

wards evening, as the sun was beginning to set, we went on shore, and my dear children and I walked together to the woods, that we might have some quiet prayer under the shade of the trees. On the way my eldest child, a little girl of only eight years, saw for the first time a man making an idol. The sight grieved her to the heart. She looked into my face and said, 'Oh, papa, that man does not know Jesus! He would never make an ugly idol like that if he knew Jesus. Do tell him about Jesus!' I had not so much faith as to the result of the message as my dear child had; but I stopped and told the man the story of God's great love in the gift of His Son. Then we went on our way; and the man went on making the idol.

"After we had gone a little distance we sat down under the trees, and I said to my dear child, seeing that her heart was burdened, 'What shall we sing, Gracie dear?' She said, 'Let us have "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me."' We sang the hymn, and then I said to her, 'Will you pray first?' She did so; and I never heard such a prayer as she offered. She had seen the man making an idol; her heart was full; and she prayed to God on his behalf. And

the dear child went on and on, pleading that God would have mercy on the poor Chinese, and would strengthen her papa to preach to them. I never was so moved; my heart was bowed before God; words fail me to describe it.

“Next morning I was summoned away to see a sick missionary at a distance, and had to leave my loved ones. When I came back my dear child was ill and unconscious; and she never recognised me again. Those prayers for the poor Chinese were almost the last words I heard her speak.”

“Very solemn and touching were the hours that passed as we watched around her dying bed,” writes one who was present. “Mr. Taylor began hymn after hymn, though sometimes his voice almost failed; and dear Mrs. Taylor, wearied with watching, bent over the unconscious little one she so tenderly loved.”

To a dear friend at home, whose heart was one with theirs in joy and sorrow, Mr. Taylor wrote:—

“I know not how to speak to you, nor how to forbear; I seem to be writing almost from the inner chamber of the King of kings. Surely this is holy ground! I am striving to pen a few lines from beside the couch on which my

darling little Gracie lies dying. . . . Our flesh and heart fail, but God is the strength of our heart and our portion forever.

“It was no vain or unintelligent act when, knowing this land, its people, and climate, I laid my precious wife and children, with myself, on the altar of consecration for this service. And He whom so unworthily and with much weakness and failure we have been seeking to serve . . . has not left us now. ‘Eben-ezer’ and ‘Jehovah-Jireh’ are still precious words.”

And then later:—

“Beloved brother, the Lord has taken our sweet little Gracie to blossom in the purer atmosphere of His own presence. Our hearts *bleed*; but

“When all was over,” continues Miss Bowyer, “it was truly wonderful to see the calmness with which preparations were made for returning to Hang-chau; and at midnight—three hours later—Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Blatchley, and Mr. Williamson started with their precious charge and reached the city at dawn, no one suspecting what they carried.

“We all followed next day. Our loving Father, who had ordered everything so wisely

and well, though He was not pleased to spare the trial, granted us cooler weather, which has continued ever since. I never saw anything look so lovely as dear little Gracie did the evening following her death. It was the sweetest expression of countenance one could behold on earth. . . . May God sanctify this and every other trial for the deepening of His own work in our souls and the furtherance of His cause in this land!"

The year 1867, that had commenced with such earnest prayer for the extension and progress of the work, closed, by God's blessing, with the opening of the important city of Wun-chau to the Gospel, having witnessed also the successful occupation of Siao-shan, T'ai-chau, and Nan-king.

"During this year, therefore, the number of our stations was doubled; and while, at its commencement, the distance between the most remote of the four we then possessed was only four day's journey by ordinary conveyance, its termination found Mr. Duncan at Nan-king fully twenty-four days' journey from Mr. Stott at Wun-chau." And the Mission, moreover, had crossed the border of the only province in which it had hitherto been located, extending

its operations, through Mr. Duncan's efforts, into KIANG-SU.

And while prayers for the growth and outward development of the work had been so remarkably answered, spiritual blessing and power were also given, and deeper heart-longing experienced for the salvation of precious souls.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS.

"THE new year, 1868, was commenced, as previous ones had been, with fasting and prayer; and large desires were felt by all that, during this year, some decided steps might be taken towards the accomplishment of our cherished purpose of carrying the Gospel into some of the wholly unoccupied provinces. Nor were these desires and prayers in vain."

The month of January saw the first advance, when Mr. Crombie, going southward from Fung-hwa, forty miles to Ning-hai, succeeded in obtaining a settlement there, and thus opened another centre of Gospel light.

About the same time Mr. Meadows, accompanied by Mr. Cordon, started in a northerly direction, and following Mr. Duncan's steps of the previous year came to the important city of Su-chau, provincial capital of KIANG-SU. Here they were enabled to rent a house, thus establishing a station upon the Grand Canal, half-way between Hang-chau and Chin-kiang, a free port on the river Yang-tse.

Up to this time Hang-chau had been the headquarters of the Mission and Mr. and Mrs.

Hudson Taylor's own home. Now, however, changes were beginning to come over the work, and preparations had to be made for its transference, in that city, to other supervision, while Mr. and Mrs. Taylor themselves undertook a forward movement towards the interior of the neighbouring province of KIANG-SU.

Mrs. Cordon and the Misses McLean were destined for the new station on the canal. Boats were therefore engaged for Su-shau in the first instance; and with Miss Blatchley, Mary Bell, and the children, Mrs. Taylor prepared to accompany them. Springtide had come again, and all the familiar scenes were looking their loveliest when the little party bade farewell to their old home, and late on Friday afternoon made their way out of the great city. It was a long farewell for some, at any rate, of those who left that day. Many eventful years were to elapse ere the children should revisit the spot endeared to them by memories of that beloved mother, long since entered upon higher service above, who never returned again to the scene of her faithful labours in those early years of trial and blessing at Hang-chau.

Soon after they reached Su-chau, Mr. Hud-

son Taylor joined the little party; and making only a brief stay, they continued their journey up the Grand Canal, leaving the Misses McLean with Mr. and Mrs. Cordon to carry on the newly opened work.

Towards the end of May, the city of Chin-kiang was reached, situated at the juncture of the northern and southern portions of the canal with the great river Yang-tse. This large and busy place, containing a mixed population of Chinese and Tartars, numbering fully one hundred and fifty thousand, was found to be without any resident missionary, although possessing a small foreign community in consequence of its being an open port. The importance of Chin-kiang as a mission centre was at once impressed upon Mr. Taylor's mind, and he decided to seek premises for a station to which Mr. Rudland might transfer the Mission presses from Hang-chau, and which might become the headquarters of an advance movement towards the interior. Three thousand miles from the far west flows the great river passing beneath the very walls of the city; while north and south from the same point stretches the broad highway of the Grand Canal, connecting Peking with Hang-chau at the

extremes of its course of over six hundred miles. No better place could be chosen for the new headquarters of the Mission; and Mr. Taylor set to work at once to find a suitable home.

Careful investigations resulted in the discovery of premises that appeared satisfactory; and after nearly a month of elaborate and patient negotiation, the deeds of rental were signed, and possession promised in a fortnight's time. Then, and not till then, Mr. Taylor sent word to Hang-chau, requesting Mr. and Mrs. Rudland to come on at once, bringing all their belongings. This they lost no time in doing; but upon arrival at Chin-kiang with all the plant of the printing-office, and some of the native helpers trained to the work, great was their dismay to find that the arrangements for the house had fallen through, although the deposit money had actually been paid, for the landlord absolutely refused possession. There was nothing to be done, however; for it was well known that the landlord was only acting upon directions received from the chief mandarin; and the way in which the foreigners had been worsted in their bargain became the laugh of tea-house and club throughout the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor, in the meanwhile, had continued their journey to another large and important centre at no great distance, the fame of which had long been familiar to those interested in Chinese affairs, but which was to become still more widely known through the influence of their visit. Writing from this city, Mrs. Taylor, speaks of the great thankfulness with which the little party found themselves at the end of their long boat journey, and once more housed upon dry land, even though only in a Chinese inn, amongst a somewhat hostile people. Her letter, dated early in June 1863, was addressed to dear friends at home.

“Were it not that you are old travellers yourselves, I should think it impossible for you to realise our feelings when we exchanged the discomforts of a boat—into every part of which the heavy rain had been leaking for two or three days, so we were sadly at a loss to know how to place our things in order to keep them dry—for a suite of apartments in a first-rate Chinese hotel; such an establishment as my dear husband, who has seen not a little of Chinese travellers’ accommodations, never before

met with; and that hotel inside the walls of Yang-chau. It was just like our loving Father—was it not?—to bring us into trying, and for the dear children, somewhat dangerous, circumstances, and then to let us see His hand in deliverance. We had been at Yang-chau in our boat for a week, and had been making inquiries about houses that we might rent; but it was a great step to get temporary accommodation, such as this, inside the city. . . . I do trust that God will give us a permanent footing here.”

And he did, in His own time and way; but not without serious difficulty at first, and even danger; all of which, however, teaching lessons that could, perhaps, have been learned in no other way, and that have proved of most important service since then in the opening of many another station in all parts of that vast Empire.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE YANG-CHAU RIOT.

YANG-CHAU FU, the city in which the travelers now found themselves, is one of the most ancient, populous, and wealthy commercial centres in China. Situated upon the Grand Canal, about fifteen miles above Chin-kiang, it occupies a favourable position for purposes of trade, and represents more than twenty other important neighbouring towns, of which it is the governing centre. As long ago as the close of the thirteenth century the celebrated Venetian traveler, Marco Polo, wrote with enthusiastic appreciation of the wealth and magnificence of this "noble city," describing it as exceedingly populous, with walls that embraced a circuit of three to four miles in extent.

Marco Polo was probably the first foreigner to visit Yang-chau, of which he was appointed governor, under his patron and friend the enlightened Emperor Kublai-khan, founder of the Yuen dynasty. At the time of Mr. Tay-

lor's visit, six hundred years later, the Jesuit fathers were at work through their native agents in the city, but no foreign missionaries as yet were resident there, and the whole of its vast population was steeped in the grossest heathen darkness.

It was still early in the summer when boat-life was exchanged, as we have seen, for the comforts of a native inn; but not until the great heat was upon them, well on in the sultry days of July, did the missionaries succeed in renting a house of their own within the walls of the city. For a little while all seemed quiet and friendly, and it appeared as though no greater trial would be experienced in obtaining a settlement than the persistent but very natural curiosity of the neighbours on all hands; but when the news of the rebuff and failure experienced at Chin-kiang became known to the scholars of the place, they at once concluded that with very little trouble they might eject the foreigners from Yang-chau also.

Agitating rumours were spread abroad confounding the missionaries with the Romanists, who were in strong disfavour amongst the people, and stating that they were all baby-

eaters, and were in the habit of using various parts of the body for magical purposes! Just at this juncture, also, circumstances occurred in connection with the Jesuit foundling home which greatly excited the mass of the people, and seemed to confirm their worst suspicions. The manager of this institution, an unscrupulous native in the employment of the priests, was in the habit of pocketing fully two-thirds of the money entrusted to him for the support of the children, supplying only one wet nurse to three infants, many of whom consequently died. Rumours of foul play becoming rife, the man, in alarm, attempted to bury one of the dead children by stealth; but the messenger was caught in the very act of taking the poor little body secretly out of the city, and in a moment the thing became known. To satisfy the enraged populace, the chief mandarin caused some of the bodies recently interred to be taken up and examined, proving that they were all un mutilated. He put out no proclamation, however, and for several days the Mission premises were kept in almost a state of siege by the angry mob.

Hardly had this excitement passed away

when fresh suspicion was aroused by the arrival of two additional foreigners from Chin-kiang, on the morning of Saturday, August 22nd. The missionary party was already a large one—Mr. and Mrs. Rudland having been obliged to come on to Yang-chau, and Messrs. Duncan and Reid, from Nan-king, being also there on business; and although the gentlemen in question only came over to spend a few hours in visiting the beautiful temples and gardens of the city, and quietly returned to Chin-kiang the same day, the fact of their appearance was made use of to stir up fresh alarm. A rumour was widely-circulated that more foreigners had come, and that twenty-four children were missing; and very soon a large crowd gathered again around the premises of the Mission.

About four o'clock that Saturday afternoon, it became apparent that serious danger threatened, and Mr. Taylor was called out to the front of the house to find both the inner and outer gates burst open, and a large part of the angry mob already on the premises. Patiently he succeeded in inducing them to retire, until, at the end of the entrance lane, he was enabled to make a stand, while the gates were repaired by some carpenters who were fortunately at

work within. A little later, however, the uproar increased; and as the long summer evening deepened into dusk, the people, instead of dispersing, began to gather in ever larger numbers. At intervals messengers were sent to the prefect, or chief local mandarin; but he put out no proclamations, and appeared disinclined to interfere. At last the attack became general, the people finding their way round to the back parts of the house; stones were thrown, some of the windows and shutters were dashed in, part of the garden wall was being pulled down, and it was evident that the crowd could no longer be kept out.

At this crisis Mr. Taylor decided to make his way if possible through the excited mob, and obtain what help he could from the official Ya-mun, though late enough in the day. Mr. Duncan volunteered to accompany him; and commending themselves and those left behind to God, knowing full well that a violent death might await any or all of them ere they could meet again, they made their way to the front of the house by the long entrance lane. Here they saw at a glance that it would be impossible to pass through the crowd; but a small door

opening into a neighbor's dwelling suggested a way of escape, and availing themselves of it, under cover of darkness, they got out into the open street. They had not gone far, however, before they were recognized and pursued, the cry being raised that the foreign devils were fleeing. Happily Mr. Taylor knew of a by-path leading through some fields, and following this they eluded most of the crowd, the gathering gloom of night being much in their favor.

"The path we had taken," writes Mr. Taylor "misled many of the people, who thought we were fleeing to the East Gate to escape from the city, and consequently ran off by a short cut, expecting to meet us there. All this was providential, as it gave us a slight advantage at a time when every moment was precious. But when we had to turn into the main street again we were assaulted with stones, and a mob gathered behind us, increasing at every step. Our rapid strides still kept a clear space between us and the people, but we were nearly exhausted, and our legs so hurt by the stones and bricks thrown at us that we were almost failing, when we reached the door of the Yammun. But for the protection afforded us by

darkness, we should have scarcely reached it alive.

“The gate-keepers, alarmed at the yells of the mob behind us, were just shutting the doors as we approached; the crowd closed in upon us, and the still unbarred gates gave way to the pressure, precipitating us into the entrance-hall. Had the gates but been barred, they would not have been opened for us, and we should have been torn to pieces by the enraged mob. Once inside the Ya-mun, we rushed into the judgment-hall, crying, ‘Kiu-ming! kiu-ming!’ (‘Save life! save life!’)—a cry to which a Chinese mandarin is bound to attend at any hour of the day or night.

“We were kept waiting for about three-quarters of an hour before we could gain an audience with the prefect, hearing all the while the yells of the mob a mile or more away, destroying, for aught we knew, not only the property, but possibly the lives of those so dear to us. And at last, when we did see him, it was almost more than we could bear with composure to be asked as to what we really did do with the babies: whether it was true that we had bought them, and how many; what was

really the cause of all this rioting, etc., etc. At last I told his excellency that the real cause of the trouble was his own neglect in not taking active measures when the matter was small and manageable, that I must now request him first to repress the riot and save any of our friends who might still be alive, and afterwards to make such inquiries as he might deem desirable, otherwise I would not answer for the result. 'Ah,' said he, 'very true, very true; first quiet the people, and then inquire. Sit still, and I will go and see what can be done.'

"He went out, telling us to remain, as the only chance of his effecting anything depended on our keeping out of sight; for by this time the numbers of rioters had increased to eight or ten thousand. The natives estimated them at twenty thousand.

"We were kept in torture of suspense for fully two hours before the prefect returned, with the governor of the military forces of the city, and told us that all was quiet now; that they and the two district magistrates had been to the scene of the disturbance, had seized several of those who were plundering the premises, and would have them punished. He had

sent for chairs, and we returned under escort.

“On the way back we were told that all the foreigners left in the house had been killed. We had to cry to GOD to support us, though we hoped this report might prove exaggerated or untrue.

“When we reached the house, the scene was such as to baffle all description. Here a pile of half-burned reeds showed where an attempt had been made to set the premises on fire; there *debris* of a broken down wall were to be seen; and strewn about everywhere were the remains of boxes and furniture, scattered papers and letters, broken workboxes, writing-desks, surgical and other instrument cases, smouldering remains of valuable books, etc.; but no trace of inhabitants could we find within!

“It was some time ere I was able to learn that our friends had escaped, and then it was not easy to ascertain where they were. At last I found them in the house of one of the neighbours, under the care of an official, who allowed us to return to our own dwelling. When we were once more together in the midst of the ruins, we gave thanks to GOD for life spared and quiet restored, attended to those who had

been injured, and learned particulars as to the events which had taken place during our absence."

"It was now past midnight," continues Mr. Taylor; "the dear children were put to bed, the wounded were dressed, and we all had a few hours' sleep, the guard of soldiers keeping watch till dawn; and then it appeared that none had been appointed to take their place. The people began to reassemble, and again we passed four or five long, anxious hours. Mr. Reid was absolutely helpless; Mrs. Taylor, Miss Blatchley and Mr. Rudland were seriously injured; and others were so stiff and bruised, as well as exhausted, that nothing but absolute necessity made us move. But something had to be done; the rioters had made a clean sweep of doors, walls, and partitions at the entrance from the main street; and already some were beginning to enter the premises in hope of further loot. We induced them to leave, however; and barricading the openings as best we could, I commended all to the care of our covenant-keeping God, and left them to report matters at the prefect's Ya-mun. On reaching the front of the house, having passed quietly through the mob inside, I mounted a

broken chair and addressed the people in a tone of indignant remonstrance. . . . I told them that we, a party of strangers from a distance, had come among them to seek their good. Had we any evil intentions, should we have come unarmed? Should we have come in small numbers? Should we have brought women and children with us? And yet last night, without provocation, they had broken into our dwelling, plundered our property, wounded our persons, and tried to burn down the premises. Not satisfied with all this, they must now re-collect, and in their greed of plunder seek to do further mischief. I appealed to them whether, in such an attack as that of last night, we should not have been justified, even by themselves, in standing in our own defence and attacking them in return. But, on the contrary, we had not even raised a stick nor thrown a stone. 'Are you not ashamed,' I said, 'in the face of Heaven, to perpetrate such outrages? And now we are perfectly defenceless; we could not withstand you if we would; we would not if we could. We come to do good, and not evil. If you kill us, we will die with a good conscience that we have not hurt any man's eye

or injured any man's limbs. Within are sick and wounded, women and children. If you abuse or kill us, we will not retaliate. But High Heaven will avenge any wrongs you may commit. Our God, in whom we trust, is able to protect us and to punish you, if you offend against Him with a high hand.' The people around me stood like statues; but those within were breaking up and carrying off whatever they could lay their hands on. Availing myself, therefore, of what I saw was but a temporary lull, I stepped down, walked through the mob unmolested, and went to the prefect's. Not a stone was thrown at me on the way.

"Another long and anxious delay here awaited me. The prefect had not risen, had not bathed, had not breakfasted. I sent a message in that I did not wish for an interview, but that the riotous proceedings had again commenced, and that there was no one there to repress the mob. After a time I was told that the prefect had sent for the magistrate, and that he would soon be here, and would accompany me to the house. A long, long while elapsed ere he did come. Then he told me that he had been first to the house, had dispersed the mob, and then had come on to the Ya-mun.

He requested me at once to write a letter to the prefect; to be careful to call the proceedings a disturbance, not a riot, or the people would be more incensed than ever; and to ask him to punish those who had been arrested, and to quiet the people by proclamations. 'Thus,' said he, 'we may restore peace before night, and you will not be under the necessity of leaving the city.' I promised to write a very mild letter, and we returned together to the house.

"To those I had left behind the time had been one of peculiarly painful suspense; indeed, it had seemed a climax to the anxieties and dangers of the night. As I have before remarked, several were already injured. There was no darkness now to favour an escape; the back and front of the house were both equally surrounded, and the main walls were all broken through. Messrs. Duncan and Rudland took their stand at the entrance immediately in front of the dwelling-house, the garden and rockery before them being covered by a crowd which increased every moment. A few stones were thrown in at the open front of the upstairs rooms, but the Lord graciously restrained the crowd. Just as anxiety was at its height, God sent help through the arrival of the mag-

istrate. His soldiers began to disperse the people, the grounds were gradually cleared, and ere long his retainers had the privilege of looting all to themselves—an opportunity they did not fail to improve.

“As soon after my return as possible, I called my teacher, and had a letter written to the prefect. I stated the case as mildly as truth would permit, but did not withhold the facts that the mob had plundered and attempted to set on fire the premises. When it was finished, I sent the letter off; but it was opened on the way by the magistrate, and returned to me as unsuitable. I went to him, and pointed out that, much as we might regret it, we could not alter the past; that he was at liberty to deal as leniently as possible with the prisoners, but that the truth must be told. He replied, ‘If you persist in sending that letter to the prefect, I will go back and have nothing more to do with the affair. You may protect yourself as best you can. But I forewarn you that the lives of all your party will probably be sacrificed.’ I saw very well that he wished to get such a letter from me as might be used to his superiors as evidence to prove that there had been no serious disturbance; but I felt that in

the threatening aspect of affairs there was no time to be lost, and that he might really be, as he said he feared, unable to restrain the mob through another night. At his direction, therefore, and almost at his dictation, a second letter was written, omitting the mention of the fire and robbery. This letter he took away, but told us that he found his subordinates unable to keep down the people, and that the only safe plan would be for him to take boats, and remove us, for the present, to Chin-kiang. 'We will gradually quiet the people and repair the house,' said he, 'and then will invite you to return.'

"In the afternoon he engaged boats, and sent us to the South Gate. Next morning, under escort, we set out for Chin-kiang. We had not proceeded far on our way when we were met by a party of friends from Chin-kiang coming to our relief. They were headed by the British Consular Assistant in charge. After seeing our disabled condition, they went on to Yang-chau, and viewed the scene of desolation that we had left behind. This proved providential, for the mandarins afterwards tried to repair the damages and to remove all trace of the riot, denying that there had been any

serious disturbance.

“One member of this little company, the then French Consul at Chin-kiang, kindly gave most of our party shelter until we were able to secure a house for temporary use in the settlement; he also told me that the matter would be sure to be taken up by the British Government, as secret orders had been received only a few days before by the consul at Shanghai to take the first reasonable opportunity of making an armed demonstration up the Yang-tse, to overawe the Chinese authorities and put a stop to the frequent violations of treaty, which threatened the arising of some *casus belli*. Obeying these orders, the Shanghai Consul at once came up to Chin-kiang in a ship of war; examined us officially as to the character of the riot, and as to our losses, as far as ascertained; and taking up this grievance, together with the larger losses of some of the Chin-kiang merchants from various violations of treaty, he proceeded in the *Rinaldo* to Nan-king, demanding reparation. For this action he received the warm commendation of the Home Government. With the subsequent unfaithfulness of the viceroy to his promise, the insult to the

British Consul, the larger demonstration of six or seven war-ships at Nan-king ordered by the ambassador at Peking, we had obviously nothing to do, any more than with the first steps, which never would have been taken but for the secret orders from home. Just at this juncture a change of Government took place in England; the action of our authorities in China, commended by the previous Government, was now censured; and an attempt was made to throw all the blame on the unfortunate missionaries. This was no small trial to us; but in the meantime we were restored to Yang-chau, and the Lord cheered us by the conversion of souls.

“And now as to some of the lessons learned from this and similar experiences. One was to be longer known in a city, through itinerant visits, before seeking to rent houses and attempting to settle down. Another was not to take much luggage to a newly opened station. We are convinced that our opponents would not have been able to get up the riot had the lawless people of the city not imagined, from the amount of our luggage, that they would obtain far richer spoil than they did. A third lesson was not to commence work with too large

a staff, and not to attempt to open contiguous stations simultaneously. The failure in Chin-kiang threw the staff intended for that station, together with the Mission press and all its plant, on to Yang-chau, more than doubling our effects. Messrs. Duncan and Reid calling in further increased the number of persons; and the accidental visit of the two foreigners from Chin-kiang proved to be the match which caused the explosion. The lessons thus learned have stood us in good stead, and have since enabled us peacefully to open many cities in remote parts of the Empire.

“We are now thankful to have had this experience; and though gained at much cost, feel that its value has far exceeded. We cannot but regret, however, that the cost was necessary, as we see clearly that a fuller study of the Scriptures and a closer following of our Lord’s teaching and of Apostolic example would have saved the need for it. There is no command to open mission stations in the Word of God, and there is no precedent to be found there. The command is to evangelise, to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; and the examples recorded in

the New Testament of the methods followed by the earliest missionaries might have led us from the first to give *itineration* a greater prominence than we did. It must be admitted that stations do become necessary to a certain extent; the itinerant work of the Church cannot long be carried on without them; but it is surely a grave mistake to make location our first aim, instead of keeping it in a strictly subordinate position, as an auxiliary."

During the autumn succeeding the Yang-chau riot, most of the missionary party remained in the premises temporarily secured in the suburbs of Chin-kiang; while Mr. Hudson Taylor, accompanied by Mr. Williamson, made a rapid journey of exploration in the northern part of Kiang-Su, as far as to the important city of Ts'ing-kiang-p'u, situated on the Grand Canal about a hundred miles above Yang-chau. During this journey they visited four large cities and no less than five-and-twenty towns and villages of considerable size, besides many smaller places; but found in them all no witness for Christ. With a burdened heart Mr. Taylor wrote:—

"Is it not sad to think that of all the Protestant Christians of various lands there are

none labouring for the easily accessible inhabitants of this populous province, north of the Yang-tse-kiang? May God soon clear our way to return to Yang-chau, and open up new stations for us farther inland also."

It was not very long ere both these desires were graciously fulfilled; for only a fortnight later, on November 18th, 1868, Mr. Taylor added, in another letter:—

"It is with a heart full of joy I am able once more to pen 'Yang-chau' at the head of my paper! We have today been reinstated in our house here by our consul, Mr. Medhurst, the Tao-t'ai from Shanghai as the viceroy's deputy, and the two district magistrates of the city. The result of this case will probably be greatly to facilitate missionary work in the interior; and I know not how to express our indebtedness to Mr. Medhurst, whose kindness and courtesies have only been equalled by the ability with which he has conducted the whole investigation. He has shown an acquaintance with the Chinese mind rarely seen, which has enabled him to make the best of every circumstance.

"The house in Chin-kiang is being repaired, and I hope ere the end of the year to see the

Mission presses at work again. Once more we may raise our Ebenezer, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' "

Thus was Yang-chau finally opened to the missionaries; and only a few months later another important station was given them farther inland; for Ts'ing-kiang-p'u was again visited, and a house obtained there, in July, 1869, by Mr. George Duncan, who was enabled to occupy it in peace. Upon his return to Nan-king, Mr. Reid replaced him, and commenced regular work in Ts'ing-kiang-p'u, which was much blessed of God.

Yang-chau now became, for a short time, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor's home—as far as it could ever be said that they had any settled dwelling-place in China. The work rapidly grew up around them, and we read of large attendances at the Sunday meetings, and considerable interest being manifested in the Gospel message. Mr. and Mrs. Judd soon took charge of the local work, and Miss Desgraz was encouraged in the schools.

Later on another attempt was made to raise trouble in the city; but in the providence of God this effort entirely failed, and peace was maintained. The story is remarkable, and is

given as follows in Mr. Taylor's own words:—

“Early in the year 1871 the landlord of the premises we hold at Yang-chau—a high military mandarin named Li—visited that city with the intention of disposing of his property there. He had previously, through his agents, engaged to sell the premises we occupied to a native friend of our. There was at this time in Yang-chau a military mandarin named Ch'un, the man who spurred on the rioters at T'ien-tsin to the barbarous massacre of the Sisters of Charity in 1870. This Ch'un persuaded the landlord not to dispose of the property to our friend, but rather to join him in getting up a riot against us, ‘which,’ said he, ‘will immortalise our names, and sooner or later secure for us Imperial favour.’ But the Yang-chau people would have nothing to do with it; they noticed that all those who had taken part against us three years before had since been unfortunate, and they looked upon those misfortunes as the judgment of Heaven, or Providence.

“It is remarkable how manifestly all those who were concerned in the riot of 1868 have since met with trouble. The prefect, through

whose remissness we suffered, a year later fell into the hands of banditti when on his way to Peking. He and his son both lost their lives, all his property was pillaged, his servants scattered, and his wives and one or two of his children had to beg their way along the latter part of the journey. The district magistrate, at a later period, also fell into trouble. The whole family of the literary man Koh, who was one of the chief inciters of the people, has become impoverished. The man who attempted to murder Mr. Rudland, and who was the leader of the ruffians that broke into our house, has not only himself been punished by the authorities, but his family—on account of misdeeds committed since his imprisonment, and with which he was in no way connected—has become infamous in the eyes of the Chinese.

“In the face of these facts the people were afraid to join in any further attempt against us; and many who are friendly to us warned Li and Ch’un that they would lose their good luck—a terrible thought to the Chinese—if they molested us. Moreover, the Governor of Chinkiang, who has more than once befriended us, hearing of these things, went over himself to

Yang-chau, saw Li and Ch'un, warned them that he would report them to the Emperor if they caused any disturbance, and finally purchased the premises himself to prevent, as he told us, any future difficulty. Thus the Lord helped us.

“But what of the landlord Li and the mandarin Ch'un? Within a month or two of the settlement of these matters, they had a quarrel between themselves, in which the people took part. The details are unfit for publication; but it is worthy of notice how the shameful treatment of the Sisters of Charity at T'ien-tsin and the attempt to make trouble at Yang-chau were visited on their own families, in which one of the wives drowned herself to escape the public outrage perpetrated on the others. Since that time Li himself has been sentenced to be beheaded for this disturbance; and Ch'un has been degraded from his high rank to that of a colonel in the army, in which he has been ordered to active service, being banished from Yang-chau for life. In this again the Yang-chau people see the retributive visitation of Heaven, and are the more convinced that we may not be molested with impunity. God can yet say to a people, ‘Touch not Mine Anointed, and

do My prophets no harm;' and not infrequently He does so."

Some time after these troubles had passed away, it transpired that the heavy sentences passed upon the landlord Li and the mandarin Ch'un had been evaded by them in great measure—no rare occurrence amongst the rich in China. Li had not actually been beheaded, but was reported to be living in retirement in his native place; while Ch'un had returned again to Yang-chau, from which he had nominally been banished, and continued to lead a private life in that city, though without his former rank, wealth, and influence.

CHAPTER XV.

“THICK DARKNESS WHERE GOD WAS.”

DURING the year 1869 a station was opened in the hitherto unoccupied province of Gan-hwuy, in the city of Gan-king, by Mr. and Mrs. Meadows. During that time they were attacked by a mob, their house completely demolished, and robbed of all their earthly possessions, they were compelled to leave the city. However, the rioters were punished by the authorities and they were soon invited to return. This they gladly did, and remained for *fifteen years* the only Protestant missionaries in this province of thirty-nine million souls.

Another prominent station was also opened in the province of Kiang by Mr. Caldwell, under Mr. Taylor's direction.

Thus closed the year 1869, and the first four years of the existence of the China Inland Mission,—commenced with prayer and faith and all the promises of God; concluded with prayer answered to the measure of His own “exceed-

ing abundantly," faith honoured and strengthened, having passed through many an exercise and triumphed in many a conflict, and promises tried and *proved*, put to the test of experience in ever-varying and increasing needs, and never once found to fail—proved always reliable, always sufficient.

In January, 1866, when the first "Occasional Paper" was published, the work in China was confined to one station only, Ningpo, in Cheh-kiang; and the Mission staff consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor at home, four missionaries in the field, and three others on their way thither—the *Lammermuir* party not having sailed, and the Inland Mission, properly so-called, being only in process of organisation.

Four years later, early in 1870, the missionaries in connection with the work numbered thirty-three, occupying thirteen stations and eight out-stations in four provinces—two of which, Gan-hwuy and Kiang-si, had previously been entirely unevangelised, with the exception of the city of Kiu-kiang, in which the Rev. V. C. Hart was labouring.

Nor do these facts represent all the growth and blessing that resulted by the grace of God from the early efforts of those first four years.

Better far than territorial extension was the gracious spirital enlargement that signalised the work. For whereas the number of native Christians in connection with the Ningpo Mission at the commencement of that period was between fifty and sixty only, at its close no less than one hundred and sixty were gathered into Christian fellowship at twelve of the different stations, not including the inquirers and candidates for baptism, of whom there were a considerable number. And in estimating the significance of such results it should be borne in mind that in most of these centres the work was still quite in its initial, and therefore least productive, stages, and that much time had necessarily been spent in acquiring the language of the people and obtaining free access to their homes and hearts.

Many also had been the gracious answers to prayer, and the remarkable providences by which the Lord had supplied all the temporal necessities of His servants. Their faith was not indeed without its trials, but these only served to emphasise the unfailing faithfulness of God, in whom they put their trust.

Upon this subject Mr. Berger wrote, early in the year 1868:—

“Hitherto we have lacked nothing for carrying on the Mission, the Lord having sent in all needed supplies. To Him and to His people would we tender our warmest thanks. Only quite recently the gift of an anonymous donor arrived so opportunely that I cannot but notice it, for his or her joy and that of others.

“On January 1st our funds were getting low, and we were led to ask God to remember our need. This was at one p. m. At four o'clock the same afternoon one hundred pounds reached us anonymously, refreshing and encouraging us all; and by the fourth of the month no less than three hundred and ninety pounds had come in. Truly ‘all things are possible to him that believeth.’ Our balance now in hand (on February 15th, 1868), is seven hundred and twenty pounds, every liability being discharged up to the present time. We are still praying the Lord of the harvest to send forth more labourers into His harvest.”

Do we require evidences for the existence of the God of the Bible? Surely they are not lacking here. During the first four years after the sailing of the *Lammermuir* party, we find that without a single appeal or even request for money, simply in answer to quiet waiting

upon God in prayer and faith, needs had been met that scarcely any one knew of at the time, except Himself, and a sum of considerably over fourteen thousand pounds had been received, the free-will offering of those whose hearts the Lord had moved to sympathy with Himself in caring for the welfare of His servants in their difficult though blessed work.

“Thus tenderly,” wrote Mr. Berger, “is He teaching us to put our trust in Him. Can we, dear friends, be sufficiently grateful to God for such evidences of His loving favour and approval of this service? And we do not desire any other reward for our efforts on behalf of China’s millions. The need is so vast, and the labourers are so few. Let us more fervently than ever entreat our Father in heaven to multiply the workers, both native and foreign, as well as to increase the Churches a thousand-fold. Even then both men and Churches would be all too few.

The year 1870, sadly memorable in the annals of Modern Europe as a period of bloodshed and warfare upon the battlefields of France, was signalised in China also, and especially in the story of its missions, by very widespread

danger and alarm, and by difficulties hitherto unparalleled in connection with the excitement that prevailed amongst all classes of the population.

Early in the summer occurred the terrible massacre of T'ien-tsin, when the French Consulate and the Roman Catholic Cathedral and orphanages were entirely destroyed; and no less than twenty Europeans, including the Sisters of Mercy, were murdered by the enraged populace under circumstances of great atrocity. This event seriously added to the portentous nature of the crisis, and in many places, including several stations of the Inland Mission, danger appeared imminent. Added to these trials and difficulties were others also, of a more personal nature, that combined to mark this period as one of testing and discipline hitherto unequalled in the history of the work.

“Not without sacrifice and loneliness,” wrote Mr. Berger at this time, “the husbandman goes forth to commit the precious seed to the cold bosom of the earth—there to die; but in hope, however, distant, of its upspringing again, and of a glorious, and abundant recompense.

“Harvest must be preceded by seed-time; and the kind and quantity to be reaped will depend

upon the sowing. . . . Our present efforts for China's spiritual welfare must be considered in this light; and though at times the clouds and storms, so feared and yet so necessary, do seem to threaten our most cherished hopes of success, we need not fear, for 'we *shall* reap if we faint not.' "

The story of this memorable year is best told, as follows, in Mr. Hudson Taylor's own words, to the touching simplicity of which nothing could be added by another pen:—

"The work, that had been steadily enlarging and extending up to this time (1870), was now about to pass through a period of much trial and sifting, nor were we to lose our share of the precious discipline. He had taught us to pray, 'Thy will be done.' Some of us pleaded as never before that that will might be written on our hearts and manifested in our lives, and that His work, not *ours*, might be carried on and deepened among the native Christians. And the Lord answered our requests.

"After prayerful waiting upon God, it was evident to my beloved wife and myself that the departure of all our children for England, except the youngest, could not longer be delayed. I urged her to accompany them, for we both

saw that my duty was clearly to remain in China for the time being; but she prayerfully concluded that He would have her also to remain. The outfits of four were prepared, and the day of our departure from Yang-chau to see them off to England was fixed. But a sudden aggravation of the chronic ailment of our beloved little Samuel took place; and on February 4th the tender Shepherd came to us seeking this little lamb. Our bleeding hearts responded, 'Take him, blessed Saviour; Thou art worthy.' We knew that it was not our will that was being done, that He was fulfilling our prayer, and we were made *satisfied* with Jesus.

"On the 23rd of the next month we parted from the three children and Miss Blatchley. I admired and wondered at the grace which so sustained and comforted the fondest of mothers. The secret was that the Lord Jesus was satisfying the deep thirst of heart and soul.

"We hurried back to Chin-kiang, to find Mrs. Judd, as it seemed, in a dying state. This was in April. Anxious days and weary nights of watching followed, our hearts aching for the beloved brother whose bereavement seemed so near, and for the dear child whom we almost felt to be already motherless. We asked our

precious Saviour to write on our hearts—on the hearts of the tried husband and of the suffering wife—His own ‘Even so, Father,’ and He did. The prayers of many were, however, answered, and our dear sister was raised up and restored to us again. We had the deep joy of knowing that in this too *His* will was done, not ours only.

“In our annual letter, asking for special united prayer on May 26th, the privilege of abiding in Christ, and His promise that His grace should be sufficient, His strength made perfect in weakness, were especially dwelt upon. And very soon after we were placed in a position to feel our own weakness, and in which no other strength than His *could* have sufficed.

“In the previous history of the Mission we had already known something of trial in one and another of the stations; but now in all simultaneously, or nearly so, a widespread excitement seemed to shake the very foundations of native society. It is impossible to describe the alarm and consternation of the people when first they believed that native magicians were bewitching them, nor their indignation and anger when they were told that these insidious foes were the agents of foreigners. It is well

known how in T'ien-tsin they rose up and barbarously murdered the Romish Sisters of Charity, the priests, and even the French consul. What, then, restrained them in the interior, where our brethren were all alone and far away from any protecting human power? Nothing less than the mighty hand of GOD, in answer to united, constant prayer, offered in the all-prevailing name of Christ. And the same power kept us *satisfied* with Jesus—with His presence, His love. We knew that in these dangers and sorrows and apparent interruptions to the work it was not our will that was being accomplished, and we were the more sure that He was fulfilling the petition "Thy will be done."

"In the month of June we heard, with deep sorrow, of the bereavement of our beloved friends the Rudlands, at Hang-chau, whither they had gone for change. With hearts still bleeding from our own loss, we sympathized with them, and prayed the LORD to give them also the rest, the peace, the joy, which we had found in full submission to, and acquiescence in the will of God.

"A brief note of my dear wife's to Mrs. Rudland at this time, one of the last ever penned

by her to whom the Mission owes so much, will not only be valued by the many who knew and loved her, but may perhaps bring comfort to some other tried heart. It was dated from Chin-kiang.

June 15th, 1870.

MY DEAR MARY,—

I cannot write much; but I send a line to tell you that our hearts grieve and our eyes weep with you. May you be able to realise your precious little one as safely nestling in JESUS' own arms, for that more than anything will help to assuage the bitterness of the painful separation.

“Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.” They will yet be restored to us; they will be ours again—ours forever. And then we shall be able to understand why they were separated from us here; then shall we be able to say from the very depths of our hearts, “Our JESUS has done all things well.” Meanwhile, let us believe this. By His grace we will not doubt either His wisdom or His love. Let us cling to Him when His waves and His billows go over us. Accept much love and sympathy from us to you both, and believe me,

Yours very affectionately,

MARIA J. TAYLOR.'

“On the night of July 5th my dear wife had an attack of cholera. Though excessively prostrated in body, the deep peace of soul, the realisation of His own loving presence, the joy in His holy will with which she was filled, and which I was permitted to share with her, I can find no words to describe. On the seventh a son was born to us. ‘I should like him to be called Noel,’ she said; ‘for although the word itself does not mean *peace*, it reminds me of Noah, which has that meaning.’

“On the 20th this precious little one breathed its last.

* * * * *

“Three days later I was watching at the bedside of my dear wife. At four o’clock in the morning the day dawned, and unmistakably I saw the shadow of death upon her face. She awoke rejoicing in the LORD, and gave me a bright smile.

“I said, ‘My darling, do you know that you are dying?’

“She answered, with a look of surprise, ‘Can it be so? I feel no pain, only very weary.’

“‘Yes,’ I answered, ‘you are dying; you will soon be with JESUS.’

“My precious wife thought of my being left alone at this time of trial, having no companion like herself, with whom I had so long been wont to bring every difficulty to the Throne of Grace. She said, ‘I am so sorry;’ and then paused, as if half correcting herself for venturing to feel sorry.

“‘You are not sorry to go to be with JESUS?’ I responded.

“Never shall I forget the smile she gave me, as, looking right into my eyes, she said, ‘Oh no! it is not that. You know, dearest, that for ten years past *there has not been a cloud between my soul and my Savior.* I cannot be sorry to go to Him. But I grieve to leave you alone at this time. Perhaps I ought not to be sorry though, for He will be with you, and will supply all your need.’

* * * * *

“On July 23rd this beloved one also slept in JESUS. I scarcely knew whether she or I was the more blessed, so real, so constant, so satisfying was His presence, so deep my delight in the consciousness that His will was being done, that that will which was utterly crushing me was good, was wise, was best.

“The next two months were months of personal sickness and prostration; and my beloved youngest child, the only one remaining with me, was brought very near to the grave. But God in tender pity spared him. Mrs. Gough, of Ningpo, kindly took charge of the precious little one for me; and to both Mr. Gough and herself I owe a deep debt of gratitude for their love and sympathy and kindness.

“By the time my dear child was somewhat recovered fresh difficulties arose, the state of Mrs. Crombie’s health requiring her immediate return to England and that of Mr. Crombie. The infant Churches to which they had ministered imperatively called for supervision. Mr. Williamson had therefore to leave the needy province of GAN-HWUY and give himself to that important work, for which his previous knowledge of the Ningpo dialect specially qualified him. On my return to Chin-kiang, after seeing off these dear friends for England, I found Mr. Duncan very low indeed with inflammation of the lungs, which for a time threatened to prove fatal.

“Thus wave after wave of trial rolled over us; but at the end of the year not a few of us were constrained to confess that we had learned

more of the lovingkindness of the LORD through these experiences than in any previous year of our lives.

“Perhaps, also, more was really accomplished during this time in teaching the native Christians not to lean upon the arm of foreign protection for support, but upon GOD alone, on whom, as they could not but see, the missionaries themselves had solely to depend in the hour of trial and danger.”

How wonderfully life loses all fear to the soul that has been called apart, alone, into some “thick darkness,” and has found GOD there. “Morning dawns from His face”; and what light is like the light that rises upon those who “touch GOD’s right hand in the darkness, and are lifted up and strengthened?”

Surely there is a more profound connection than we sometimes discover between the “sufferings” and the “consolation,” between the “loss” welcomed for Jesus’ sake and the eternal gain that follows after, as harvest follows sowing. “That I may know Him and the power of His resurrection” still stands between that willing *self-emptying* on the one hand, and the deeper *fellowship with His sufferings*” on the other, for which even the heart of an apostle craved.

Shall we shrink, then, from anything that makes more room for God? Let us believe, rather, that if He withhold any earthly blessing, it is only that He may bestow "all spiritual blessings," and remember that He is dealing with us not for our profit merely, but for the good of many and the glory of His own great name, not for time only, but for eternity.

CHAPTER XVI.

“ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE.”

THE disturbed state of affairs in China continued to cause apprehension and uneasiness until quite the end of the year 1870, and combined with the general sickness and trial in the Mission, continued to make it a time of very special dependence upon God and experience of His sustaining grace. “Dear Mr. Taylor seems kept in perfect peace amidst all the sorrow and difficulty,” wrote Mr. McCarthy from Hang-chau,—a little sentence, but one that speaks volumes, coming as it does in the midst of all those records of trial and bereavement.

It was principally in the river stations, along the valley of the Yang-tse, that difficulties seemed to assume their most serious form. At Gan-king the work was not a little hindered by distressing rumours, exciting an intense hatred of the foreigners and of the doctrines they taught. Mr. Williamson wrote also of disas-

trous floods caused by the overflow of the great river, and of thousands of poor industrious people deprived of the crops upon which they depended for subsistence, and left to face the awful prospect of starvation during the coming cold of winter.

“With difficulties and discouragements so many, in this one city alone,” he adds, “how long will it be ere the other sixty cities of this single province shall hear the glad tidings of salvation?”

In the neighbouring province of Kiang-su, the great city of Nan-king was passing through an even more serious crisis. For a time it appeared as though a rebellion were imminent, and large numbers of native soldiers were gathered on the spot to quell any such uprising. The murder of the viceroy, a man of much influence, and whose presence seemed so sorely needed, added to the gravity of the situation; but in the over-ruling providence of God all these troubles passed quietly away. Writing of the death of this official, Mr. Duncan remarks: “Is it not strange that the viceroy, who had so many soldiers continually guarding him from danger, should be thus laid low by the assassin’s hand, whilst we, who seemed so

helpless and exposed, should be preserved in safety? Truly 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.' "

When the regular time for the examinations came round that year, the city was thronged with no less than fifty thousand strangers; and the missionaries were obliged to keep very much out of sight. Subsequently Mrs. Duncan and Miss Bowyer had to leave for a while, it being considered no longer safe for ladies to reside away from the open ports.

Further inland, at Kiu-kiang, the position of the missionaries seemed equally precarious.

"Amongst the people," wrote Mr. Cardwell, "the talk is all of war, and rumour is very rife; in fact, we do not know what any day may bring forth. It is given out that on the 28th of the present Chinese month we are all to be killed. Placards have been posted to this effect; and although the authorities have suppressed them, they cannot but indicate the feeling of the people. This hatred has manifested itself in the destruction, quite recently, of the Roman Catholic chapel at a place some thirty miles from here, and information has been received that the cathedral in this city is to go next. . . .

“More than twenty thousand native soldiery are massed at T’ien-tsin, and others are constantly being added to their number. Nan-king and Gan-king are in process of fortification, as well as the Yang-chau creek. There seems a slight lull just at present in the excitement. The Lord reigneth and in Him we trust, praying that we may be enabled to glorify Him in the midst of calamity and war, as well as in times of peace,”—a prayer abundantly answered by His grace.

Early in the following year (1871) these dark war-clouds and threatenings of disaster began to pass slowly away, and increasing probabilities of peace brought in a brighter time. In most of the stations there was promise of coming blessing, and the health of the missionaries ceased to give so much cause for anxiety. Mr. Hudson Taylor himself, however, was still very far from well, and his return to England before long appeared a necessity. The constant burden of all the correspondence and business of the Mission in China, in which up to that time he had had no regular help, was becoming more than any single individual could sustain, and early in the year Mr. C. T. Fishe undertook to render much-needed assistance in this important department.

Serious trouble still threatening at Yang-chau, it seemed advisable that the ladies living in that city should be removed for a while to Chin-kiang. Mr. and Mrs. Judd and Miss Desgraz were therefore obliged, though reluctantly, to abandon the work to which they had become so much attached, and which passed under the able supervision of Mr. Fishe. From Yang-chau they went down to Chin-kiang, and made their home in the native city, where plenty of openings awaited them, both amongst the Chinese and Tartar populations. Miss Desgraz was soon joined by Miss Bowyer from Nan-king, and in the early summer they went over to occupy new premises that Mr. Hudson Taylor had been enabled to secure for work especially amongst the women and girls of that great centre.

Some interesting facts connected with this new school-house are worthy of record, as showing how the Lord loves to confirm the faith of His people through very definite answers to believing prayer.

"During the troublous times of 1870," writes Mr. Taylor, "though it was undoubtedly desirable that the brethren should remain at their posts, it seemed to us best to remove our sisters

from the more exposed positions to Chin-kiang. While we were in that city the 'Missionary Memorandum' appeared, emanating from the Peking Government, and seriously urging the removal of all female missionaries from China. This, amongst other circumstances, led my dear wife and myself to consider whether it would not be well to try the effect of separate work for the benefit of women only, to be carried on exclusively by sisters, and Chin-kiang seemed a favourable place for making the attempt. . . . This was one of the last matters in which my dear wife was interested before her death, and about which we unitedly sought the help of the Lord. There was no hope of renting suitable premises, for during the rebellion Chin-kiang had suffered so severely that there were not nearly houses enough left to meet the requirements of the native population. Whatever was needed would certainly have to be built; and we felt that as the Mission funds at our command were given especially for *in-land* work, we should not be justified in using them for this particular purpose.

"At this juncture my precious wife was removed and I was left alone, no longer able to unite with her in prayer, as for the last twelve

and a half years I had been wont to do, pleading the promise that whatsoever two shall agree to ask upon earth shall be done for them of our Father which is in heaven. I felt the privation deeply, and had to ask the Lord, who was comforting me with His own sweet communion, saying often to me, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest,' to be my partner in prayer too, as well as my high-priestly Intercessor. I felt that my faith needed strengthening, and was therefore led to ask the Lord to send in to me personally sufficient means to build the premises required, at the same time carefully avoiding all mention of my desire either to home correspondents or to my fellow-workers in China, that the response might be more manifestly His own.

"Humanly speaking, it seemed very improbable I should thus be supplied with funds. Many of my friends were aware that not only were our private expenses met, both in China and at home, and our passage money to and from England supplied independently of the Mission, but also that for some years past my travelling expenses in both these countries, incurred in the interests of the work, had been defrayed out of moneys received for our own

personal use. But none could know of the special need just then upon my heart. And having recently had to send three of my children and Miss Blatchley home to England, my funds in hand were not large. But there are no difficulties to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer.

“I had not long been asking God about this matter when there reached me from a relative of my own—a minister of the Gospel in England—a gift of one hundred pounds, with the request that I would take it for my own private use, and not consider it as a contribution to the Mission. For more than eighteen years I had been engaged in missionary work, but never before had so large a sum been given me for my own use, though many considerable donations had been received for mission purposes. Need it be said that I was greatly cheered, and, thanking God, took courage?

“We began at once to make inquiries about a suitable site for building; but before this could be found I had to leave Chin-kiang, committing the matter to the care of others. My absence was prolonged by various circumstances; but in the meantime one of the best possible situations was obtained. The neces-

sary deeds were signed, sealed, and registered—a matter easily stated, but requiring weeks of careful manipulation on the part of my representative; and on returning to Chin-kiang I was able to commence levelling and enclosing the ground and putting up some of the out-buildings with the balance left in hand from the purchase money.

“By this time another letter reached me from a friend in England, also announcing a gift of one hundred pounds, specifying, as in the first instance that it was for my own private use. I proceeded with the buildings without delay, assured that God would supply all that was needful. And so indeed He did; for a number of smaller contributions came in as they never had done before, and ceased only when I had means sufficient, including the sum I was able to realise by the sale of furniture and other articles no longer needed, to complete the structure.”

The new school-house, given thus in answer to prayer, was nicely situated at no great distance from the river, facing the far-reaching hills that are the charm of that pleasant neighbourhood. Early in the summer, as we have seen, Miss Bowyer and Miss Desgraz took pos-

session, and commenced their work amongst the women and children of the populous district that surrounded them. This whole incident was a great joy and encouragement to all connected with the station, as well as to Mr. Taylor himself, whose faith was thereby not a little strengthened.

In spite of the long-continued difficulties and dangers of this period, and the serious reduction of the working staff of the Mission through sickness at several of the stations, the year 1871 is memorable as having witnessed more extended itinerations than any previously undertaken in connection with the work.

CHAPTER XVII.

“YE DID IT UNTO ME.”

THE trials and difficulties of the year 1870 had passed gradually away, giving place, it will be remembered, to brighter times; but the leader of the Mission, who had undergone so severe and prolonged a strain, was broken down in health, and needed rest and change. In the autumn, therefore, of 1871, after an absence of five and a half years, Mr. Hudson Taylor found himself once again on his way to the homeland. Subsequently to his marriage with Miss Faulding, of Hang-chau; Number 6, Pyrland Road, Mildmay, became their English home, and there the Saturday afternoon prayer-meeting for China was recommenced.

The Mission had now grown to considerable proportions. Almost ten years had elapsed since Mr. Meadows left England for Ningpo, during which time he had been followed by thirty-seven other new helpers, making in all

a band of forty who had gone out in connection with the work.

For more than five years of this period, the whole responsibility of the home department had rested with the dear friend at Saint Hill, who, upon the sailing of the *Lammermuir*, undertook this important share of the work. Well and faithfully had its many obligations been discharged, with generous kindness and un-failing sympathy. The burden, often heavy, had never been grudgingly borne, love for the Master and for the perishing heathen having energised all this service quite as much as the more direct efforts of those upon the field.

Now, however, circumstances combined to make Mr. and Mrs. Berger conscious that the work was growing almost beyond the limits of their strength, and the return of Mr. Taylor to England seemed to afford a suitable opportunity for some modification in the home arrangements.

In addition to dealing with all the correspondence and business details of the Mission, these much-valued friends had found place in their practical and helpful remembrance for every variety of interest in connection with it. Mr. Berger had edited its paper, received and

trained its candidates, watched over and generously contributed to its income, and by prayer and faith had strengthened the growing work; while, with nothing less than a mother's tenderness, his devoted wife had spent herself in unwearied labours for the help of the young volunteers at home, and the comfort of each member of the little band across the seas. Not content with writing frequent letters to cheer and encourage them, Mrs. Berger loved to send out carefully selected gifts to brighten those far-away missionary homes; and such was her prayerful and intelligent interest in all that concerned the various stations, that her boxes nearly always contained exactly what was most needed by those to whom they came.

Much sorrow and regret were felt by Mr. and Mrs. Berger themselves and all connected with the Mission in prospect of the inevitable change that for some time had been impending. Realising how difficult it would be to fill, in any measure, the places thus left vacant, Mr. Hudson Taylor himself undertook to discharge the duties of the home department as long as he should remain in England, looking to the Lord to supply new helpers of His own choosing whenever the time should come for his return

to the far East. Early in the New Year the alteration was reluctantly effected, and Mr. Berger wrote as follows to the friends of the Mission:—

“It is difficult to describe the feelings with which I commence this letter. Were it compatible with duty, I would defer writing indefinitely; but this may not be. You will gather from the notice on the face of this paper that the management of the home department of the Mission is about to pass into other hands. Failing strength on the part of myself and my dear wife, combined with increasing claims, unmistakably indicate the necessity for this step. Our sympathies with the work are as warm as ever, and we vainly hope that our future efforts on behalf of China, if they be of a less active nature, may not prove less serviceable.

“My relation with dear Mr. Taylor has been one of unbroken and harmonious fellowship, to which I shall ever look back with feelings of satisfaction and gratitude.”

For a time Mr. Taylor, almost single-handed, sustained the whole burden of the work; but ere long it became evident to those about him that he was unequal to its growing claims. Just at this juncture a letter was addressed to

him, signed by two warm friends of the Mission, Mr. John Challice and Mr. William Hall, urging the old-time warning of Jethro to the burdened Moses, "The thing that thou doest is not good; thou wilt surely wear away. . . . For this thing is too heavy for thee; thou art not able to perform it thyself alone;" and coupled with the remonstrance came the kindly offer of any help the writers could afford.

This interposition led to serious and prayerful reconsideration of the whole question, which by the blessing of God issued in further organisation of the work.

"It was determined from the very outset," writes Mr. Taylor, "never to have a committee, but that the government of the Mission should be in the hands of a Director or Directors. Mr. Berger having had the sole charge of the work at home, had been able, looking prayerfully to God for guidance, to act without unnecessary delay in every matter as it arose; while similar responsibility had rested upon me out in the field. I had found great help, however, in matters of gravity from calling together the brethren in China for special conference, thus benefiting by an informal Council. This experience ultimately led to the formation of a Council of

Christian friends at home, who agreed to advise with and help me when I was in England, and to act for me during my absences abroad."

* * * * *

The brief but formative years that had now elapsed since the full inauguration of the China Inland Mission had afforded a valuable opportunity for practically testing the principles upon which from the first it had been based. Much of progress and of blessing had already marked the work. Young and inexperienced helpers had developed into men and women "approved in Christ;" openings had been abundantly given on the field, converts gathered in, and native helpers raised up; funds also had been unfailingly supplied in answer to the prayer of faith; and through all experiences of trial and difficulty those engaged in the work had been drawn nearer to one another and to God.

"He has not left us, nor failed us in our need and often in that far-off land, apart from the ordinary privileges of Christian communion, He has made His own Word so exceedingly precious, and has so manifested the tenderness of His unutterable love, as to surpass anything we had previously known.

“Hungry and thirsty, our souls have sometimes almost fainted within us; and weary, very weary, we have been. But when the Lord has spoken to our hearts His invitation ‘If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink,’ when He has enabled us to ask Him for and then has given us the ‘living water,’ He has made us so unspeakably happy in His presence, and has imparted such rest, joy, and strength in Himself, that we have experienced a deeper blessedness than some of us ever expected to realise down here, and that words altogether fail to express.

‘The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.’

“If it be asked what is the present position of the Mission, and what are the prospects before us, we would reply that, while the work is undoubtedly affected by the unsettled state of Chinese and foreign relations, apparently hindered in many ways, especially in some districts, needing more than ever the wisdom of the serpent as well as the harmlessness of the dove, it is our settled conviction that it is definitely progressing, and that still more it is deepening in ways unseen and to us inappreciable to anything like their full extent.

“Far greater difficulties perhaps may be hidden in the future than any the past has revealed. There can be little doubt that a time of sifting and persecution is coming on which will test and refine the Church of the Living God in China. But we cannot question as to what will be the ultimate issue, nor doubt His sufficiency to sustain us in the hour of need. *Trusting in Him, we go forward.*”

‘He cannot have taught us to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought us to put us to shame.’**

*Mr. Hudson Taylor, “Occasional Paper,” December, 1871.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOUNDING THE WESTERN BRANCH OF THE C. I. M.

IN THE closing days of 1872 the members of the Inland Mission were cheered by the return of Mr. and Mrs. Hudson Taylor to the field. In several of the stations at this time special prayer was being made about the needs of the growing work. Very rapid had been its extension during the six years since the arrival of the *Lammermuir* party, and the responsibility and difficulty of its management had increased in proportion to its enlarging sphere. Already there were sixteen stations and thirty workers, scattered in four provinces; but, far from satisfied with the result, Mr. Taylor and those associated with him turned with ever-deepening desire to the still unreached Beyond.

New Year's Eve was devoted, as usual, to prayer and fasting; and one special petition was that 1873 might witness definite advance towards the evangelisation of the far interior

—the nine vast inland provinces without a missionary.

“We are not discouraged,” wrote Mr. Taylor, “by the greatness of the difficulties, by the smallness of our numbers, or by the fact that during the past year, with a large and rapidly growing Mission, our faith has been more than ever tried with regard to funds. If God be for us, difficulties are of no account. He can save by few as easily as by many; and it is still true that ‘Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.’ Share with us, then, in present prayer, and soon we shall join in grateful praise.”

The year thus entered was one of steady work and progress. Eleven new stations and out-stations were opened in the four provinces already occupied, including one at Shanghai, in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fishe, which from that time became the business centre of the Mission.

Two more brethren—Messrs. Groombridge and Donovan—came out; but the staff was still insufficient to permit of any advance. Funds also continued low; and towards the end of 1873, in spite of all the hopeful anticipations

that had been entertained, it became a grave question as to whether extension should be attempted. Prayer was the only resource; and as the year drew to a close the matter was constantly remembered before the Lord. Meanwhile in England, all unknown to His servants on the field, answers had been given to their petitions. Reinforcements were already on the way.

It had not seemed likely to happen. It had looked all but impossible.

The Council and friends of the Mission at home, in hearty sympathy with the longings of those in China, earnestly desired to send out more labourers and increased funds; but even when an opportunity occurred in the return of Mr. and Mrs. Judd, after a brief furlough, the realisation of their wishes appeared distant as ever. None of the candidates were ready to go at once, and even had the men been forthcoming, there was no money in hand to meet their expenses.

* This Missionary Institute was founded in 1872 by Dr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness. In twenty-one years of its existence, five hundred and eighty-eight young men and women were sent out to all parts of the world, in connection with thirty different Societies. Messrs. Baller & Taylor, who joined the Inland Mission, were the first of this large band.

Just at this juncture two young brethren from the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions* volunteered for China, and were commended to the Council as men for whom the Directors entertained a warm regard, and in whom they placed the fullest confidence. Henry Taylor and Frederick Baller were ready to start without delay, and were gladly accepted to join the returning party. For the men had not been given without the means to send them forth. A considerable sum of money had just been handed to Mr. Judd, specially for the use of new missionaries and the opening up of fresh work in China, quite apart from other help that he was receiving towards the passage and outfit of his own family. "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

Nor was this all. Other remarkable answers to the same prayers quickly followed, looking back upon which, Mr. Taylor wrote in the succeeding year:—

"THE LORD IS INDEED OUR SHEPHERD.

"Infinite in wisdom and unbounded in resources, no human needs are ever unforeseen

by Him—though they may often take us by surprise—and no circumstances can be difficult for Him to meet.

“Often as our faith has been tried with regard to funds, the Lord has ever proved faithful. Beloved brethren and sisters have been marvellously helped when brought very low. One brother, in the absence of funds, was sustained for days (if not weeks) by presents of food from the heathen around him. Another brother and sister were tided over a difficulty by a birthday present made to their child from one of the native Christians. A third was sustained for a time through money given him by a native helper, who had raised it by pawning his own clothes. A fourth in great need received a present of money from a native sister, who in a dream had been directed to aid him, and was helped on several other occasions in ways equally marked. Continually do I receive letters telling me how opportunely the supplies which God has ministered through me have come to hand. Sympathy has not been excited by publishing these letters, nor has our need been made known to man, but to God alone. There are more than a hundred labourers now in connection with the Mission, counting the

missionaries and their wives, and the native helpers. Sometimes for weeks together I have not had a dollar of Mission money in hand; yet in His own good time the needed supplies have come. Brethren with their families have urgently requested to return to England when there have been no funds in hand even for the ordinary outlay of the Mission. Prayer has been made; and in remarkable ways, which we cannot now detail, the Lord has supplied the means. We have ever found it a safe thing, and a blessed, to trust in the Living God.

“One very important question, however, was raised by these frequent and increasingly severe trials. Were we to regard them simply as tests of faith? or were we to learn from them that the Lord would not have us attempt any further extension of the work at present? We waited much upon God, and frequently sought His guidance with regard to this. . . .

“During November, December, and the first part of January, I asked the Lord to make it unmistakably clear whether He would have us prepare to commence work in some of the totally unreached provinces or not; and also whether we should seek to occupy more stations in Cheh-kiang. My mind was assured that we

ought to do both; and I felt constrained in prayer to ask the Lord to give us . . . labourers to extend the work into every unoccupied department and county of Cheh-kiang, of which there were fifty, and also men and means to commence operations in the nine unevangelised provinces as well.

“While we were thus waiting upon the Lord in China, He was putting it into the heart of one of His stewards at home to devise and execute liberal things for the spread of the Gospel. A letter was received by Mr. Hill, one of the honorary secretaries, dated December 5th, 1873, in which the writer said:—

“‘In two months’ time I hope to place in the hands of your Council of arrangements the sum of £800, for the further extension of inland China mission work. Please remember, for fresh provinces.’

“Need I say that when a copy of this letter reached me in China it caused our hearts to sing for joy? This generous donation was received in due course; and now, ‘assuredly gathering’ that the Lord had indeed called us ‘to preach the Gospel in the regions beyond,’ Mr. Judd has secured premises in Wu-ch’ang, the capital city of Hu-peh and Hu-nan, the latter

one of the unoccupied provinces; and he will there (D. V.) superintend the formation of a Western Branch of the China Inland Mission.

“The task before us is a mighty one, and the difficulties can scarcely be exaggerated. But we know Who it is that holds the keys of David. When He opens none can shut; when He shuts none can open.”

Shortly after this a further sum of £3,000 was also set apart for Western China, by donors who desired their names to remain unknown. Thus was inaugurated the first decided movement towards the evangelisation of those great and populous regions, which through long centuries had lain in hopeless heathen darkness.

The summer of 1874 was spent by Mr. and Mrs. Judd at Wu-ch'ang, the metropolis of Central China, in seeking to establish a basis from which extended journeys could be made to North, South, and West, throughout the interior.

“The child is father to the man,”—true of organisations as well as of individual life.

Extension was at hand. Inland China was soon to be opened to the Gospel. When God works, everything fits in. Men and means were

needed for coming enlargements, and He sent them; free access to the interior, and it was given; experienced workers to direct future developments, and these, too, He supplied.

As Mr. Taylor travelled at this time from place to place, visiting stations, consulting senior helpers and encouraging younger ones in the work, how little could even he foresee the needs of the future—how much less provide for them! But there was One who knew it all. God had His leaders in training; and changes, simple, yet significant, began to appear. Some who were to direct future forward movements were set free for wider spheres; while others, charged with new responsibility, were being educated for difficult duties to come.

Among the most important of these changes was the return of Mr. Stevenson to England for a brief furlough. Many years were to elapse ere he should resume his much-loved work in China. New toils and pioneering efforts awaited him, in seeking to enter—from Upper Burmah—the western provinces of the great Empire. But all his varying experiences were to prove a precious training and discipline for more important service, still to follow. Since 1886 he has occupied the responsible position

of Deputy Director of the Mission in China.

Thus, then we reach the close of the year 1874, and near the termination of a period characterised by extension and change, both in the Home and China departments of the Mission. But before referring to the steps of its final and most important advance, we cannot but notice to the glory of God some very marked providences in connection with the way in which its needs were daily met by Him upon whose faithfulness alone His servants were satisfied to rely.

At the close of 1874 Mr. Taylor writes:—

“You may scarcely realise that our work is now so extensive that it cannot be carried on, without much difficulty and trial, at a cost of less than one hundred pounds a week. This may seem a large sum, but ours is a large work. We have more than fifty buildings—houses, chapels, and schools—to keep in repair, and for the majority of these we have also to pay rent. More than a hundred labourers are supported, including native helpers. If to these be added the children of the missionaries, the native boys and girls in the boarding schools, and students, there are seventy more mouths to fill daily, seventy more persons to clothe. I

need scarcely say that the travelling expenses involved in the work in China, now extended to five provinces, are not small; in addition to those incurred by the return of invalided missionaries to England. To meet these demands with one hundred pounds a week requires the utmost care and frugality. My own expenses for all purposes at home and here are independent of Mission resources.

“During the months January to March I received from the Hon. Secretaries of the Mission only £442 1s. They were distressed at being able to send so little, and committed the matter in earnest prayer to God, as we did here. Besides this, remittances were sent, through me, to various members of the Mission in China direct, to the value of £260. These sums, not being in any sense donations to the Mission, cannot be entered in our general account, though they so largely help in the work. Still, including even these, the total receipts were far less than the outlay, so that the balances of the previous quarter being exhausted, there were no funds at most of our stations by the end of March,

“On making up my Mission accounts on

April 1st, I found that I had 25 dollars, 29 cents (about £5 10s.) in hand; and I knew that most, if not all, the members of the Mission, must be urgently needing funds for their own daily requirements, as well as for the expenses of the work. I constantly cast these cares on God, and hoped that when I reached Shanghai I should find His answer in the shape of remittances; for as I was travelling my letters had to await me there. On the 7th we arrived, and received the letters of several mails. You may imagine the interest with which, after seeking the Lord's blessing upon them, they were read. I found a remittance from the Secretaries of little over £25, consisting wholly of special donations—£7 for two of the missionaries, and the remainder made up of small sums for the support of particular native helpers. I further learned that there were no funds at home for the general purpose of the Mission. Now I knew that £500 would have been instantly absorbed; that one hundred and seventy mouths had daily to be fed; that the life of Mrs. Stevenson appeared to hang on an immediate return to England; and that there were no more mails due for nearly a fortnight. Realising all this, need I say that I re-

quired the precious resource of again casting all the care on Him who cares for each one of us? In so doing, the assurance that His grace was sufficient for me and for each of the needy ones, filled my heart with love and joy.

“Next morning I awoke about five o’clock, and found the burden coming back again; but, in accordance with Phil. iv. 6, I made my requests known to God, and found the promise of the verse following fulfilled. Some of the passages, too, which occurred in the course of my morning’s reading seemed to have been written on purpose for me. When my dear wife awoke I told her of the assurance I felt that help was at hand, though I had not the least idea of how the Lord would send it. And so it proved. Before noon a letter reached me, which, having been addressed to Ningpo instead of Shanghai, arrived some days later than the letters of the same mail which had come direct. It contained cheques for me to forward inland to many of the members of the Mission, to the value of £260, besides several other sums. These kind gifts greatly cheered me, and relieved me of anxiety concerning the personal wants of those to whom they were sent, though they still left an urgent need,

about which we continued to wait upon God. I asked the prayers of some of the members of the Mission with special reference to Mr. Stevenson and his family; and in the full conviction that the Lord would supply the need, their outfits for the voyage were proceeded with.

“On the 13th of April one of our missionaries put into my hand one hundred dollars as a first contribution towards the Stevenson’s expenses home, with the words:—

“ ‘At some time or other the Lord will provide.
It may not be my time,
It may not be thy time,
But yet in His own time
The Lord will provide.’

“On April 22nd I received from the Honorary Secretaries a remittance of over £100, but, like the previous one, it was all special donations, and left more than nine-tenths of the needy objects untouched. At first I felt rather disappointed, till I reflected that God had ordered the *form* in which it came, as well as the fact of its coming; and that consequently it must be both right and best. And so indeed it proved in more ways than one, ere many days had passed, reminding me of the words:—

“ ‘Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace,’

and shaming my temporary disappointment. Part of this money was used to refund to one of the members of the Mission 190 dollars which he had advanced before. Adding 10 dollars to it, he now gave me the 200 towards the Stevensons' home-going, together with £15 more. Later, another member gave 50 dollars; three gave 10 dollars each; another 220 dollars; completing, within half a tael, the sum required for the passages to Marseilles, and this deficiency was soon made up by one of the previous donors. For travelling expenses in China, and through France, our brother was supplied by other kind friends; so that all was ready one mail before he was able to complete his preparations and reach Shanghai. Thus once more our confident expectations were not put to shame.

“At the risk of some repetition, I may quote from a letter written to one of the members of the Council about this time:—

“‘After proving God’s faithfulness for many years, I can testify that times of want have ever been times of special blessing, or have led to them. Never has the work entailed more real trial, or so much exercise of faith, as recently.

The sickness of our beloved sister, Miss Blatchley, the needs of my dear children, the state of our Mission funds, the changes required to allow of some going home, of others coming out, and of the further extension of the work, and many other things not easily expressed in writing, would be crushing anxieties if *we* were to bear them. But the Lord bears us, and them too; and makes our hearts so very glad in Himself alone—not in Himself *plus* a bank balance—that I have never known greater freedom from anxiety and care.

“The other week, when I reached Shanghai, we were in great and immediate need. The English and French mails were both in, and had brought no remittance of general funds, and there were none at home to remit. I cast the burden on the Lord. Next morning, when awaking, I felt a little inclined to trouble; but He gave me the word—“I know their sorrows; and I am come down to deliver them;” and, “Certainly I will be with thee;” and before 6 a. m. I was as sure that help was at hand as when, at noon, I received a letter containing more than £300. Now our need is again great and urgent; but God is greater and more near; and because He is, and is what He is, all will be,

must be, well. Oh! the joy of knowing the *living* God, of seeing the *living* God, of resting on the *living* God! I am but His agent; He will look after His own honour, provide for His own servants, and supply all our need according to His own riches; you helping by your prayers, and by your 'work of faith and labour of love.'

"But to return. We were kept waiting on God till May 5th. When a remittance of £104 odd was received from the Secretaries, of which £100 was for the general purposes of the Mission, none but those who know what it is to bear the burdens of others can tell the joy with which we distributed this small sum, small as compared with the wants of more than forty stations. A kind friend augmented it by a gift of 6 dollars on the same day, and 26 dollars were also forwarded to me, which had been given to support a girl in the boarding-school. On the 15th, 222 dollars reverted to the funds, which had been temporarily appropriated in February to an object for which it was no longer required; and Mr. Judd, on leaving Nanking for Wu-ch'ang, was able to hand in over 240 dollars, a surplus of funds given him in December, and which had not been needed. In

these ways, and by the sale of some stationary and profits on exchange, the most urgent necessities of May were met, leaving us all the promises of God to meet the expenses of June, and nothing else besides.

"I asked urgent prayer of some of the brethren for £500 to cover the manifest and unavoidable outlay of that month. Perhaps never in the history of the Mission have we *all* been so low together. As it proved, the outlay of the month required above £100 more than the sum I had named; and therefore the Lord, who knows all our necessities better even than we do, supplied this too.

"From the Hon. Secretaries at home I received during the month a sum of over £500; and in China, in ways which I cannot now detail, 290 dollars, 75 cents, besides. On making up the accounts to this date, I found that we had gained by exchange during the half year, including interest for a small fund given for building purposes, 200 dollars, 32 cents. The aggregate of these amounts came to about £100, which was all additional to the money remitted from home; so that not only were the current expenses of the month met, but Mrs. Cardwell and her children were able to return

to England, a change which increasing prostration showed to be necessary, leaving me with a balance of 16s. on July 1st.

“You will wonder how my dear fellow-labourers bore the trial connected with their respective stations and their own personal needs during this time; and to show you how lovingly I am encouraged, and how these burdens are borne up before the Lord, I will give you some extracts from the letters of a few.

“One writing on June 22nd says:—

“Yours of the 13th inst. came to hand two or three days ago, but the money did not arrive till this morning. Many, many thanks for it; for, like the rest of the brethren, we have been hard put to it of late. Had it not been for the £15 that — gave us, I do not know what we should have done; and even with that we found it difficult to make both ends meet. But, praise God, He has not allowed us to want. The money came most opportunely, both for own use and for the work of the Church. We do pray for you—not talk to God about you, but pray; and He knows it. When you said, “Pray for £500 for this month’s expenses,” the sum seemed so insignificant when we referred it to God, that I felt ashamed that we should

think of it as a difficulty at all. God's inexhaustible riches rose up before my mind so vividly that £500 seemed no more to me than five hundred stones in the street. I have not the slightest doubt that He will give you this, and much more, as soon as His time comes. What I have to watch against is impatience at waiting His time.

“Some little while ago I had a doctor's bill of 50 dollars sent me. At the time I had only 8 dollars of my own in the world. However, I told the Lord all about it, and felt assured that He would provide, but I did not anticipate the way in which it would be done. Some unknown friend paid the bill! Who it can be I have not the slightest idea. The Lord knows; and I pray that He may reward and bless the one who has been so kind to us. Is not God faithful?”

“From another station I received the following, dated June 16th:—

“Many thanks for your kind letter and the money, which I received safely this afternoon. My last cash (the twentieth part of a penny) was spent yesterday morning, and I was waiting on our Heavenly Father today for money

to pay my teacher. Praise His holy Name, He still answers our prayers! How blessed it is to trust Him, and how restful the certainty that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

"Another, writing a week later, says:—

"The money order for — arrived here to-day, and I believe it can be cashed tomorrow at the native banker's. . . . For the first time I was unable to send for the usual quantity of rice for my school children; but neither they nor we have lacked one single meal. Our wants have all been supplied. I cannot help feeling glad that God has sent us this little trial; our common need has drawn us nearer to each other, and at the same time nearer to Christ. Very earnest have been the prayers offered up for you, that the Lord would fulfil all your petitions, and grant you according to your own heart. We are a happy household, sympathising in one another's joys and sorrows; conscious, too, with a glad consciousness, that Christ is King in home and heart.'

"A fifth correspondent tells me that when the money I sent him on June 12th arrived, they

had not a dollar left, and were praying for relief. 'How gracious of the Lord,' he adds, 'to hear our united cry.'

"I might give you more quotations, but these suffice. . . . 'Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.' "

Such, then, were some of the difficulties that were permitted at this time to test with the pressure of an ever-growing need the distinctive principles upon which the Inland Mission had been founded—principles whose failure had been so confidently predicted by many from the beginning. These trials, however, with their corresponding vindication of the Lord's unfailing care, served only to strengthen the faith that He had given, and more than ever to confirm the confidence of His servants in the one great underlying truth upon which those principles are based—the truth that, at all times, and under all circumstances, "God alone, is sufficient for God's own work."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LOWEST EBB, AND THE TURN OF THE TIDE,
1874-1875.

PECUNIARY difficulties, however, were by no means the most severe part of the discipline through which at this time the Lord was preparing the Inland Mission for coming extension and blessing. The years 1874 and 1875 were a time of trial both in China and at home. The health of several of the Mission staff broke down; the Hu-chau riot seriously endangered the lives of two of the workers; and, saddest of all for the Mission as a whole—Emily Blatchley died.

Since 1872 this valuable worker, who was one of the *Lammermuir* party, and who had rendered excellent service on the field, had been entrusted with the care of Mr. Taylor's children, and with the entire oversight of the home department of the work. Her sickness and death was a severe blow to the Mission, and

necessitated the return of Mr. Taylor to England.

Emily Blatchley gone, the reins of the home department had to be gathered up by other hands. Mr. Hudson Taylor's presence made things look comparatively easy. He who knew every detail was here on the spot to take charge and manage matters.

Within a few weeks he himself, prostrate and suffering, knew not if he should ever work again. For six months entirely laid aside through a serious injury to the spine, the result of a fall in the spring of the year, he was confined to his room and bed, a helpless, possibly a hopeless, invalid.

Surely, then, the lowest ebb was reached. Bereaved and weakened by recent losses, with but few friends, and a restricted circle of influence, and with no voice to plead its cause, except with God, it almost seemed as though the Inland Mission must be forgotten amongst the many other and more prominent claims constantly pressing on the Church. No denomination was pledged to its support; there were no means in hand to meet the needs of the forty-three stations and out-stations, with over sixty native helpers and thirty-five missionaries, in

China, and no reserve funds to fall back upon should supplies fail. Its one trained helper, skilled in the daily executive, was in her quiet grave—never to work again. Its leader, utterly broken down, was, as he said, “unable to do anything but rejoice in God.”

Conception almost fails as we try to realise what that crisis must have meant in such a Mission. Daily work came as usual, requiring business ability for its immediate discharge, and the letters could only be brought to the bedside of the sick man who could not write a word. There was no officer or clerk to dispatch correspondence or to issue the little magazine. In a word, there was nothing for the maintenance of the Mission in distant, man-forgotten China. nothing to ensure tomorrow's bread to the workers there, far less next week's supplies, except, as Paul puts it, some of the “things which are not,” and—God.

But God was there.

“What a life of praise, and joy, and rest, we should all lead,” wrote Mr. Taylor, “did we but *fully* believe in the wisdom and love of God, and gladly acquiesce in His will and way, casting every care on Him in trustful prayer.

“It has been a great delight to me during

this long illness to see how the Lord has met the daily need of His work, especially in regard to helpers. When lying ill in one room, with my dear wife also laid aside, for a time, in the next, often would ten, fifteen, twenty letters come in, requiring prompt attention. How were they to be answered? Well, the Lord knew our need, and scarcely were the letters read, oftentimes, when some friend would call, volunteering assistance.

“‘Can I help you by writing an hour or two this morning?’ would be the kind inquiry.

“‘Yes, indeed!’ we gratefully respond; ‘see what a number of letters have come in.’

“If one who called thus in the morning could not stay long enough to finish all that needed to be done, another was sure to come in the afternoon, and perhaps one or two at night. Occasionally a young friend employed in a city office during the day would come round in the evening to do any needful book-keeping, or answer up letters not yet dealt with. So it continued day by day. Generally we had many letters; but if, on the contrary, only a few came in, we said to ourselves, ‘Probably no one is able to help in the correspondence today,’ which generally proved to be the case.

“One of the happiest times in my life was that period of enforced inactivity, when one could do nothing but rejoice in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him, and see Him every day meeting all our need. And never, either before or since that time, was my correspondence so well kept in hand and answered up to date.”

* * * * *

About Christmas time, 1874, we find a remarkable little paper making its way into several of the leading Christian journals, containing a request for prayer—prayer that God would raise up during the coming year a band of eighteen men to go, two and two, into all the nine unevangelised provinces of Inland China.

Eighteen men within one year? And to enter those distant, untravelled regions, hitherto destitute of the Gospel? It seemed a bold request indeed; and especially in view of the source from whence it came. Besides, Inland China could scarcely be considered open to even the itineration of foreign travellers, much less to their residence. For although passports had been nominally obtainable ever since the Treaty of T'ien-tsin in 1858, they had practically been

rarely granted, and the great mass of the people were in total ignorance of the fact that foreigners were entitled to travel beyond the open ports.

Yes, there are many difficulties and objections; and those who make the request for prayer realise, better perhaps than others, their own exceeding weakness and lack of visible resources for such an undertaking. And yet, God's time, they feel, has surely come; and He says "Go!" Can He not take up a worm, if needs be, to thresh mountains? Prayer then, and faith in God for the Eighteen.

"I have the fullest hope," wrote Mr. Hudson Taylor from his sick-room, "that God will enable us, during this New Year, 1875, to commence work in at least two or three of these unoccupied provinces; and I trust that shortly we may be able to announce the departure of missionaries for Burmah also, to undertake operations amongst the inhabitants of Yunnan, to be extended, as God may open the way, to the adjoining districts of south-western China.

"But, it may be asked, is it really possible, in the present state of the country, for our brethren to benefit the inhabitants of these remote

regions? Our risen Saviour has clearly commanded us to go forth into 'all the world.' The difficulties, it is true, can scarcely be exaggerated; but, 'the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits.' Will not our friends join us in asking for such men—and such only—as *do* know their God, to go to these teeming millions?"

Mr. Taylor now planned to enter Western China through Burmah, in which country Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Soultou immediately undertook to establish a medical Mission as a base of operation. Then followed the murder of the British officer, Mr. Mergary, while trying to lead an expedition to investigate possibilities of trade. The doors of the west now swung to, but prayer for the eighteen workers for this field continued to ascend, and before June, 1876, they had all sailed for China.

Then followed the Chefoo Convention, which, after prolonged negotiations, seemed to end in failure, but which finally resulted in complete success, doubtless through the intervention of God in answer to the many earnest prayers which were daily ascending on this behalf.

So just as the workers had mastered the lan-

guage and were ready for the work, the door swung wide for them to enter.

Then followed a period of pioneering and evangelising in which devoted heralds of the cross travelled far and wide through all the inland provinces, preaching the Gospel and selling gospel literature.

As a result, new stations sprang up in the West, and in 1880 there were in all 70 stations occupied by seventy missionaries and 26 missionaries' wives.

In the autumn of 1881, in the midst of great need both of men and money, Mr. Taylor called a convention at Wu-ch'ang. As many of the workers as possible met him there, and after a prayerful survey of the field, they felt led to ask in earnest prayer for 70 new workers to fill openings which they felt could not go unoccupied. It seemed an unreasonable thing to ask in the face of the fact they were often sorely pressed for funds to support the missionaries which they now had on the field. But they were sure it was God's leading, and within the three years which they had set, the whole number were on the field with all their needs well supplied.

The next great epoch in the history of the Mission was the coming of the Cambridge Band, 1885. This band consisted of seven graduates of Cambridge University, who whole-heartedly devoted themselves to the cause and became a great blessing to the Mission.

CHAPTER XX.

CLOSING EVENTS.

It was now become evident that Mr. Taylor would be obliged to have help in superintending a work so large. Accordingly after long and prayerful consideration ten District Superintendents were appointed in the different provinces.

“Shall we not pray,” suggested Mr. Stevenson, “for immediate reinforcements—a *hundred new workers during the coming year?*”

Faith burned brightly in every heart. Then and there the Hundred were asked and accepted from God, in fullest confidence; after which the new Council set to work to make the best arrangements in their power for receiving them during 1887.

“Let us see that we keep God before our eyes; that we walk in His ways, and seek to please and glorify Him in everything, great and small. Depend upon it, God’s work done in God’s way will never lack God’s supplies.”

The autumn that followed proved the truth

and reality of this faith; for before the year was ended the last detachment of the Hundred sailed.

Just before Christmas 1887, when the last of the Hundred were on the eve of departure for China, a young American stranger came to Pyrland Road to see Mr. Hudson Taylor. A successful man of business in the state of New York, Mr. H. W. Frost, had a warm heart for missions, and recently had consecrated his life to God for service on behalf of China. Hearing of the C. I. M., his sympathies had been drawn towards it, specially on account of the simplicity and breadth of its principles.

And the more he prayed and pondered, the clearer did it become that he should go to England, and urge Mr. Taylor to establish a branch of the C. I. M. in North America.

The proposal was unexpected and interesting. But, to the visitor's great disappointment, Mr. Taylor's reply was not hopeful.

"The Lord has given me no light about it. I do not think it is His purpose thus to extend the work."

This was the first step.

The second was, that a few weeks later another American stranger reached Pyrland

Road, bringing a request from Mr. Moody that Mr. Taylor would come to Northfield for the Students' Summer School of the following year. About the same time a letter also arrived, asking him to take part in the Niagara Conference of July. Both these invitations were accepted, but without any thought of the important results destined to follow.

A two months' visit to the United States and Canada, en route for China, was all that Mr. Taylor planned; but it was not all that was purposed in the counsels of God.

Limitations of space forbid our entering here upon the story of the North American branch of the C. I. M. Many are familiar with it already. They have followed Mr. Taylor through the crowded, impressive meetings held at Northfield, Niagara, and Chicago; have felt with him the wonder and solemnity of that midnight hour at Attica, when he learnt that from most unexpected sources money had been contributed to support eight American workers in connection with our Mission; have sympathized with the unusual perplexity he experienced in finding himself thus possessed of money, but with no men to use it; and have realized the sense of responsibility that over-

whelmed him, when he saw that he must pray for missionaries, and organise without delay the very extension he had declined only a few months before. Many have traced the hand of God in bringing together the first band of fourteen, who sailed with Mr. Taylor just twelve weeks after he had landed in New York without a thought of their existence; and have marvelled at the providences connected with the formation of the tentative Toronto Council, which undertook to carry on the North American work.

Full of joyous anticipation, the first American party, on board the great Pacific steamer, sighted Japan. Mr. Taylor, after nearly two years' absence, was looking forward to reunion with the workers on the field, and eagerly expecting news. Already in the spring of the year three had been taken, by death, from the ranks of the Mission in China, but now the summer was over, and less danger was apprehended.

At Yokohama, a large bundle of letters was put into Mr. Taylor's hand. There was only time to glance through them and select the most recent. Prayerfully it was opened and scanned—then dropped, in sorrow and amaze-

ment! Adam Dorward and Herbert Norris—gone? What could it mean? The Lord makes no mistakes. But *these* two!

In March, '89, the exigencies of the work at home required Mr. Taylor's presence, so that in spite of the need on the field he was obliged to leave for England.

The summer that followed Mr. Taylor's return to England witnessed development in several departments of the home work. Inglesby House was opened as a centre for receiving and training young men for China, while 4I and 4Ia, Pyrland Road were secured for the young women candidates. A Ladies' Council was formed, and Miss Soltau became its Secretary.

In Scotland sympathy with the Inland Mission had grown, until it was felt desirable to establish a regular centre at Glasgow. Eight gentlemen kindly undertook to form an Auxiliary Council, to test all applications north of the Tweed. A month's visit to Scandanavia in the autumn of the year also led to important results.

In response to a long-standing invitation from Pastor Holmgren, Secretary of the "Swedish Mission in China," Mr. Hudson

Taylor, went over to Sweden in November '89.

Thus the Spirit of God, moving and guiding in many spheres, carries steadily forward the evangelisation of the great land. Here a seed-thought, there a living word, or the powerful influence of a consecrated example—better than precept—all doing their silent work towards the supreme end.

Such a seed-thought, replete with living power, fell at this time into good ground.

It was early in October, 1889, and Mr. Hudson Taylor, wearied with continued labors, went down for a little rest to Hastings. Pondering and praying over the needs of China, he was struck afresh with the direct command expressed in the Master's words, "*To every creature.*" If he had not meant it He would not have said it. And since He both said it and meant it, we are responsible literally to obey.

This led to a careful consideration of what would be involved in carrying out the Divine commission and really preaching the Gospel "to every creature" in China during the present generation.

The little paper entitled "To Every Creature," which embodied these facts, went forth at the close of the year '89. Soon it was scat-

tered far and wide, bringing its stirring message to many a heart.

Five months later, the Missionary Conference, assembled in Shanghai, made their remarkable appeal to the home churches. In words of intense earnestness they pleaded for one thousand men within the next five years for the work of Christian evangelisation in China.

A telegram from Mr. Taylor in Shanghai authorized the formation of an Australian branch of the Mission, and on May 22nd, 1890, the Council was formed in Melbourne, consisting of nine members.

Soon after came the welcome news that Mr. Taylor himself intended to visit the Australian colonies. He arrived in July, 1890, and remained till November, when he returned to China accompanied by the first party of eleven missionaries. His meetings were fraught with unspeakable blessing to the churches visited, and resulted in a great missionary awakening in all the colonies.

Under the helpful influence of its devoted honorary secretary the work grew rapidly and spread to other colonies.

A few weeks after Mr. Taylor's return to Shanghai with the first reinforcements from Australia, the largest missionary party ever known to arrive in China was given to the C. I. M. in one day, and that without our having done anything in the matter, either written a word, or spent a penny, or made one single effort to bring them; just given of God, in answer to prayer, part of the coming Thousand!

The work grew rapidly until, in January, 1894, the Inland Mission was at work in 110 principal stations, with more than 100 outstations; its members and associates numbered over 550; its native helpers 362; and its roll of baptised communicants, about 4,000. Seven different Missions from Europe and America were labouring in connection with us, while fourteen nationalities and all evangelical sections of the Church of Christ were represented in our ranks.

One of the first indications that Mr. Taylor's nervous system was giving away under the strain of his long responsibility and numberless exposures was in Boston in 1900, when, after the great Ecumenical Conference, he was holding meetings, and it was observed in an otherwise effective address that he repeated one or

two sentences a score of times or more. These sentences were as follows:

“You may trust the Lord too little, but you can never trust Him too much.” “If we believe not yet He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself.”

There was something pathetic and poetic in the very fact that this repetition was the first visible sign of his breakdown, for was it not this very sentiment and this very quotation that he had kept repeating to himself and all his fellow-workers during all the years of his missionary work—a blessed sentence to break down upon, which had been the buttress of his whole life of consecrated endeavor. What would he desire to be made emphatic by his whole career if not this simple lesson of the impossibility of trusting God too implicitly, too boldly, and too constantly?

For Hudson Taylor's best, and all-unconsciously written, autobiography, we must read the early volumes of "China's Millions." No record of his life can better portray his true character, and nothing he has ever written is better worth republication than his short comments upon the texts of Scripture printed as page illustrations in these early volumes. These

articles, under the general heading of "China for Christ," are faithful reflections of the missionary zeal—the faith—the prayerfulness which made Hudson Taylor what he was. In them we may see the seed corn that was sown some thirty years ago, of which the China Inland Mission of today is the manifest truth. The lesson is for us all. It is that God honors faith, answers prayer, and never fails those who "attempt great things for God, and expect great things from God."

After the many years of the most strenuous labor, there came, in 1900, a complete breakdown of health, and Mr. Taylor was compelled to withdraw from the work of active leadership, though glad to advise, as needed, his successor in the general direction of the mission—Mr. D. E. Hoste. He retired for quiet and rest to Switzerland, and during his stay in that country had to bear the great sorrow of the loss of his devoted wife, whose help both in health and sickness had been to him of inestimable value. In the beginning of 1905 he felt well enough to decide to revisit China—traveling via America to avoid the great heat of the Red Sea. After a very brief stay in Shanghai he

went on to Yang-chau, to the training-home for the lady missionaries of the C. I. M.

Mr. Taylor had set his heart on a visit to Chang-sha, the capital of the Hu-nan Province. He reached that city, and there on the 3d of June the home-call of the weary labourer came. Of all the unevangelised provinces in China in which he had sought to place missionaries, the province of Hu-nan was the last to receive them.

It was fitting that this modern apostle should receive the home-call from Chang-sha. It is the capital of what was for years the most violently anti-foreign province in China—a province for which the C. I. M. has worked perseveringly for the last twenty years.

Mr. Taylor held a service for the Chinese on the day that he fell asleep. His daughter, Mrs. Howard Taylor, was with him when the summons came, suddenly but quietly, as the venerable missionary rested in his room in the evening. His body rests in Chinkiang (Chen-chiang), the city of his early residence, and the burial place of his first wife and their four infant children. Mr. Taylor's earthly tabernacle was laid to rest with a simple Chinese Christian

funeral service in the presence of his two sons and forty China Inland missionaries.

Thus this Mission, with no financial backing except the promises of God, has steadily progressed until today there are connected with it more than 1,000 missionaries with 1,000 paid native helpers and 2,000 self-supporting helpers, working in 200 stations and 1,000 out-stations. There are more than 35,000 native converts now in fellowship, and more than 50,000 have been baptised since the Mission was opened. And the remarkable thing about it is that *no backward step has ever been taken for lack of funds.*

The Mission is undenominational, being pledged to no creed except the general principles of evangelical Christianity. The work is interdenominational in that its workers represent all evangelical denominations.

Thus has God proven to the world His ability and willingness to answer prayer that is inspired by the Holy Spirit; and that His work, done in His way, at His time, and by His chosen workmen, will never lack His support.

THE END.

