

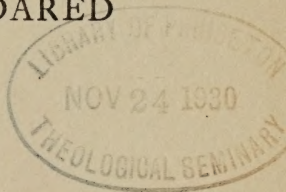
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Hudson Taylor

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HUDSON TAYLOR

THE MAN WHO DARED



TOLD FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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BY

MARSHALL BROOMHALL, M.A.

**THE CHINA INLAND MISSION, LONDON
PHILADELPHIA, TORONTO, MELBOURNE, AND
SHANGHAI**

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“I eat like a horse, sleep like a top, and have the spirits of a lark. I do not know that I have any anxiety save to be more holy and useful.”

HUDSON TAYLOR,
the medical student, aged nineteen.

“What is the object of being apprenticed to a builder but to learn to build? What is the outcome of being joined to a Saviour if we do not learn to save?”

HUDSON TAYLOR,
the missionary leader, aged fifty-four.

PLAYING THE GAME

THERE is an interesting story told in the recently published life of Dr. W. G. Grace, one of the world's greatest cricketers. He and some other friends were discussing one day in a club-house the game of golf, when the importance of "following through" was emphasised. This means that in golf, when you hit the ball, you must not hit it like you would when playing tennis, but your club must follow the ball through as far as possible. If you have watched a golfer play you will observe how he finishes with his club right away over his left shoulder as far as ever it will go. Now W. G., as the great cricketer was called, burst forth: "Oh, that's all bunkum; I never 'follow through' whether I play cricket or golf."

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One of those present, the man who afterwards wrote W. G.'s life, was an amateur photographer, and the next time W. G. played cricket this friend took a snapshot of him, and when the negative was developed and the photograph printed, lo and behold! there was W. G. with his bat away back well over his left shoulder, just as though he had been playing golf and had "followed through" to the end.

The fact is, whatever we do, if we want to do it well, we simply must "follow through." We must "follow through" with our games; we must "follow through" with our studies. A few weeks ago, at a country place near where the writer was spending his holidays, two clubs were playing a game of cricket. In the middle of the match the umpire gave a decision against one side, and the captain of that eleven, annoyed at losing a wicket, immediately called his men off and refused to play any more. Everybody, young and old, felt, if they did not say so, "that is not cricket"; for English-

Playing the Game

men like to see people play up and play the game even when they lose.

It is easy to begin but seldom easy to finish; yet to "follow through" to the end, through rough and smooth, through success and failure, is all-important. The writer remembers seeing Dorando, the great Italian runner, in the Marathon race at the Olympic Sports. The race began at Windsor and finished at the White City. When Dorando entered the great stadium he was about five minutes ahead of every man, but as he neared the end of the course he unfortunately fell, and, being helped up by a well-meaning but unwise friend, was disqualified.

Now Hudson Taylor, like the Apostle Paul, ran a long race, and ran it right to the very end. His life was like a great obstacle race, but nothing daunted him, not even the difficult Chinese language with its thousands of strange characters, or the criticism and opposition of friends and enemies, or sickness and the death of loved ones, or riots and storms at sea. He ran the race

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set before him, looking unto Jesus his Master, and ran to obtain the prize. He played the game of the Christian life, if it may be so called, right to the end. Do you know those lines of Christina Rossetti?

Does the road wind uphill all the way ?

Yes, to the very end.

And so it was with Hudson Taylor. He knew how to "follow through" to the very end, as the following chapters will show.

OUT-AND-OUT

THE word "through" is only a short form of writing "thorough," and Hudson Taylor "followed through" because he was thorough in everything he did. He never did anything by halves. When he gave his heart to God he gave it all, and from the first was out-and-out.

When he was a boy of fifteen years of age, having a holiday with nothing special to do, he went into his father's library hoping to find some interesting book with which to while away the time. As is common in the case of boys and girls, he could not find anything upon his father's shelves sufficiently exciting to interest him, but in a little basket he lighted upon some tracts. Picking out one he said, "I will

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read the story and leave the sermon"; but as he read, a little sentence caught his eye and fastened itself on his mind: that sentence was, "The finished work of Christ."

Immediately those words reminded him of others spoken by Christ upon the Cross, the words "It is finished"; and realising that Jesus Christ had "followed through" with His work to the very end, he saw, as he never saw before, that there was nothing left for him to do but simply to give himself to such a Saviour, and this he did in his own out-and-out way.

Not long after this he felt that God had called him to be a missionary in China, and he set about preparing himself for that great work. To harden himself he put away his feather bed, which as a Yorkshire lad he had been accustomed to, and began to train his body as well as his mind and soul that he might be a Spartan missionary.

Like Livingstone and others, he was fired with an ambition to be a medical missionary, and after some study at

Out-and-Out

Hull came up to London to study at the London Hospital. The Society to which he had offered himself thought his father was paying his expenses, and his father thought the Missionary Society was doing this, so between them neither did. But Hudson Taylor kept all this a secret to himself, that he might prove whether God really answered prayer or not. Before he sailed away to the other side of the world he wanted to be sure that God did hear and answer prayer, and in many ways he proved that God was a living God and a loving Father.

Here is one illustration of the way in which he proved God. He had to be very economical and make his money go a long way. We have had to go without many things during the war, and Hudson Taylor, who wanted to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, learned at this time to go without butter and milk and other luxuries, and lived mainly on porridge and rice, and, later on, on brown bread and apples.

One day when in Hull, before he

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came to London, he was asked by a poor Irishman to come and see his wife, who was dying. He went, following the Irishman down a rough court and up a miserable flight of stairs into a wretched room. Four or five children in rags and half-starved were there, and in one corner, on a mattress of straw, he saw a poor exhausted mother with a tiny wee baby less than two days old. It was a sad sight indeed.

But what was to be done? To pray and do nothing would do little good, and yet he was not a rich man; in fact, he only had half-a-crown in his pocket, and that was the last half-crown he possessed. What do you think he did? First ask yourself what would you have done had you been placed like that? Well, he began to say to himself, "If I had two shillings and a sixpence I would gladly give them one-and-sixpence and keep a shilling," but he hadn't—he only had one coin. Then he said to himself, "If only I had a two-shilling piece and a sixpence they should have the two shillings and I

Out-and-Out

would keep the sixpence," but he hadn't. Then he tried to pray, but found he couldn't. How could he ask God to help if he himself was unwilling to do what he could? This was a tough battle, but at length he won through, and, taking the half-crown from his pocket, he gave it to the man and resolved to trust God though his pocket was empty. This was a great victory, though it was only half-a-crown. Like the widow's mite it was his all. This was how he learned to be out-and-out, and it was a lesson he never forgot all his life.

But note what followed. Home to his lodgings he went with an empty pocket, but, as he said, "with a light and joyful heart." So truly did the joy of God come into his heart that he actually sang aloud as he walked along the streets, although he knew he had nothing for dinner the next day and no money with which to buy any. None the less he slept soundly, and what do you think happened? In the morning, before he had finished his breakfast,

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the postman came with a letter, which contained a pair of gloves and a half-sovereign. He had given the poor man his last half-crown and now God gave him that; for this was God's reward, and it was a lesson he never forgot, and one that often helped him when bigger things than half-a-crown were involved.

God does not ask every one to give away his last half-crown, but if He does He never forgets to give back more than is given.

NEVER SAY DIE

THERE is one other story we must tell before we follow the young missionary to China. All medical students have, as part of their training, to dissect the bodies of dead persons, in order that they may know exactly where the veins, arteries and various muscles are. This is sometimes a dangerous study, as the following incident will show.

Young Hudson Taylor was, with other students, dissecting the body of a person who had died from malignant fever, and he and his companions went about their task with special care, knowing that should they cut themselves they would probably contract blood-poisoning and die. Now Hudson Taylor did not cut himself, but, strange to say, he was taken very ill, and, speaking to his

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teacher, who was a clever surgeon, he said, "I cannot think what is the matter with me." "Why," said the surgeon, "you must have cut yourself," and he carefully examined his hands, but in vain.

Suddenly, however, it dawned upon Hudson Taylor that he had pricked his finger with a needle the night before. Small as such a prick must have been, it was not too small for the poison to have entered, and so the surgeon sent him home with a warning to set his affairs in order, "for," he said, "you are a dead man."

Though told to go home in a cab, Hudson Taylor could not afford to do this, so he walked as far as his strength would permit and then, taking a bus to the district where his room was, he reached home in great pain. Determined that he would not die if he could help it, he bravely lanced his own finger, hoping to let out some of the poisoned blood, and so severe was the pain that he fainted away, and, when he came to, found himself in bed.

Never say Die

Days and nights of great suffering followed, but, though very ill, he did not die, and after several weeks he was able with assistance to get up and go downstairs to rest on the sofa. Then he learned that two other medical students, though not at the same hospital, had died from a similar accident though he had been spared. When the doctor came he found him downstairs, and expressed surprise that he had been able to get down, although assisted.

But a new difficulty had arisen, about which he spoke to nobody. He was in need of money, and he knew that there was probably some money waiting for him at an office in the city. The question was, how was he to get there, for he had not enough in hand to pay for a bus, and he was not willing to borrow, as he was not sure the money would really be waiting for him in the city. As he thought and prayed about it he seemed to hear a voice say, "Go to the city and get it." But how could he? The city was two miles away, and

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he had not been able to come downstairs without assistance. Nevertheless the conviction deepened that in answer to prayer he could do it, and so he resolved to get up and go, not to try but really to do it. And go he did.

We all know the words "Where there's a will there's a way," and this is especially true when the will is strengthened by faith in Jesus Christ. But it was a hard walk Hudson Taylor had that day; every few yards he was glad to lean against the plate-glass windows of the various shops, pretending to be looking in, and when he got near the city and had to climb a hill, for Holborn Viaduct was not then built, he had a bad time, but he did it. And most difficult of all was it to climb the stairs up to the office, but he found the money waiting for him, and with a glad and thankful heart, though weary body, he came home by bus.

When the doctor called and heard what he had done he almost refused to believe it. "Impossible!" he said. "Why, I left you lying there more like

Never say Die

a ghost than a man." But by God's help he had done the seemingly impossible.

It was this determination never to say die, never to be beaten, that helped Hudson Taylor through not only this difficulty but many another in later days. Like the Apostle Paul he said: "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

Somebody said that it couldn't be done ;
But he, with a chuckle, replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried !
So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it !

AMONG CHINESE REBELS

WHILE Hudson Taylor had been studying in London, wonderful things had been happening in China. Now China is a great country, and we must delay our story for a moment or two to say something about that land and its people. It is the most populous country in the world, probably one quarter of all the human race living there. Supposing all the nations of the earth were to be equally represented in a railway train, you would find two Chinese in every railway carriage into which you entered. Whenever you get into a railway carriage again you think about that; in all there are said to be some four hundred million Chinese living in China.

Among Chinese Rebels

Have you ever tried to count a million? I think not. If the people of China were to march past you at the rate of one person a second and you counted them as they passed, you would have to go on counting day and night for about ten years before you had counted them all. Now this great nation was civilised long before we were. They had discovered the art of printing long before William the Conqueror landed in England, and that was long before anything was ever printed in this country. They are a clever people, and have many customs which seem very strange to us. For instance, they wear white for mourning, while we wear black; they shake their own hands when they meet, while we shake one another's; they begin their feasts with the sweets and finish with the soup, while we do just the opposite. In fact, they do many things—I was going to say nearly everything—just the other way to what we do. And would you believe it, they have no alphabet, and therefore cannot spell

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their words, but instead of words their books are full of characters something like pictures, and as there are thousands of them it takes a long time to learn to read and write. One early missionary said: "To acquire Chinese is a work for men with bodies of brass, lungs of steel, heads of oak (why they need a wooden head I don't know!), hands of spring steel, eyes of eagles, hearts of apostles, memories of angels, and lives of Methuselah." So you see the Chinese must be a wonderful people.

The Chinese certainly have marvellous memories. If all the Chinese classics were to be utterly destroyed and not a page left, it is estimated that there are a million Chinese scholars who could write all these books again from memory. If our English Bible was destroyed, do you think there is a single Englishman who could produce it by memory? I do not. I doubt if all the English people living in the world working together could do this. So you see the

Among Chinese Rebels

Chinese are a remarkable people, and yet, sad to say, until quite recently they knew practically nothing about Jesus Christ. They were either Confucianists, or Buddhists or Taoists, or all three together, for they see no reason why they should not have three religions instead of one.

Well, I began by saying that a wonderful thing happened while Hudson Taylor was studying in London. A certain Chinese scholar, who went by the name of Hung, had read a tract written by one of Dr. Robert Morrison's converts, and he became deeply interested in Christianity; he learned that idols were false, and that the Christians had a good book called the Bible, which he began to study. The result was that he commenced to go from place to place destroying the idols in the temples, and gradually other people joined him in his work of idol destruction, until he had quite a small army following him. These people learned to say the Lord's Prayer, to ask a blessing when they had their

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food, and in other ways to show some knowledge of Christianity, combined with much that was entirely foreign to the spirit of Jesus Christ. When the news of all this reached England people hoped that China was about to put away all her idols and become a Christian nation, and the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, on 19th September 1853, decided to print one million Chinese New Testaments. Now, by a remarkable coincidence, that was the very day that Hudson Taylor, then a young man of only twenty-one years of age, set sail from Liverpool for China. So while the Bible Society was preparing to print New Testaments for China, God was sending out a young man who was to be greatly used in opening that country to the Gospel.

But Hung and his army, instead of being satisfied with the destruction of idols, soon began to fight the Chinese Government, and then became known as the Taiping Rebels. Though we call them *Taiping*s, which means

Among Chinese Rebels

“Great Peace,” they called themselves *Ch'ang-mao*, which means “long-haired.” That needs some explanation, doesn't it? Now you know the Chinese used to shave part of the head and grow a pig-tail, but that has not always been a Chinese custom. It dates from A.D. 1644, when the Manchus conquered China and compelled the Chinese to wear their hair in this fashion as a sign of subjection. Now the Taiping rebels, as a sign of rebellion, cut off their pigtails and let their hair grow where it had formerly been shaved, and for this reason they were known as “*Ch'ang-mao*,” or Long-haired Rebels.

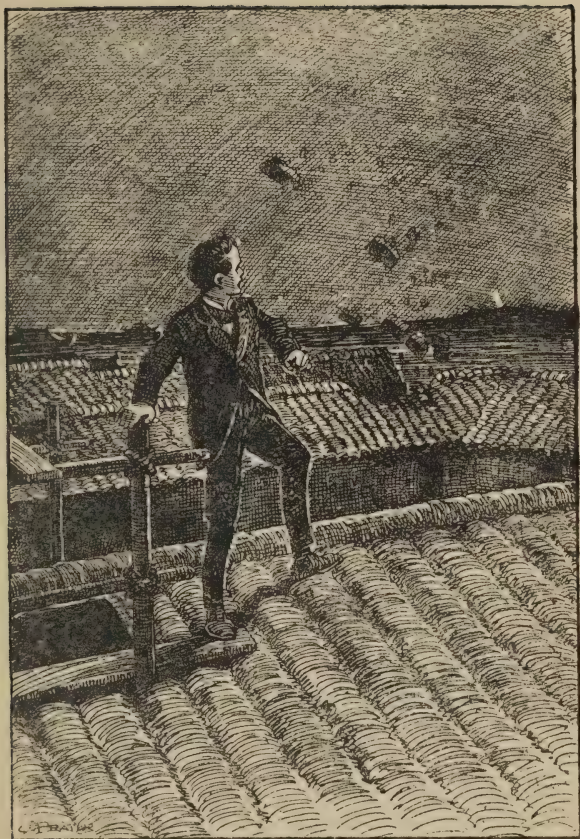
When Hudson Taylor landed at Shanghai, after a journey in a sailing ship all round the south of Africa, which had taken five and a half months, he found himself in a very difficult situation. He had come through terrible storms at sea, but he found himself on landing among terrible storms of another kind. There were from forty to fifty thousand rebels in

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Shanghai alone, and fierce fighting was going on all over the country. There was a great Mohammedan rebellion in the north-west and another in the south-west, and people were being killed, not by thousands only but literally by millions.

This was a trying time for a young missionary with no experience and with no knowledge of the language, but the lessons of trust in God which he had learned at home helped him now, and by God's grace he was determined to "follow through" and never say die. Some of the most painful of his experiences it would take too long to explain, but some of them we can to-day better understand than before the war.

One day, when standing with another missionary on the verandah of that missionary's home, watching a battle being fought less than a mile away, a cannon ball passed right between him and his friend, and buried itself in the wall behind. Another time there was so much fighting at night that he



“A cannon ball struck the roof not far from where he was, and he was covered with a shower of pieces of broken tiles.”

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could only sleep in the day. One night the fighting got so close—and he was then living in the Chinese city by himself—that he climbed on to the roof to see whether he ought to try and escape or not. While there a cannon ball struck the roof not far from where he was, and he was covered with a shower of pieces of broken tiles. The writer of this little book remembers seeing that cannon ball, which weighed from four to five pounds, for Hudson Taylor brought it to England and gave it to his mother. Not long after this the house itself was burnt to the ground.

Hudson Taylor had been compelled to leave the Chinese city and move into what is called the foreign settlement, which is a part of Shanghai specially reserved for Europeans and Americans to live in. But here he was faced with another difficulty. The Society which had sent him out, the Chinese Evangelisation Society, only gave him £80 a year, and the rent of a small house in the settlement

Among Chinese Rebels

cost £120 a year. Under these conditions it was not easy for him to know what to do. To write to England and get a reply would take many months; it had taken him five and a half months to get out, so you can easily reckon how long it would take to get an answer. How thankful he was that he had learned, before leaving England, the value and power of prayer. How he prayed for money and for guidance, and he did not pray in vain. Then it was that he learned as never before how to trust God in a heathen land, more than ten thousand miles away from his loved people at home.

You may be quite sure that the devil tried to bowl him out. It was fierce and terrible bowling against which he had to stand, but he stood his ground, and God helped him to carry his bat.

MOBBED AND ROBBED

WE have all heard a good deal of what it meant during the recent war for our brave men to go over the top. It was a terrible ordeal and needed great courage, but no war could ever be won by hiding in the trenches or living in a dug-out. And Hudson Taylor knew this, and was determined that, however formidable an enemy Satan might prove to be, he would attack and not stand on the defensive only. So in the spring of 1855, in company with another missionary, the Rev. J. S. Burdon, who afterwards became the Bishop of Victoria, Hong-kong, he set forth, well armed with Scriptures, for the populous city of Tungchow, not far from the mouth of the great river Yangtze, which at that point is many miles wide.

Mobbed and Robbed

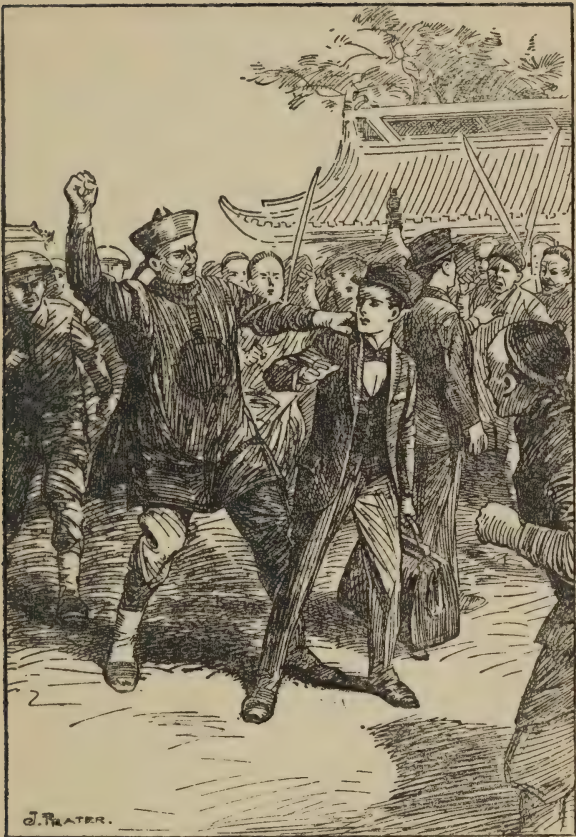
This city was very anti-foreign, and there was considerable danger connected with this enterprise. The Chinese teachers did their best to dissuade Hudson Taylor and his friend from the attempt, but duty to them was more than danger, and so they went forward. Putting their books into two bags they hired wheelbarrows, which were cheaper than sedan chairs, and started off. They had not gone far before their servant, who was thoroughly frightened, asked for permission to go back. This permission they readily gave, but, nothing daunted, advanced themselves. Then a friendly man came and begged them not to go. "But," said Hudson Taylor, when writing subsequently, "we thanked him for his kindly counsel but could not act upon it, as our hearts were fixed." And now note the following words: "Whether it were to bonds, imprisonment and death," wrote Hudson Taylor, "or whether to distribute our Scriptures and tracts in safety and return unhurt we knew not, but we

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were determined by the grace of God not to leave Tungchow any longer without the Gospel, nor its teeming thousands to die in uncared-for ignorance of the way of life."

You will remember how the Apostle Paul said, "I count not my life of any account as dear unto myself so that I may accomplish my course and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God"; "For I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." In this spirit every true missionary and true disciple seeks to follow the example of his Master, who set His face like a flint to go up to Jerusalem, to die for us.

Well, forward went Hudson Taylor and his companion, by no means unaware of the perils ahead, but with their own hearts so filled with joy and peace that they actually sang hymns on the road. In the towns they passed they preached and distributed tracts, and later on were very thankful that



“A tall powerful man, made tenfold fiercer by being partially drunk, seized him by the shoulder.”

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they did so; otherwise the bags they carried would have been altogether too heavy for them in the painful experience which lay ahead.

As they approached the city, walking along the principal street of the suburb leading to the west gate—for all Chinese cities are surrounded by high walls with gates—they were greeted by the name of “black devils.” Long before the gate was reached, a tall, powerful man, made tenfold fiercer by being partially drunk, seized Mr. Burdon by the shoulders, and then immediately a dozen brutal fellows surrounded them both and hustled them on to the city at a fearful pace.

Hudson Taylor, being of smaller stature than his friend and not so robust, was soon in a profuse perspiration, and could hardly keep his feet. He was then seized by the tall drunken man who had first laid hold of Mr. Burdon, and was all but knocked down time and again. This bully seized him by the hair of his head and then almost strangled him as he

Mobbed and Robbed

grasped his collar, until he was quite blue in the face as well as black and blue with bruises. In spite of these difficulties he still tried to give away his books, whereupon the soldiers called for handcuffs, which happily were not at hand.

At length, after having been dragged through streets which seemed to have no end, their tormentors stopped at a place where a mandarin was said to live. Exhausted, bathed with perspiration, and with his tongue literally cleaving to the roof of his mouth, Hudson Taylor leaned against the wall for support, and then saw that his friend was in much the same plight as himself. But as the crowd increased, Mr. Burdon gathered together his remaining strength and began to preach. Happily, the magistrate to whom they were taken had formerly held office in Shanghai, and knew the importance of treating foreigners respectfully; he not only provided Hudson Taylor and his friend with refreshments, but accepted some of their books, and finally

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gave orders that they both were to be allowed to distribute their Scriptures in peace. Thus protected they were able to do the work for which they had come, and then to return peacefully home.

It was shortly after this experience that Hudson Taylor decided to adopt Chinese dress, and experience proved that this made it much easier to move about among the people. In England a Chinese dressed in Chinese costume with his pigtail down his back would soon draw a crowd, especially of young people, whereas if he wore English clothes he would attract little attention. And the same facts operate in China. So we can now imagine him dressed in Chinese robes travelling about, sometimes alone and sometimes with the Rev. William Burns, a noted missionary of the English Presbyterian Mission, who translated Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* into Chinese.

On one of his lonely journeys he had a most painful experience. After having been some time in the south

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of China with Mr. Burns, he came back to Shanghai in order to get his medicines and medical instruments, only to find that they had all been destroyed by fire. Hoping to obtain some more at Ningpo, he set out for that city, taking with him his few remaining possessions.

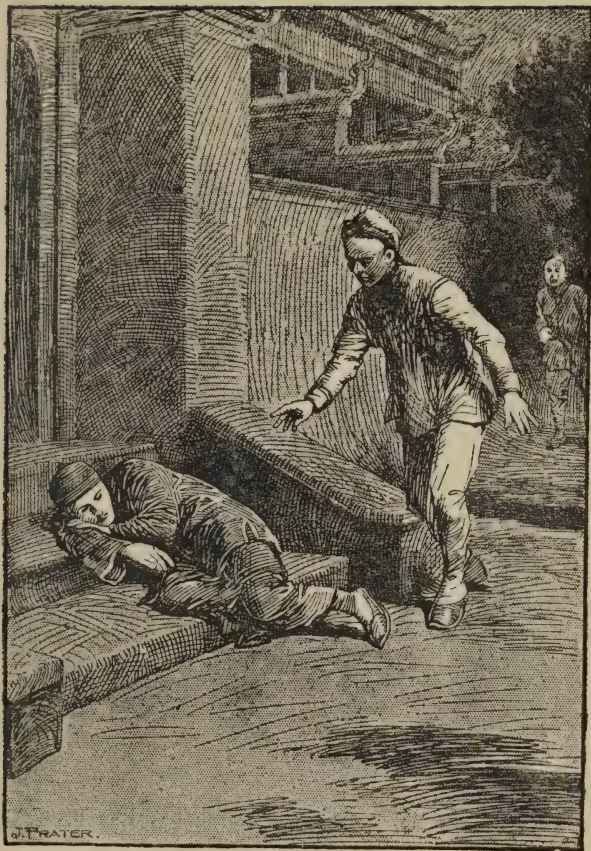
It was then the height of summer, and it can be far hotter in China than we have any conception of in this country. After spending about a fortnight preaching on the road and distributing books by the way, he left his things with his servant and the coolies and walked ahead, but the coolies and the servant did not follow him, but stole his goods and made off. Not knowing what had happened he waited and waited as the afternoon drew on to the evening, but still they did not come.

Now here was an awkward plight to be in. He had very little money; he was far away from friends or any one who could help him; and he had no bedding for the night—and

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travellers in China always carry their own. Still hoping that the men and his goods would turn up, he sought a place where he could at least get shelter, and after much trouble found one. When he asked what they had for supper he was told, "Cold rice and snakes fried in lamp oil." A hungry and tired man cannot afford to be too fastidious, and so he ordered some, but I am afraid he did not make a very hearty meal. Then, placing some boards on two stools, he lay down without bed or pillow and without any mosquito curtain (which is still worse, for mosquitoes can and do bite) and tried to make the best of a bad situation.

When morning dawned it found him cold and little refreshed, and still without his goods. All that day he searched for his lost property, walking to another place eight miles away where he heard his men had been seen, but all in vain. Weary and foot-sore he at length sought another place to rest, but was misled and deceived by



“He lay down on the stone steps of a temple, putting his money under his head for a pillow.”

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a man who wanted to rob him of the money that still remained to him. Finally, about one or two o'clock in the morning, he lay down on the stone steps of a temple, putting his money under his head for a pillow, and, cold as he was, would soon have been sound asleep had he not noticed a man quietly and stealthily coming towards him.

Slowly this man, who proved to be a robber, crept to his side and began gently to feel him over hoping to find where his money was. In a soft tone Hudson Taylor asked him what he wanted, but the man made no answer and went away. Hudson Taylor was naturally very thankful to see him go, and putting his money up his sleeve, he made a pillow of the stone projecting from the wall and tried again to sleep. But ere long he detected the footsteps of two people, and then of a third, attempting noiselessly to approach, and one of these began to feel under his head, expecting to find the money there. This painful experience continued all night.

Mobbed and Robbed

You may be quite sure he did not feel refreshed in the morning, but, tired as he was, he none the less tried to preach the Gospel to those who would listen, and prayed for his loved ones in England and other fellow-workers in China. But he did not find his things, and at length he determined to try and get back to Shanghai. But night came on, and again he had to sleep without mosquito netting and without bedding, and it was not strange that next morning he woke feeling ill and with a sore throat.

His hope was now to try and take a passage on a boat going down the river to Shanghai, but on inquiry at the boat office he found no boats were going that day and perhaps none the next. This was a great disappointment, but just when things seemed hopeless, he saw a letter boat going down the stream and set off to run as fast as his sore feet and weary body would allow, and after a chase of a mile he overtook the boat only to find it was not going where he wanted and

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they would not even let him go with them as far as they went. Completely dispirited and exhausted, he sank down on the banks of the river and fainted away.

It is easy to read all this, but it was a sore trial and one that would have utterly disheartened most men, but when he came to and found some kind Chinese around him, who offered him tea and food, he did not fail to tell them of the Gospel, to preach which he had come to China. And later on, after a few hours' sleep, he set off to preach the Gospel in a neighbouring temple. He was determined to seek first the Kingdom of God, believing that God would add to him those things which were necessary.

One of the men who had been kind to him and given him tea was a captain of a Chinese junk, and this man later on stopped a letter boat and offered to pay the cost of a passage to Shanghai if the foreigner should fail to do that when he reached that city. You may be sure that Hudson Taylor

Mobbed and Robbed

was deeply grateful, and that God will not forget the kindness that this Chinese, a perfect stranger, did to one of His children.

MAN OVERBOARD !

HAVE you ever seen a lifeboat set out in a terrible storm to save men from some wreck at sea, or have you read the story of a brave man leaping into the sea to save some one who has fallen overboard? If you have, have you ever thought that but for the teaching and life of Jesus Christ it is very improbable that these men would have performed such noble deeds?

Many years ago there were in England people called wreckers, who not only would not save drowning people, but would actually place lights on the coast to mislead ships, so that they might run upon the rocks and be destroyed. The hope of these men was that they could get rich with the goods which would be washed ashore,

Man Overboard!

regardless of how many men, women or children might be drowned. Though people do not always acknowledge the fact, it is the influence of Jesus Christ which has changed all this in our own loved land.

Even to-day in those countries where Jesus Christ is not known, the people are generally indifferent and callous to the sufferings of others, as the following story will show. One day Hudson Taylor was travelling by boat from Shanghai to Ningpo. On board was a Chinese fellow-traveller who had visited Europe and other countries. In England this man had been known by the name of Peter. Naturally he had heard the Gospel, though he had not given his heart to God, and Hudson Taylor did all he could to encourage him to become a Christian. The man was greatly moved, even to tears, by what he heard, but apparently made no decision. When the Chinese junk in which they were travelling had nearly reached a large city, Hudson Taylor went into the cabin of the junk to get

Hudson Taylor

some tracts and books for distribution, when suddenly he was startled by a splash and a loud cry. Springing on deck he saw at once that Peter, the Chinese traveller, had fallen overboard, while everybody else looked on helplessly and did nothing.

Now there was a strong wind carrying the junk up-stream, and a steady current running in the opposite direction, and as there were no trees on the bank there was nothing to show how far behind the drowning man was. In an instant Hudson Taylor sprang to the mast, let down the sail, and then leapt overboard in the hope of finding his friend. But in this he was unsuccessful. Looking around in an agony of suspense he saw a fishing-boat close by with a peculiar kind of drag-net furnished with hooks, which he at once recognised would be just the thing to save the man.

“Come,” he cried, with hope rising in his heart. “Come and drag here; a man is drowning.”

“It is inconvenient,” was the cruel response.

Man Overboard!

“Don't talk of convenience,” cried Hudson Taylor in an agony; “a man is drowning.”

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

“Never mind your fishing,” called out Hudson Taylor. “I will give you more money than many days' fishing will bring; only come—come at once!”

“How much money will you give us?”

“Oh, don't stop to discuss that now,” cried Hudson Taylor. “Come at once, 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,” they replied. “Give us twenty dollars and we will come.”

“I do not possess so much,” said Hudson Taylor; “but do come quickly and I will give you all I have.”

“How much may that be?” they asked.

“I don't know exactly, but about fourteen dollars.”

At last, but only slowly, the fishing-

Hudson Taylor

boat paddled over and let down its net. In less than a minute the body of the missing man was found, and while efforts were being made, unhappily without success, to restore animation, these callous fishermen actually became clamorous for their money and indignant at the delay.

This was an agonizing experience, and the cruel and callous indifference of the Chinese fishermen makes you feel very indignant. But if it was so wicked and so hard-hearted a thing to neglect to save the body of a man, how much more wicked must it be to be callous and indifferent about the salvation of men's souls? This was how it appeared to Hudson Taylor, and when he came home to England, as he was later on obliged to do on account of his health, he used to tell this story and then say something like this: "Shall we say to Jesus Christ if He wants any one of us to be a missionary, or to help Him send missionaries to China, 'It is not convenient'? Shall we tell Him that we are too busy fish-

Man Overboard!

ing, or doing some other thing, and cannot go and help?"

There was one verse of Scripture which had burnt itself into Hudson Taylor's soul, and this verse he frequently quoted. Though it may perhaps be a little difficult for some who read this book to understand, it is well worth reading and thinking about:

"If thou *forbear* to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; 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?"

“DARE, DARE, AND DARE
AGAIN!”

“DARE, dare, and dare again!” cried Danton in the great French Revolution; “let us have no more half measures.” This might almost be said to have been Hudson Taylor’s motto in a better cause. Ill-health had compelled him to come to England, but he had not forgotten China: “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,” sang the Psalmist, “let my right hand forget her cunning.” Hudson Taylor’s love for China was like that; he prayed about the country, thought about it, and dreamt about it. He visited all the missionary societies in England, pleading with them to do something for neglected inland China, but their hands were full and they felt unable.

“Dare, Dare, and Dare Again!”

But Hudson Taylor felt that something must be done. If the missionary societies could do nothing, then another organisation must arise to do it. This conviction deepened and grew, but he shrank from the great responsibility. God, however, called him, and the time came when he had either to yield or disobey.

One Sunday morning in June 1865, unable to endure the sight of a great congregation of Christian people satisfied with their own privileges and apparently unmindful of the perishing millions abroad, he went out on to the sands of Brighton with his Bible to decide this matter with God. There, on the Brighton sands, at length, after a great struggle, he yielded himself to God for whatever God might purpose, and he wrote on the margin of his Bible—a Bible which the writer of these lines possesses—“Prayed for twenty-four willing, skilful labourers, Brighton, June 25, 1865.” This prayer may be said to mark the birthday of the Mission, a Mission which now has

Hudson Taylor

more than a thousand missionaries. Two days later he went to the bank and opened a banking account with the small sum of £10 in the name of the China Inland Mission. It was an insignificant amount with which to start a Mission, but God was with him, and since that date two and a half million pounds have been received, without collections, in answer to prayer by that one Mission.

It is not possible in this little book to tell you of the thousands of answers to prayer which God has given, but there is one which will illustrate the others. Volunteers for this great work in China were beginning to come forward, and by 1866 a party was ready to sail. But it was very difficult to find a ship (for they were all sailing ships then) which could take all the party.

Now Hudson Taylor had been asked by a gentleman living in a pretty village not far from London to give a lecture on China, and he had promised to do so on condition that there should be no collection. This arrangement was

“Dare, Dare, and Dare Again!”

agreed to, and the bills were issued. After the lecture had been delivered, this gentleman, who had been acting as chairman, and with whom Hudson Taylor was staying for the night, thought that a great mistake had been made. He had been deeply interested, and he urged Hudson Taylor to change his mind, saying he was sure the people present would wish to give something for the work in China if only a collection were taken. Mr. Taylor, however, begged his kind friend to do no such thing. It was not money that he chiefly wanted, but prayer and sympathy, and he thought “If people give something to the collection they will think they have done their duty and then forget.” The chairman, though he disagreed, yielded, and at length they went home together without having taken any collection.

Next morning, when Hudson Taylor came down to breakfast, he found a letter on the table from some shipping agents in London offering him all the passenger accommodation in the sailing

Hudson Taylor

ship *Lammermuir*. This was a splendid offer, but he wanted to be sure it was really God's leading. After breakfast his kind host, the chairman of the night before, called him into his study, and there he said: "You know, Mr. Taylor, last night I thought you were wrong about having no collection; now I am convinced you were right. Had you taken a collection I should have given you a few pounds and then probably have forgotten about it. But all night I have been thinking of the millions of people in China who are dying without the Gospel, and I was obliged to pray, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' The result is I have decided to give you this," and he handed him a cheque for £500!

Now the fact that he had been given this cheque and had offered to him accommodation on the sailing ship *Lammermuir* at the same time, came as a welcome confirmation that God was guiding, and so he went straight down to the docks, saw the ship, found it suitable, and paid in the cheque he

“Dare, Dare, and Dare Again!”

had just received to fix the arrangement. We cannot follow in detail the long and exciting voyage to China; more than once it looked as if the party of missionaries would never get there, for they encountered terrible storms at sea. More than once their sails were torn to ribbons, the jib-boom and the masts were all carried away, while the decks were awash with heavy seas. Loose spars, tubs, buckets and casks were floating and rolling about the deck, threatening to break the legs of those who worked or sweep them overboard. The roar of the water, the clanging of chains, the beating of the broken masts and yards against the sides of the ship became so terrible that at length the very sailors gave up hope and even work. Hudson Taylor, like Paul of old, begged the men to take courage, while the ladies of the party helped to pump the ship by means of ropes carried into the saloon. For fifteen days and nights these storms and tempests continued; but He who holds the seas in the hollow of His

Hudson Taylor

hand brought His servants through,
until at length the party safely reached
their desired haven, the shores of
China.

RIOTED

SOME distance up the Yangtze, near the spot where the Grand Canal bisects that mighty river, stands the ancient city of Yangchow. Here the famous Venetian traveller Marco Polo had held office as mandarin; this was more than six hundred years ago, when the powerful Mongols, who also invaded Europe, had made themselves masters of China. To open a mission station in this famous city became one of Hudson Taylor's ambitions, and early in the summer of 1869 he and Mrs. Taylor, with their children and some other missionaries, set out for this city by boat.

A boat journey in China can be very pleasant when the weather is not too hot, but ere they reached the city the

Hudson Taylor

long, hot summer days and the cramped and limited accommodation must have made that boat very uncomfortable, and especially so when the rainy season came and the water began to drip through the leaky roof both day and night. It is possible to enjoy a picnic on a Chinese junk, but not under such conditions. At length, however, Yangchow was reached, and, after a delay of a week, temporary accommodation was secured in a Chinese inn, and later on, after many disappointments, a home was rented in the city. As it was now the height of summer and terribly hot, the party were thankful to have a home of their own and make things as comfortable as they could. But crowds and crowds of curious visitors came from day to day to see and scrutinise these foreign missionaries, whose skin and hair and eyes were all so different from their own. Now, curiosity can be somewhat trying, as the writer knows; for the people crowd round you, watching you eating and drinking, almost as though

Rioted

you were some animal escaped from the Zoological Gardens. But curiosity gave way to something worse: that was to suspicion; and suspicion was followed by anger. Evil reports were spread abroad stating that these foreigners stole little children, took out their eyes for medicine, and sometimes cut out their hearts.

It was not unnatural that the people who believed these reports should begin to hate the foreigner, and the scholars, who should have known better, encouraged the poorer people to believe these things were true. Handbills were printed and distributed throughout the city, while placards were pasted up calling the missionaries "Brigands of the Jesus religion," and stating that they took orphans into their orphan homes only to kill and eat them. If you had visited the city at that time you would have found Hudson Taylor and another courageous missionary named Duncan sitting or standing all day outside the Mission House talking to the people and doing

Hudson Taylor

all they could by love and kind words to dispel these evil rumours and to turn away the people's wrath.

But it was all in vain. One day the report spread that there were as many as twenty-four children missing, and when this was heard the evil passions of the people were soon aflame, and an attack was made upon the missionaries and their home. Stones were hurled through the windows, and shutters were dashed down; part of the garden wall was destroyed, and the mob surged round the house. Knowing that the lives of his loved ones were in danger, Hudson Taylor and Mr. Duncan determined to appeal to the mandarin, although they knew they might possibly be killed upon the road. But when night came they managed to get through, and at last, exhausted and badly hurt with stones, they rushed into the yamen, which is the Chinese judgment-hall, crying out, *Kiu ming, kiu ming*, or "Save life, save life!"

Now this cry, which is like our

Rioted

wireless S.O.S. at sea, is one that the mandarins in China dare not neglect. Nevertheless, for three-quarters of an hour the official kept Hudson Taylor and his friend waiting, and all the while they could hear the angry shouts of the mob more than a mile away. There they stood, thinking of the loved ones in the midst of that enraged crowd, which was more to be feared by far than the fiercest storms at sea, yet all they could do was to pray and wait. And when at length the mandarin did come, all he asked was, "What do you really do with the babies?" To be patient and Christ-like under such provocation was not easy, but the missionaries had gone to China not only to preach the Gospel but to live like Jesus Christ, and Hudson Taylor's ambition was always to practise what he preached.

But even after this trying interview the mandarin kept them waiting two long and agonizing hours before they were told that help had been sent. And now we must try and relate some-

Hudson Taylor

thing of what had happened at the Mission House. Thousands of rioters had gathered round that home, and some had placed bundles of dry reeds outside and set fire to them. Meanwhile stones and bricks were being hurled through the windows, and when at length it appeared that the house had really caught fire the missionaries pulled the sheets and blankets from the beds and tried to escape through the windows. The brave nurse had managed to rush through the fire downstairs with the baby in her arms, and she took refuge in the well-house, and here a little later all the other children were also hid.

What with the noise of falling walls and the fiendish yells of the mob, that night was a terrible time. With escape by the stairs cut off by fire, some of the party had to jump from the roof of one of the lower portions of the house. In doing this Mrs. Hudson Taylor, who had had her wedding-ring snatched from her finger, fell on her side and hurt herself, and



“When she jumped he was hit in the eye with a brickbat
and nearly blinded for life.”

Hudson Taylor

just as Mr. Reid, who was below, was ready to receive another lady, Miss Blatchley, when she jumped, he was hit in the eye with a brickbat and nearly blinded for life. In consequence Miss Blatchley fell upon the stones on her back, and was seriously shaken. Of the terrible doings of that night we cannot tell one half. While in one way the darkness made things worse, yet it also helped the missionaries to escape, and in the good providence of God, when all seemed hopeless, some soldiers arrived and drove away the mob.

Had Hudson Taylor been a weaker man than he was, he would have retired from Yangchow after such a serious experience, but he was a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and this is what he wrote after the agony and suffering of those days: "We are not disappointed; we are not daunted. We expected to meet with difficulties, but we counted on God's help and protection; and, so far from being disheartened, we take courage from

Rioted

the goodness of God to us in our extreme peril; and from the very opposition of Satan are the more determined to continue the conflict."

When you have read these words you will see it was not without good reason that we said his motto might well have been the well-known words of Danton, "Dare, dare, and dare again!"

A MISSIONARY STATESMAN

WHEN Hudson Taylor first went to China he had expected to spend all his life buried away in that land, but the unexpected happened with him as it does with so many, and he became among other things a great traveller, visiting countries in nearly every part of the world. It is difficult to say how many times he went backwards and forwards to China, but he visited North America no less than seven times, and twice he went to Australasia. Being a great lover of Nature—and plants and flowers were his hobby—he looked upon the pleasures and privileges of seeing the wonderful works of God as a special token of God's loving-kindness to him. He had not sought these pleasures, but in

A Missionary Statesman

seeking first God's Kingdom these things had been added to him. The writer remembers hearing him, after his return from the beautiful islands of New Zealand, speaking of God's goodness in giving him these unexpected and unsought-for pleasures.

From the time that he founded the China Inland Mission his life's work was largely changed, for as the Mission grew he was compelled to do less and less as a personal missionary and more and more as a leader, and in this capacity he proved himself to be a born leader of men. One well-known writer, after reading the *Life of Hudson Taylor*, classes him with Pitt, Gladstone and Lloyd George as a statesman, even adding that in some ways he had a more difficult task, since all his work had to be done through the influence of love. But long before he became well known as a leader he showed his statesmanship. When Livingstone was travelling in Africa, people wrote home finding fault with him and saying that his efforts were only "wanderings."

Hudson Taylor

Of these charges Livingstone said: "The very word 'wanderings' contains a lie coiled like a serpent in its bosom. It means travelling without an object, or aimlessly." And the same criticism was levelled against Hudson Taylor when the men who went out with him were sent as pioneers into the unknown and unvisited provinces of China. But he could afford to wait, and time has justified him as well as Livingstone.

Of his many journeys in China by boat, by wheelbarrow, by cart and sedan chair, we have not room to write; but invitations now came to him to visit other lands and write about China, and as it became clear that this was God's will, he went not only to North America and Australasia, as we have mentioned, but also to the continent of Europe, to Norway and Sweden, to Germany and Switzerland, and other countries as well. In all these lands men and women offered to go out to China as missionaries, and in this unexpected way the China

A Missionary Statesman

Inland Mission became an international organisation. How many countries do you think sent missionaries to China under Hudson Taylor? No fewer than twenty-two, namely: England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the United States of America, Finland, Russia, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, and India.

And in addition to volunteers from all these countries, there were large reinforcements from England as well. In one year no fewer than one hundred new missionaries went out from England, and some of the workers of those days were well-known athletes, one being one of the best cricketers in England and another the stroke of the Cambridge eight. All these things made Hudson Taylor a very busy man and gave him friends all over the world, but, busy as he was, he was never too busy to pray and read God's Word. These things were to him the most important of all. He could sleep

Hudson Taylor

at any time, day or night, and even had a camp bed in his room so that he could work until he could work no longer, then sleep for a little, and go on with his work again as soon as he awoke. But perhaps I should not say as soon as he awoke, for it was a life-long habit with him, before daylight, when everybody else was asleep and all was quiet, to light his candle and study his Bible and pray for the work in China. This was the secret of his success. (Like Luther he would say, "I am so busy to-day I must pray for two hours," and really this was after all the quickest way, as it sometimes pays when you are going for a long cycle ride to stop and oil your machine or take some needed refreshment yourself.

Hudson Taylor was just the same quiet, determined man right up to the end of his life. The writer remembers being with him in Switzerland, when he was aged and feeble. Going out one day for a climb up the hillside, although he could only take very short

A Missionary Statesman

steps, he determined to reach a certain cliff, and, though he several times staggered and nearly fell, on and on he went, refusing to give up, though the pathway became steeper and more dangerous. This was the same old spirit which would never be beaten. And after his wife had died, though he was an old man and in feeble health, he made up his mind to visit China once again. So feeble was he that his son, who was a doctor and travelled with him, feared he might never live through the journey. He safely reached China, however, and all through the stages of his last journey in that land he was welcomed at all points by the Chinese Christians. In one place they presented him with a banner on which were four large Chinese characters reading, "Inland China's Grace-man," or, as we should say, "Benefactor of Inland China." In another place the inscription on the beautiful scarlet satin banner given him read, "O man greatly beloved." What a contrast all this was to the time, fifty years before,

Hudson Taylor

when he had first gone to that distant land. Truly he had not suffered and laboured in vain. In vast stretches of country where there then had been no Christian and no missionary, there were now thousands of Chinese Christians, and many hundreds who, instead of persecuting the foreigner, would willingly do anything to show their love and gratitude.

In the heart of China there was one province to which Hudson Taylor had never been, but for which he had often prayed, and that was the bitterly anti-foreign province of Hunan. The people of this province had for many years sworn that no foreigner, be he missionary or merchant, should ever be able to settle among them. They were a proud and an able people. Their capital had resisted the terrible Taiping rebels when many other cities had been destroyed, and as they had resisted the Taipings, they thought they could resist the missionary as well. But even that province had at length opened its doors to the Gospel, and

A Missionary Statesman

Hudson Taylor, now in his old age, longed just to go and see. And so he went, though this was to be the last journey he was ever to take in China, or on earth.

Changsha, the capital city, was reached on Thursday, 1st June 1905, and two days later, after he had met all the missionaries living in the city, he suddenly passed from earth to heaven without a cry or a single word. It was certainly remarkable that he who had given his life to open the closed provinces of inland China should, ere he died, have been permitted to enter into the capital of the last province to be opened to the Gospel, and from that, the most appropriate spot on earth, should be called to his everlasting reward. (God gave him the desire of his heart and answered his many prayers and rewarded him for his many labours.

Hudson Taylor had begun life as a humble and unknown young man; he had dared and attempted great things for God, and God honoured him and

Hudson Taylor

blessed him all the world over. He went to China seeking the good of China, but God has made him a blessing to the whole earth. The same writer who classed him with Pitt and Gladstone wrote: "If he had gone out to China with money and enterprise and had succeeded in covering that vast land with British traders as he covered it with British evangelists, his name would have been as familiar to the man in the street as the name of Strathcona or Cecil Rhodes. And yet his influence in China, and through China on the world, will be greater than that of either of these men, and an influence, moreover, that is wholly for good."

One well-known soldier, who was killed in the war, described faith as "Betting your life that God is true," and that is what Hudson Taylor did. One word by which he will always be remembered is "Have faith in God." Because of this faith he was out-and-out for Jesus Christ and "followed through" right to the very end. And,

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like Hudson Taylor, all who know God may be strong and do exploits. Shall we not therefore dare to do something for Jesus Christ Who has done so much for us?

ON READING AND RUNNING

TO THE READER—

Probably you have many times sung Keble's hymn beginning

“There is a Book who runs may read,”

but have you ever noticed that the hymn reverses the words of the prophet Habakkuk? The prophet was told to write a book that he who reads may run, not that he who runs may read. I used to think, in consequence of Keble's hymn, that the book was to be written in such large letters that, like the advertisements at the side of the railway, those running by could read as they ran. Apparently the true meaning is, that the man who reads may be caused to run by reason of what he reads.

On Reading and Running

If you open Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* you will see that he has correctly read the words of Habakkuk, for you will remember he tells us in his great allegory that he saw a man with a book in his hands, after the reading of which he says, "So I saw in my dream that the man began to run." Now every book we read ought to make us do something. Through reading books some men have become travellers, others have become great scientists, and some have become missionaries. I wonder if the reading of this little book about Hudson Taylor will make you want to do anything for China.

There is in Great Britain and Ireland a "Comradeship for China" for boys and girls who desire to do something to carry forward the work of evangelising that great country. If you would like to know more about this Comradeship just send a post-card asking for information addressed to the Secretary of the Comradeship for China, China Inland Mission, Newington Green, London, N.16.

請助我儕

PLEASE HELP US.

(Chinese Version of Acts xvi. 9.)

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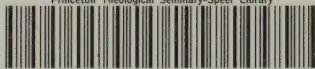
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