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# An Introduction to and Critical Reproduction of The Z.C. Taylor Manuscript: The Rise and Progress of Baptist Missions in Brazil

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AN INTRODUCTION TO AND CRITICAL REPRODUCTION OF  
THE Z. C. TAYLOR MANUSCRIPT:  
THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF BAPTIST MISSIONS IN BRAZIL

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A Thesis  
Presented to  
the Faculty of the Graduate School  
Ouachita Baptist University

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In Partial Fulfillment  
of the Requirements for the Degree  
Master of Arts

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by  
Glendon Donald Grober

May 1969

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An Introduction to and Critical Reproduction of  
The Z. C. Taylor Manuscript:  
The Rise and Progress of Baptist Missions in Brazil

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## PREFACE

The author wishes to express his gratitude to the Casa Publicadora Batista of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and to its director, Dr. Edgar Hallock, for the permission to study and reproduce herein the manuscript, "The Rise and Progress of Baptist Missions in Brazil." As its author, Z. C. Taylor, indicates on his title page, it is an autobiography.

A word of thankfulness must also be extended to the First Baptist Church of Baia, Brazil and to its gracious pastor who not only made it possible for the author to study in detail the historically priceless first volume of the minutes of that, the first Brazilian Baptist church, but extended every personal courtesy both in the church and in the home. The church is now exercising extreme caution with these minutes and it is reluctant to permit anyone to take them from their repository. This is due to the fact that many anxious years passed in which the minutes were "lost." Through the mediation of Pastor Arandas the author was given full freedom in the study of these materials.

Acknowledgement is also due the Equatorial Baptist Theological Seminary in Belem, Para, Brazil,

and its director Jussie Goncalves de Souza, who granted the author a few days leave from teaching responsibilities in order to facilitate the research done in Salvador, Baia, Brazil.

Gratitude is also expressed to Dr. Vester E. Wolber for his guidance and suggestions in the preparation of this thesis; to Mrs. June Schmidgall who proof read the entire manuscript and helped with the corrections; and above all others, to Mrs. Verna Williams who typed, after her hours of regular work, the entire thesis.

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<sup>1</sup>The first copy of the thesis contains a photostat of the items in the appendix; the Zerox process was used for the other copies.

## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

#### I. BACKGROUND OF THE STUDY

In the late spring of 1966 retired missionary M. G. White visited Belem, Brazil. He was just returning from a visit to his former field of service, the state of Baia. He had been honored by the state government which had conferred upon him an honorary state citizenship.

During the course of his stay in Belem he commented frequently concerning the early beginnings of the Baptist work in Brazil.<sup>1</sup> Baptist missionary work was begun in Baia. The most remarkable and lasting impression of his account was the constant reference to Z. C. Taylor in connection with the early Baptist initiatives in Brazil. Not only did he incessantly mention Taylor, but he also frequently quoted the following unattributed phrase, "One Z. C. Taylor was worth ten William Buck Bagbys."

It was Mr. White who made mention of a dusty,

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<sup>1</sup>M. G. White arrived by ship in Baia on December 13, 1914 in the company of W. B. Bagby just as Z. C. Taylor had done 32 years previously when the Baptist mission work was started in Brazil.

disregarded and comparatively unknown volume of the life and career of Z. C. Taylor. This volume, he said, was in the Baptist Publishing House of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Its contents shall hereafter be referred to as the "Z. C. Taylor Manuscript".

A trip was made to Rio de Janeiro and the permission acknowledged in the preface was secured. With the manuscript in hand, inquiries were made of several outstanding Brazilian Baptist pastors of the city of Salvador, Baia. In those conversations the opinion of M. G. White was confirmed as these men reiterated the extremely significant contribution of Z. C. Taylor.

The minutes of the business sessions of the First Baptist Church of Baia were also examined. They, too, indicated the importance of Z. C. Taylor in the activities of the church.

## II. STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM

Prior to this date no serious effort has been made in English to examine or even briefly sketch the life and work of Z. C. Taylor. The volumes concerning the Baptist History of Brazil have failed to accord any prominence to him. His life and contribution have remained obscure.

The purpose of this study is to vindicate the central role of Z. C. Taylor in the earliest Baptist initiatives in Brazil and make accessible, through a critical reproduction, his personal account of many of the Baptist beginnings in Brazil.

### III. JUSTIFICATION OF THE STUDY

The silence concerning the contribution of Z. C. Taylor to Baptist growth in Brazil is indicative of the woeful lack of available information related to his life and work. Two principal factors seem to have contributed to this. The first is the relative inaccessibility of the minutes of the First Baptist Church of Baia. For a long period they were presumed to be lost. The second factor is the paucity of material which was recorded and preserved from the initial stages of the mission work.

The Z. C. Taylor Manuscript is virtually unknown. As far as the author was able to ascertain there is no published work which contains even a bibliographical reference to this document.<sup>2</sup> The work merits preservation and accessibility, not only for the sake of a re-evaluation of Taylor, but because of the wealth of material

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<sup>2</sup>It is true that W. C. Taylor mentions this work, but he does not include it in a formal bibliography.

related to the beginning of Baptist mission work in Brazil. The latter is accentuated due to the aforementioned scarcity of written sources from the period.

Chapters II-IV, by emphasizing Taylor's central role in Baptist mission beginnings in Brazil, will further serve to justify the value of the manuscript and to enhance its historic value. This combination of factors clearly demonstrates the necessity of conserving as accurate a copy of the document as possible.

#### IV. RELATED STUDIES

There has been published in Portuguese a brief article, written by W. C. Taylor in the Revista Theologica,<sup>3</sup> which sketches some of the contributions of Z. C. Taylor. The only serious examination of Taylor's work in English is in the dissertation of Carl Lester Bell, "Factors Influencing Doctrinal Developments among the Brazilian Baptists".<sup>4</sup> This study, by title, is limited to one principal aspect of Taylor's ministry.

Unfortunately, Taylor's publications seem to be

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<sup>3</sup>This is the theological quarterly published by the South Brazil Baptist Theological Seminary of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

<sup>4</sup>Unpublished thesis in the Fleming Library, Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, Fort Worth, Texas.



no longer extant. Several efforts were made to recover some of the voluminous popular literature which Taylor prepared, but to no avail.

#### V. SOURCES

Part of the material included in this study was obtained through personal interviews with M. G. White, George Cowser, and W. C. Taylor. Ebenezer Cavalcanti, pastor of the Dois de Julho Baptist Church of Salvador, also afforded helpful personal observations.

A trip was made to Salvador, Bahia, Brazil in order to study the minutes of the business sessions of the First Baptist Church of Bahia. This was necessary since the church has refused to allow the document to be removed from the city.

The remaining Portuguese materials were found principally in the South Brazil Theological Seminary and in the offices of O Journal Batista, both of which are located in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Two volumes published by Taylor were found in the library of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Ky. One of these is a translation but is prefaced by a lengthy introduction which Taylor wrote. The other is his own work although he drew heavily from Cadmos.

Two theses were examined in the Fleming Library of the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Ft. Worth, Texas.

The Foreign Mission Journal, which was published by the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, was a very valuable source of primary materials.

Secondary sources consulted were volumes indicated in the Bibliography, available in the libraries of Ouachita Baptist University, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and that of the author.

## CHAPTER II

### THE ROLE OF Z. C. TAYLOR IN BRAZILIAN BAPTIST BEGINNINGS

The value of Z. C. Taylor continued to be loudly affirmed by the Brazilian Baptist constituency for over 40 years after the missionary left Brazil and returned to the United States.<sup>5</sup> The missionaries following him who examined and appreciated his work at first hand continued, after 56 years, staunchly to acclaim his contribution to the Baptist work in Brazil and its phenomenal growth.<sup>6</sup> The basic shape of all Brazilian Baptist doctrine reflects the indelible imprint and influence of Taylors.<sup>7</sup>

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<sup>5</sup>William Carey Taylor, "Zacarias Clay Taylor, Heroi que Deus nos Deu", Revista Teologica, No. 7 (January, 1953) p.84.

<sup>6</sup>Reference is made to two personal conversations of the author, first with M. G. White and then with W. C. Taylor.

<sup>7</sup>The plural is used purposely since two men must share the influence indicated here. Both are Taylor: Z. C. Taylor and W. C. Taylor. There was a third Taylor, J. J., who arrived in Brazil August 14, 1891 and pioneered in the state of Sao Paulo after first working in Rio de Janeiro with W. B. Bagby. His life story is told in an interesting booklet written by his daughter, Josephine Taylor Watts. The title is Seed Sower in Brazil - The life and work of J. J. Taylor.

## I. INFLUENCE ON W. B. BAGBY

After a serious study of Brazil, upon hearing the appeal of Gen. A. T. Hawthorne, Z. C. Taylor volunteered, in 1878, to go as a missionary to Brazil. Because he lacked theological training, he was encouraged to enter the seminary and prepare further before seeking appointment. During this preparation period Taylor talked with W. B. Bagby, then pastor at Plantersville, Texas, about the needs of Brazil. He lent Bagby his own personal copy of Kidder & Fletcher's Brazil and the Brazilians. It was, therefore, in part, through the influence of Taylor that W. B. Bagby became Brazil's pioneer Baptist missionary.<sup>8</sup>

## II. ORGANIZATION OF FIRST BRAZILIAN BAPTIST CHURCH

Although Taylor's decision to enter the Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky pre-empted his becoming the first missionary of Baptists to Brazil, he did take an active part in the very beginning of the organized Baptist missionary work in Brazil. He was one of the charter members who formed A Primeira Igreja Batista da Baia on October 15, 1882, in the city of

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<sup>8</sup>T. J. Bowen and wife were sent by the Foreign Board of the Southern Baptist Convention to Brazil in 1859. Their stay was so brief and inconsequential that they are not considered to be the pioneers of the work.

Salvador, Baia. Crabtree describes it as a city with no evangelical denomination closer than 750 miles to the south or 400 miles to the north.<sup>9</sup> It was the ecclesiastical capitol of the nation and the most fanatical religious center of the Empire.<sup>10</sup>

There were already two Baptist churches in Brazil in 1882, but the Baia church is the first that may properly be called "Brazilian" in that it was the first to assume a Portuguese name and to employ the native language with the goal of evangelizing the nationals and creating a church with a Brazilian constituency.

A. R. Crabtree mentions only the Santa Barbara do Oeste Baptist Church prior to the founding of the Baia church. This error indicates the lack of accurate information available concerning Baptist Beginnings in Brazil. An amendment to the minutes<sup>11</sup> of the organization of the Baia church clearly states that Antonio Texeira de Albuquerque was a member of the Station Baptist Church of the

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<sup>9</sup>A. R. Crabtree, Baptists in Brazil (Rio de Janeiro: The Baptist Publishing House of Brazil, 1953), p. 44. In this he ignores a small Presbyterian mission in the city.

<sup>10</sup>Ibid., p. 45.

<sup>11</sup>cf. minutes of 3rd regular session, second amendment to the first session's minutes.

state of Sao Paulo.<sup>12</sup>

The first Brazilian Baptist church was organized with five members. Four of these were two American missionary couples. The fifth member was Brazilian. He had previously been a Roman priest until joining the Station Baptist Church

#### LEADERSHIP ROLE IN THE CHURCH

The name of W. B. Bagby is placed, by the Brazilian clerk Texeira, above that of Z. C. Taylor in the list of charter members in the minutes of the Baia church.<sup>13</sup> There is no indication of priority, however, which characterized either Bagby or Taylor in the church's work. The two reportedly worked together very amicably,<sup>14</sup> perhaps, "in honor preferring one another".

In the first business session of the Baia church, Bagby served as moderator, but in the second, Taylor did.<sup>15</sup>

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<sup>12</sup>One English source mentions the Station Church and offers some written information concerning it. o cf. Mary Emily Wright, The Missionary Work of the Southern Baptist Convention (Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society, 1902).

<sup>13</sup>A copy of these minutes is in the appendix.

<sup>14</sup>Bell, op. cit., p. 51

<sup>15</sup>There is no mention of Taylor's election as moderator, only that he served. Later minutes seem to indicate that the practice was to elect a moderator prior to each of the business sessions.

Bagby baptized the first candidate, Emilia Maria,<sup>16</sup> but Taylor led in her baptismal examination and performed all the baptisms for the next five months. Since the first person baptized was a woman, it was Taylor's privilege to baptize the first man, Jaoa Gualberto Baptista, who was the fourth addition to the church.<sup>17</sup> Taylor had won him through personal evangelism. Taylor was chosen to serve on the committee to prepare the church by-laws, an evident recognition of his ability. He served as chairman of the first discipline committee of the church and became the first pastor, chosen and elected by the church membership.<sup>18</sup>

Among other firsts in which Taylor exercised his leadership are the first ordination of Brazilian Baptist deacons on January 11, 1885,<sup>19</sup> and the ordination of the first Brazilian pastor from the membership

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<sup>16</sup>This baptism was performed on May 11, 1883.

<sup>17</sup>He was baptized on November 8, 1883 at eight o'clock in the evening. Many of the early baptisms were performed after dark to avoid unnecessary persecution.

<sup>18</sup>The minutes of June 2, 1884 record that Taylor was elected by a vote of 15 to 10 as pastor. The other candidate was not Bagby but A. Texeira Albuquerque.

<sup>19</sup>This ordination consisted of an examination of the "faith" of each man and of his Christian experience. They were then simply "received" as deacons and Taylor read their duties to them. There is no mention of laying on of hands.

of a Brazilian Baptist church.<sup>20</sup>

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<sup>20</sup>This ordination service is described rather fully in the minutes. The church membership served as the ordination council, which consisted of 34 "brethren". The candidate was examined concerning his call to the ministry, the doctrine of grace, the preaching of the gospel, regeneration, baptism, the projection of grace, perseverance, the law and the gospel, baptism and the Lord's supper, the Christian Sunday and the future life. After the examination, a hymn was sung and the duties of the candidate were duly explained. He was then presented a Bible and his letter of ordination. The service was closed by giving the candidate the hand of fellowship. Of course, there may be a lapse in the minutes, but if hands were laid on with any emphasis at all it is at least very strange that they are not even mentioned.



### CHAPTER III

#### PERSONAL TALENTS WHICH PROJECTED TAYLOR INTO A CONSTANT ROLE OF MISSIONARY LEADERSHIP

Taylor was a man of many talents all of which he effectively used in his missionary work. Chief among his outstanding abilities were a flair for journalism as well as scholarly writing, a magnetic personality, powerful and attractive preaching, administrative acumen, an executive capacity for organizing and the consequential involvement of new Christians in church work, a deep compassion which found expression not only in personal evangelism but also in the medical aid which he constantly rendered to the sick and, above all, a genuine pioneer spirit which literally drove him into the jungles and onto the high seas in an untiring desire to make known the good news of the gospel.

##### I. JOURNALISM AND PUBLISHING

Taylor magnified the ministry of the printed page. He began very early to write and distribute tracts. As early as 1886 he published and distributed over 100,000 tracts.<sup>21</sup> In 1895 he published 3,106,400

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<sup>21</sup>Southern Baptist Convention, Annual (Nashville: Convention Press, 1886).

pages of literature.<sup>22</sup> He possessed the ability to write brief articles which attracted attention and produced results among the people. He was also gifted in being able to recognize among French and English writings those which would be most effective in translation. Among the best known tracts which he personally wrote were: "Como Orar" and "O Novo Nascimento."<sup>23</sup>

He is often credited, incorrectly, with being the author<sup>24</sup> of "Um Retrato da Virgem Maria no Ceu".<sup>25</sup> In the manuscript he properly credits the original author and the translator from the French who was his first wife, Catherine. This tract began as a column in a local newspaper and then was published in tract form when its popularity became evident.

Another early publication was the tract of A. Texeira Albuquerque, "Tres Razoes Porque Deixei a Igreja de Roma".<sup>26</sup> By 1894 Taylor had formed a printing

<sup>22</sup>Taylor, op. cit., p. 78.

<sup>23</sup>(Trans.) "How to Pray" and "The New Birth"

<sup>24</sup>Taylor, op. cit., p. 77.

<sup>25</sup>(trans.) "Portrait of Mary as She is in Heaven"

<sup>26</sup>(trans.) "Three Reasons Why I Left the Roman Church"

school dedicated to publishing gospel literature with ten students enrolled.

Not only were tracts published but books began to appear also. In the initial stages they were mostly translations. One of the first was S. H. Ford's The Origin of Baptists<sup>27</sup> which was prefaced by Taylor with a lengthy introduction eloquently defending the Baptist position and citing substantial portions of scripture to bolster the arguments.<sup>28</sup> Solomon Ginsburg later called this volume the second most important book among the Brazilian Baptists.<sup>29</sup> The Bible was always given first place. Taylor also translated and published Harvey's Church and State, Tertulian's Apologetics,<sup>30</sup>

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<sup>27</sup>A presentation volume of this work is in the library of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Kentucky. A thermofax copy of this presentation fly leaf bearing Z. C. Taylor's signature is included in the appendix.

<sup>28</sup>A typical example is the following passage, (author's translation) "In the Athens of Brazil Paul would find proper his discourse to the ancient Athenians. Behold the apostolic speech..." Then follows a transcription of the entire biblical passage of the Pauline sermon as recorded in Acts.

<sup>29</sup>Solomon L. Ginsburg, A Wandering Jew in Brazil (Nashville: Sunday School Board, Southern Baptist Convention, 1922) p. 27.

<sup>30</sup>Taylor translated this work from the French.

Broadus' Harmony of the Gospels, Hovey's Manual of Systematic Theology and Christian Ethics, as well as some copies of Spurgeon's sermons<sup>31</sup> which were later bound. In 1890 Taylor published 30 of Ginsburg's hymns, thus giving birth to the first Brazilian Baptist Hymnal. In later editions<sup>32</sup> Ginsburg's hymnal became the most popular hymnal among the Brazilian Baptists.

Many of Taylor's writings were brief articles, most of which were published in his own journals or weekly papers. Two such papers deserve mention, the Correio Doutrinal<sup>33</sup> and Eco da Verdade.<sup>34</sup> It is because of these early journalistic efforts that O Journal

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<sup>31</sup>The Foreign Mission Journal (Richmond: Foreign Mission Board, Southern Baptist Convention, Vol. XVIII, 1886), p. 2.

<sup>32</sup>At least sixteen editions of this very popular early Baptist hymnal are known.

<sup>33</sup>(trans.) The Doctrinal Post. In 1923 the North Brazil Baptist Theological Seminary of Recife, Pernambuco, Brazil, began the publication of a theological quarterly and entitled it "Correio Doutrinal". The continuing influence of Taylor is evident in the choice of a title which he had first used extensively in the north of Brazil.

<sup>34</sup>(Trans.) The Echo of Truth. In 1927 in Barcelona, Spain a journal appeared with the Spanish equivalent of the title first used by Taylor, "El Eco de La Verdad". In the first issue, attention was called

Batista<sup>35</sup> in the issue of January 13, 1916, refers to him as the founder of Baptist publications in Brazil.<sup>36</sup> Beyond these efforts he prepared a biblical Concordance and published it. He also wrote and published, Cristo nos evangelhos: ou a vida de nosso Senhor nas proprias palavras dos evangelistas numa so narracao consecutiva (Coordenacao dos Evangelhos).<sup>37</sup> Taylor calls this work a "biography" of Jesus and very likely reflects his theological background and preparation in this "quest for the historical Jesus" which was so much in the theological spotlight of his day. He explains his

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to the fact that the name is not new but was employed by Henry Lund prior to 1910. If, as is implied, Lund began using the title in 1899, Taylor's writing ministry may have even exercised considerable influence in Spain.

<sup>35</sup>(trans.) The Baptist Journal. This is Brazilian Baptists widely known national denominational weekly newspaper.

<sup>36</sup>Taylor had a secondary claim to this honor in that W. E. Entzinger, according to his own personal testimony, felt called as a missionary to Brazil through the reading of a tract, published in the United States entitled, "Under the Southern Cross". The author of this tract was Z. C. Taylor. It was Entzinger who led in the establishment of O Journal Batista serving as the first editor when the publishing center was moved from Baia to Rio de Janeiro in 1901.

<sup>37</sup>(Baia; Typographia Dous Mundos, 1886). (Trans.) Christ in the Gospels or the life of our Lord in the very words of the Evangelists in one consecutive narrative (a Co-ordination of the Gospels)

purpose in the preface:

Then the idea came to mind to unite the four gospels in only one in order that the reader might come to know the complete life of Jesus, just like you read a biography of an historic person. In this manner a stronger and more lasting impression should be obtained from reading the life of Jesus.<sup>38</sup>

## II. MAGNETIC PERSONALITY

Taylor's personality was so strong that it was not only attractive but often overwhelming. This may be observed in the influence he exercised in the lives of some of the outstanding Baptist personages in Brazil. Solomon Ginsburg was established in his doctrinal position and then baptized and ordained by Taylor. Ginsburg refers again and again to the influence of Taylor in his life.<sup>39</sup> Ernest Jackson<sup>40</sup> was attracted to Taylor and then baptized by him. In 1896 Taylor found Eric Nelson labouring alone in Belem and so deeply impressed him that Nelson soon traveled over 1000 miles to Pernambuco in order to receive his ordination to the ministry.

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<sup>38</sup>Z. C. Taylor, op. cit., p.s.n.

<sup>39</sup>Ginsburg, op. cit.

<sup>40</sup>Jackson organized the Corrente, Piaui church. This was actually a work begun by Taylor. Jackson was known for his self-denial in serving in the sertao (mountain desert) of Brazil.

Even Nelson, "The Apostle of the Amazon"<sup>41</sup> with the dominant personality for which he is so well remembered,<sup>42</sup> could not resist the impact of the strong personality of Z. C. Taylor.

### III. PREACHING

Z. C. Taylor is well remembered for his powerful preaching, which was both evangelistic and doctrinal. It is reported that he sought to give a full resume of Christianity in each of his sermons for he always thought that each might be his last. With this conception of preaching, it is not surprising to observe that his sermons were of considerable length, always surpassing an hour.<sup>43</sup>

He was known for his fearlessness in the face of danger from organized persecutions. On April 2, 1884 the group was stoned in the home of Maria Elisa. Taylor's hand was cut by a piece of a broken lamp and, it seems, he

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<sup>41</sup>J. Reis Pereira, O Apostolo da Amazonia (Rio; Casa Publicadora Batista, 1954). L. M. Bratcher produced a strikingly similar volume in English entitled The Apostle of the Amazon.

<sup>42</sup>The Christians of the Amazon valley who remember Nelson always speak of his short bull like neck, dominant personality and his fog horn voice.

<sup>43</sup>Thomas de Costa relates a personal experience concerning a church committee on which he served which was appointed to appeal to Taylor to keep his sermons within an hour and a half when he was in town.

was also hit in the stomach by some flying object. He continued the service, however, pausing to read some more scripture and then - after the group sang "God is for me don't be afraid of the world and its fury" - kept right on preaching.<sup>44</sup>

After the founding of the Republic, which brought real freedom to preach on the streets, he would preach as often as ten times per day in open air meetings. At least once, in a period of one month, he spent six full days preaching in the streets.

His love for preaching must have been contagious, for many of those converted under his ministry sensed the call to preach. No less than three of the first seventeen converts in Baia were ordained to the ministry by Taylor. During his missionary career of 27 years, at least 20 men who were converted when he preached were called and ordained into the ministry. It seems quite likely that he was the first Baptist missionary in Brazil to recognize

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<sup>44</sup>On another occasion a knife pierced the Bible and the hand of the man who held it, who was standing just immediately to Taylor's side. At least once he was beaten, and at least twice covered with mud. It was from one of those "mud baths" that for some time a popular slogan arose among those who sought to persecute the first Brazilian Baptists, "I don't like any religion that is mixed with mud."



the worth and value of the national preacher.<sup>45</sup> Along with this recognition he began to cherish the ideal of theological education for him. The final result of this dream of Taylor was the establishment of the seminaries in Rio de Janeiro and Recife.<sup>46</sup>

#### IV. TEACHING

Taylor complained on several occasions concerning the time that he was forced to give to the direction and administration of the colegio of Baia. He none-the-less was involved in it, for he clearly saw the need for education and recognized its evangelistic potential. He did depend very heavily upon his wife in this area.

The influence of this type of work may be demonstrated through the following tender episode concerning Catherine Taylor, his wife and fellow laborer in the Baia school. The story is recounted as follows by M. G. White:

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<sup>45</sup>One of the few disagreements between Bagby and Taylor appeared at this point. Taylor was so strongly convinced of the need for Brazilian pastors that he was not too concerned about receiving more new missionaries. He wrote the Board in Richmond to this effect. Bagby wrote appealing for more missionaries on the basis of continuing need. Bagby's letter was published in The Foreign Mission Journal.

<sup>46</sup>W. C. Taylor, op. cit., p. 86.

Mrs. White and I had been in Baia several years when we decided to go to the British cemetery and try to locate the grave of Mrs. Kate C. Taylor. We walked and walked but we failed to find the grave. There is a residence at the gate where the keepers of the cemetery live. We went there and were met by a rather elderly English lady. Learning that she had been living there for many years on that job, we asked if perchance she might remember an American Baptist missionary woman who had been buried there back in the nineties by the name of Mrs. Taylor. We marveled to see her face in her reaction to our question. She said, as I remember: "Well so you have finally come. Certainly I do remember that wonderful friend of my young womanhood. I sat in her Sunday School class. I was constantly in her home. I loved her so very much that I can never forget her. For 38 years I have in love and tenderness tended her grave, and I have waited for someone to come and put a marker, some kind of a marker at her grave. And may I ask, have you come having in mind to put a marker to her grave?" ...Then she took us out and showed us the grave - clean and well tended with flowers planted around it.<sup>47</sup>

One monument of Taylor's contribution in this area of secular education may be seen by any visitor to the state of Baia. In the interior of that state

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<sup>47</sup>From a document in the personal file of the author. According to W. C. Taylor, T. C. Bagby went to the cemetery in 1931 and found the keeper. Taylor gives her name as Jessie Almeida, which hardly seems English, and adds that she was a former pupil in the colegio of Mrs. K. C. Kaylor. It is not the purpose of this thesis to deal with a possible conflict here. However, if White either remembered, or typed 38 for 28 the two dates would very nearly coincide.

one of the well known colegio continues to bear the name of Taylor.<sup>48</sup>

#### V. PASTORAL CARE

Taylor used the mass media extensively but never to the neglect of personal soul winning. The first converts were won individually to Jesus. This was partly due to necessity. The people, at first, would not come to church services. They worked house to house knocking on doors and seeking ways to share the message of Christ with individuals. It was the group of people to whom they had borne personal witness that formed their first congregation. Taylor gives evidence of continuing to work with people individually throughout his time of service in Brazil.

He exercised the same personal care for the new converts. He even kept some of them in his home so he could be closer to them and more helpful in the early development of their young Christian lives. He comments in the text of the manuscript concerning the number of people that were often in his home. He asserts that although there may have been some exploitation of his

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<sup>48</sup>Colegio Batista Egydio-Taylor

kindness that the results were worth the cost.

## VI. DOCTRINAL STRENGTH

Taylor's understanding of the role of a missionary pastor, and thus his ecclesiology, might be questioned by some Baptists. He once expressed it as follows:

The missionary is God's undershepherd to the churches. He must guide and lead them on by love as his Master. For this reason the missionary should be pastor of no church in particular and general pastor of them all.<sup>49</sup>

It is quite likely that the circumstances in which he found himself influenced him somewhat toward a practical interpretation of his doctrine. As happens so often in the beginning stages of missionary effort, he was, further, overloaded with work. This is evidenced by the following statement that was printed in The Foreign Mission Journal.

Brother Z. C. Taylor, with headquarters at Bahia, has under his care not only the church at Bahia, but those also at Pernambuco and Maceio, and beside all, he has to do evangelistic work in a territory two hundred and fifty by four hundred miles...the work and care are too much for one man - yea, or for two.<sup>50</sup>

It seems certain that his evaluation of "the

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<sup>49</sup>Z. C. Taylor, "Church Edificies in Bahia Mission," The Foreign Mission Journal, XXXVII (November, 1905), p. 165.

<sup>50</sup>XXII (September, 1890), p. 36.

general missionary pastor" resulted from his keen perception of the value of the national worker, his aptitude for the pastorate, at least psychologically and sociologically, as well as, primarily, a sense of urgency to carry out the mission task. In 1890 he wrote to the Board:

No objection to all the men you can send us, but for the present crises or great opening, you can see that native workers can do the work best. Our opportunity is now.<sup>51</sup>

In spite of this interpretation<sup>52</sup> Taylor's doctrinal position was very firm and he was first and last a Baptist. On one occasion he wrote:

Keep the doctrine pure, for to the Baptists was entrusted this heritage, and in them is the hope of the world; if they, Baptists, permit the doctrine of the Master to be watered down the world is lost, without hope. Only the Baptists possess the whole truth, only the truth can save the world.<sup>53</sup>

Another of his doctrines of church policy was

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<sup>51</sup>Z. C. Taylor, "Value of Native Workers", The Foreign Mission Journal, XXII (October, 1890), p. 68.

<sup>52</sup>Several years ago the author engaged in a personal conversation with Dr. Dale Moody of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in which Dr. Moody insisted that in beginning work the missionary is a "bishop" over the churches. He later expressed this in writing in an article on Titus in Interpretation.

<sup>53</sup>Z. C. Taylor, "Carta", A Mensagem (February, 1911), p. 3.

called into question early in the life of the Baia church, in this case by the new converts. The church minutes record that the 4th of September of 1883 was set aside for a "special prayer meeting". It was clearly stipulated that it was not a "regular" service. The reason offered for such a service was to allow the "women to talk" in the service. In the course of the next monthly business session of the church, which was held the 9th of October, someone asked why the women are not allowed to speak in the "regular" services. The answer was that they had a special service in which they could. Some members were still not satisfied. The discussion was cut off by a motion to table until the next business session. The subject must have died on the table for no further record is to be found in the minutes regarding it.

It was Taylor's firm doctrinal orientation that elicited the request that he visit Portugal and try to help the Baptist brethren of that land. Doctrinal difficulties were destroying the fellowship and the ministry of the Baptist churches. Under Taylor's able leadership the First Regular Baptist Church was organized in Porto on December 20, 1908.<sup>54</sup>

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<sup>54</sup>A. Mauricio, "A Bem Aventuranca do Irmao Joseph Jones", O Journal Batista, XXVIII (September 6, 1928), P.4.

It was in this same general area that he contributed, through a personal stay in Mexico, in the strengthening of the ties between the Mexican and the Brazilian Baptist work.

Lester Carl Bell in his dissertation affirms that Z. C. Taylor was the missionary of unique importance in the formation of Brazilian Baptist doctrine.<sup>55</sup>

#### VII. MEDICAL AID

Although Brazil never has had any organized medical mission work, the growth and development of the Baptist work owe a debt to the medical ministry. From Taylor's time until the present the medical work has been the "overflow" of Christian concern and compassion which cannot ignore physical need.

It has been affirmed that Taylor began a pre-medical course, which he almost completed prior to dedicating his life to the preaching ministry.<sup>56</sup> Although it would appear that this interesting detail is probably open to serious question, Taylor's involvement in offering medical aid is outstanding. His

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<sup>55</sup>Bell, op. cit., Bell entitles a section of his dissertation: "Z. C. Taylor: Missionary Theologian".

<sup>56</sup>W. C. Taylor, op. cit., p. 81.

ministry in the two plague-stricken cities of Alagoinhas and Vila do Conde deserves a place of merit among the beautiful stories of the heroism of medical missions.<sup>57</sup>

Over 1000 people had died from a plague in the city of Alagoinhas when Taylor and six other Christians resolved to respond to the need. They went to fight the epidemic, fully aware of the personal danger that was involved. Their feeling was that they must help. One of the male nurses accompanying Taylor contracted the disease and almost died. He recovered, largely through the personal care given by Taylor at great personal risk. Upon recovery, he affirmed that the experience had been for him a call to preach the gospel. Within a few days Tito Batista was ordained and added preaching to his healing ministry. The full account of this story and others similar are told in the Z. C. Taylor Manuscript.

#### VIII. CO-OPERATIVE SPIRIT

Taylor is remembered as a missionary leader who

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<sup>57</sup>It must be observed that in the course of the research done for this thesis the author did not find sufficient evidence to substantiate W. C. Taylor's assertion concerning the pre-medical course of studies that Z. C. Taylor purportedly pursued.



pioneered in the promotion of co-operation among the Baptist churches. It was his dedication in this area that, probably, resulted in the organizational meeting of the Brazilian Baptist Convention occurring in the church of which he was pastor. He thus became the first host pastor of the national convention of Brazilian Baptists, in the year 1907.

His outstanding contributions in this area gained recognition for him outside of Brazil. Not only was he recognized in Mexico and Portugal but among Baptists of the world. He received merited world-wide recognition when he was elected to an office in the Baptist World Alliance. This honor was confirmed in 1905 when he was elected vice-president for Brazil;<sup>58</sup> once again, the first person to be so honored.

#### IX. BALANCE BETWEEN KNOWLEDGE AND COMMUNICATION

As one considers the administrative, theological and intellectual acumen of Z. C. Taylor it might be assumed, by some, that a scholar and writer of such reputation might have difficulty in oral communication. It would seem that at the very least his simplicity

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<sup>58</sup>The Baptist World Alliance, The Baptist World Congress, 1905(Record of Proceedings. London: Baptist Union Publication Department, 1905), p. 281.

would have to suffer. The versatility of Taylor, in this crucial aspect of ministry, attractiveness and simplicity in speaking, is very strikingly illustrated in the following eyewitness report. It was written on the occasion of the meeting of the third Brazilian Baptist Convention.

The three prime stars of the convention are seated in the front: F. F. Soren, with Bro. Bagby at his right, and Bro. Taylor at his left. The two latter have been preaching in Brazil for the past twenty seven years, and are yet perhaps the most active and popular of all the missionaries. Bro. Taylor having a special aptness in speaking to children<sup>59</sup> was invited to address my large class of little Sunbeams....he fairly captured the audience with his BYPU address on another occasion.<sup>60</sup>

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<sup>59</sup>Emphasis is the author's.

<sup>60</sup>Genevieve Voorheis, "The Third Baptist Convention", The Foreign Mission Journal, LX (September, 1909), p. 77.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE DEATH OF Z. C. TAYLOR

#### I. ILLNESS AND RETURN FROM BRAZIL

In January of 1909 Taylor returned to the United States due to illness. Over a year later his family also returned to be with him. By then it appeared that no cure was in sight. In May of 1910 the following note appeared in The Foreign Mission Journal.

We regret that Brother Z. C. Taylor is not in very good health. He is staying for a while in Waco, Texas. His family will likely return from Brazil and join him there.<sup>61</sup>

The cause of his illness was an infection contracted in the interior of Brazil which produced large ulcerous sores, principally on his legs. The disease refused to respond satisfactorily to any medical treatment. Taylor himself describes in the Manuscript a type of electrical treatment that was tried in vain.

It was during this period of relative confinement that the Z. C. Taylor Manuscript was written.

#### II. THE OCCASION OF HIS DEATH

The Annual of the Southern Baptist Convention

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<sup>61</sup>Vol. LX (March, 1910), p. 262.

of 1920, in the seventy-fifth annual report of the Foreign Mission Board, carried this note under "Deaths":  
"Rev. and Mrs. Z. C. Taylor, Corpus Christi, Texas, September 14, 1919."<sup>62</sup>

At the time of death Taylor and his wife were with their daughter and son-in-law, a professor at Baylor University, in their cabin on the Gulf of Mexico. The cabin was a favorite retreat spot for the Taylors.<sup>63</sup> A fierce storm hit the city, creating flood conditions in most of the city. The waters covered the area near the beach, drowning both Z. C. Taylor and his wife.

A very graphic description of the tragedy was written by W. C. Taylor.

A mighty storm advanced upon the city. The waves of the Gulf of Mexico began to cover the houses. The missionaries and their family climbed up on the roof of the house. But it was not enough. The waves caught them. In this manner they passed over into the paradise of God, the house of many mansions, that pair of heroes that God gave us, whose life was dramatic, at times tragic, but always happy in the devotion to Him, whom, having not seen, we love.<sup>64</sup>

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<sup>62</sup>(Nashville: Convention Press, 1920), p. 206.

<sup>63</sup>The text of the Manuscript mentions on various occasions the view looking across the waters of the Gulf.

<sup>64</sup>W. C. Taylor, op. cit., p. 93

## III. A POSTHUMOS EULOGY

Dr. A. Ben Oliver, president for many years of the South Brazil Baptist Theological Seminary in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, tells of an acquaintance who described Taylor in these terms, "His spirit was like a burning torch that could not be extinguished."<sup>65</sup>

Perhaps the author may be permitted to hope that the pages of the Z. C. Taylor manuscript, herein reproduced and edited, may serve to rekindle and warm missionary flames in the hearts of the readers as Taylor, "being dead yet speaketh."

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<sup>65</sup>A. Ben Oliver, Baptists Building In Brazil (Nashville: Broadman Press, 1942), p. 64. This phrase belongs to Solomon Ginsburg. cf. A Missionary Adventure (Nashville: Baptist Sunday School Board, Southern Baptist Convention, n.d.), p. 177.

## CHAPTER V

### SOME CRITICAL PROBLEMS CONNECTED WITH THE TEXT

#### I. THE DATE OF WRITING

The original manuscript was handwritten<sup>66</sup> in Texas. Taylor, in beginning, dedicates the volume to the memory of his first wife and the honor of his second. With regard to his second wife, he states that they had been married 22 years at the time of the writing. He was married the second time during the meeting of the Texas Baptist Convention in 1895. The adding of 22 years to 1895 fixes the date of the writing of the "Dedication" in the year 1917.

Unfortunately, there is no way to be certain as to the time relationship between this portion of the manuscript and its main body. Did Taylor begin by writing the dedication, or was it done near the end? Unfortunately, no definitive answer is possible. It seems likely, however, that the preface was written in the early stages of penning the manuscript. This is

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<sup>66</sup>Information received in a private conversation with George Cowsert at the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Brazilian Baptist Convention in Rio de Janeiro on March 12, 1968.

indicated by two specific references to 1919 in the text of the manuscript itself.<sup>67</sup> It is quite apparent in the manuscript that there is a time lapse between first draft and final draft, or at least termination of the work.<sup>68</sup>

It would probably be reasonable to assume that the manuscript was prepared over a period of some fifteen to eighteen months. This would mean that Taylor began in the late summer or fall of 1917 and finished the manuscript before spring of 1919. Remembering that he died in September of 1919 and that the manuscript was completed by him, the summer of 1919 is the absolute terminus quid.

It seems more likely that Taylor sent the text to Brazil in the late spring of 1919 for someone to edit and offer any suggestions or necessary corrections. He had then hoped to publish the volume at the Baptist Publishing House in Rio de Janeiro. It must be assumed that the necessary correspondence to accomplish this goal never took place. This was probably for two reasons.

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<sup>67</sup>cf. "Showers of Blessing" and "Sowing and Waiting".

<sup>68</sup>cf. the footnote under the heading "Showers of Blessing".

The first was the problem created by the entrance of the United States into World War I which slowed the movement of the mails. The second was the untimely death of Z. C. Taylor.

The manuscript must have been filed or "put in a safe place" soon after the news of Taylor's death reached Brazil. It was then offered to S. Ginsburg to use in writing a biography of Taylor.<sup>69</sup> Apparently he left it in the files of the Baptist Publishing House in Rio de Janeiro.

## II. THE COWSERT TEXT

Some fifteen years passed before a new director of the Baptist Publishing House of Brazil must have come across the manuscript. Recognizing its value, he resolved to take measures to preserve it.<sup>70</sup> Financial considerations were undoubtedly involved at this point. No funds existed in a mission budget for the copying of old handwritten manuscripts. Dr. Cowsert ingeniously solved the problem by assigning the task to his son,

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<sup>69</sup>Solomon L. Ginsburg, A Missionary Adventure (Nashville: Baptist Sunday School Board, Southern Baptist Convention, n.d.), p. 176.

<sup>70</sup>The ink must have been fading due to time and the tropical climate for there are places where a blank space occurs indicating a word that could no longer be read.



George Cowser. It was to be an exercise in learning to improve his typing.

### Typographical errors

The value of the project which has preserved the manuscript cannot in any way be discounted but the typographical errors cannot either, for they are legion throughout the paper if not to the page.

The errors are principally of three types. The first type is that of added letters, or what might be termed in some cases doubling of letters. On one occasion the name Ernest is typed "Earnest", again rotten as "rotthen", other examples are: spouting as "spoutnings" and "woold" for would. The second type is the result of leaving out or dropping letters. Some examples are as follows: "hs way" for his way, "stanch frienc" for staunch friend, and "We stopped and catted awhile" for We stopped and chatted for awhile.

The third principal type of error is a bit more difficult to correct with absolute certainty. In this case the error is the switching or mistyping of letters. In one case the text speaks of going "onto heaven." Does the original read "on to", "into" or as some

previous scribal reader has scribbled above the word "unto"? Another example is " "h, " which in context must be read why. A wee bit more knotty one was "l(o)" which turned out to be the number 1909.

There are less frequent types of errors. For instance, there are some lapses in the underlining of foreign terms. In several places words are left out with no indication. An example is the phrase, "older churches baptistries now." where the verb "have" must be supplied between "churches" and "baptistries". Spacing has also caused some difficulties. Some are apparent such as, "whoc ame down" for "who came down". In other cases they might imperceptibly slip by. For example, take the phrase "Conde d'Euhad mad a tour." If the name were not known few would read it correctly "Conde d'Eu had made a tour."

There is another type of error that should be mentioned although it is not properly typographical. Reference is made here to words that were read incorrectly by the young typist. One such example is where the word "yelling" is found and the total context insists that the term be "dwelling".

The procedure has been to search out and correct as many of these errors as possible. There is no

satisfactory manner, adaptable to the limitations of this thesis, for indicating the multitude of necessary corrections. They have, therefore, been made with no indication, according to the best judgment of the author.

### Pagination

In a few instances some of the pages were out of order. It appears that the binder of the Cowsert text did not always place the pages which had no number in their correct order. The problem was not too difficult in that no page was more than four sheets from its correct position. The logical order, that which conserves the sense and meaning, has been adopted and the pages are placed in the apparent correct numerical order.

### Additions

The "Cowsert text" which is typed is filled with "scribal" additions. The types of handwriting and ink would seem to indicate at least three principal "editors" who have added their bits of information and correction to the text. In some cases these additions were so attractive that the temptation was to include them as part of the text. Since the fact that they were additions was so obvious, they were not included.

There are a few points at which it seems possible that the same type of activity occurred on the pages of the handwritten manuscript. In these it would have been most difficult for a young boy to ascertain the difference between the original text and the added notes, since both were handwritten. It is conceivable that some of these may have been made in compliance with a request from Taylor for just such corrections and additions.

The exercise of form criticism is as fascinating as it is difficult and highly subjective. Cognizance of the dangers which accompany such endeavors has led the present writer to remove none of the text on this basis. The author, however, feels compelled to note the fact that there are some instances in which later additions may be present in the "Cowsert text". One such instance is possibly to be found in the material under the heading "Sowing and Waiting". There is a reference in this passage to the condition of Brazil in 1919 which forms a rather lengthy incomplete sentence. It may well be that the "he" in this phrase was a part of a marginal note expressing some reader's desire that Taylor, not the doctor, might rejoice in the Baptist growth.

It must be added, finally, that in the careful

examination of the obvious textual additions found in the "Cowsert text" not a single one attempts to modify the meaning of the text. They are attempts to supply more exact information and/or interesting sidelights. If additions are present in the "Cowsert text" they must be those of persons closely connected with the happenings described. They are not to be feared nor despised for the hand of Taylor dominates these pages as his personality and life did for the 28 years he served as a missionary in Brazil.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE EDITED TEXT OF THE Z. C. TAYLOR MANUSCRIPT

#### I. DEDICATION

I dedicate this book, first, to the memory of my first wife, Mrs. Kate Crawford Taylor, companion and faithful helper the first 12 years of my work in Brazil, mother of my four children and who now sleeps beneath the palms in the British Cemetery at Bahia, awaiting the resurrection.

Secondly, I dedicate it in honor of my present wife, Mrs. Laura Barton Taylor, who has shared my labors these 22 years and made it possible for me to accomplish the Lord's work, second mother to my four children, and second mother to the John S. Tanner children, whose main Monument was in founding the Collegio Americano Egydio and conducting it to increasing success for twelve years.

#### II. INTRODUCTION

Having been at the very beginning of Baptist missions in Brazil, with Bro. Bagby, the first Baptist Convention of Brazil asked us to write the Beginnings of the work so as to serve as records for the Convention. But as Dr. Burleson used to say, we were so

busy making history that we did not have time to write it. Individually, several brethren in Brazil and in the U.S. have asked me to write such a history.

When my health failed I religiously sought during seven years its restoration with a view of returning to Brazil. The immediate cause of my breakdown was an attack, in my left foot and leg, of neuritis or Reynaud's disease, which is a paralysis of the nerves, followed by inflammation. I was under the medical treatment of the now lamented Dr. Halbert for two years at Waco, Texas. The case was diagnosed by Dr. Isadore Dyer, dean of the medical department of Tulane University, New Orleans, La. He prescribed treatment by electricity. Then I was treated by Dr. Martin, electrician of our Baptist Sanitarium, Dallas, Texas, for weeks. The disease was checked and the inflammation arrested, but after two years treatment Dr. Halbert declared it chronic, advising me to leave off treatment and try to outlive it; but after seven years it still clings to me. Being a nervous disease it requires a moderate and temperate life to maintain a modicum of strength.

Seeing that I was not likely to overcome entirely the disease, I applied to the Board to go back to Brazil

and spend the remainder of my life doing what I could; the doctors' judgment is that under similar conditions the disease would return in the course of two or three years. So the Board decided best for me not to return.

Dr. Willingham was yet secretary, and seeing my hope for return fading, said to me: "Bro. Taylor, the Lord can use you." That saying has often come to my mind; and when the way to Brazil was closed, I prayed to God to open a channel by which I could serve Him. I had always expected to find space during my life time to write the narrative of Brazilian missions, having at different periods written some chapters; it now seems to me the opportune time to finish that work.

The only book Baptists have on Brazil is Brazilian Sketches by Dr. T. B. Ray, one of our secretaries. His is a splendid book from an observer's point of view. Mine is the experience of one who was in the trenches for twenty eight years.

I will not attempt to describe Brazil as a whole, nor give the history of the country; but as a pioneer and personal worker; I will show the condition in which I found the country and the people; give the founding of the Brazilian mission, then follow the progress of



the work in Bahia mission. My narrative will furnish data for the future historian.

Now reader, I invite you into the Lord's garden, to see the wilderness where it was planted, to follow the Lord's servants day and night for twenty-eight years, in a tropical climate, among a strange people, among enemies and dangers on every side. See how the Lord slew two great giants, monarchy and slavery, replacing them with a republic and liberty in which His plants best thrive and prosper.

The day of miracles is over, however, watch the Lord's servants as they go among those people without knowing their language, but who by study understand the people and the people understand them as they tell the story of Jesus, His love, and His power to save; speaking it so long that their own native tongue becomes at last the foreign one.

Have not many people gone into ecstasies over the exploits of Burbank in the vegetable world? He has turned the bitter sagebrush, poisonous Euphobia, spiny cactus into edible, non-poisonous, spineless plants. By crossing he developed from the African wild orange daisy and the white daisy a variety of daisies with

nearly all the colors of the rainbow. From the plum and apricot he developed the plumcot, a new fruit. He changed the blackberry into a white berry. He reduced a seeded plum to a seedless one, with many other wonderful developments.

Now, let us go back into the Lord's garden and see the human specimens. Read of the bitter life of José Domingues, sweetened into that of a saint; of the poisonous life of Olympio de Barros into the Brazilian Samaritan; of the life of thorns in Antonio de Correa, of Salsa; of the wild daisies in Dona Anna and Agelina of Villa do Conde; of Dona Maria, wife of Sr. Emiliano; of Dona Maria Etelvina, daughter of Capt. Egydio; of Dona Ismania, daughter of Engineer Odilon, and what shall we say of Dona Archiminia Barretto, the largest, the most fragrant daisy in the garden?

See the power of the pollination of the gospel in the hearts of men like John Baptist, Dores, Pitada, Marciano and Capt. Egydio his brother, of Zezé of Villa do Conde, a great persecutor who after twenty-four years received the gospel virtues.

Read the story of the most insignificant looking boy develop into the apostle of the State of Espirito

Santo, read of the blind boy Constantino who learned English and now reads his raised letter Bible in English, preaching to his people in their own language; read of the disease covered Maroca, develop into the most beautiful flower; read of the transformation of the midnight gambler into an active pastor evangelist in the Gandú jungle; read of Yaya Barretto, who dying left all her property to the church, her heirs.

Read of the transformation of whole communities as Santa Ritta, Conquista, Gandú and Rio Salsa.

See the Lord's servants at the printing press, in the schools, preaching on the streets, on the highways and by-paths till opposition passes and kindly sympathy takes its place.

Light has dawned upon the darkness where ignorance prevailed. Happiness has come into the lives of thousands, where before were misery and despair. Twenty thousand converts in less than 40 years, who turned into the Lord's treasury last year more than \$90,000.

### III. EBENEZER

As I start out on the narrative of this book it gives me delight to recall the companionship of the noble men and women who shared with me the Lord's work in Bahia, and I invoke their witness to the truths herein

related.

Rev. W. B. Bagby and wife, Baylor school-mate, six months at Campinas and about a year at Bahia.

Rev. John A. Barker and wife, of Va., about a year.

Rev. R. E. Neighbor, and Joseph Aden, two years each.

Rev. C. D. Daniel and wife, about two years.

Rev. W. E. Entzminger and wife, about a year.

He became my successor as editor and Director of the Printing Press, I thirteen, he twenty-one years.

Rev. S. L. Ginsburg and wife, for several years at different periods. I baptized him, Bro. Entzminger and I ordained him.

Rev. E. A. Jackson and wife, whom I baptized and ordained.

D. L. Hamilton and wife, about two years; he has reviewed this book.

Rev. R. E. Pettigrew, about three years.

Rev. C. F. Stapp and wife came two days before I left the field.

Brethren White and Sherwood have gone to Bahia since I left.

In Conventions I met quite all our other missionaries and whose fellowship I specially prize.

The church of God rarely produces such faithful men as Rev. E. A. Nelson, apostle of the Amazon, whom I found working as a self-supporting missionary in Pará in 1886 and who has been working under our Board 33 yrs.

In my forced absence from Brazil, and here in my abode on the Gulf I look often out across the waters toward you, dear brethren. I implore you to be faithful, as I implore God's grace upon you. The workers may fall but the work must go on.

My heart's desire is to be by your side preaching in the churches or on the streets, visiting in the homes, planning conventions, associations or long journeys interior. (1 Cor. 3:10-17). God has willed it otherwise. If I cannot work there with you, I can work here till Jesus comes. Be men, be leaders. Organize, divide the field, and let each see that the gospel is preached to all and to the utmost bounds.

God has blessed you in the past; look for greater blessings in the future. The church of God in this world has been like sheep among wolves down the ages. The devil must be overthrown and Jesus rule supreme. Over all the

world liberty is dawning, and the victorious Jesus will soon be here.

#### IV. A WORD ABOUT OUR FOREIGN MISSION BOARD

As a missionary working under the Board for many years, I have a right to speak of our Board, which at times is under criticism.

In New Testament times there was no Board, perhaps there was no need of one, as every apostle and disciple was a board unto himself. The greater probability, however, is that no board could have existed in those days of despotism of paganism, then popery during those long centuries, till after the Reformation. Perhaps the board in England, 1792, was organized just about as early as it was safe to do so, also that in the U.S., 1815.

During all those ages of tyranny no work could be done in a methodical way, but each man or church did what they could to carry out the Savior's commands. Once that the world was getting a little safe for democracy, the day of organization came with it, and now we can unite all the churches in one sublime effort. Organization so far has won the highest results, and we can yet organize more closely and compactly and gain still greater results.

Our Board is an organization formed by the churches to establish a medium between the churches, the missionaries and foreign nations. The members of the Board are appointed by the churches in Convention to do the work of the churches. Only two receive salaries. Yet annually, monthly, weekly, giving their time and talents, they are carrying out the will of the Convention in the salvation of the world.

Never has one of the members attempted to usurp any authority belonging to the churches, but as true representatives have had the passive qualities of knowing the will of the brethren, and the positive qualities of putting it into execution.

I have a profound respect and intense love for all the men I have known connected with the board, as men of integrity, filled with love for God and man. During all the years I have been a missionary they have always and invariably treated me as a brother, rather I have felt the treatment to me more that of a father to a son. Nor have I ever known a missionary who did not get the same brotherly treatment.

Our Board needs no commendation from me, but I speak these words out of a grateful heart, that it has

been my privilege to work many years with a company of men who cannot be surpassed for fidelity to duty in all the world, and as worthy of all confidence.

We have been working in hundreds and thousands, yet I bespeak for the Holy Cause they represent the confidence of the brethren to intrust them with the millions we owe the Lord, and that are now so urgently needed to consummate Christ's work in the earth.

#### V. ANCESTRY

My great grand-father, William Taylor, was a Baptist preacher in Anson County, N.C. He was born about 1740 and died about 1800. Many of his sermons were printed. Jonathan, youngest son of William Taylor, was supposed to have been born in Virginia before his father moved to North Carolina. He married Francis Ross. He was a farmer and became wealthy. He represented Anson County in the legislature about 1805. Shortly after this he moved to Perry County, Miss., on Leaf River, where he died, about 1829.

There were seven sons and three daughters born to Jonathan Taylor; namely, Alvin, Amstart, Allison, Jonathan, William, Laban, Reuben, Elizabeth, Thetis and Baldy Washington, my father, who was born in 1826. He was left fatherless at three years of age, his elder



brother William becoming his guardian.

He was pursuing his studies in Brandon, Miss., at the age of fifteen, but was forced by declining health to leave school, not, however, till he had acquired a fair English education. His physician advised his guardian to have him much in the open air, fishing, hunting, etc., by which he built up a strong constitution. While in Brandon he heard the celebrated evangelist, Dr. Daniel Baker, and embraced Christianity, though he was baptized later. He made a thorough examination of baptism and became a Baptist. Years later he was ordained deacon in the church at Fannin.

At twenty he secured the rights of majority by petition to the legislature and was married to Miss Sallie Elizabeth Cordell, whose age was sixteen. Her father lived within three miles of Jackson, east of Pearl River, where my oldest sister Fannie and I were born, I in 1851.

When I was seven years old father bought lands and built on Barne's Prairie, about a mile of Fannin, where there was a good school. Being pushed at home and at school I thoroughly hated books. When not in school father had me along side of slaves at work and

I imbibed early a hatred for work, also. Father went out to the war as leader of the brass band in the 6th Mississippi Regiment, recruited at Fannin. When the musicians were scattered after the war he took to the violin and often would organize string bands for social and special occasions. Toward the close of life he was leader of church music, training classes and often taking the honors at local contests. At the close of the war father lost his plantation and his slaves.

#### VI. MOVING TO TEXAS

All was chaos just after the war. Everybody it seemed wished to leave the broken up South. My father, with many others, had an inclination to go to Brazil. Many stories were told of the wonderful resources of that country. Good reports of Texas, which had the advantage of being near, were circulated, also. He decided to go to Texas. So selling out what he had left, he started to Texas with \$5,000.00 in gold. We crossed Pearl River and took the Mississippi Central Railroad for New Orleans. We went by steamship from there to Galveston, and from there to Houston. From there to Hempstead by train, the terminus of the railroad in 1866. From Hempstead we went by wagons to Brenham, Washington

County, section chosen by several families for homes. A year hence he moved to Houston County, about twelve miles south of Crockett.

The first year we had to forage for corn, potatoes, etc., in wagons. Cousin Alson often led one of those expeditions. His son is W. E. Taylor, long time architect at Greenville and Ft. Worth. His was a breezy disposition. Instead of jostling us out of bed mornings, he would sing at break of day:

"The morning light is breaking,  
The darkness disappears,  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion  
Prepared for Zion's wars."

I have often thought that that hymn sung at that hour made a lasting missionary impression on me, though I was not converted at that time.

The missionary of that association, Rev. J. F. James, passed through our section, often holding meetings at father's house.

## VII. CONVERSION

There was a protracted meeting in the fall at Rockland Church, in the community from which we had moved. I had serious thoughts of Christianity, reading

often the New Testament to find out how I might be saved. Bro. James Rogers and aged Bro. Elias Shaw, a powerful exhorter, were the preachers. I went up at every call for mourners. Mother often came around and in tears tried to help me. I went to a grove and tried to pray, but my prayers seemed not to go above my head.

I and some other boys one evening were lighting the candles and having our fun. Bro. Iott, a most pious deacon, came up at that time and asked me to go with him to the grove, saying as we walked on: "Zach., God never gifted me with public speech, but I want to pray for you." It was a very solemn occasion, still I felt no change. And so the week passed off. Saturday Albert Allison, my friend and the only playmate father allowed me to have, gave his evidence. He said it was on the Monday before that he began to feel a change, which increased during the week till then he could claim that he was saved. Sunday morning was the last sermon of the meeting, and Bro. James preached from Jer. 8:20: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Those words sounded like death knells to me. After the sermon all repaired to Tantabogue Creek, where baptism was administered, seeing which made my burden greater.

After the baptisms, good old Mr. Lotte, step-father-in-law to Albert Allison, invited me home with him for dinner. I was horseback and went. I arrived at his home first. When he came on to the veranda where I was sitting, he took me by the hand and led me into a little room, where he sat down on a bed, I by his side. Too full of emotion to utter a word, he laid his arm over my shoulder, heaving to and fro weeping. I caught the power of his agitation. Bro. Bazar, another spiritual deacon, entering, saw us, and sitting down on my other side he also folded his arm about my shoulder. Thus we sat, all weeping as if our hearts would break, neither saying a word - our spirits wrestling with God. Suddenly the light of heaven burst upon my soul and I arose shouting praises. We all stood embraced for a while, then I began going the rounds and did not stop shaking hands till I had encountered about fifty persons in the house, mostly Christians, but some unbelievers. Tears of joy flowed freely while I was shaking the hands of Christians, but became tears of grief when I clasped the hand of a sinner.

Dinner was soon announced but my appetite had flown. Bro. James passed by shortly and we all went

out to tell him the good news. Soon he began to talk to the older brethren about some difficulty he had with a brother. I stood aside silent and amazed, for I had thought that Christians were angels in human form. While I was meditating satan came to me the first time, so soon after regeneration, and said: "Now are you not ashamed of yourself, making so much ado about this religion." A cloud passed over my soul, but I hastily threw it off, not being troubled that way any more.

I hastened on to see father and mother, who had gone on in the direction of home for their dinner. It was a glorious meeting. On my way home I sang all the songs I knew. That night at supper table I made a remark that proved true in all my after life and which struck my unbelieving brother Nelson. "Why," said I, "everything is better now, I can even work better." With a nod of his head he said: "We'll see." My whole being was energized from the moment of my regeneration. Life has been one continued stream of activity since that hour.

The reader will note the two extremes in conversion, comparing mine with Albert Allison's. His was gradual; it took him a week to decide; mine was instantaneous. Bunyan speaks of this difference, in "Pilgrim's

Progress", where Christian, at the sight of the cross, felt his burden roll off in a moment; whereas another had an experience something like a man, who, burdened with a sack of sand, as he went along felt it gradually all escape. Not that it takes God a week to save a man, but an especially good man or boy as Albert was, may pass through a gradual experience of grace, while one wicked in heart as I was may feel an instantaneous change. Note Paul's sudden change. We do not find that in John or Peter. Yet in their lives each was faithful unto death. And that is the test of regeneration.

#### VII. BAPTISM

I asked father about baptism. He told me to read the New Testament. I began reading it, but not knowing Greek I passed all through the Gospels and did not discover immersion; only when I got to Rom. 6:3f: "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ, were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." At the time I read this I was sitting in an old vacant house; my eyes filled with tears as I read that

baptism was a burial. Right there I became a Baptist. Afterward when I studied Greek I could find immersion all through the Gospels, Acts and Epistles.

#### XI. CALL TO PREACH

In the spring of 1869, the year after I was converted, I became greatly distressed about the lost condition of the world. I lay awake at nights weeping. It was all my meditation, but I said nothing to anyone about it. I resisted and tried to dispel the thought of preaching. Finally one morning, while plowing in the field apart from the other workers, the impression was so strong I surrendered, but weeping as if my heart would break at the responsibility. Just at that time father came up and seeing my agitation asked the cause. When I hesitated he assured me of his sympathy and readiness as a father to help or counsel me in any difficulty. Then I told him.

He cautioned me to be careful in deciding such an important matter, citing such men as Judge Maxey, Alexander Stevens and others who had begun the ministerial career and afterwards left it. The effect was to retard me four years. A peculiar circumstance occurred afterward. My aunt Ann Taylor, a saintly Christian at Forest City, Ark., wrote father she had a dream that I had been



called to preach, and wanted to know of any such impressions upon me. I had not seen her for years, but God had revealed it to her, and I heard it at a time when I was concealing those impressions from everybody, yet it served as a witness to the call.

Two years after my conversion I was sent as a delegate from my church to the Neches River Association. On the way I met Dr. Link, at that time editor of "The Texas Baptist Herald". He persuaded me to subscribe for it. I began to read short articles by Dr. A. J. Holt, S. J. Anderson and others. Bro. Holt wrote over the pseudonym Vidi. Often the articles were historical and this whetted my appetite for history. Then I subscribed for "Kind Words" and Ford's "Christian Repository", all of which aroused in me a desire to get an education for a useful life, as a doctor. I had quieted my conscience for a while with the idea that I could practice medicine and do much charity work.

#### X. SEEKING AN EDUCATION

I had worked for a year and a half, after I was 21, with father to help him pay out a place he had bought on Mustang Prairie. Father had been severe with me in rearing, but now a Christian, I thanked him on my 21st

birthday for all his care in trying to bring me up in the right way. I was now 22½ years old, had forgotten quite all I ever learned, but started out to school again. Father paid my board at Bro. Lott's on Nevill's Prairie for three months, while I went to school. Then I taught at Alabama School House for a term, taking my sisters Sallie and Ella and Bro. Joe to school, paying their board. They were great company to me in the absence of the loved home folks.

On rising of mornings I had my breakfast by lamp light, and was off with ax cutting down trees and hewing out posts for Bro. John Chandler with whom I boarded, till the hour for school, when my sisters came along. I occupied recesses and noons studying. On returning home I stopped by the way to work till night. After supper I prepared all the advanced lessons first for the next day, then from 9 to 11 o'clock I studied medicine. The next summer I studied under Prof. Gause of Crockett. He had a summer school at Boston, 27 miles distant.

#### XI. IN WACO UNIVERSITY

Dr. R. C. Burleson passed through Crockett looking for students and Dr. Lipscomb told him of my efforts

to get an education. "Tell him to come to Waco," said Dr. Burleson. That fall, 1875, I went to Waco. My few months of schooling before that were not sufficient to drill my mind to study. My application was in excess of the mind to assimilate. My great desire to learn and the slow progress I made brought discouragement, finally despair of accomplishing my aim.

I decided to leave school, so one morning I went to notify Dr. Burleson. He resided then in what is now Cowden Hall. He was surprised when I told him my decision. "Oh," he said, "it will never do. Do not give it up. Try again. You will come out all right. Try again and if you find any more difficulty come to me again." I never returned to him about that difficulty.

Prof. Strother, Prof. Boggess, Prof. Long and Prof. Richard Burleson all were men who inspired their students with a love of study. Dr. Burleson gave us those inimitable chapel talks, never to be forgotten. He told how he had to pray at times with one eye open, on account of the bad boys, of the timid preacher who did not speak loud enough to be heard, but when the buildings caught fire he ran from door to door shouting: "Fire! Fire! Fire!" "Now, boys," said he, "if he

preached that way he would wake up the world." What student will ever forget his -: "Learn something about everything and everything about some one thing." (sic)

### XII. TEACHING AGAIN

That summer I taught two months in the Bird Settlement, six miles east of Waco. Though I had gone to Waco preparing to study medicine, by constant contact with young preachers the former call to preach returned with increased force, so that I wrote to my church in Houston County, and they, already assured of my call, sent me license to use my gift at preaching. I preached my first sermon in the Bird School House that summer.

### XIII. SELLING BOOKS

I found the school would not provide the amount for expenses at the University the next year, so I secured an agency from Garretson & Co., Houston, to sell Bunyan's Complete Works, and my field was Bosque County. I began at Valley Mills. I worked six weeks and took 125 subscriptions, besides 12 copies of an illustrated Bible.

But how was I to get the money to send for the books? Dr. B. H. Carroll gave me the names of three

moneyed men, but none of them had money to loan to a school boy. The nearest one came to it was when he laid his hand on my shoulder, after seeing my long list of names, many of whom he knew, and said: "Young man, I always knew where the money was coming from when I entered any business." I casually met Prof. Boggess who kindly loaned me enough money to send for half of them, which when delivered netted sufficient to repay him and send for the other half.

I notified each subscriber of the day I expected to deliver his book and to be ready to pay for it. Sometimes they were not prepared, but I took wheat, bacon, hides, anything I could sell at the next town. Some could not pay anything, in which case I sold the book to another, delivering the entire number subscribed and returned to the University in November with over \$200.00 clear.

That year Maj. Penn held one of his first great meetings in Waco. Though I was studying for the ministry his expositions of Scripture on consecration and evidences of Christianity had such a powerful influence on me that for once and the only time in my life I doubted that I was a Christian, a saved man. I went to my room to pray and

resolved I would not rise from that position till God restored my assurance.

For practice in speaking I joined the Philomathesian Society. In it were W. B. Bagby, Walter Baker, I. A. Goldstein, Jacob Frazier and others. In 1876 we had made in Philadelphia a silk banner, costing \$66.00, which was just one over the boys of the Erosophian Society.

At the close of the school it was proposed to build the Maggie Houston Hall. W. T. Compere volunteered to go out and raise the money, and A. P. Schofield to lay the bricks with his trowel. I was invited to join them, however my age and preparation for my life's work as a missionary were too urgent and I had to decline helping so good a work. This was a big task in those days, but they accomplished it.

#### XIV. ASSOCIATIONAL MISSIONARY

The summer of 1876 I served as missionary of the Neches River Association, which was in line with my life's work. I sought the most neglected and distant sections of the Trinity River, preaching to rich and poor.

#### XV. CALL TO FOREIGN MISSIONS

In 1876, during his first visit from China, Rev. E. Z. Simmons came to Waco University. In his lecture before the students he showed a bronze idol, which

he said had been adored by at least three generations. He told of the millions of people who worshipped idols, that never heard of God or the Bible.

He invited all who were interested in foreign missions to meet him in Mrs. Burleson's parlor. I was one of several that met him there. The impression was lasting. I could hardly think of anything else in the days following. In my call to preach I had surrendered to serve God on the frontier of Texas. That was the hardest place I knew of then. I scanned the world to see how it was served by missionaries. I saw our Board had only a few missions in Europe, Asia and Africa.

I looked to South America and saw not one missionary in a whole continent! I said, "Lord, there is the most neglected field, let me go there. Brazil stood out as the vastest and therefore the most in need. Dom Pedro II had visited that year the International Exposition at Philadelphia and was much talked of as a liberal sovereign. That sounded favorable to the introduction of the Gospel. Judson cast his eyes upon that field just 60 years before. The Catholic Inquisition was in full blast there, torturing or ready to torture, the Gospel messengers on arrival. He turned his attention to another quarter of the earth and preferred the despots

of Cung-pen, la and Ava, of Burma, to the cruel Jesuits of South America.

So I decided to go to Brazil, directed as I believed by the Holy Spirit. All my plans were readjusted now to that end. A full literary and theological course was necessary for such an undertaking. Only faith held me to my purpose through five years more of constant study, hard work, strict economy, and severe privations. I began to train my body, not only to right habits, but for endurance, subjecting myself to all kinds of hardship, taking example from Paul of what I might expect to do, endure and suffer.

#### XVI. SELLING BOOKS AGAIN

I sought the school on Nevill's Prairie, but another who had a higher certificate secured it, so looking about for some remunerative work Pastor Tenney of Crockett, Presbyterian, still living, arranged for me a place with the American Bible Society. In teaching school I had better opportunity for study, but made more money selling books. Securing a good horse I began work at Huntsville. In eight months I had travelled over parts of five counties, Walker, San Jacinto, Liberty, Chambers and Jefferson. This included the Big Thicket.



It was at Huntsville that I read that excellent book by Bishop Marvin, "To the East by Way of the West".

Bro. Herring, just called as pastor at Dodge, was an inveterate talker. We exchanged work for a few days. He had finished a certain part of San Jacinto County. Having to go some ten miles through a forest of pines we rode together across it to the next community. It was a cloudy, drizzly afternoon. We had gotten about half way through the forest. His mind was wholly engrossed with the subject of which he was talking. I heard a peculiar sound behind us as that of a woman screaming. We had not ridden far before I heard it a second time, but closer. On my looking to the rear, he asked me what it was. I told him. We rode silently on for a few minutes when it screamed the third time and still nearer. "Oh," said he, "that's a panther. I've heard many a one." The first thing was to strike spurs to our horses. He pled with me not to leave him, as my horse was much swifter than his. I asked him the place of danger. "To the rear," he said. I got in the rear and charged my pistol, which I had been advised to carry with me through the Big Thicket. He drew his pocket knife.

As we galloped on he told me the nature of the

panther, that when pursuing a person, if a coat, hat or any object were thrown down it would pounce upon it to destroy it, and that while so engaged the person could be getting away. So I opened up my saddle bags, resolved after throwing my coat and hat, I would feed it on Bibles. As it did not come up from the rear he observed they would sometimes head off one, perch upon a leaning tree, limb or bank of a stream and leap onto its victim. In the meantime we galloped on to the first houses, which we reached without hearing any more from the panther.

When Bro. W. D. Powell came along a few weeks afterward, engaged in Sunday School work, the people told him how two Baptist preachers had outrun a panther! It was quite laughable and he loved to tell the joke on us at associations.

Besides earning my expenses through school for seven years I always shared with father and mother some of my earnings. He was paying out his place and one year I gave him \$75.00. During the forty-six years since I left the parental roof I do not remember a year in which I did not send to my aged parents some gift as a pledge of filial duty, and mother is still living at the advanced

age of 90 years. Family pride would prevent me from mentioning so personal an affair, but it is a duty so much neglected by sons and daughters that I feel such a fact "worthy" a place in this narrative.

#### XVII. AT BAYLOR UNIVERSITY

The next two years I went to Baylor University at Independence, Texas. Besides having the Theological department I received advantages there that enabled me to finish my literary course in two years. One at my age needed all the help he could get, and during the passing years I have been paying that debt. The help I received was in board and tuition. I needed more to pay for books, clothing, etc., so that most of my evenings and Saturdays were spent working. Once while in class I felt my best coat rip in the back, and down in my heart I cried: "Only for Thee, oh Jesus." One Saturday while cutting cordwood in Yegua bottom I threw my coat on a bush. I was terror stricken about 3 p.m. to see a cow with one sleeve of it in her mouth, chewing it. I ran after and she dropped it. On my return home that evening I cautiously washed that sleeve in a branch and at night in my room I took a needle and thread from the case mother always supplied, and stitched it the

best I could. After that I always put my "best hand forward". These lessons of endurance and economy were most useful to me in after life.

For two years now my heart was fully set on going to Brazil as a Missionary. I secured everything on Brazil I could find. There had been a new edition of Kidder and Fletcher on "Brazil and the Brazilians", then recently published. It is the best book on Brazil for that time. Both these men, Methodists, were agents and distributors of Bibles for the American Bible Society, in the year 1835. This book I lent to many persons and talked to many on the subject, among these was Bro. Bagby, then pastor at Plantersville, who was on a visit to his fiancée, Miss Annie Luther. The History of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was then and long afterward a treasured volume, relating the story of their missions in many parts of the world.

#### XVIII. APPLICATION TO FOREIGN MISSION BOARD

I wrote to Dr. Tupper, then secretary of our Foreign Mission Board, of my plans, and asking to be sent out. He came on a visit to Texas in 1878, visiting me at Independence to confer with me on the subject. After hearing my plan for perfecting my studies, which would

take at least four years longer, he approved it saying: "Go on, by the time you are ready the Board may be able to send you." At that time the Board had less than thirty missionaries and raised only about \$50,000.00 a year for missions.

The chances looked doubtful to me. I thought of applying to the Northern Board, but that did not seem loyal. Then I resolved to work my way out to Brazil on a vessel and support myself while preaching. We had a missionary society at Baylor. At the close of school, June 1879, we invited to preach the missionary sermon Bro. Richard Ratliff, a returned Baptist preacher from an American Colony in Brazil. He had gone out there just after the war, settling at Santa Barbara, State of San Paulo. He, brethren Quillan and Thomas, all Baptist preachers, had applied time and again to the Board to open work in Brazil, but to no effect.

When Bro. Ratliff came I asked of Mrs. Crane the privilege of having him in my room for that week. We occupied all the spare time talking over the situation. He advised strongly against my undertaking it alone, counseling to go on with my studies, and await the leading of the Holy Spirit.

## XVIV. GRADUATION

There were seven of us in the graduating class that year: Ernest Cavin, who has since practiced law in Galveston, E. B. Muse, Dist. Judge many years in Dallas, Kirk and Curry, Judges in Washington County, C. H. Willingham, legislator and lawyer at Ballinger, Cross and myself - all lawyers but myself, a missionary. Cavin received the medal for scholarship, I the Hiram Woods medal for logic.

Dr. Crane, the president, was a polished scholar and preacher. His sermons were classic. He was pastor at Independence while president of the University. What student can ever forget his "Recapitalation" of all his sermons? Dr. Crane was in the habit of reading the Bible through once a year, a practice I have followed for thirty years. Dr. M. B. Anderson, the theological professor, read the New Testament through once a month, which I did last year, but I was never able to say with Dr. A. T. Pierson that he read the Bible more than all other books together.

## XX. ORDINATION

At the close of school, Bro. Bennett Hatcher and I were ordained by the church at Independence. The

ordaining presbytery was composed of the following brethren: Drs. Crane and Luther, Rev. J. M. Carroll and F. W. Carroll, F. Kiefer, T. J. Chandler, and Richard Ratcliff.

#### XXI. SURVEYING IN WEST TEXAS

Having finished my literary course I returned to Houston County and accompanied father to Runnel County. I was first deputy surveyor under Mr. Gordon, surveyor of Coleman County. When Runnels County was organized I stood for surveyor and was elected. There I remained over a year, aiding father and laying up money for continuing my studies. My brother Nelson was elected County Attorney. Again all the family were together except my oldest sister. I lingered and was too well satisfied to be home with loved ones, when God sent a severe illness, which when over, caused me to hasten on to the Southern Baptist Seminary.

As I passed through Dallas I visited Dr. Buchner, then editor of the "Texas Baptist", two years before he began his world famed Orphanage. The few hours spent in his home opened up a life time of friendship.

#### XXII. GEN. A. T. HAWTHORNE, FOUNDER BRAZIL MISSION

Gen. Hawthorne had gone on a mission to Brazil,

as advance agent for a proposed colony, just after the civil war. He had a conference with the emperor, who received him generously and gave him carte blanche to travel anywhere in the empire at government expense.

He proceeded north from Rio de Janeiro, descending the San Francisco River to Joazeiro by boat, from there to the city of Bahia by land. He was given royal honors in Bahia as the nation's guest, and escorted to many places in the State of Bahia. Finally he selected as a base for the colony a large tract of land on the Jequitinhonha River, south of the city of Bahia about 150 miles. I have passed the place several times and admired the richness and beauty of the location. It is there that the lowlands first approach the mountains in the section where chocolate has its greatest production.

On returning from Brazil he found his wife unable to make the sea voyage, so that he delayed, and while he delayed the South was gradually overcoming the evils which the civil war had left, the colonists grew more resigned to remain in the United States.

On conversion at Marshall, Texas, in 1880, he thought immediately of returning to Brazil, now as a missionary, to give the Gospel to those he had learned



to love so well. He was treated so kindly by them that he never forgot it, and in his correspondence with me never failed to send his love to the Brazilians. However, on mature reflection, remembering he would have to learn the language, too difficult for him, then over 50 years of age, he resolved to become an agent, sending out younger ones.

He visited the Southern Baptist Convention and introduced a resolution, which was passed, to send missionaries immediately to Brazil. The Convention was so favorably impressed with him and his plans that he was appointed Agent or Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board in Texas.

In his travels he soon discovered brother and sister Bagby at Independence, Texas, whom he induced to go immediately to Brazil. As I passed Dallas, on my way to the Seminary a telegram had just been received from Bro. Bagby announcing his arrival at Rio de Janeiro.

#### XXIII. AT THE SEMINARY

I found those great masters in theology, Drs. Boyce, Broadus, Manly, Whitsett, Sampey. What a privilege to sit at the feet of such men and study the Word of God! Among the students I met there have long been known as missionaries - Eubank and Duval to Africa, Pruitt,

Walker, King, Herring, Tatum and Bryan to China, McCullom to Japan.

I was at Lawrenceburg, Ky., in the summer, when a call came from Drs. Crane, Luther and Gen. Hawthorne, down in Texas, asking that I return to Texas and prepare to go to Brazil, as Bro. Bagby was calling for a helper. They knew that I had been preparing for years to go to Brazil. This call presented one of the greatest problems for me. Should I give up my theological course? Would I be able to meet the demands laid upon one of the first missionaries? The priests in Catholic countries are learned. Could I sustain the Cause, of all the greatest? After much prayer the Scripture came to me: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Learning and other adjuncts may be helps. The call of God is the main thing. If He calls all else will be given. John the Baptist, the greatest of preachers, never went to human schools. God gave him the necessary preparation. I had felt the call to go to Brazil for years, praying God to open the door, which had been closed, rather never opened, till the call of Gen. Hawthorne. The door was now open, Bro. Bagby already on the field, and the assurance that if I would come to

Texas the money could be raised in three months to send me. I saw the hand of God in all this. The decision was made, after ten days I was on the stage to Frankfort, by train to Louisville, thence to Texas.

#### XXIV. BACK IN TEXAS

At Crockett I met Gen. Hawthorne, with whom I traveled three months, till the state convention met in Galveston, Oct., 1881. Dr. Spaulding preached the convention sermon from Ps. 68:13: "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold." When the subject of foreign missions came up I spoke, telling them of my call and that I would be glad to be their messenger in Brazil. Gen. Hawthorne told of his visit there and that the country was ripe for the Gospel.

The Convention passed a resolution authorizing the Board to send me to Brazil as missionary. So that while I was the first to apply to the Board to be sent to Brazil as missionary, Bro. Bagby was the first to go, and Gen. Hawthorne became the founder of the Brazil Baptist Mission.

While traveling with Gen. Hawthorne I met Brother W. D. Powell at the association at Rockdale. I conversed

with him about Brazil as a mission field. When I asked if he would not volunteer for Brazil he replied: "No, Bro. Taylor, if I ever go to any country as a missionary it will be to Mexico." He did go, and what a wonderful work he did there in a few years, as I myself was witness on a trip to that country in recent years.

For eight years Gen. Hawthorne traveled over Texas. How much Texas Baptists owe to the services of this apostle of missions! His pleadings and prayers were like those of our great hearted Willingham. He was interested in hastening the Gospel to all nations, but he carried Brazil on his heart. He never forgot the kindness of the Brazilians in material things and he felt it his duty to repay them in spiritual things. How much Brazil is indebted to him for the Gospel! By faith he foresaw how they would receive the Gospel, which time has abundantly shown.

Before he died he saw fifteen missionaries in Brazil, several in Mexico and other countries. Dr. Burleson used to work and plan and prophesy that some day he would look down from the jasper walls of heaven on Waco University with 500 students, not dreaming that within fifty years it would have over one thousand students, so that Gen. Hawthorne with his great faith could not realize that

within 35 years Brazil would have counted its believers at fifteen thousand.

#### XXV. BIDDING FAREWELL TO FATHER AND MOTHER

After the Convention I went to Runnels County to bid farewell to parents and loved ones. Father had been skeptical about my going out as a missionary, but now he said he saw the hand of God plainly in it, and though it snapped a cord in his heart he willingly gave me up to God's high purpose.

Many a time I had left him before, but now the separation appeared final. The feeling was mutual that we might never see each other again. Father accompanied me far out on the road. As in the home, emotion and tears spoke our feelings in the last embrace. While I thought father was hard on me in youth, since my conversion we were more like David and Jonathan, more brothers than father and son.

#### XXVI. MARRIAGE

From the time I gave up my theological course I had asked God to give me a likeminded life companion. While traveling three months preceding the Convention I had met a Miss Kate Crawford, niece of Dr. T. P. Crawford, one of the Board's oldest missionaries. In those days

few ladies were willing to live in a foreign land. But here was one whose mind and heart were already enlisted in mission work. She was a graduate of Salado College, a good school in those days. More and more she impressed me as being the ideal person. I returned to Waco and said goodbye to Dr. B. H. Carroll. His last words to me were: "Taylor, when you and Bagby get lonely down in Brazil remember we are praying for you." And though I was never lonely his words were a comfort to me. Instead of taking the train for Richmond I took the stage for Belton and on to Salado. It is sufficient to say that we were married on the 25th of December, Gen. Hawthorne performing the ceremony. We went to Belton to take the train, Bro. M. V. Smith returning with us, Gen. Hawthorne also, he accompanying us to Hearne, where we bade farewell to the last and best friend in Texas.

#### XXVII. APPOINTMENT BY THE BOARD

Passing through St. Louis Mrs. Ford, of Grace Truman fame, and others came to bid us Godspeed. Arriving at Richmond, Va., Dr. Tupper came into the coach and escorted us to the home of a good brother where we remained the few days we were there. The examination by the Board the next day was soon over and I was appointed as

missionary. They said nothing about salary, neither did I know nor ask about it. I was not working for money, glad enough to be in God's service, believing my support would be provided, in which I was never disappointed. Afterwards Letters of Credit were sent me and the salary stipulated.

#### XXVIII. EMBARKING

Arrangements had been made with our generous brother Joshua Levering, Baltimore, to sail on his coffee vessel, half fare, the bark Serene, Jan. 12, 1882. It was a bright day we set sail. Without a tear we bade a last farewell to the last strip of our native land as it faded from our sight. Then a strange feeling of dizziness appeared in the head and something worse, even indescribable - sea-sickness - the torment of my life on that and subsequent voyages. My appetite changed three times, first I could eat only salty foods, then sour, then sweet things.

On that voyage I read "The Land of the Cocoa and the Palm", by Eubank, a U. S. senator, who had visited his brother in Brazil. The brother had married a Brazilian lady and his visit offered a good insight into things Brazilian. His remedy for sea-sickness was to lie flat

on one's back. In that position one's nature is more tranquil and in that position one can read, even when it is disagreeable to talk. Wife was a very good sailor, passing most of her time on deck. Ever after that I always laid in a supply of books when preparing for a sea voyage.

We sailed up and down the coast two days after getting opposite to Rio, due to a heavy fog. Finally it cleared off and a tug boat came out to tow us in.

#### XXIX. ARRIVAL AT RIO DE JANEIRO

The Methodist missionaries, Bros. Ransom and Kennedy, were soon out to greet us and take us to their home. We had left the United States in midwinter and arrived in Brazil in midsummer, Feb. 13, just 32 days enroute from Baltimore, having seen land only once and that an island some ten miles away. We had a most pleasant stay with the Methodist missionaries, till Bro. Bagby arrived to conduct us to his home in Campinas, State of San Paulo.

#### XXX. STUDYING THE LANGUAGE

It was a joy to meet Bro. and Sister Bagby there in the heart of Brazil and to study the Portuguese language with them at Campinas, in the Presbyterian COLLEGIO



INTERNACIONAL. Bro. Bagby had been preaching to the American Colony close by at Santa Barbara.

As a rule the new comer plunges into the study of the language, expecting to master it in a few months. He soon finds progress slow, and maybe he begins to think he will never learn it, plods on and does the best he can, often shirking to speak the little he knows and avoiding the company of the natives. He will give preference to his own language and foreigners. This is disastrous in many respects, and the missionary who does it will retard his usefulness. Three P's here are necessary: Patience, Perseverance, Practice. He should cut himself off as much as possible from those who speak his own language and seek every occasion to speak the language of the natives.

To learn a new language requires a trained mind, and this is perhaps the reason the Board will appoint only men with diplomas, or of trained minds, for only such can or will overcome this great initial obstacle in a missionary's life.

The Portuguese and all the romance languages are easy for one who has studied Latin. The Chinese language, however, having 47,500 characters, must be very difficult.

Wesley said satan had invented the Chinese language in order to keep missionaries out of China. But Satan failed, for hundreds of missionaries have gone there and overcome all obstacles.

#### XXI. SEEKING A BASE

The very vastness of the country, Brazil being as large as the United States, made it difficult to decide on the best location. Bro. Bagby and I, bearing letters of recommendation, went into the most populous parts of the interior, but we found no large cities. We needed an outlet for easy communication with the outer world - a seaport of the many along the coast. Our aim was not to disturb existing evangelical societies. Finding nearly all the leading Protestant bodies already on the field before our arrival, I was not a little set back; for Baptists claim to have all the truth and nothing but the truth, and to be the true church of Christ, and yet we allow others to precede us in the Lord's work.

Brazil had a population then of eighteen millions. It has been the dumping ground of Portugal, to which were exiled the worst criminals. These mixed with the Indians. Later Africans were imported and the mixture went on. The mixed population today far exceeds the Portuguese or white population.

Those who colonized the United States were mostly God-fearing men and women, fleeing from tyrants and despotism in Europe to find a place in the wilderness of America where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

The Portuguese, though degenerated through long centuries of pagan and Catholic idolatry, are descendents of that grand old Roman race which began before the Christian era, and which includes some of the greatest names in history, as Caesar, Virgil, Seneca, Aurelius, Dante, Napoleon, Foch.

#### XXXII. FINDING AN EX-PRIEST

While at Campinas Bro. Bagby and I visited at Capivary the ex-priest Teixeira de Albuquerque who had abandoned the Catholics and joined the Baptist Church at Santa Barbara. He showed a readiness to join us in our mission, acting as our teacher and preaching as well. The hand of the Lord was again visible in this provision of a native brother, teacher and preacher, all in one and he on the ground ready and waiting for us. He had a wife and several children. All moved with us to Bahia.

#### XXXIII. BAHIA CHOSEN AS BASE

Bahia is about central on the four thousand mile

coast of Brazil. It was then a city of about 250,000 inhabitants. It had been the civil capitol, was then, and is now the ecclesiastical capitol of the country. It was the second in size of all the cities. There was only a small Presbyterian mission there. There was no other evangelical denomination nearer than Rio, 750 miles to the south, and Pernambuco, 400 miles to the north, a destitute region of about 1200 miles coast line as well as all interior. Our desire was to "preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest we should build upon another man's foundation", "to preach the gospel in the regions beyond, and not to boast in another man's line of things made ready for our hand".

#### XXXIV. ROBINSON CRUSOE

Of all the familiar books Crusoe is the least understood. It is a historic romance. Daniel de Foe, the author, never left the shores of England. The two historic characters are Alexander Selkirk and a wrecked Frenchman at Bahia. Selkirk lived for many years on the island of Juan Fernandes, 400 miles west of Chile. He represents Crusoe, on the island. At Bahia a French vessel was wrecked. One of the sailors succeeded in saving a gun and a barrel of powder, by which he saved

himself from being eaten by the Indians. He showed them how he could kill birds with the gun, at the report of which they cried: "Caramaru! Caramaru!" That is, Thunderman! Thunderman! He told the chief he could conquer all his enemies with that gun. The chief soon arranged the battle. On the approach of the enemy he began to fire his gun, killing some, the rest fleeing in terror. Shortly all the enemy tribes sued for peace, each chief presenting a daughter to the Frenchman as a bond of peace. This is a repetition of the John Smith and Pocahontas story. The posterity of those unions became the F.F.'s of Bahia.

The historical places in Crusoe are Portugal, Bahia and the island in the mouth of the Orinoco River. Crusoe escaped from the Moors in Portugal, descended the coast of Africa, where he fell in with a sailing vessel which landed him at Bahia. Here he bought his farm, and with his neighbors rigged up ships and started to Africa for slaves. On the ocean they fled from pirates north, till the vessel entered the mouth of the Orinoco River, 9th degree N. latitude. On an island here he lived the 28 years with his cat, goats and his man Friday.

De Foe got his facts from books and from sailors.

What he says of Bahia is true to facts. Of the many I have asked to give the correct story of Crusoe I never found one who could do it, which shows a defect in our education - we do not use the map sufficiently in our reading. Harper Brothers were the first to call attention to this fact, in a small book which they printed.

It was at Bahia that one of the southern warships was captured by a northern warship, at night. Being a violation of international law Brazil required the United States to dip the flag to her in recognition of that violation. It was at Bahia the sainted Henry Martyn touched on his way, as chaplain, to India, about 1805. As his vessel stopped several days he had occasion to observe the religious conditions, the most brazen idolatry, and cried out: "Crosses there are in abundance, but when will the doctrines of the Cross be held up?" As he admired the beautiful natural scenery in comparison to the benighted people he repeated the lines from that missionary hymn:

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness  
Look, my soul, be still and gaze."

While there he went to the monasteries, Vulgate in hand, and reasoned with the friars about the saving doctrines of the Bible. Kidder and Fletcher, in their book, ask:

"Have Henry Martyn's prayers been forgotten before the Lord of Hosts?" Martyn also asked: "Who shall be the happy missionary to proclaim the true gospel to these benighted peoples?" As to that visit and prayer I am happy to have been one of the first missionaries to bear the real saving gospel to those people.

#### XXXV. FIRST EFFORTS AT EVANGELIZATION

It was from France in 1555 that Calvin sent the first missionaries to Brazil. All of them were arrested and sent back to France in leaky ships, or were martyred by the Jesuits. One of them, Jean Boileau, was arrested in Rio, sent in chains to the Inquisition in Bahia, where he lay in prison eight years and was returned to Rio, condemned to die. He was hanged, the Catholic saint and Jesuit, Ancheita, tied the knot, "showing the executioner how to dispatch a heretic so quickly that he would not have time to deny his (reported) recantation."

The Dutch also sent missionaries with their colonies to Pernambuco and Bahia, who were expelled with the Dutch in 1665 and again every vestige of Bible Christianity was swept out of Brazil. In the first half of the 18th century evangelicals went to spy out the land, but returned saying the time was not ripe. Priests

still held the people and the country in spiritual darkness. The Inquisition was set, ready to imprison and torture any missionary who should dare preach the gospel.

#### XXXVI. BEGINNING OF MISSIONS

The Congregationalists began in 1859, the Presbyterians in 1860, the Methodists in 1878, the Baptists in 1881, beginning at Bahia in 1882.

The city of Bahia has 400 Catholic churches and chapels in it, a seminary and medical school, which has annually about 700 students.

For three months our three families lived in a small house, in which each family had a room, the hall, kitchen and dining room being common. Then we leased the old Jesuit college at Rua de Baixo, No. 43. Here we had the andar nobre or fourth floor, where there was ample room for all three families, besides three spacious halls for preaching, book deposit and school.

As soon as we could have benches made we began public worship. Sr. Teixeira occupied the pulpit at night, when our congregations were larger. Bro. Bagby and I would occupy, one the inner and the other the outer door of the first two halls, conducting attendants to the farthest preaching hall. The inner man was to maintain



order, the other to give the welcome, hand out tracts and invite them to return.

Day by day the study of the language was the main thing for a while. Gradually we began to visit in the homes of those who attended. However, in three months the wane in public curiosity and priestly opposition left us an empty house. One Sunday morning there were present at public service only our three families.

Monday mornings we missionaries had our special meetings for prayer and counsel. That morning the subject was how to get the gospel to the people? They had failed to come to us. We must go to them. We then agreed to slip a Testament into our pocket and go out into the streets, into their shops, stores, anywhere we could get one or more to hear. We interested many in this way and little by little our hall began to fill again. This taught us a lesson just where we needed it: that the people were to be saved as individuals, not enmasse. It was a great encouragement to us that an unbeliever in each of our families were the first converted. We were assured by that that others would be converted also when they heard fully the good news.

In my house to house visitation the first man I

succeeded in enlisting and the first man led to Christ was John Baptist. Any one acquainted with Catholic customs will recognize that John Baptist was born on the 24th of June, i.e., every child must take the name of the saint of the calendar on whose day he or she is born. Two more were converted that second year who became preachers, three among the seventeen converts. Each year the congregation and number of baptisms increased. We began to make sallies out into the country and to realize the great destitution all around us. It was painful to behold the multitudes without the gospel, without a shepherd. Now that all three of us could preach, with new helpers coming in, how could so many of us stand about one pulpit, one place, when millions close around us were without any one to point them to the Savior.

#### XXXVII. SECOND MISSION IN RIO

So in one of our Monday meetings we considered the subject of opening up other fields. All agreed it was a necessity, but who would go and who would stay. Finally I observed to Bro. Bagby that if he were willing to go I was willing to stay, to which he agreed and chose Rio as the next field. The Board also approved the plan, by which we began to expand and reach more people with the gospel.

## XXXVIII. THE NEW BIRTH

Fortunately or unfortunately the first two missionaries had little theological training; their theology was picked up mostly while pursuing their literary course. So they were thrown more entirely on the Holy Spirit for guidance. It is a fact that the apostles and the Seventy were all new material - not a priest among them. The priests held so firmly to the Old Testament system that they could not make the transition. We could not lean on our own understandings, but had to appeal to God and the Book. I read the whole of the Acts to find out where the apostles preached. Even our preaching before we left the United States was of little use to us. And the longer we followed it the less our success. Preachers in the United States have a wide range of subjects and trained worshippers to hear a long sermon on one subject. We found the reverse there. While we could tell in a general way of God, of creation, the Bible, the Church, etc., that could only fill in on the few subjects to which we were limited - repentance and faith in Jesus, or in other words, to the plan of salvation. "Ye must be born again" - the gist of the gospel. Rome has darkened, substituted, covered up every doctrine of the Bible, and tried to cover

up this one. They are bound to confess this one as in one of the plagues of Moses the Egyptians recognized the finger of God. The mere announcement of the new birth was a startling proposition. They could not understand it: who can understand it before he is born again? It is an offense to a Catholic to ask him if he is a Christian, for they all claim they are, but when you ask him if he has been born again he is bewildered, like Nicodemus, and often asks the same questions that Nicodemus did.

I pounded away on this subject for years. There are many passages in the Scriptures which illustrate from different angles this wonderful change. I could easily sweep away their false claim by this: "Ye must be born again": that no one is a Christian who has not been born again. We called attention to the wonderful change in the apostles, Mary Magdalene, Paul and others. Many failed to grasp the meaning. Others were charmed with the fact of a present salvation. That one could be saved today, now! Once while preaching along this line I turned my face suddenly to another part of the house and saw a man looking across the way at a friend, pointing with one finger at my head and with the other hand to his own head, as much as to say, "Something is wrong with that fellow's head."

One night I asked all who felt that they were saved to meet me in an adjoining room just after the meeting. One came who had been a public school teacher, about forty-five years old. The first question I asked him was: "Professor, is your heart changed?" "Oh, no," he replied, "it is in the same place it always was." He was not even presented for baptism.

Another unlettered man thought he could by constant attendance learn religion by heart. One day I asked him: "How is your hope now?" "Poor thing", he said, "she died the other day." Hope (Esperanca) was the name of his wife. He never was baptized.

An old hunchback woman who knew not a letter of the alphabet, was received by the church and was on her way down to the bay to be baptized. Some bad boys taunted her by the way, saying: "oh, auntie, ain't you been baptized? We were baptized when we were babies." She turned to them and said: "Boys, sure I am old on the outside but young on the inside." Who can explain the new birth better? I was glad she got into the church.

One old man was charmed at a present salvation and said to me: "Sr. Taylor, I think it beautiful to hear you Baptists say you are saved now, but I cannot

say it." I replied to him: "Sr. Dyonisio, are you willing to be questioned on that point?" "Oh, yes," he replied. "Then," said I, "you believe in the true God, the Bible, and Christ as your Savior?" "Oh, yes," he replied. "So you are all right on God's side. Now let's see on man's side. You believe you are a sinner?" "Yes." "Do you believe you are a lost sinner?" "No, I do not believe that." "There is your stumbling block," I said. "How can you be saved if you are not lost?" Like the rich young man in Christ's time, I never heard of his coming to Christ.

One day among many curiosity seekers, and some really interested persons, came one young man who said he did not know what sin was, nor how to repent. I took the Ten Commandments, repeating each, asking if he had ever done what they prohibited, and to each he acknowledged he had, to all except the eighth, Thou shalt not steal. He said that he had never stolen anything, but when I looked for my hat it was gone. There is little consciousness of sin among those people. They are taught to sin from childhood. One man said to me that sin did not consist in the act itself, but only in its becoming public and therefore a scandal. Not he who committed the act,

but he who told it, was the sinner!

#### XXXIX. RECEPTION OF MEMBERS

During my stay of twenty-eight years in Brazil I never opened the door of the church publicly. All the examinations, explanations and preparation, like the stones in the temple of Solomon, were made on the outside. Publicly the preacher would call for a demonstration after the sermon, if he thought someone present was converted. He would ask: "How many here will accept Christ as their Savior?" He was asked to lift his hand. Then the preacher would ask: "How many here have accepted Jesus as their Savior and wish to obey Him in baptism?" If any hand went up at that question, the preacher would ask the brethren to talk to him. That week he was examined by one or more brethren, and the preacher never failed in this. Nearly always he had led the party up to his present declaration. Then the preacher would announce publicly that the man or woman, having been examined and given satisfaction, would like to present himself at the next meeting for baptism, still open for examination. If the private examination was not satisfactory, the person in question was not allowed to come before the church. As a rule, those having taken this first step were admitted to the public or church examination.

The following is the rule in the public reception. The missionary was ordinarily the moderator. He announced a call session of the church to hear the experience of the applicant, Sr. ----- . Or perhaps it was at the regular church meeting. After presentation the moderator would ask the candidate, if he wished to make his own statement or be questioned. Usually they made their own statement, but even in that case many questions were propounded to him when he sat down. While these questions were varied to suit each case, still these main points were always brought out:

Friend, when did you first hear the gospel? What effect did it have upon you? Do you now believe in Jesus? Did you not always believe in Him? Here he would or would not make a distinction between a historical and a saving faith. Has your heart been changed? In what way? Are you sure your heart is changed or is it just your mind? Do you think it difficult to live a Christian? Do you think you can live the life of a Christian till death? Are you willing to suffer persecution, be turned out of employment, and be hated of all for Jesus' sake?

Have you any enemies? Are you ready to forgive or be reconciled to them? One old man had not spoken to



his brother for twenty years and on going for a reconciliation his brother not only received him lovingly but kept him four days in familiar conversation.

Do you owe any debts? Nearly all owe something. Are you willing to pay them, beginning now to pay them off as fast as you can? Do you work on Sundays? On this they excel, the women cooking Saturdays sufficient for Sundays.

Have you told anybody about Jesus yet? Are you willing to bring all your family and friends into the gospel? In this their conduct is most beautiful. One sister whose husband was not a believer, living on a public square, where the weekly fair was held, called her acquaintances to the window, many inside, to tell them about Jesus. She expressed a wish to be a man so as to be a pastor of the church at that place.

Are you willing to pay the tenth or contribute liberally of your possessions and gains according as God prospers you, for the salvation of your fellowmen? In poverty they exceed their richer American brethren, per capita. One church, San Fidelis, went on record last year by adopting the tenth.

Are you willing to take these believers as your

brethren and sisters, to enjoy with them the blessings of God, suffer with them, and work with them for the salvation of all the people? This always brings a joyful response. Do you wish to be baptized? How do you wish to be baptized? Nearly every time the reply is: As Jesus was baptized. Have you ever been baptized? With a smile they reply: I am told I was sprinkled in the Catholic Church. Does baptism save? If the candidate is equivocal here it is considered a bad omen.

Are you married? Is the woman you are living with your lawful wife? A large per cent of all candidates are not married though having a family. Are you ready to make the marriage legal? The reception is then delayed till the marriage is consummated, one, three or six months. Many impediments and burdensome fees have to be paid.

Are you willing to establish family worship, reading the Bible, singing God's praises, and praying His blessings on your home and loved ones? We make family worship one of the distinctive features between a believer and an unbeliever. As a result nearly all the believers have worship morning and evening, in their homes.

The moderator then asks the brethren and sisters if they wish to interrogate the candidate. Some ask questions like these: Have you destroyed all your idols? Have you quit buying lottery tickets, going to theaters, playing cards, using tobacco, wine or rum, and in some churches to laying aside jewelry. Some will ask a single person: Suppose a Catholic offers you marriage, or one of a different faith, would you accept it? Never, is always the reply. Are you now engaged to a Catholic? Are you willing to break it off? A Catholic is an idolater and to marry one is considered to have denied the faith. I never knew of a Brazilian Baptist marrying a Catholic, and if such were to happen, I am sure such a one would be expelled. See 1 Cor. 7:39. Now we often have cases like that mentioned in 1 Cor. 7:12: "If a brother hath a wife that believeth not and she be pleased to dwell with him let him not put her away." Just like the custom of polygamy which during the first century was permitted in a believer, but not to be entered into by new converts. Nor was any official elected in the church who had more than one wife. 1 Tim. 3:2.

Another question so often asked: Do you know how to read? Then do you not wish to learn, so that you

can read the Bible? Most of them reply, Yes, and do learn for nothing else but to read God's Word. Seventy-five per cent of the people cannot read.

Here around the church altars were our happiest hours. Now and then there were striking conversions and remarkable changes. All eyes and ears leaned forward to catch any word of evidence of the Spirit's workings. There was often rejoicing and weeping.

During my absence the church in Bahia allowed one applicant to come before the church five times before she was received. We had to be cautious. One unregenerated person in the church could do us more harm than all the world outside. Every member is called upon to ask questions or to make objections if he knows any reason why the applicant should not be received. They are happy to take their part and they know better than the missionary whether the applicant is honest in his desires. If any one asks that the candidate be delayed, no vote is taken, but he is advised to wait and give the church time to get satisfactory evidence.

When all have finished asking questions, the moderator will again direct himself to the applicant, thus: Friend, the church will now vote on your reception. Suppose

you are not received, will you become offended or turn back? Generally the answer is, No. The moderator then charges the members to vote conscientiously as to their confidence in the evidence, that the only question to consider is whether the applicant is a regenerated person, though so many corroborative questions have been propounded, the whole examination was to bring out the fact of the applicant's regeneration.

If the applicant is received he is baptized at the earliest opportunity - no stacking up of candidates for big days or shows, but immediately, just like we find in the New Testament, in tanks, rivers, bays or lakes. Most of the older churches have baptistries now. At the baptism passages are read from the New Testament showing that baptism means a burial, just as it is translated in Rom. 6:3,4 and Col. 2:12. It is also explained that Catholics had substituted sprinkling in the 13th century and that the Protestants had brought it out of the Catholic Church with them. This immersion only can represent our death (to sin), burial (as dead sinners) and resurrection to the new life in Jesus. Christ saves us by His blood, and baptism is the only public recognition that He has saved us; as our Lord's Supper is only

a remembrance of His broken body and shed blood.

The rule was; after baptism to remain and give the hand of fellowship. Often, especially in new places I would give a short sermon or explanation of the temptations, the trials, the persecutions of the Christian life and his final triumph into heaven.

#### XL. CLASS FOR CONVERTS

Next Sunday in the Sunday School those young converts were invited to join the young Christians' class, of which I was teacher. They were taught the Declaration of Faith and their duties as young Christians. Some in this class were old, some young, but all new in the Christian life. Thus is saved the momentum infused into them by the Holy Spirit, developing and bringing them into the practice of their spiritual gifts. At the next meeting the newly baptized were called on to lead in prayer, then to talk in prayer-meeting, to lead it, to begin prayer in the home, to give thanks at the table and so on.

#### XLI. SOWING AND WAITING

The first years were necessarily times of seed sowing and patient waiting. Many wanted to come into the church and we could have persuaded hundreds to join

us. But we made regeneration the one essential for entrance into the church. We continued to preach the old gospel, making as plain as possible the way of salvation, then waited on the Lord to work. We would pray and point the way, only God could save them. We stayed with the people, before and after worship, at their homes, in their shops, holding family worship or preaching in their homes.

Still we could not urge them to accept Jesus as their Savior, as is done in the United States, in revivals. You would create a false impression. By your persuasion they think you are holding out offers of money, employment, etc. The priests tell them we give \$100.00 a head for members. We had to sow the seed, go on to other fields and await the Spirit's work. We also sowed down the land with Bibles and tracts.

Varied suggestions came to us. A missionary of another denomination suggested, instead of scattering, to concentrate on one point till a church was organized. I told him I read the Commission to "preach the gospel to every creature". My practice was to sow and preach everywhere, and not wait on the churches, which after a few years began to spring up spontaneously in the regions

evangelized. At this stage my family physician, an Englishman, chided me, saying that I was throwing away my life. He advised me to return to the United States, and teach school, in which sphere he said I could do some good. That the Brazilians would not be converted, and if they were converted they would be worthless. This was said at different times. Finally I said: "Dr., I am not here on my own responsibility, I am executing orders from above." He never repeated that advice. If he could only see today (1919) about 18,000 believers contributing over \$90,000 a year, sustaining several missionaries in Chile and Portugal, besides national and state missionaries!

Another man suggested that if we would change our immersion to a decent effusion all the people would come in. I told him if all Brazil would come into the church by my changing one word of the Bible, I would not do it, that I had come to Brazil to proclaim God's law, not to legislate on it.

Our Baptist growth and development in Brazil is due solely to a regenerated membership. For it is only such people you can lead into any way or doctrine where you have a "Thus saith the Lord", and they will stand



immovable against innovations. No sacrifice is too great for them. Getting to heaven is the main business of life to them. I have reread John G. Paton's book on his work among the South Sea islanders since writing the body of this book, and was struck with the similarity of sacrifice and devotion among those people. It is the same everywhere and the people keep close together, making religion the main business of life.

Naturally our churches began small and grew slowly. They stood the storms of persecution and the sudden changes their new life brought upon them. With all our oversight over new members, and with all our care to guard the entrance to the church, we still had to discipline, to weed out the bad ones that crept in. The first exclusion had almost the effect in our little band as it did in centuries past of a Romish excommunication. Some of the members prophesied that the little church would go down now. Our enemies would say: "That is the way all of them will go."

During those first years of toil and suffering, we had many notable conversions. I was preaching in Maceio and on the first night a man delayed - Joao de Oliveira, and asked me to explain some doubts he had.

He went away satisfied with the explanation. The second night he sought more light and so continued each night till he was soundly converted, on the seventh day. In Amargosa a worthless fellow on fair days would tie a string on to a Bible and walking up behind another fellow would give the string a jerk in such a way that the Bible would hit the man in the back. This was done in scorn of the religiao protestante. The sexton of the priest there, Sr. Joao Isidro, had already been converted. Seeing the boy at this trick he told him what a sacrilege it was for him to treat God's Word that way, and that if he would read it he would find salvation in it for his soul. He read it for three days and nights, begrudging, as he said, the call to come to meals. He was converted and proved his change by entering immediately upon an honest livelihood. In a short time he had won his way into the sympathy and good will of not only the brethren but of the best citizens of the place. The mayor, influenced by this man's life, of which he spoke to me personally, became our staunch friend. Bernardo lovingly sought out his old friends and new ones, bringing them to Christ. He is now the faithful pastor at Areia, working at his trade while he preaches the gospel.

A heavy set, thick skulled man came to the church one night with a big stick, having told his companions he was going to drive out the Protestantes. But as he went along he resolved he would get the evidence out of the preacher's mouth first. Posting himself at the door he refused every invitation to sit down. That night the preacher, Rev. C. D. Daniel, spoke only good things about God and the saints. He imagined that someone had told the preacher of his coming. Then he resolved to return suddenly some night without letting anybody know he was going. This time the preacher said Jesus was the only Savior and that He came to save all men. Again he thought someone had reported him, for he had gone to hear a man preach against God, Mary and all the saints. That is what the priest had told the people. He began to notice that Brazilian Christians carried hymn books and Bibles. He would delay after preaching and inquire of the Christians what they gained by following that religion. They told him they gained their salvation. Everywhere he expected bad he found good, then the thought came to him that he must be mistaken. He still stood at the door and remained to talk with the native preacher Antonio. His threats turned to investigations

then to interest. He came to beat us but remained to worship God. He had been a wife beater. He now became so zealous that he tried to force her to come to worship. She fled. He pursued and brought her back. We found it out. My wife visited her and by gentleness and explanation soon won her to Christ. One night a Major Ducas, of the army, was baptized. On removing his clothes he showed me the wounds on his body, from bullets and daggers. "Man," I exclaimed, "how many have you?" "Just forty," he replied. "Well," I said, "you are badly riddled, but there is enough of you left to be baptized." That man had been a desperado. These are only a few out of many such examples.

For twenty-five years I never drank water in the pulpit. This was to give the example to others that they also should not disturb worship by rising and going out during service, which is a common practice. When my natural strength was abating, on an exceedingly hot day, when I had spoken often and much, I called for a glass of water, then called attention of the brethren to the fact that it was the first time in 25 years that I had drunk water in the pulpit.

## XLIII. JOHN BAPTIST

Bro. Bagby, ex-priest Teixeira and I had preached three months in the chapel without any visible results. So we went out after the people. Putting our little Testaments in our pockets and some good tracts, we prayed the Lord to direct us. This stage of our work often brought to mind Paul while he waited in Athens for his companions, and preached in the market place daily to any who would hear him.

I had published a few days before in a daily paper the Portrait of Mary as she is in Heaven, a little tract by Roussel, which overturns Catholic ideas of Mary as a deity. In my rounds one day I entered the tin shop of Sr. John Baptist. To begin a conversation I asked him if he had read that tract about Mary. He said, No, but that he was collecting the papers in order to read them all together. I then asked if he had a Bible by which he could compare the references. He replied, No, that he was not able to buy a Bible, they were too high for him, costing \$20 or more, even if he could get a permit from the priest. I then told him I would sell him one for fifty cents. Oh, he said, that is one of the false kind. Well, I replied, if it is false it will

not cost you anything. That I would furnish him the Bible and that he go to the priest and ask to compare it with his; or if he wished, I had a priest's Bible, he could compare it with the one I had. He said he would accept it on that plan, so I brought him the Bible and he went to the priest, who refused his Bible for such a comparison. Then he came for mine on Sundays and compared it, with satisfaction. I visited him frequently in his little shop, where I taught him the value of the Bible, especially as it concerns one's salvation. I directed him to begin with the New Testament, which he did.

About this time a Jesuit, seller of chocolate, discovered I was making visits to that shop and happened in one day while I was there. As was my custom, on the entrance of a buyer, I always stopped the conversation. Seeking a pretext for conversation with me and spying a book in my hand he wished to know what book it was. I told him it was the New Testament. "Impossible," he replied. "The Bible is a big book in seven volumes." I assented that the whole Bible is larger and when it had comments on it sometimes it made several volumes, but what I had there was a New Testament only in small

print. We discussed several points of difference and he agreed to return on a set day to prove my assertions false. After I left he returned to John Baptist and asked how he allowed such a heretic to talk to him, that only the priests understood the Bible. John Baptist had read past the 11th chap. of Matthew and asked him what Jesus meant when he said: "I thank Thee oh Father, because Thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." The Jesuit was confused and left without a reply, and we never heard from him any more.

I marked several chapters and verses and told him to pray for light as he read them. He had attended worship only a few times. Finally one day as I entered his shop I saw his face lit up with a smile. Down in my heart I said, "The work is done." He then told me how it all happened and how happy he now felt. I said to him: "You are ready now to follow Jesus?" He was aware of what he might suffer, but he replied: "Gladly." The next Sunday he gave his experience before the church and I baptized him. In a short time he was leading in prayer-meetings, a little later preaching. During those days when I stepped into his shop I noticed his Bible open

on a bench at hand and his notes he was preparing for the next Sunday.

In due time he was ordained and after the ordination I gave him a "Supper", inviting all the members. During the evening each one present was called on to make a wish for him, writing it on a piece of paper. Some wished him health, others long life, others that he might become a useful preacher, and one that God would give him a life companion. He asked to keep the papers, and noted the wish for him a life companion was written in a feminine hand. By inquiry he found that it was written by Dona Valeriana, the most estimable of the young sisters. Suffice it to say they were married and lived more than twenty years of happy married life.

When ex-priest Teixeira, pastor at Maceió, died, I asked John Baptist to take his place, which he did. While there the church was passing through a state of fermentation. Several who began well turned out badly. Persecution broke out afresh and one night, he, dressed in fisherman's garb, had to flee for life. At another time disease decimated the city. The disease was so fatal that houses were abandoned or the sick one carried to the woods and left to die, having only a bottle of



water and a loaf of bread. One such case got well and returned home. He visited and preached at many points where the gospel was making converts.

When Pernambuco, and Maceio with it, were cut off from the Bahia Mission he returned to Bahia and acted as pastor evangelist in the District of Cannavieiras. He was in Bahia and in the pulpit when disease prostrated him; the members all surrounded the pulpit and prayed God to spare his life. He was tenderly borne home and died shortly afterward in my house. His wife placed in my hands one hundred and twenty mil reis, the Tenth, they had laid by. After he was dead it became known that he, out of his small income had bought and paid for a small but comfortable home for his wife.

As we laid his remains in the coffin his wife placed a small New Testament in his clasped hands. The brethren secured on the lid, where Catholics put a cross, an open Bible. He was the first man I led to Christ in Brazil, I baptized him, ordained him, celebrated his marriage and buried him, after 24 years of joint labors. A man whose superior for righteousness I never met. He would wear tattered shoes and clothes before he would go

in debt. During all those years he made out his monthly reports to me and every report was clean cut; so much money received, so many books received, expenses paid out, and the cash difference came along with the report, this besides the work done here and there. He walked upright himself and demanded the same kind of a life of the members. In his days of darkness, like all other young people around him, he was addicted to all the vices of the calender. When converted, the old companions invited him to join them, he replied saying, "I have quit all those things." They laughed and told him they did not believe him. "Come and see," was his reply. As our representative he shone as a bright star, and was the living evidence of the power of God to save and to keep those who obey Him. His was no towering intellect, but he had what is superior and better - a sanctified soul which pervaded his life with that goodness that works no ill to his neighbor. It was good that the first man converted should so fully manifest all the qualities and virtues of a Christian, that in later times someone might say that Christianity was a process of education. He developed naturally and spiritually under the teachings of God's Spirit. He was a God-made, not a man-made, Christian.

## XLIII. OUR FIRST BURIAL

Bro. Dorea was among the converts led to Christ by John Baptist. He had a tailor's office just above the tin shop and they were friends. He was in his state of nature one of the best men I ever knew. He was not eccentric perhaps, but was so capacitated that when he was conversing on a subject he was oblivious to everything going on around him. I have passed him on the street when he was talking to a man about religion. He never saw me, so I passed on without diverting his attention.

It was accidentally learned that he made a visit to the house of a priest, where at the door the priest met him and inquired what he wanted. He told the priest he had come to talk about Jesus. The priest told him to be gone, he wanted to hear nothing of his devilish religion, and slammed the door in his face, upon which good old brother Dorea fell upon his knees and prayed for him audibly, then retired and went home.

Dona Euphrasia Alves, whose husband was a colporter, was the first of the church to die. She died of yellow fever in our house. We secured a place for her burial near the cemetery, among the outcasts, as

Protestants were not allowed to be buried inside. At that time the priests had control of the cemeteries. They sold the license for burial, deciding on the several places where this one or that one could be buried. The priests have the cemetery limits fixed, then go through their ceremonies to conjure the evil spirits out of the ground and sprinkle their holy (?) water around - then call it holy ground and charge high prices for burial in it.

For the city of Bahia, 400,000 population, there were only two native cemeteries, each of the foreign nationalities have theirs separate. The space in each of those cemeteries, perhaps, does not exceed ten acres. How do they get so many bodies into such a small space? One of these cemeteries Campo Santo is for the rich and applies only in a limited way, but the other, on North side of the city, Quintas, has the little graves cut the exact size of the coffin, about four feet deep, the ends of the rows jutting so closely that often the dirt will fall out between them. They begin to bury on the East side, going on towards the West till they get to the hallowed limits, then turn back and begin again by removing the bones from the East side to make room for the

second crop of cadavers. This is done in such a slovenly manner that often one can see tufts of hair, a shoe heel, a piece of cloth or rotten wood left carelessly strewn about. The license obtained from the priest is good for one to three years; each family is required during that time to remove the bones or burn them, and place the ashes in urns in some one of the mausoleums. If relatives do not remove the bones, the priest has them dug up and cast into the general receptacle, a great square hole in the ground, where one can peep in and see the heap of bones. This traffic in bones, holy water and holy places brings a lot of sheckles from the pockets of the poor, unto the silken lined pockets of the rich priests. The priests ride much and heavily on the backs of the poor and ignorant. These poor will wake up some day and scare off the vampires. In order to get a fee they would allow evangelicals to bury in the holy ground, saying: Once a Catholic always a Catholic. But what got away with them most was that we told them we preferred the outside. They reasoned, if all the people should think that way, they would lose their big profits.

So the little band gathered round the narrow, shallow place called a grave. I had made special

preparation for this first burial. We sang one of our most appropriate hymns, then I read and explained 1 Cor. 15th chapter. In the short talk and prayer I made it evident that we believed her soul was already in heaven, needing nothing we could do, but prayed for her husband, present, that he might join her in that better land. I prayed for the Church, which by her absence was disconsolate, that God would rule over us all for good and bring us all to heaven at last. The coffin was beside the grave. I gave notice they could lower it. I stood at one end, brother Dorea at the other, and upon lowering the coffin he lifted his hand first to me in request - "by your permission, Bro. Taylor," he said. "Certainly," confident that anything he would do or say would be all right. Lifting his hands to heaven, standing with one foot on one side, the other on the other side of the grave, retaining the position in which the coffin had been let down by the rope, and by the nearness with which he brought us into the presence of God, called to mind the apocalyptic angel, standing with one foot on land and one on the sea, declared that time should be no more. Then he poured out his soul to God, something like this: "I thank Thee oh God for Jesus Christ and his saving

power, who came down from heaven to redeem us. I thank Thee for the Bible, the blessed book He left to light us the way to heaven. I thank Thee, Lord, for sending the missionaries to lead us in the way to heaven." With his eyes open, looking into heaven, as if seeing the sister Euphrasia, he greeted her thus: "Oh my sister, how I envy thee thy lot, that thou, so young, wert the first one called unto the presence of the Master, while I, an old man, am left to struggle on under the burdens and trials in this old world of sorrows." We were all in tears even to the grave diggers. As he closed he seemed to awake from a dream, or as if returning from a journey. On our way home a shower drove us into a house where there were a lot of bad boys. As soon as they spied us in the basement they yelled out from above: "What are you doing here, you Protestants?" Stepping forward to the foot of the stairway he replied: "Come down, friends, and we will tell you about Jesus," with love in his words.

But the crowning act of his faith was when he was on his death bed. On my first return, on furlough, to the United States, I left him prostrate, needing help from time to time, for he had several children not yet old enough to be bread winners, and his wife's time was

all taken up waiting on him.

Bro. C. D. Daniel, also stationed at Bahia, for many years Supt. Mexican Missions in Texas, tells the following: "I went into his sick room one day, accompanied by John Baptist. He was the first to get to his bedside and inquire how he was. Then I approached and brother Dorea looking up, asked, who is this? Bro. Daniel replied, "John Baptist. Don't you know him?" "Daniel, Daniel, no I don't know him." "Why," he said, "this is Bro. Daniel, who remained when Bro. Taylor went away. You remember Bro. Taylor?" "Taylor? No, I don't know him." "Why," Bro. John said, "have you forgotten about Jesus Bro. Taylor taught us to love?" "Jesus? Yes, I know him." We knew that he loved us dearly. Reason had fled from her throne, the world was receding from his knowledge, still he remembered Jesus.

#### XLIV. TRIP TO ITAPOAN

This place is a whaling station, fifteen miles up the coast. A good sister and family there had been converted through visits to her sister in Bahia. Our colporter, Sr. Britto, son of a priest, invited another brother to accompany him on a visit to that place. On arrival they separated, selling Bibles along the streets.



The town is composed mostly of fishermen. Bro. Britto went to the whaling station, offering his Bibles late one afternoon.

There are harpooned about 2,000 of these whales each year along the coast of Bahia state. They grow to be 85 feet long and are the species called the Right whale. They come to the surface of the water to breathe, are warm blooded and are mammals suckling their young. The tail is forked like that of a fish, but is horizontal. Their spouting is the exhalation of the air from the lungs. These whales produce the whalebone of commerce, used in corsets, fans, etc. It comes from the upper jaw, is more or less 12 feet long and serves as a seine to catch little fish. They have no teeth, living entirely on small fish, shrimp, etc. Swimming through the water with mouth open, passing through shoals of little fish the mouth is filled, then they close the jaws, the water oozes through the mass of hair-like projectiles, which grow on the upper jaw, called balleen.

The whales come up the coast from the south in June with their young. The young ones are too small to kill on the trip up. When young they are called suckers, but on their return are called filhotes. They go as far

North as Cape St. Roque, where they turn out into the ocean, staying awhile, then return by the same way, repeating that itinerary every year.

A whaling boat is about 30 feet long, managed by five or seven men. The harpoon is used to kill them, and the sail boat goes softly enough not to disturb them while feeding or sleeping in the sun. When one is harpooned it takes hours to tire him down and tow him into the station. Relatively speaking they are worth, the female 1,500 mil reis, the male 1,000 and the filhotes 500 mil reis. They are brought in on high tide; a capstan is on the shore, by which they are pulled and pushed as far as they can get them, where they are held till the tide goes out and leaves the whale on dry land to be cut up for the kettles.

Anyone can see the head bones of one of those whales at the museum at Baylor University, which I sent from Bahia. The skull bone is 18 x 8 feet; together with the two jaw bones they weigh 3,000 pounds. The blubber or fat in the big whale sometimes goes to 30 tons; the meat is eaten mainly by the poor.

Now to our story, Bro. Britto was offering his Bibles at the station. The men laughed at him and his

Bibles and proceeded to lay hands on him; some cried out: "Catch him, lets throw him into the boiling oil." They grabbed at him, but he managed to pull loose, leaving his hat and Bibles in their hands, and ran for his life. He went to the home of Dr. Sento Sé, the most prominent man in the place, who protected him during the night and got him off to Bahia before daylight next morning. "Let him go," the persecutors said, "we'll catch the pastor when he comes. He goes everywhere and we will catch him when he comes."

#### XLV. MY FIRST TRIP

I knew of the brother having been run off and of the threat, but the time came and I went, with a brother Justiniano. We walked the fifteen miles through the sand, which laid me up with a light fever. I often said to myself that night, "They could catch me now if they just knew it."

Sunday morning as we began to sing we could hear voices like wolves and cattle bellowing, later the stones began to fall. We kept on with the worship. Finally some began to approach the windows, pulling down low the brim of their hats and peeping over the window sill. By the close they had entered little by little till quite a

number came in and expressed their surprise, so different from what they had heard. We invited them all back for 3 o'clock, when brother Justiniano explained about Mary to their satisfaction. They then asked us to preach again at night. But I had learned not to cast myself too into the hands of men who have been persecutors. However, we told a few of the most interested ones that we would have a meeting at the home of Dr. Sento Sé. We had a very good meeting but some persecutors followed to do us mischief.

Next morning in open daylight we left for Bahia, in peace. Itapoan had received the gospel messengers. After that visit many of the brethren visited the place and shortly were preaching on the square.

#### XLVI. SECOND TRIP

This time I made a more extended trip including Itapoan. I had two companions, Antonio, colporter, and Lydio, our pilot. He carried a heavy walking stick and was as bold as Peter. He was not only pilot but protector, as the sequel will show. A mule bore our hammocks, cooking outfit, books and tracts.

We had good meetings at Itapoan and went on to Joanna River. Here Bro. Lydio secured the house of a Sr. Frade in which to hold service at night. Leaving

me there Lydio and Antonio went out to invite the people in. Sr. Frade conversed with me very intelligently about the Scriptures. At night the house was full, to whom I preached Jesus the only Savior. Closing with a song I began to go among the people and had sold two Bibles, distributing many tracts, when another lot of people arrived who were disappointed, but through intercession of Br. Lydio I gave them another talk, explaining the way to heaven through Jesus Christ, preaching two sermons that night.

The devil got busy also. Sr. Frade, in whose house we were, was not married to the woman with whom he was living. After the first sermon he went out, invited by men of the baser sort, to plan our expulsion. Opposition manifested itself at first by boys screaming like cats and running against the door. Once our door was pushed in.

Bro. Lydio went out to find Sr. Frade and to know why he did not keep order in his house. After an hour he returned saying: "Brethren, the devil is in this house; let's leave it." I said: "No, we came into this house in the daylight, and I will leave it only in the daylight."

Those evil men had told Sr. Frade that Lydio was come to show attentions to his woman. When the noise had somewhat abated outside, Sr. Frade came back into his house accusing the woman of having caused all that disturbance. She got a stick and beat old Frade severely, the licks falling thick and fast. She ran him out of the house, saying in a strong undertone: "Let these men get out of this house and I'll give you a good beating." Old Frade sat on the outside of the door till morning, meditating on his night's folly, and that promised beating.

When the fighting began I arose and dressed, passing a sleepless night. Bro. Lydio sat by me the rest of the night, with stick in hand, as much as to say: "They will have to pass over my dead body before they get to you." At break of day the woman gave us a cup of coffee, treating us kindly. We expressed our regrets for having caused them this trouble, and left, getting our breakfast at another house.

Crossing the River Joanna, we went on till we came to the home of Dr. Sento Sé, who was now an official at Abrantes, the County seat. He received us kindly and after dinner gave us a note to the sheriff to allow

us the use of the municipal hall in which to preach. The sheriff found all kinds of excuses not to let us have the hall, and finding me determined to hold the service against opposition, he said that we might have the hall, but afterwards told others he would stand at the door and see that no one entered. Seeing it useless we made the best of it selling Bibles and distributing tracts from house to house, waiting another occasion for preaching the gospel publicly. We went West to the railroad at Camacary, raising more persecution at the station. From there we returned to Bahia. Though that was in the beginning of my work I never had a call to return, or knew of any conversions from that journey. The command however was carried out: "Preach the gospel to every creature."

#### XLVII. JOSÉ DOMINGUES OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

This man was a dealer in ground coffee in Itapagipe, North end of Bahia. He had four stores; he trusted them to his clerks, while he himself was drinking. When he lost his stores he tried to put an end to his life, once by going to the sea, and another time with a pistol. Friends were watching, and preventing him.

While under this black cloud of despair he was one day removing some papers and came across a tract, How to Pray, which some believer had given him, but which he had cast aside. As he glanced through it his eyes fell on that prayer of the Publican: "Lord, have mercy on me a sinner." He made these words his own which he prayed incessantly. Among the same papers he came across a Bible which he had bought and forgotten. He sought consolation in it and found it all alone with God.

Some brother told me about him. I went immediately to see him. The Spirit had already done His work. After conversation I invited him to church, two miles away on the street car. He attended regularly after that for weeks before he applied for baptism. While he spent Sundays at church his wife spent hers in the confessional. We had excluded five for misdemeanors the day he applied. I knew he wished to present himself that day and selected that part of Scripture where Jesus spoke of his flesh being the bread of life, and many turned back. As he presented himself I asked if he were anxious to follow when many were turning back?



His reply was similar to Peter's who said: "Lord, Thou hast the words of eternal life, to whom shall we go?" So he said: "Jesus has saved me and I want to obey him."

He soon asked for preaching in his house, where I preached every week to crowds. Many were converted there. He came to know how blasphemous it was to have the name of the Holy Spirit attached to a sinner's name and he changed it, leaving off that part and substituting Baptista. Under the Brazilian law he could do this by stating in the daily papers that as he had been known as José Domingues do Espirito Santo, he would in the future sign his name, José Domingues Baptista. Catholics will apply to the most sinful persons and things the holiest names, e.g., there is a lottery called: The Most Holy Spirit Lottery.

One morning I was returning from an interior trip and wished to speak to him. So I left the train at Plataforma, crossed the arm of the bay in a canoe to Itapagipe, where I could take the street car. Entering his house I found him busy; he invited me to a seat at the table, where I read the morning paper while he was getting ready to come for his early morning coffee. But while he washed his face in a distant corner of the hall

he observed his wife shaking the butcher knife at me. "God forgive you, wife," were his only words to her. I had been getting nervous some time before as the woman passed rapidly back and forth near me, and hearing a street car coming I said goodbye, caught the car and escaped that knife and the angry woman. Happily after many years she was converted.

He soon found that his former friends had all left him and his business had gone down. I secured him a place as colporter with the American Bible Society. He was a good mixer and sold many Bibles. Soon I needed a helper and he just suited me; his gray hairs, his fatherly ways, piety and ability to sing made him a true yoke fellow. Jesus sent out his disciples two and two, however it is not best for two foreigners to travel about in a strange land. If there is a native in the company, that dispels doubts, and one is more certain to gain entrance at all new houses and places we have to go.

He knew songs by heart, and at nights, or in the early mornings, in our room, in the hotel, on the train, or steamer, or streets, we sang our beautiful evangelical songs to the delight of hearers. Brazilians

are lovers of music and welcome anybody who will sing or play on an instrument. He had a special gift in telling his experience, which never grew old to him nor his hearers. He loved his Bible, but his own Christian experience was the burden of his talks. The church at Valenca was needing a pastor and he was called, but soon we discovered our mistake in his going. He was just a good lay workman, lacking the pastoral qualities. He was the best of help to pastors or evangelists.

His nature was of the gentlest. He couldn't hear a harsh word. He turned his head or would leave. His idea of peace was to be peaceful, not to wrangle over it. His wife died and his only daughter went astray, but it did not take the sunshine out of his face. He did not depend on earthly things to make him happy. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee," was the secret of his happiness. In offering tracts to strangers he would say: "Permit me to offer you a tract which tells about Jesus." He rarely had a person to refuse him. He stayed most of the time in the mission building. When I did not go over there daily he would come to my house to know if I had anything special for him to do. We always made these

occasions for prayer. Kneeling he would often take the lead; one day he forgot a certain sick sister in his prayer, so leaning over close to my ear, while I was praying, said in a loud whisper: "Bro. Taylor, don't forget that sick sister." He could go with me on short journeys only, as he was disabled, but all around the city, on the railroad and steamship lines or small boats he traveled with me many years.

Since I left Brazil the good old brother has been called home to heaven, to rest in his Father's bosom, where there are no clouds nor sorrows. This world was a tempest for him. One more of my fellow workers has preceded me to the Beulah land.

#### XLVIII. JOAQUIM AND BENTO PEREIRA - TWO BROTHERS

The first was stout and robust, while the other was small and frail. When Joaquim was converted his fighting qualities disappeared. I baptized him and his wife at Valenca at 11 o'clock one night because we were prohibited to make any public demonstration of our religion during the time of the empire.

- At first he did not show any great change of heart, but he soon had a trial which proved it.

When Bento heard of Joaquim's conversion he went

to visit him - having had his mind poisoned against the protestant religion. He thought it would be an easy matter to restore him to the religion of his fathers. As he went into his brother Joaquim's house he met him with an open Bible in his hand, saying: "I am glad to see you Bento and tell you about the Savior I have found, in this Holy Bible. At this Bento was so incensed at his remarks, that he jerked out his knife from his belt and thrust it through the Book and hand of Joaquim. He only said in a sad voice: "Oh, Bento, what have you done?" Bento expected Joaquim to fight, but in this he was disappointed. Seeing no effort on Joaquim's part to fight, he left the house and rode off home, still expecting Joaquim to avenge himself and prepared himself for it.

In the meantime Bento heard more of this new religion, especially how it changed people's lives - making good men out of bad ones. Bento saw the marvelous change in his brother, who would never have suffered that insult of the knife thrust but for such a change. When Bento was assured that Joaquim had no intention of avenging his wrong he became more pensive. For the first time he realized his own wrong-doing and began to pray for forgiveness and a change of heart like his brother Joaquim.

He was much troubled and could not rid himself of the consciousness that he himself was a great sinner. Go where he would, day and night, the sin was always present with him. To divert his mind, he went out to kill a paca. The paca is an animal twice as large as a rabbit, similar in form, but the color of a fawn, while the flesh tastes more like a pig. These animals go to pools or streams of water to drink in the heat of the day.

Arriving at the pool he climbed a tree to await the coming of the pacas. Still he could not free himself from this mental anxiety and was so overcome with conviction that he prayed to God to forgive him his great sin and make him a good man like his brother, Joaquim, who had been one of the worst men, but now living a peaceful life. However, his own being, as was now revealed to him, was even worse. He repented of his sins in the true sense, for God spoke peace to his soul, while up that tree, like Zaccheus. He forgot the pacas, almost fell out of the tree, rushed home, he hardly knew how or when, saddled his horse and made straight for Joaquim's house.

Joaquim did not know what had happened, but when Bento rode up to his gate he hailed him saying:

"Get down and come in Bento, I am glad to see you." On going to meet him he noticed a smile on Bento's face, who opened his arms and embraced Joaquim and thus the two embraced each other in double brotherhood.

Bento related the whole story to me one Saturday in Valenca, soon after it occurred.

#### XLIX. THE PASSING OF SLAVERY

When I went to Brazil (1882) slavery was still in existence, the last of all South American countries to retain it. Here in North America slaves direct from Africa had not come in for many years. I do not remember ever having seen a slave just out of Africa, but in Brazil you can see hundreds of the regular African type, large, bony, with tribal marks on the arm, chest, cheek, branded in, like the stockman brands his cattle.

In 1870 Rio Branco had a law decreed, making free all children born after that date; so that all children 11 years old were free when I got there. Then again the owners had a process of freeing their slaves. They would allow one to work out at so much a day, month or year. All he could make over stipulated wages was applied to his redemption. Many had freed themselves in this way. Our church freed a slave who had become

a Christian. While, as a rule, the slaves were treated humanely, there were many evidences that some were treated brutally. When the inquisition was abolished the old jail used for torturing heretics (?) was leased by the arch-bishop to the government as a slave prison, with whipping post in the courtyard. One of our members told me that when a boy he had gone into the courtyard and seen the ground around the whipping post drenched in blood. The priests never did anything to relieve the burdens of the slaves or to redeem them.

Dom Pedro, the emperor, was away in Europe, when the Cabinet persuaded the Princess Regent to liberate the slaves by imperial decree, which she did May 5, 1888.

The shock in the United States was like an earthquake, with a tornado of confusion following, and now after fifty years we have not become so adjusted as Brazil has in twenty-nine years. The African is more docile there, more humble, more polite to the whites and the whites do not show antipathy or disdain to the blacks. There is little assimilation here while there assimilation is going on more rapidly than before. There is no prohibition of marriage between the races.

It should be remembered that Brazilians are



descendants of the Old Latin race that dominated the world for centuries, using subjugated nations as slaves wherever possible. It is harder for the Brazilian to adapt himself to the change in industrial conditions. There is a general feeling of admiration for industrious North America, but the pride and dignity remain.

The Negro in Brazil, as everywhere, lives for the present, as the Chinese live in the past and the Caucasian for the future.

#### L. THE PASSING OF THE EMPIRE

Since the days of Caesar, with a few sporadic exceptions, the Latins have practiced monarchy. All during the centuries that the pope was king, it was exactly the pagan type, for Caesar was Pontifex Maximus as well as emperor. Monarchy is the worldly or satanic type of government. God allowed Israel to have kings "like the nations" only as a curse upon them (1 Sam. 8th chapter).

Mexico, Central and all South America, except Brazil, had become republics, about 1840, some before, some after. Dom Pedro was something like King George of England, who has less authority in the government than the president of the United States. The empire

had decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits and the extinction of the monasteries on the death of the last inmate, no new monks being allowed to join.

We had liberty to preach in houses, but not on the streets, nor even in houses having the form of a church.

But the emperor was growing old, his mind fast vanishing and his daughter, heir to the throne, was the wife of Conde d'Eu, a descendent of Charles IX of France, the author of the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew. The Republicans had vowed that this Jesuit daughter should not ascend the throne. She was so fanatic as to sweep the convent barefooted before breakfast as an act of penance. She was completely under the power of the Jesuits. Dom Pedro was secretly planning to abdicate the throne in favor of this daughter. Conde d'Eu had made a tour of the country, paving the way. Silva Jardim, a hot blooded Republican, followed him making counter speeches. The Count was quietly sending away troops from the capitol, when the Republicans saw the time for action had arrived. They held a council with Deodoro, General of the Army, also Grand Master of Masons, urging that the time had come to take their stand for

liberty, that upon him devolved the master stroke, with the army. So early in the morning, before the army he made a speech, telling them that the good old emperor was fast losing his mind, that it was being planned for him to abdicate in favor of his fanatical daughter, whose husband belonged to a family of despots. All the nations around have become republican long ago, and out of deference to our beloved emperor, who is no longer himself, till now, we have remained a monarchy. Let us save our country from tyranny. We can and must save our country by proclaiming the Republic. I will lead you. Down with the Empire and tyrants! Long live the Republic!! To this the soldiers replied, waving their caps: "Long live the Republic!!"

Hands to work! In a few minutes the imperial palace was surrounded by soldiers and a committee went into the palace to inform the emperor that a ship was being put in readiness to carry him and the imperial family to Portugal. The emperor replied as usual that he would think about it. The committee replied that the vessel would leave at midnight and warned him to be ready. Sure enough at 11 o'clock the imperial family was escorted through streets and placed on the vessel

which bore them to Portugal. So Brazil became a Republic, Nov. 15, 1889, Gen. Deodoro becoming the first president.

The Jesuits returned, rather came to light; the monasteries and all the celibate orders were filled and multiplied. And as in all countries where they are permitted they have planted themselves close to the seat of government in order to shape the laws or so stultify them as to allow them to get their hands into the public treasury and to control all elementary institutions, hospitals, but most of all to manipulate politics.

Evangelicals have liberty also and the two systems and all systems of religion are guaranteed; but as the Pharisees were more than a match for Pilate, so the Jesuits are more than a match for our politicians. For they consider it their right to rule the world in church and state. Masonry is a power in Brazil, but does not take the lead in shaping and maintaining the laws, as is done in Mexico. Masonry and the Jesuits are living more or less in peace now in Brazil, while in Mexico, one or the other has ruled supreme since masonry was established there. The Jesuits imprison and slaughter the masons when they are in power, and the masons when in power say to the Jesuits: "Naked ye came and naked

you must go." The usurped divine right of kings, kaisers, popes and sultans is now striking its last blows against democracy, which is bound to win.

The two great enemies to the progress of the gospel have disappeared in Brazil, slavery and the empire. So must all enemies to the gospel fall. There is just room in this world for one king, and that is Jesus. He is dealing gently with all His enemies today, tomorrow He will put them all out of business with "a rod of iron".

#### LI. MARCIANO PEREIRA

This is a brother of Capt. Egydio, whose sketch is given in this book. Sr. Marciano embraced the gospel first, and was the principal human instrumentality that led to his brother Egydio's conversion.

He lived at Vargem Grande and was the leading citizen of the place. Sr. Medeiros, spoken of in Capt. Egydio's narrative, received the gospel first at Baixa Grande, through some tracts a friend had brought him from Bahia. After regeneration he came to Bahia himself to be baptized. At the time he came I was working in the old Inquisition building, putting it in order for worship. I had bought it in September preceding, and he came in Nov., 1889, year in which the Republic was declared, just

at the time he was there.

He related the plain story of his conversion. I had him in my home till the church secured evidence of his change. He was baptized and returned home. Bitter persecutions arose against him, so he moved to Vargem Grande. See the providence of God. Right then in that town Sr. Marciano was reading the Bible, a brother had given him. Bro. Medeiros soon found him and became his guide.

Bro. Medeiros told him the images he had in his house were idols, prohibited in God's Book, and that as long as they remained there his house was under the curse. Marciano told his wife and friends that he was going to destroy them. His wife begged, and others pled with him not to destroy them, but to give them to others. "No," he replied, "what is poison for me is poison for others." So next morning early he took them all down and cast them into the furnace.

He shortly after that declared himself a Christian, and came to Bahia to be baptized. On arrival however and before he found my house he fell into the hands of robbers; he escaped them but was much confused by his experience. He gave good evidence of a change in his life, but I

advised him to wait; so he returned home to be baptized later by Bro. Antonio Marwues, a native preacher.

His experience with the priest is told in the narrative of Capt. Egydio. Marciano, like his brother, was a man of decided character. When he accepted the gospel he spread the news abroad, and was not only a defender of the truth, but an open faced opponent of the priests and their soul-destroying doctrines. His home became headquarters for preaching, and the church was organized in it and long worshipped there. He invited all the preachers there, also his neighbors and friends to come and hear the pure gospel which they had heard about, but never heard.

He never stopped to reason with Solomon on "he that winneth souls is wise", or with Daniel that "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." He brought me a double hand full of metal duplicates of parts of the human and animal bodies he had presented to the saints in memory of curses they had made.(?) These are called ex-votos, one of the ancient, debased forms of idolatry. A saint with Catholics is a wooden, brazen, silver, gold or clay image, blessed (?) by the priest. The saints of the Bible were

living men and women, obeying the commands of God, as the saints in Corinth, Ephesus, Colosse are called in the Epistles addressed to those churches.

Bro. Marciano would accompany the preachers around to neighboring towns not as a preacher himself, but as a helper and as a witness. He went with me to Amargosa, where I preached. Next morning before I arose he had gone out to the market shed, where he found six diseased beggars, who had slept there the night before. He brought four of them to a doctor who prescribed medicine, which Marciano bought for them and sent them home. The doctor said the other two could only be treated in a hospital. So we agreed to take them to Bahia, dividing the expense between us.

In another part of this book is told the part he took in housing, watering and feeding men, women and animals in a Catholic mission, held especially to attack the gospel as practiced by Baptists. The church at Vargem Grande became the mother of a number of other churches in all that region.

Once he had gotten up the frame of a large building for the grading of tobacco. He did not use tobacco himself, but he began to meditate as to whether Christians



principal one being Bro. Alexander de Freitas, who has been our state missionary for years. This brother Alexander has baptized as high as 80 persons in one year. He is a swift messenger, going rapidly from one point to another. He sells Bibles and distributes quantities of tracts. He is a splendid singer and inspires all his congregations to sing with heart as well as with the voice.

The light of that church shone a long way off, and Bro. Marciano was the founder and leader of it for years. Now comes the saddest story of this book, and of my life.

Bro. Marciano's health went down, his mind with it. From moroseness he drifted to violence. His doctor told the family if he did not travel he would lose his mind. He was too poor, not having means to travel, except for short trips to homes of friends. While out on one of these visits he began to strike some of his friends. He was carried home and had now to have strong men about, at moments of hallucination. It became necessary to tie him at such times. At first he had sane moments, in which he talked with reason. One of the brethren asked him if it were not best for him to go unbound. "No",

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he replied, "keep me bound, for at times I feel like jerking up a hatchet and splitting the heads of every one I see." They telegraphed me they were bringing him to the city. Happily, I secured him a place in the asylum, to which he was carried. Relatives remained to note his progress. He was given his meals regularly, but he refused to eat. They pled to bring him to my house, where Mrs. Taylor could treat him. She had been performing some marvelous cures of women about that time. He was brought in but resisted all treatment.

He was kept bound between two posts. A medical specialist was called in. Nothing availed to stop the increasing violence. He would tell the doctor and Mrs. Taylor, "All your work is for nothing; I am lost. I have sinned against the Holy Spirit." He reviled his old and best friends as hypocrites. To me he never said a word. I seldom went about him. But to wife, who was constantly about him, he never said a cross word. Her kind and loving treatment no doubt prolonged his life, but the disease overcame him and he died a maniac.

Oh, what a shock to us all! Never did I witness nor hear of the like. In this book I give the death-bed scene of Bro. Dorea, who, when paralysis had destroyed

his mind, forgot all his loved ones, but Jesus. I have seen and heard of hundreds of others who died rejoicing in the hope of soon being with Jesus. But dear Bro. Marciano, one of the very best and most useful Christians I ever knew, died saying he was lost, that he had sinned against the Holy Spirit!

No one ever knew of his having committed any heinous sin. In health he was humble, active only for the right; Jesus did not prohibit the traffic in tobacco, but Bro. Marciano lost \$500 to abandon it, because Jesus would not give His approval. Hundreds of Christians knew him to love him for his noble and sanctified life.

In my grief I wrote Dr. Willingham, our Secretary, who replied that he had known of a similar case, a Baptist preacher, good and pious, who had died that way. Some of our native Christians doubted, and asked if he would be saved. I was stunned, but God enabled me to understand. We gave him a Christian burial. I rarely ever preached a funeral sermon, because Catholics might think we were imitating the priest's mass, but after the clouds had cleared a little I announced that I would preach his funeral on a certain day. In it I showed his life since he became a Christian. He had filled many years with

sacred devotion and useful service, right up to the time of his last illness. Not even Catholics attempted, or could any one, deny it. Martyrs were called to endure the most excruciating agonies as Jesus did Himself in death. Thousands of others suffered unspeakable pains on sick beds. Bro. Mariano's disease had attacked the mind as well as the body, robbing him of consciousness and those awful words were only aberrations of a diseased mind. He never uttered a word against Jesus or religion, only that he was lost, that he had sinned against the Holy Spirit.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." It is said also that: "Satan loves a shining mark." Mariano was among the first and most prominent Christians; now if Satan, as a last stroke, in the hour of death, could destroy that life, he could have shaken the foundations of Christianity itself. And while we deplore such a death, we approve his saintly life, his living and working faith in Christ. No one can, or ever tried to deny that he was standing true to his Master, and faithful to his people, right up to the hour his mind tottered and fell under the stroke of disease.

I expect to meet him in heaven, and no one among

the thousands of Brazilian Christians shall I greet more heartily and joyfully than Bro. Marciano Pereira de Almeida.

### LII. CAPT. EGYDIO PEREIRA

This man, a coffee planter, lived about 150 miles S.W. of Bahia. His family was one of the best. He was captain of the National Guard, and was at the time of his conversion the government protector of a neighboring tribe of Indians.

He was very religious, having several times gone on pilgrimages 100 miles to the famous grotto of Lapa. He fulfilled his promise to that saint that if he would cure his son he would present him his weight in bees-wax. However, he said his faith in Catholicism had been greatly shocked by the poverty, and graft he saw going on there at that grotto.

His brother, Marciano, had embraced the gospel, which enraged the captain. He rode 60 miles to Vargem Grande, to dissuade his brother from such a horrible life. Marciano, having the truth, was more than a match for him, whereupon the captain went for the priest. Marciano invited them into the dining room. On seating themselves the priest asked: "Marciano, what is this I am hearing

about you?" Marciano replied: "Mr. Priest, I was in your religion 35 years and you never gave me a Bible. I got it through the protestant you condemn. You taught me to worship idols, which God's book condemns. You sprinkle my children for money, marry them for money, and when they die you still demand money to save their souls from an imaginary purgatory. The Bible teaches me that salvation is free, that Jesus is the only Savior, so I have no more need of you." The priest did not attempt a reply, but rising said: "Goodbye, Marciano."

Capt. Egydio was exasperated, and turning to the old brother, who was instrumental in Marciano's conversion, said: "Medeiros, if you continue to teach my brother these devilish doctrines, I will send a couple of Indians here to take off your head." "Very well", replied the old brother, "you may take off my head, but you cannot take off my soul."

Capt. Egydio left for his home, bewailing the family's disgrace and drinking at all the grog shops on his way home. "All is lost, wife", he said on his arrival, "Marciano has disgraced our family and we need not try to look up any more." But a man cannot remain angry always. Having later gone to San Antonio he there met one of his

soldier comrades, who as a Christian and who in conversation said to him: "Captain you are too intelligent a man to condemn a thing you know nothing of. You ought to read the Bible yourself," and he consented to this brother putting a Bible in his saddlebags. He hid it on his arrival home.

While lying in his hammock one day he remembered that Bible. His curiosity led him to an examination. He soon lit upon a passage which brought to memory what his brother Marciano had told him about idols. "Why", he said, "Egydio, these images can do nothing; they do not chop wood, they can't pick coffee, teach school nor bring a bucket of water." He was reading in Isaiah 44:9-17, where it tells how an idol is made, by chopping down a tree, the carpenter taking his rule, plane and compass, makes a figure of a man, or if of metal, the smith works with tongs and coals and hammers, then when he has finished it he falls down before it and prays: "Deliver me for thou art my god." Here his faith in idols was shaken and he began to pray: "Lord, if this religion of Marciano's is right, show it to me." Another day he read in the New Testament: "Whosoever believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Then he changed his



prayer to: "Lord save me."

Soon after this he received an urgent call to come and administer to a boy that had been shot. As he sped on his horse across an open field, praying that prayer he seemed to hear a voice so clear, saying: "You are saved. You are saved," that he looked up and around to see the one uttering it, but immediately realized he had been saved. Soon he reached the house and seeing there was no hope for the boy, told him he could not live but a few minutes and to prepare to die. "You do not need a priest, nor candles nor holy water; just look to Jesus, He will save you, He loves you and He died to save you," and so on till he saw the boy closing his eyes, then plied the question: "Are you trusting in Jesus?" and the boy nodded, yes.

Then mounting his horse he returned faster than he came. His wife seeing him ride so fast, ran to the gate thinking some evil had befallen him. Soon he was shouting: "Glory to God, wife, I'm saved! glory, glory!!" Then the children came running and one by one he embraced them, repeating words like those above. His wife standing apart, behind a door half ajar wailed out: "Children, your father is crazy, your father is crazy! What shall

we do? Do something for him, oh do something! Get the scissors and cut off his hair, then rub some liniment on his head!" As he saw them coming with the scissors he said: "That's all right, do not cut it too close." As they cut his hair he would pat them and say, "Glory John, Halleluiah Maria, I'm saved." The wife seeing he did not get any better pled with the children to do something for him. Run, she said, get the castor oil! "Oh yes," he said, "that's all right, give me a little, it won't hurt me," and as he swallowed it down he said, "Glory to God John, I'm saved." Seeing things get no better the wife said, "Run Bella, run bring some hot water and bathe his feet." They had him sit down, took off his boots and he patted them on the back while they washed his feet, saying all the time: "That's all right, Glory to God, I'm saved John, Jesus has redeemed me." When all efforts had failed the wife said to the children: "Run hide out all the guns and pistols, the knives and forks and the matches, he'll kill somebody, he'll set fire to this house," and so they busied themselves till late at night, preparing for the worst. Finally nature demanded rest and all slept.

The next few days were full of anxiety for that family. They could not imagine anything but insanity, or the work of the devil. He attended to business however as usual, buying, selling, etc., except that he would stop everybody that passed to tell them about Jesus. John said to his mother one day: "Mother, I do not see anything wrong with father; he makes good trades, and talks in every way like he used to, except about Jesus." As he read the Bible to them they began to see the truth and one by one accepted it, so that within three months there were thirteen of them baptized.

It is recorded that in England once a sister had a brother put in jail, saying he was crazy, because he had given everything he had to the poor. A visit from the pastor was enough to prove the man was as sane as anybody. Regeneration operates that way sometimes.

Thus began a Christian life, which for activity and usefulness may be compared to that of Paul, except that Captain Egidio was a layman. His short career of five years was filled with useful deeds and a bold declaration in the home, among the neighbors, by the road side, on the train, everywhere, of his discovery of the one and only Savior. He loved the people, loved to do good. He

would invite and accompany preachers to neighboring towns and communities. He kept for distribution boxes of Bibles and tracts.

Several of us were on the street one day, talking about some work in the church, when he took up a collection right there in the street, for that purpose.

He won all his neighbors but one, and this one became his life long persecutor. One time while I was at his house the captain said to me: "Bro. Taylor, there are several new converts who wish to be baptized, in a community about two miles from here. Though it is so near we will have to go a long way round to avoid going by the house of Capt. Bernardino, who will not allow Baptists to pass his house." I said to him that he knew the way and that I would follow him. So we went the long way; being the rainy season my horse came near bogging down several times.

We got there however and I preached at night and baptized several candidates. Next morning as we started back I pled with the captain to return by the short way, saying: "Surely, Capt. Bernardino will not hinder you and me, I being a foreigner and you his old friend." Capt. Egydio shrugged his shoulder which always shows

the doubt, but replied: "I will go if you wish, Bro. Taylor, but he will not let us pass." The way was through a pasture and he had prohibited every Baptist from passing, pushing some into the mud or beating them with his long Bowie knife. So back the short way we started. We had to pass the home of our good brother Antonio Malta, son-in-law to Capt. Bernardino. We stopped and chatted awhile. Capt. Egydio from then on was constantly lifting his hat in prayer, I knew; we riding single file, he in the lead. We descended a steep hill and across a stream. When we were opposite Sr. Bernardino's farinha house I heard a voice crying: "Egydio!" Out he ran from the house, seizing a big stick, and rushing upon us beat back our horses, shouting: "Back, back, you rascals, you cannot pass my house." A plunge of my horse caused my hat to fall off, which he handed me, and continued to beat our horses back. We tried to argue the question, but he would hear none of it.

We returned by the home of his son-in-law, who said he could show us a near way, and leading us down the hill, I in the lead, Capt. Bernardino leaped from behind a bush, caught my horse by the bridle and began to beat him. An assassin at his heels, ax in hand,

bawled every minute: "What shall I do, Sir?" He wore out his stick on the horse, planting the last stroke across my back, the stick slipping from his hand. Then he struck me several times in the chest with his fist. I said to him: "Captain, why are you beating me? I believe in God, do you not also?" Stopping short and panting he shouted back: "Do you believe in God, you rascal?" "Yes", I said, "and Jesus, too. He came to save us sinners." "Don't let up, beat him, beat him," cried his wife and children, who had followed him a mile through the woods. He then pulled the bridle from my hands, led my horse into a pond where he gathered mud and pelted me from foot to shoulder. Leaving my horse he went after Captain Egydio, who had been guarded by another assassin. His son-in-law was kneeling in prayer, whom passing he hit over the head, saying: "Get up you monkey." Leading Captain Egydio's horse into the water, he covered him with mud, from foot to his head. Then putting our bridles up he beat the captain's horse to the left of the pond, mine to the right, where his wife was standing, stick in hand, ready to come down on my head, but as the reins of my bridle were crossed, the more I pulled to the left the more he went to the right,

so that the horse came near running over her. She struck however and fell back, the stick falling across my horse's neck. Such a pandemonium of mad voices broke loose as I never heard, cursing and defying us ever to come back there again.

Bro. Antonio came running after us. My horse had gone up a steep hill and I with my saddle had slid off behind. "Come this way, brethren, here is the near way." I said to him: "Don't talk any more about near ways. We are going back the old way." When we came to the house of the first believer we dismounted and went in. They took it good naturedly, as they had suffered the same, but Capt. Egydio walked back to his horse and taking off his rawhide rope said: "I have suffered enough from that man; if he follows me I shall tie him with this rope and hand him over to the Chief of Police in Bahia." "Now," said I, "Captain you have acted the Christian so far. Do not imitate Peter when he cut off that fellow's ear." He smiled his confession of wrong and went to put back his rope. We made no converts on our way home. One man when he found out the reason of all that mud said: "Well, this may be a good religion, but I don't want any mud in mine."

How different when we got home. As soon as the family knew that no bones had been broken, they went about singing and "rejoicing that we were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name." We were at the supper table, talking and telling of the day's occurrence when at 9 or 10 o'clock there was a noise at the door. It was Bro. Antonio who had come with his wife, who wished to be baptized. Now on returning from the persecution Sr. Antonio asked his wife if she had witnessed the persecution, to which she replied: "Yes, I did, and it was just like we read in the New Testament the apostles were treated. Now husband, for a long time you know I have wanted to be baptized, and I want you to go with me tonight that I may be baptized. Bro. Taylor may go away tomorrow. Will you go?" They came, not passing by her own father's house; he had threatened that if she were baptized he would kill her, her mother, Capt. Egydio and the one who baptized her. As she sent in her request I hesitated a moment, seeing the bloodshed to follow. But it was only a moment, for I had always taught that everyone should obey Christ, let come what would.

So we heard her experience and how long she had waited to avoid bloodshed, but now she was resolved



to obey her Master and Savior. We waited till midnight, and I baptized her in a tank close to the house, in the presence of a few believers. As I brought her up out of the water I presented her to the brethren saying: "Behold a woman whose faith I have not seen excelled in all Brazil!"

At mid-day her father was beating me - at midnight of the same day I baptized his daughter.

#### LIII. DEATH OF FIRST MRS. TAYLOR

She did not engage in school work nor in the mission, but projected her usefulness through her husband. The home was an open house for the many visitors and inquirers during the first years. Inquirers often came 100 miles to be baptized, but they must first be tested and examined before reception. Ours was the only house to go to except the hotel, which was the very worst place for one seeking to obey God. Then it was necessary to have the applicant close at hand for observation. Again for those living in the city who were interested in the gospel, one could get a truer insight into his life through a little act of hospitality than any other way. Also, hospitality on the part of the missionary would suggest it to the members.

As a missionary I not only had the natives often in my house and at my table but I went much into their homes, even the poorest, where I would sometimes leave a small coin under the saucer or plate, knowing the sacrifice that was being made by their hospitality. Christ was with the people in their homes, at the table, traveling, in all conditions of life. Now and then this hospitality of the missionary was abused, but the gain was far over and above the loss. It teaches sociability and is a part of our fraternal relations.

Wife made visits to the women and children and always took an active part in the Sunday School and church service.

She had a severe spell of sickness. The doctor was treating her one morning, when he discovered she had small pox. He left saying: "She needs a nurse," and returned no more. I got Dona Eduvigis, a good sister and efficient nurse. This disease and some others do not need a doctor, only a good nurse to keep the patient in a normal state, when the disease runs its course. Even in yellow fever, if one is taken at the first, kept in a close room, well covered and in a state of perspiration, the bowels kept open, the disease will soon run its course,

and the patient has a rapid recovery. But if the patient is made comfortable, given cold drinks, etc., suffering and complications will set in, requiring the skill of a doctor.

We sent our two children, Tarlton and Mabel, off to the care of friends. Wife passed through the three stages of the disease and recovered rapidly, no one else catching it.

Not long after Eschol was born the mother began to suffer from a sarcoma under the knee. The doctor advised residence by the sea side, and while at Rio Vermelho the sarcoma grew into a kind of ball, four inches in diameter.

It was arranged for her to take a trip to Rio de Janeiro and there be examined or treated by the best medical skill, while I made a trip to Jacobina, far interior. The day she left South for Rio I left North for the interior. I went by train in Queimadas, 100 miles, then horseback, 25 leagues. On returning to Queimadas I received letters from her and Bro. Bagby, stating the seriousness of the disease, and urging me to come immediately. The doctors all said the disease had weakened her body and that she must have a tonic to give her

strength for the operation. We returned to Bahia, she taking the tonic. The disease was advancing to an alarming extent. We called our family physician, Dr. Manuel Victorino, who afterwards became the first Republican governor of Bahia State, and later Vice-President of Brazil, who, when he examined the case, said an operation requiring the amputation of the limb was necessary. We were filled with horror, and she resolved to suffer it out rather than subject herself to that awful operation.

However, on more mature reflection she thought her only hope was in the operation. We called Dr. Hall, our former physician, for consultation. On examination, he affirmed Dr. Victorino's diagnosis, and said that the bone would have to come off at the hip-joint. He recommended that we go to the United States for the operation, since the warm climate of Brazil would be unfavorable in such a case. So I wrote to our Secretary, Dr. Tupper, and was fast arranging to go home, when it was known that yellow fever had broken out on the vessel on which we intended to embark; we hesitated. I notified the doctor. He said: "Taylor, you have no time to delay. I consider it your last chance." So we embarked, arriving at New York without any harm from the yellow fever.

On entering the port at New York, the pilot handed me letters from Dr. Tupper, stating that sisters in that city would be in waiting with a carriage for us, to transfer us to the Depot, and that we could enter the Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, night or day, where arrangements had been made for the operation.

Landing at five we cleared the Custom House by six and were in Philadelphia at eleven; an ambulance bore away the sick one to the hospital. A boarding house for myself and three children was arranged three blocks away. For three days the patient was in preparation for the operation. Then Dr. W. W. Keen, the Baptist deacon, and dean of the Hospital, in the presence of 300 students, Dr. Wyatt, of New York, author of the process, taking out the bone at the hip-joint. The operation was most successful. It was the tenth case where a pregnant woman had undergone such an operation, by Dr. Wyatt's process, with only one fatality, that of a woman whose limb had been crushed by a street car.

Her life was in the balance for three days, but she had what Dr. Hall called "pluck". By good treatment she slowly rallied. One day I returned to my boarding house to hear that my oldest boy of six had been walking

on a parapet of the roof, seven stories high. Another night they blew out the gas instead of turning it off, and came near being asphyxiated. My experience with children for a few days showed it was more trouble to care for them than of all the churches. So about the twentieth day I started to Texas with them to the home of relatives. When I reached Philadelphia I found the sick one walking round in the room, on her crutches. We could never forget the loving care of our Secretary, Dr. Tupper, during that awful affliction. Everything that could be done for comfort of the sick one - an extra nurse, a wheel chair and many necessary helps were provided and many attentions shown her, all of which was a balm to our hearts in that period of affliction. Dr. Keen did his masterful work without charge. Miss Dr. Bitting, daughter of Dr. C. C. Bitting of the Baptist Publication Society, stood by at the critical times. She had everything that medical skill and loving hearts could bestow.

Within two months the doctor said she could be moved by train to Texas. We arrived safely at Belton and she was soon in the home of father and mother. After a few days erysipelas appeared near the wound and her life was again in danger, but the faithful services of Dr. Lipscomb soon restored her.

Before the wound closed and within three months from the time of the operation, our baby boy, Marquis, was born on the 8th of May, 1892, while the Southern Baptist Convention was in session. He was of good size, healthy, and today is a strong man.

In August we were back in Brazil at work, having been gone only about seven months. Her uncle, Dr. T. P. Crawford, sent her \$100, and the ladies of the Woman's Missionary Union gave her about \$400, saying to me: "Make home pleasant for her." However, instead of buying a horse, buggy and cow as planned, none of which she could manage in my frequent absences, I bought an old ramshackled house, in a cheery place, bay on one side, street car on the other, and converted it into a comfortable home for her, with cocoanut and bread-fruit trees in the yard. By the aid of the street car and her crutches she looked after the interests of the native school and women.

She lived two years in that house and some of the flowers she planted decked her grave. Another internal sarcoma drained away her life. I sold the home for twice what it cost and applied the amount in her memory to foreign missions, delivering to Dr. Willingham the last \$600 the day I married the second time.

Today she sleeps under the palms in the British Cemetery at Bahia, awaiting the resurrection.

#### LIV. TRIP TO PERNAMBUCO AND MACEIÓ

Ex-priest Teixeira had moved to Maceió shortly after Bro. Bagby moved to Rio. He had been preaching in Maceió about a year. Maceió is 300 and Pernambuco is 400 miles on coast North from Bahia. It was in 1884. Sr. Mello Lins had been converted attending the Presbyterian meetings. He wrote to Teixeira about immersion; he advised him to write to me. As I wished to visit Sr. Teixeira at Maceió, I arranged the trip to both places, going first to Pernambuco.

I conferred with both pastors there about Sr. Mello Lins. I stayed with Mr. Fanstone, Congregational pastor. He recommended highly Sr. Mello Lins, as having given good evidence of being a Christian. I then examined Sr. Lins and took him to be a changed man. He was of Dutch descent, handsome, of more than ordinary intelligence, married and having several children.

There was no Baptist church there, so I did what all missionaries are bound to do with new converts, just as Phillip baptized the eunuch without consulting any church, for there was none close to consult. Several



of Mr. Fanstone's members accompanied us out to a stream on the street car line, where he was baptized.

Desiring to be with him longer and perceiving that he might be called to preach, I invited him to go down to Maceió with me, where he would meet his old friend, and now brother, Teixeira. We planned for meetings nightly, in which he took part. He remained long after the meetings, going interior, where he had relatives.

Sr. Teixeira's father, though having heard the gospel through his son, was still a devout Catholic with all his house. He was a fisherman and would bring his son a fish every morning and would remain till breakfast. I led him on a little each morning till he admitted the religion was all right, but that, having been baptized already, he would not submit to another. His heart was not yet changed, though his mind was grasping the truth. After leaving, a month or two, his son wrote to me to return and baptize his father and ordain Sr. Mello Lins. As I could not go then he did the work for both of them. Sr. Teixeira died after six years of service, having raised up a church of about 80 members, in Maceió, and close around.

John Baptist was sent to take up the work there.

Some troubles appeared in the church, and he asked my help. So I made a second journey. In the meantime Sr. Teixeira's mother and her companion, Escolastica, had embraced the gospel and had their big lettered Testament well worn with use. Old Sr. Teixeira was one of the first to visit me and lament the troubles in the church, saying: "Examine everything and if I am found a burden or offense to the church cut me off; one privilege only shall I ask, that is: Let me stand at this side door, in order to hear my pastor's voice." I had already heard enough about his saintly life to assure him that if all were like him, the church would have no troubles.

Bro. John Baptist and his wife, Dona Valeriana, who led the music, and in every other way was a most faithful Christian, did good work and had some severe persecutions.

On visiting Pernambuco a second or third time I found a leper baptized in the church. From this brother Bro. Entzminger is supposed to have taken the leprosy, causing him to lose nearly two years from his work, but was finally healed at Kerrville, Texas, by Dr. Isadore Dyer, dean of Tulane University, New Orleans, La. Many doubted that Bro. Entzminger ever had the leprosy. While

in N.O., being treated by Dr. Dyer, I asked him if he had it. "So my books record," was his reply. "And did you heal him?" "It is so recorded in my books," was the reply again.

#### LV. CATHOLIC CHAPEL NOW BAPTIST CHURCH

At Rio Largo, on railroad, several miles out from Maceió, the large Pereira family, kin to Mello Lins, were brought into the light of the gospel through his instrumentality. One or two of the sons, then grown men with families, were converted. The mother remained bitterly opposed. One day finding Sr. Mello Lins in a room talking to one of the sons, she beat him and ran him off. But the sons remained firm and finally she toned down sufficiently to allow her son's chapel to be made into a Baptist Church, if they would let the cross remain. The neighbors however took it up. Rumors were scattered that the Baptists were going to destroy the Cross and to protect it they assembled at the chapel one night and there awaited the attack. The Baptists did not appear; they took more and more to drinking, and so fell upon one another, then fled home. When calm had settled, the owners through John Baptist invited me to come up and dedicate the chapel. Several brethren accompanied me

from Bahia, besides the crowd from the locality; we had a glorious time in converting an idol chapel into a Baptist church.

At first the opposition in this community was simply fierce. A man came several miles from Pau Amarello to beat me; he was converted and brought many of his neighbors to Christ. Bro. C. D. Daniel on one occasion outwitted a band of persecutors, who searched the train for him.

#### LVI. BATTLE OF GUARARAPES

Some ten or fifteen miles South of Pernambuco is where the Thermopolae of Brazilian independence was fought, 1665. Joao Fernandes, the Brazilian hero, had led the Brazilian forces for three years, returning interior when the Dutch were too strong for him. He was shot and wounded by one of his own men, but he led on against all foes till the victorious battle, lasting a day and night at a pass called Guararapes, between the mountain and the sea. They fought and bled like tigers.

Haupt, the Dutch general, fell back into the city and asked an armistice, which resulted in the retirement of the Dutch from Brazil. Joao Fernandes received some 75 keys to all the buildings, fortresses, stores, etc. This story is graphically told by Robert Southey in his

History of Brazil. In Bahia and Pernambuco states are still to be seen the strongest forts and improvements made by the Dutch.

#### LVII. SECOND MARRIAGE

On my return to the United States in 1895 I met Miss Laura G. Barton, of Navasota, on furlough from North China, where she had been a missionary for five years. We were married at the Texas Baptist State Convention, Belton, by Dr. R. J. Willingham, then Secretary of our Foreign Mission Board.

We returned by Atlanta, Ga., where my two oldest children were put in the Military school of Gen. T. Looney her cousin. On arrival at Bahia she met my two youngest children, to all of whom she was ever a faithful mother. Of her own work, especially of her school work she has a chapter in this book.

#### LVIII. AMONG THE ISLANDS

Here is a week's work among the islands in the Bay of Bahia of the most precious weeks of my life. There are 29 islands altogether. The bay is about 20 x 25 miles. We made one trip before and had sold out all our stock of Bibles, evangelical books and distributed all our tracts. Though only half the week was gone, we thought best to return home and come again properly furnished with books.

So having hired a sail boat, and a skilled boatman and pilot, we set out to begin where we left off. Bro. Clodoaldo, colporter, and John Baptist were my companions.

We once bought a boat, about 20 feet long, for this work, calling it EVANGELINE, but the first year we found it impracticable, on account of the attention it required between times.

Landing at a town we made a fine day's work, going from house to house, selling our Bibles and distributing tracts, inviting all the people out to preaching at night in a house already secured for that purpose. Not many attended. Enemies were ready to persecute and follow us from town to town as they did Paul (Acts 14:19). So next morning we outwitted them by sailing out of their sight, then going to the opposite shore. Again we visited the homes by day and preached at night without interruption. Next day we tacked back and ascended a river two miles to a good sized town. Here we made good sales and had many interesting conversations during the day. At the meeting that night a large crowd assembled. Some who bought Bibles and books showed them to the priest, and he pronounced them "protestant and prohibited". At the

hour for worship we began singing hymns, which ordinarily have much attraction for the people, but that night they were confused. The crowd was off some fifty yards listening to some men discuss Catholic dogmas. They grew more and more boisterous, so we stopped the services and were standing about the doors. I heard one man's voice above the rest saying: "There is no mass, no purgatory in the Bible and you cannot find them in it. I bought the archbishop's Bible from Garnier & Co., Rio de Janeiro, and I do not find in it any pope, mass or purgatory." I said to John Baptist: "They will not hear the gospel, but they are getting something close to it, from one of their townsmen."

In the meantime two men ran in to us and asked if we had been attacked, to whom we said, No. They had on overcoats and we were told that they were armed and had come to defend us. Seeing the people getting more boisterous and no police appearing, we decided to leave: we went to our boat and descended the river half way to the bay and anchored; there we slept the remainder of the night the best we could amongst the mosquitoes.

The next morning, having our breakfast and holding morning worship on the boat, we proceeded to another town,

Sanbara, where lived some acquaintances. Here some had already become interested in the gospel and for awhile we felt we were among friends. Books and tracts were distributed during the day. A meeting place was arranged for the night, but late in the afternoon the walls of a new house fell on two men, injuring them. Rumors soon spread about that God had sent that calamity on account of the Protestants. The opposition was too much for us to have public worship that night.

However, I secured a letter of recommendation to the sheriff of the next town. I found it very helpful to take letters from the Chief of Police or other officials of one town to the next. By bearing such a letter the official would give special attention in maintaining order, sending soldiers to protect us.

The people know little about law, so each locality looks to public officials, their acts being recognized as law. When we have a guard the first time, it is security for us there for the future.

Next day we landed at a town where we were borne on the shoulders of men from boat to shore. I went directly to the first store, where I sold a Bible; I read profusely from its pages, people continually collecting; then I asked



the keeper if he would like to hear one of our songs. The people listened so reverently that I observed to the merchant that by his permission I would close with a short prayer. After the prayer again we offered our books to anyone wishing to buy or accept a tract, inviting all to hear the sermon at night.

Then we visited from house to house. Early that morning a young woman had died and there being no priest there they invited me to hold religious service. Nearly 100 were present to hear the explanation of 1 Cor. 15th chapter, on the resurrection.

One night we preached under some large mango trees, each of the three workers making a short talk. We closed and expected all to retire; they remained standing; we sang another song then taking it by turns again each tried to make plainer the truths on which hang salvation.

Next morning I took a letter to the leading official of another town - Porto da Telha. There we had protection. We spent the day as usual among the people, and at night had a good crowd on the main plaza. It was Friday night, so we finished our week's work in time to get to Bahia before Sunday. When we got to the boat it

was high on land. Having to await the tide, we made an effort to sleep, but the mosquitoes were too pestiferous. Then we got to talking. An old ex-slave, African, had asked permission to go on the boat to Bahia. He had on his body the tribal marks. I asked him to explain how he was brought to Brazil as a slave. His story was that in Africa two tribes went to war and in the battle the other tribe captured him and others, carried them down to the coast and sold them as slaves to white men, who brought them to Brazil. He was 20 years old when sold, and had been in slavery 40 years in Brazil.

The tide soon came in and lifted our boat, so that we were singing, happy over our week's work. How often that week, while sailing among the islands and preaching to the crowds on shore, did I remember the Master on Galilee.

#### LIX. THE SEER OF SANTAREM

On a trip down the coast in our hired boat I came one day to the town of Santarem, seventy-five miles from Bahia. While still in our boat a young man hailed us from the shore, giving us welcome, saying they had been expecting us. We knew no one in the place, but on inquiring the young man told me they had heard of us at

another town and knew we were visiting all the towns, and that sooner or later we would come to their town.

On landing, "Come with me," said he, "I will take you to the president of the Council." The president gave us a welcome; then I was taken to the house of an old man, Joaquim Soares. With great joy he welcomed us when I told him I had come to preach the gospel. The biggest vacant store on the place was secured for preaching at night. There were four of us in the company. By visits in the day time and singing and preaching at night our congregations grew till the fourth night there was not standing room around the door and windows. Each night as we walked home together the old man would exclaim that the sermon was worth one hundred mil reis, ascending each night a hundred, till the fourth night.

That night a candidate was baptized in a pool near his house. He had invited several of his friends to tea after the preaching. The place of honor is at the head of the table, and before he had me occupy it, but that night he said to me, "This place belongs to me tonight," seating me on his right. After serving all he hastily drank his tea, pushed back his chair and announced he had something important to make known to that company.

He began by saying, "I came here ten years ago. Shortly after coming I made known that the slaves were to be free. Nearly all the people became my enemies. One day some men appeared before my door with a rope in their hands. I grabbed my big knife (two feet long), brandishing it above my head, dared them to enter, saying I am good for about a dozen of you before you get me. Wife stood behind the counter with another knife. The men parleyed some time and went off. Not long after that the telegraph flashed the news that the slaves were free in all Brazil.

"Then all the people rushed to my house and congratulated me, throwing up their hats and saying, 'Hurrah for liberty, hurrah for the freed men!' For awhile I was the center of attraction in the town.

"Then I proclaimed the emperor would go down, and a republic be established in Brazil. 'Away with the man,' they said. 'Never shall they put down our emperor, nor set up a protestant republic in our native land.' Again the people hated and shunned me. But time rolled on and it was not long (1889) before the telegraph brought us the news that the emperor had been shipped to Europe and the republic declared. Again the people shouted,

'Hurrah for the republic, hurrah for Sr. Soares!'

"I let them go on for awhile, then announced that the gospel would be preached here in Santarem by foreigners. 'Never!' they cried, 'will the religion of our fathers be supplanted pela religiao protestante!' Again they hated me more than ever. Now," he exclaimed, "the foreigner has come and preached the gospel here in Santarem and you have all heard it with delight."

Then he paused and said, "I have finished my story," and dropping his head became very solemn.

A year after that on revisiting the place I told his grandson, who was not present at the first visit, that story. "Yes," he replied, "Grandfather is now prophesying that this religion is to become universal." I said to him: "Young man, as sure as all three of the first prophecies have come true, as sure as the Word of God is true, this fourth and last prophecy of your grandfather will also come true."

#### LX. SR. CONSTANTINO PACHECO

This brother was born in Itapagipe, suburb of Bahia, 1881. He was educated in private schools up to the age of 16. At 5 he had small pox, which destroyed partially his eye-sight; afterwards he regained it for

awhile, then finally lost it at seventeen.

His father died when he was seven, then living in Plataforma. His mother, himself and three sisters remained in that place. He lived near the place of worship and would often go at night and listen at the windows. He began to examine the Bible, getting some friend to read to him. He recognized his lost condition. He listened with wonder at the truths of the Bible, which he never knew before. He left off smoking, drinking and other vices. His family was against him then, tearing up his Bible for wrapping paper in the store.

After examination and study for five months he was converted and baptized in 1901. I tried to get him into the Institute for the Blind in Rio, but he was above the age limit. Dr. Silvado Brazil, director, generously offered him a writing machine and instruction book, Braille system. In a short time he was reading and writing in Portuguese. The American Bible Society had printed in the above mentioned Institute the Gospel of John, and Mr. Tucker, Agent, gave him a copy. He read this many times over and wished for more books.

The priests had secured the expulsion of that director, because he printed the Gospel of John on the

Institute presses, so I could get nothing more for him from that source. One day I told Sr. Constantino that if he would learn English I could get him all the books he wished. In Mrs. Taylor's school he acquired a practical knowledge of English in one year. I sent and got him six textbooks, all of which he mastered in a very short time. Finally I secured for him through Mr. Uttley, agent of the B. & F. B. Society a copy of the whole raised letter Bible in English. He takes delight now in reading for himself, as well as instructing others in the wonderful words of God to men.

He has a good mind, well stored with useful knowledge. He is independent, making a living by teaching school, mending clocks and sewing machines, makes fish seines, toys for children, valises, etc. He plays the organ in church or at street preaching and is a good and safe preacher and leader in the church at Plataforma.

He went with me on long journeys interior, where he delights to ride horseback. I always paid his traveling expenses, but no salary. It was beautiful to see some of the churches show their appreciation of him by making up a purse for him here and there.

He knows many hymns. Once I asked him how many

he knew by heart. He said he had kept account up to 66, but that he had committed many to memory since then. He has read quite all the evangelical books we have in Portuguese. I lent him Paradise Lost and the more costly books which he could not buy; and his mother, sister or some friend read them to him. All his family also became devoted Christians.

On my last five weeks' campaign about Areia, he accompanied me, preaching and playing the organ. At times one could hear people exclaim: "Miracle!" as he read out of the English and spoke to the people in his native Portuguese. The houses would not hold the people, so we put the little organ, table and benches outside in front of the house, and quite all the people would stand during the whole service.

Once we were passing over the bay on the steamer that plies from Bahia to Nazareth. The governor, his secretaries, doctors and others who knew English wished to hear him read his Bible and play on the organ, which he did to their satisfaction. Afterward I went below to rest, leaving Sr. Constantino with the passengers above. As they talked Sr. Constantino overheard the governor say: "Mr. Taylor has done all that for him." He then asked



permission to reply to the governor. He told him it was true that I had aided him in procuring books and making opportunities for him, for which he was thankful, but that God had given him intelligence, which he had cultivated, but more than all God had given him salvation, and that had illuminated his mind and soul.

The governor listened kindly to his explanation, and always hailed him as comrade whenever we traveled together.

#### LXI. REV. S. L. GINSBURG

On my third visit to Pernambuco I met brother Ginsburg. He was pastor of the Congregational church there. Knowing that I was coming he went out to meet me in a boat and invited me to his lodging place. He had already become interested on the subject of immersion. Every day and night I was there he was inquiring about one and another passage of Scripture on that point. He said how he came to first doubt sprinkling was that he attempted to show from the Scripture that immersion was wrong. The examination proved his own position untenable.

He was still reasoning out of the Old Testament. I said to him: "Bro. Ginsburg, you being a Jew, became a Christian through the New Testament. Would you go back

to the Jewish Scriptures or go on with Christ?" Showing me his ordination certificate, signed by Grattan Guinness, an open communion Baptist, a Presbyterian, and an Episcopalian, "That is all right is it not?" I replied, "If you are not baptized, how can you be ordained?"

When I left he said: "If I come out convinced after full investigation, look out for me down at Bahia." Sure enough, it was not long before he wired me to look out for him on a certain steamer. When he appeared before the church he told of his conversion in London, how the other Jews with whom he was living beat him with a broom; how his father, a Jewish Rabbi, had disinherited him, and how he became a Baptist.

I baptized him and afterward Bro. Entzminger and I ordained him. That was over twenty years ago. He is cosmopolitan, goes everywhere. He has many gifts, both natural and spiritual, but of all he is an evangelist. He can get a crowd anywhere, everywhere, organizer, writes voluminously both prose and poetry, sells more books, sings well, in fact perhaps there is not another in all the mission field that is his superior in activity. He is never more pleased than in discussion, and it seems he was called for this epoch to combat Romanism, the

priests especially. He has been shot at, imprisoned and combatted by the priests openly and secretly.

I published his first 30 hymns, about 1890; afterwards he continued to add more hymns and publish edition after edition till it has reached the 16th. Early it took precedence over all other hymn books among Baptists.

#### LXII. SHOWERS OF BLESSING

I received a letter from a man on Rio Salsa, saying: "Several neighbors and myself have been reading the Bible, we believe in Jesus as our Savior, and we want to be baptized and pay the tenth."

Having arranged a long trip interior on the San Francisco river, I laid the letter aside, intending to look up the place on that trip, supposing Rio Salsa to be one of the many tributaries of the San Francisco river. Later my mind recurred to the letter. Examining the map I found Rio Salsa to be in a different direction, 200 miles South on the coast.

Immediately I replied to Sr. Antonio Correa de Carvalho, the writer, giving an explanation of repentance and regeneration as requisites for baptism. I also sent tracts on those subjects. Then I wrote marking a date at which to visit them. On getting a reply I embarked

on an ocean vessel and within 24 hours I was at the port of Cannavieiras, largest chocolate export town in the world at that time.

Without making my mission known, I hired a boat and went thirty miles, first up the Pardo river, then into the Salsa. Slept overnight at a ranch. Next day the river got very narrow, over which trees would lap, and over which monkeys, panthers and other animals would cross the stream. On the banks could be seen fresh signs of the tapir, which feeds in bogs. Overhead flew parrots, macaws, toucans, also the 5 and 7 colored birds.

On the low lands along the margins of the river were the select lands for chocolate trees. Since then the people discovered that trees would grow on the uplands, though not so productive. The floods in the lowlands destroy often the crops and the uplands produce with more regularity.

I arrived at the home of Sr. Antonio about 2 o'clock. The men were out, but his wife and mother, Dona Paulina, entertained me, taking me to be a surveyor, or other government official. Shortly the men returned and I handed Sr. Antonio the two letters he had written me. As soon as he recognized his own letters and that I

was the man sent for, he embraced me as did the others, rejoicing. This whole story is a repetition of Cornelius sending for Peter. After the preliminary conversation they went out and invited all the neighbors to preaching that night. Messages and letters were sent to friends at a distance.

For the first time in my experience I found every man, woman and child in the community heartily favorable to the gospel, and the ever present element of persecution in all other places was absent there at that time. The evening services extended far into the night. The morning family worship gradually grew into a public service, for none wished to miss any part of the explanation of the Word of God.

I began with the new birth, expounding in succession the ordinances, the duties of Christians to withdraw from the world and live righteously, the Church and its obligations to spread the gospel in all the world.

They were captivated by the gospel songs. I taught and sang till my voice gave out. At 11 o'clock one night, when I had terminated service, several of them lined up before me, including an old man, and begged me to sing with them just one more song. In the room

where I preached sacks of chocolate beans were stored in one corner, in a receding angle, reaching to the rafters. The men and boys occupied those sacks for seats, the women and children sat on the mats spread on the floor.

All work except the preparation of meals was given up. The farinha mill was close to this house, headquarters for the community, and most of the neighbors came to make their farinha as they needed it. One of the men had killed 28 wild hogs a few days before my arrival. I accompanied the men down to the river one day to catch fish. The river at that point was small. About a log which had fallen across the river they made a dam of brush, then with a seine they came down the river to the dam, taking in all 153 fish, from a foot to 18 inches in length. There were enough for all, including the neighbors. Many of them were dried, making them last several days.

The house was on the first hill as one comes from the lowlands of the river to the mountains. Dona Paulina, mother of the chief man, was over 70. She possessed a royal spirit and a magnanimous nature. Her son-in-law had been mixed up with the out-law element of the community, having committed murder, and a ring leader of

brawls. He had to flee the country once, to evade arrest. While out hiding in a distant part of the state he found a Bible with which he passed his idle hours. Finally he returned home with the Bible, resolving to live a different life. Collecting his friends on Sundays they made it a study, with the result that all of them were converted, then it was that the letter was written.

I had been preaching to them about ten days, when I told them I must depart soon; that all who felt a change of heart and life by the gospel could present themselves for examination as to their Christian evidence. The missionary of today has the same authority as the first preachers when there were no churches to receive the converts. Peter baptized Cornelius and all those on whom the Holy Spirit had fallen; Phillip baptized the eunuch; Paul baptized the jailer. The first preachers have to baptize the first converts till enough are baptized to form a church. However, a missionary would go beyond his authority to baptize candidates within easy reach of a Baptist church, without the authority of the church.

Nine presented themselves and gave evidence of regeneration. We went down to the river, and I was baptizing, when a commotion among the people occurred. The

newly baptized were received by those on the banks with shouting. As I came up out of the water I found the people weeping, praising God and embracing each other. One man was deeply convicted of sin, and having retired from the others was down on his knees by a sapling. I went to him and heard him imploring mercy. I told him God is merciful and if he would give up every known sin, God would forgive him. Then kneeling beside him I prayed God would help him to confess and abandon all his sins.

Later I found he was living with a woman to whom he had not been married. He confessed his sin, and agreed to marry the woman, though much his inferior.

As we started back to the house, a brother on each side took me by the arms assisting me up the hill through the chocolate trees. One was an old man, Sr. Simeon, perhaps 80 years old. As he held me by the arm he said: "Bro. Taylor when you return, wife and I will be baptized." I replied that I did persuade people to accept Christ, but did not persuade them to be baptized, however life is uncertain, we may be called away any time, and that obedience to God's commands was of the first importance. We spent most of that night examining those who had been converted down by the river side.



Next day I led down into the same river nine more, among whom were this old man and his wife. As I pronounced the baptismal formula he repeated it after me and just as the waters closed over his head he finished the Amen.

When I had baptized the nine, a young man with pants rolled up and standing in the edge of the water called out to me: "Sr. Taylor I want to be baptized also." Acting as moderator in the middle of the stream, I called the eighteen to my aid, asking them if they believed in the sincerity of the young man, and after asking him if he had taken Jesus as his Savior, I beckoned him to come on. Thus on the first visit and after ten days of preaching I baptized nineteen, something I never did before nor since. I preached in Cannavieiras at different times during seven years but never baptized one there though there were several applications.

True to their promise of the tenth, before I left next day they had put into my hands \$250. That has now been (1919) nearly twenty years and in one of the last numbers of the Jornal Baptista is recorded that Sr. Correa had sent in \$10 tenth money, and his wife \$3.50 also her tenth.

The next year I returned to baptize more and organize the church. This church maintained the record of one, if not the most spiritual of all our churches. The son of Sr. Correa, Isaias, a lad then, was converted, called to the ministry and has completed the whole course of six (7) years in our seminary at Rio. He will serve one of the prosperous churches in Bahia.<sup>71</sup>

For several years after the conversion of Sr. Correa the Dist. Judge at Cannavieiras was absent on account of sickness. When he returned I visited him. He was rejoicing over the change he found on his arrival home. Said he: "Sr. Taylor, both wife and I have been converted to your faith through the lives of these believers. I left the city for several years; when I returned I expected to hear of continued disturbances from their section; instead when I inquired about them I heard of the great change that had come over them through the gospel. Then I talked with them and found out for my own satisfaction. Formerly that was the most turbulent part of my district, now it is the most peaceful."

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<sup>71</sup>Died since the above sentence was written, from snake-bite.

## LXIII. VILIA DO CONDE

A sister Anna was converted in Bahia at fifty years of age, also her daughter. She applied herself immediately to learn to read. Within two or three years her daughter married. So sister Anna set out to her old home, one hundred and fifty miles distant at Villa do Conde, on the coast, North of Bahia. I supplied her with Bibles, tracts, etc.

On her arrival at Conde she began to pick out the words of the Gospel, but her niece, Angelina, a girl of fifteen, who could read very well, offered to read for her. From Sunday to Sunday the women came, and then the men to the windows and door to listen to the reading of the words of Jesus. So many came that sister Anna asked her cousin to read. He would read in a plain flowing voice chapter after chapter, with a comment now and then by sister Anna, calling attention, or in explanation.

Soon the sister wrote me saying a number wished to be baptized. Accompanied by Bro. Francisco Borges, one of the first preachers, I went up in 1888. Going to the end of the railroad above Alagoinhas we had to ride eight leagues, on horses sent for us. On arrival I visited the officials first as was my custom, on going to a new place,

and some of them attended preaching. We remained twelve or fifteen days preaching at night. During the time of the empire we could not baptize in public, so the last Sunday I baptized at midnight three in the river close by, with attendance of only a few friends. Angelina and her mother were the first; it was in their house that we held the meetings. On our way back home the man who accompanied us gave us evidence of a change of heart and asked to be baptized; so at noon at a stream I baptized him, Bro. Borges being the only witness.

Next year the sister wrote me to return again, that twelve more wished to be baptized. Bro. Joaquim Britto, son of a priest and colporter, accompanied me this time. Everything went off well till Sunday. We had examined the dozen candidates and decided that eight had a change of heart. This, 1889, was the first year of the republic, and to put it into practice we announced the baptizing at 4 p.m. Sunday in the river, by the side of which the town is built.

There were two political parties, the one in power protecting us the liberal; the priest belonged to the opposing party, the conservative. So the motive to persecute us was a double one. The priest found his tool

in a certain stockman, called Zezé, short for Joseph. At 4 p.m., we gathered with some seven hundred people, about fifty of this number being henchmen of Zezé. They met us with whoops and yells. Taking my stand close to the water I began to read the Bible, but my voice was drowned by theirs. Then we tried to sing. Zezé himself came up near and putting his mouth close to my ear yelled: "Get out of here you rascal!" Finding all efforts useless we resolved to stand it out. In the meantime Zezé waited till he got three sisters close to the river and running against them knocked them all into the water. At this many women shrieked and a general confusion set in. I went into the river and brought them all to land. Then seeing the confusion of men and women running to and fro I knelt, stretching out my hands to heaven in prayer. Rising I took my place with the brethren on a knoll close to the water, which served as a landing. It sloped up from the river where the opposition took their stand. The sheriff beckoned me to come out, and as I turned my face, he sent a friend with a message: "Come out for I have only four police and am not able to protect you against that crowd of drinking men. I refused to retreat, for I was reared

on a farm and always noticed that every dog in the community will sally out after a fleeing dog.

So we stood our ground. Zezé sent off and got some rum which he offered us, saying: "Pastor won't you have a drink?" No. "Colporter won't you have a drink?" No. "Well then we'll baptize you." So sling-  
ing the bottle around, the contents fell on us. Zezé had been waiting to get me and Britto in line between him and the river. He had on boots that came above his knees and was tipsy already, so catching his opportunity he made a rush down that slope, arms wide open. As he came to Britto first his arm struck him but Britto dodged and Zezé, losing his balance, his left hand struck me, but I lowered my head and he passed on without us, splash into the river.

The drunken crowd laughed and yelled and as soon as he came up out of the water accompanied him to a house to get dry clothes. While they were gone I led down the candidates two at a time. The bad boys ran up each time and threw mud into the sisters' hair. I extended my hands, one protecting each head, whereupon the boys slung mud at my head. I baptized the seven women and came up for the brother, who was just descending the bank, his

mother having come and taken him away, rather he followed her a piece and told her to go on home, he was determined to obey Jesus. Then I baptized him. Only one old man of the seven hundred people remained to the end. We got back to our place and I was washing that mud out of my hair, when the sheriff sent for me in an adjoining house. He made his regrets that he could not protect us, to which I replied that he had done just right, for I had baptized all without bloodshed. "But now," he said, "I would advise you not to preach publicly tonight; those men are drinking and priming themselves, saying they are going to put you out tonight." "Now sheriff," said I, "that is right, I can take your counsel, only I have a marriage to perform." "But," said he, "can you not perform that in some side room?" "Yes," said I. So returning I notified the brethren and the couple to be married to hasten; with the certificate already filled out I sat in the rear room. The bride soon came in, but the groom tarried. I sent him word three times, the last time that if he did not appear immediately his marriage would not be effected.

Just then sister Anna came running down the corridor saying: "Run, run, here they come!" I darted out the back door, the bride and the others in the room

accompanying me to the house of a friend just across the street. It was about dark. The men rushed in, tore down the lights, broke the chairs and tables, dishes, water jars, even entering into private rooms tore up a Bible. Less than fifty yards away we could hear the blows and yells. I knelt with the others, continuing for some ten minutes, or as long as I heard the noise. When the men broke up all they could find in the house where we held the preaching, they ran out the same door we did into the street, inquiring where we had gone. Fortunately some one told them, "Down this street to the woods." So they pursued we do not know how far out into the woods. When I realized the quiet, I closed the prayer. On rising some twenty more arose. I recognized the groom among them and bringing the pair together I celebrated a hasty wedding. Then while friends gave congratulations, I signed the certificate, saying: "Now I have finished the work I came to do, and am ready to return home."

One suggested that most of the company retire, for he said if they catch us all together there will be a massacre. Bro. Britto and myself, with two others remained in that house. We sat there nearly an hour, Bro. Britto planning, in case the door were battered to climb



a cocoanut tree, or go onto the roof of the house. However the tension was broken by a gentle rap at the door and the owner opening, the sheriff's brother asked if those men were there. On learning we were there he said: "Tell them to come here quickly." I had my hat and umbrella in hand, but Bro. Britto went out bareheaded. Accompanying the man we were led by the back door into his house, where he said we were safe. His wife stared at us asking: "How can you stand such treatment?" I replied: "Lady, if you will read the New Testament you will find the apostles suffered the same way for preaching Jesus as the Savior."

Policemen were posted at the door, where they remained all night. Of all the bemeaning that ever the priests got, they had it that night from those soldiers. We were given hammocks. Bro. Britto was soon asleep but I do not remember dozing, at the thought of what would become of the believers, left to the mercy of those wolves.

Next morning at 3 o'clock the sisters were all present, having brought coffee. We knelt and among sobs I commended them to an all merciful God. At 4 the mules were ready, so Bro. Britto and I mounted and rode away, accompanied only by the muleteer. We expected to be way-laid on the road, but God had diverted the persecutors.

Sure enough, the lion broke loose and our brethren were subjected to the most inhumane treatment. Sister Anna died three months after from bruises received the day she was thrown into the river. A drunken man whose wife became a Christian, beat her till she lost her child. Besides many losses they were threatened with being tied on backs of wild animals and turned loose in the forest. The church finally fled bodily to a community near Valenca.

Now comes the sequel. That man Zezé<sup>1</sup> never got any mental rest from that time on. He said it was a mystery to him how the believers suffered such bad treatment without retaliating; that when he realized that that was the power of real Christianity he accepted it himself, and was baptized in that same river, just twenty-four years after that first persecution.

#### LXIV. THE CITY OF BARRA

This city is about 500 miles west of Bahia on the San Francisco River. The vicar there had left the Romish church. The sheriff was a friend of the gospel. My two companions were Bible sellers, Sr. Dyonisio, and Sr. Emiliano, who was our guide.

Bro. Emiliano lived at Queimadas on the railroad from Bahia to Joazeiro. There we got animals and took

Jacobina in on our way, visiting it for the third time. Here we contracted for five mules and a muleteer, the owner also accompanying. We had two boxes of Bibles, tracts and religious books. One day the mule lay down in a stream and caused us to delay, in drying the books. It took us nine days to make the trip. It was January, the hottest and driest month in the year. For three or four days the old man started out late and stopped early. I saw he was weakening the animals to our discomfort, so I proposed to manage the mules, saying to him that they would be in better shape on arriving at Barra than they were then.

Next morning we were in our saddles at sun up. At 11 we camped by some stream till 3 or 4 p.m. Starting again we went till 8, and so repeating every day, traveling in the cool and resting in the hottest hours. A house was seldom seen, and those we saw were mostly squatters - people who caught on here and there, wherever they could eke out a living, mostly from hunting and collecting fruits from the forest. Here we saw and heard the wild rhea, small ostrich, and the sare-eima, a fowl larger than a turkey. Instead of gobbling of mornings it sang, something like a peafowl. At nights we heard stories from the people about panthers, the boas and anacondas, the tapir, monkeys, etc.

One of the stories was this: A panther had killed a yearling and had dragged it to a cavern. The owner called the neighbors to come help kill it. When they met at the pit, one suggested stopping up the cavern, another of smoking it out, finally one said: "Give me the lantern." So going in he shined the eyes of one, killed it and dragged it out saying: "There is another," and returning he soon shot and killed the second and brought it out; returning he brought out a third.

Another: Many mules were being killed in a certain territory. An offer had been made by a large stock owner of 200 mil reis to any one who would kill the panther; others offered smaller sums. A drought drove to this section a young man and his family. One day he had gone to the forest to collect cocoanuts and other fruits. Upon his return his little dog went off a short distance to a carcass. A big panther followed him back to his master. On seeing it the wife asked for the ax, he remaining with the pistol. They waited till the animal got within a few feet of them. The man took aim and fired the deadly shot into the panther's heart. It dropped dead. The man had to get help to drag it to the house. It was the largest panther ever seen by the oldest inhabitant,

and so all concluded it to be the destroyer of the mules. It would catch a mule and twist its neck till broken. The man got his premiums and was so satisfied that he took to hunting as a business, and would hunt them in their lairs the darkest nights. He trapped one alive, by putting up barricades at a niche in a steep place where he tied a goat. He called many people into the forest to see his live panther.

One day I discovered a small animal running in the road. When I galloped up to it, it closed up its shell and proved to be a Ball Armadillo. The shell is now in the museum of Baylor University.

Another day we saw ahead of us in the path an animal as large as a dog. "Ant eater"! I drew my Winchester from the case and rushed toward it, but Bro. Emiliano pled with me not to shoot it, saying he would kill it with a stick. "All right", I said, "but I am not going to let it get away." It climbed a tree two feet thick, walked slowly from one limb to another, then down a vine which passed close to the water. When it came within reach sure enough Bro. Emiliano killed it with a stick. I agreed to dress it if he would cook it. We had a delightful breakfast. I examined its tongue.

and suppose it to have been over a foot long. With the tongue it fishes down into the ant holes; when it is covered full of ants it is drawn into the mouth. Those ants are perhaps the greatest of all pests. They destroy so badly the mandioca, bread of Brazil, that they are called the mandioca ant.

The Capivary is a water hog, and the paca is an animal combining the qualities of rabbit and pig, fine meat. Parrots and macaws in flocks flew over us.

We crossed the great San Francisco river 800 miles from its mouth, where it was over a mile wide, landing in the city of Barra on Saturday. The ex-priest had married a teacher. He came to the shore where we were, examined our books, talked a little and was off again.

We soon met Sr. Emiliano's old friend, Capt. Quintino Rabello, who offered us a vacant house, where we could sleep, eat and hold our meetings. On Sunday morning we were holding our first meeting. I began preaching to a few who came in. The priest, an Italian, had been plotting against us all morning. He told the people they must make their choice. If they allowed me to remain, he would leave that day. The rabble came and filled our house as if to see and hear before acting.

Bro. Emiliano had risen on the first provocation, addressing them as fellow citizens, asking them to listen first to what the preacher had to say before they passed judgment.

About that time in rushed the District Judge, followed by the District Attorney, asking for Sr. Taylor. When I was pointed out to him, he approached and told me that the people had come to put me out, and that as a friend he asked me to desist preaching to avoid bloodshed. In a flash it came home to me the time Christ was asked to retire from Gadara. I replied, "Yes, for the gospel is not preached in blood, and as Jesus had done on a similar occasion I also would do, certain of the fact that He would open the way when they were ready to receive it."

"You will retire then?" he reiterated. "Yes," "When?" "On the first steamer passing down the river." "All right", and turning around to the crowd he cried: "Out now every one, he will not preach, out to your homes." The house was vacated, and when all had disappeared the sheriff came to the door asking what had happened. I told him. He replied: "You have a right to preach and I am here to guarantee you." "No", I said, "Captain, the gospel is not preached in blood and I was assured by the Dist.

Judge that it would be if I continued." So after persuasion he quieted down.

For three days and nights he had our house guarded by police, but we could scarcely find anyone who would bring us water from the river. However, many of the best citizens came to express their sympathies, bought Bibles and books, some even carried off copies to sell for us.

Among those who came was Dr. Joaquim Paranaguá, who bought a copy of every book we had, also asking pardon for the misdirected zeal of his countrymen. The Dist. Attorney was with him and bought several books. Privately I visited the stores and public places and secured in three days 30 subscribers for our monthly paper.

Capt. Rabello and his brother, like the Magi, were willing to honor Christ as the Messiah, but never followed Him openly themselves. A Bible seller, 20 years past had gone up the San Francisco river, offering his Bibles. No one at Barra wished to buy, so he gave a copy to Capt. Rabello, who was the only man willing to take one as a gift. He carried it out to his farm, where he and his brother read it Sundays, comparing the difference in its teachings with those of the priest. They built a house where they kept that Bible sacred, visiting the place



regularly to study it. They were weaned off from the Catholic church, and lived, rather believed as the Bible taught. While neither of these men came out publicly for Christ, when the gospel finally reached them, still they were friends and a support to us; however, their families did, and a Baptist church has long flourished at Barra.

Dr. Paranaguá<sup>1</sup> embarked on the same vessel with me and we formed a friendship, which has continued to this day. He had been elected Congressman from the state of Piahy, and was on his way, for the first time I think, to Rio de Janeiro. Through his friendship I had that of the Captain and the Inspector. We were three days getting to Joazeiro. Dr. Paranaguá<sup>1</sup> soon told me he was convinced of the truth of the Bible as I preached it. At nights he arranged preaching, the inspector inviting persons from the shore, so that standing on the deck of the vessel I preached to the people, some on land, some on the vessel. This was about 1896. Dr. Paranaguá<sup>1</sup> remained in Congress nine years, then six years as senator, then several years as Treasurer of the National Printing Press. As he returned home between sessions he interested his brother, Col. Benjamin, who on coming to Bahia annually with his 2,000 head of cattle, would come and attend worship. He

bought boxes of Bibles and evangelical books which he distributed among his friends. Soon there was a general acceptance of the gospel in the state of Piauhy.

#### LXV. SANTA RITA

Two years had passed. The good news had reached Santa Rita, 20 leagues above the City of Barra, on Black River (Rio Preto). Persecution brings out brave spirits, like night brings out the stars. Teixeirense and Docca had written asking me to visit their town. In the meantime the Italian priest at Barra had so fanaticized the rabble that the better class of citizens had the archbishop remove him. On arrival, the new vicar was told to go back, that he (the Italian) was holding the place of vicar in Barra. So upon his return the archbishop asked and got 30 soldiers of the government, to go and dispossess the Italian. When he heard that the soldiers were drawing near he fled down stream with several nuns in a boat. He went down the river, below Joazeiro, to a Spanish priest, who was busy making powder, smuggling it to Antonio Conselheiro, the religious fanatic, who at that time was in rebellion against the government. But the Spanish priest soon found that the Italian was usurping his powers and ousted him. The Italian was heard to say

that his own had treated him so badly, he would join the Baptists, if he had not used them so roughly.

To make a journey 700 miles interior required in 1896 about as long as to arrange such an itinerary in the United States, say a year. After making all the arrangements my youngest son Marquis, four years old had the yellow fever, on the date I had set to start. Wife and I talked and prayed over the matter. She was the doctor and doing all that could be done. When the last moment came for decision I said: "What shall we do?" She said, "Go, I will take care of him," to which I added, "in case he dies bury him in the Foreign cemetery."

News came from Barra also that the people had changed, and were ready for the gospel. This time I went by rail to Joazeiro, thence by steamship to Barra. John Baptist and Clodoaldo, colporter, were my companions. After preaching to the churches in Joazeiro and Petrolina we boarded the ship for Barra. For a day or two we had an amusing time with a priest, vicar at Remanso, the first big town on the river. We three evangelicals captured the good will of the passengers, much to the concealed disgust of the vicar. Having secured the friendship of the captain on a former voyage, he showed me every

honor, giving me the head of the table, seating the vicar about midway down one side.

The days were beautiful. Men were scattered about the boat in groups, conversing and watching the changing scenery of the landscape. The priest watched every group into which one of my company fell. Coming around he would say: "Look at the beautiful scene!" Again if he saw one of ours holding the attention of the group, as he himself did not want to hear what we were saying, he would break off and say: "I must be off" to this or that place.

I often carried pictures of my family. I showed them to the priest; "this is my son; this my little daughter; and this is my wife." Then said I to him: "Mr. Vicar, we evangelicals are more fortunate than you priests; we can have our lawful wives and children in our homes." "Yes," he said, "it is very pretty." When he disembarked at Remanso he had the politeness to invite us to visit him on our return. At this place, as well as at Pilao Arcado and Chique-Chique we landed, visiting friends and scattering tracts, promising on our return to stop and preach.

Arriving at Barra, from which place I had been expelled two years before, the people received us with open arms. The change was almost as sudden as that of

the people at Lystra toward Paul. The Italian priest had killed himself with the people and the vicar made no open opposition. We preached a week, being often invited to private houses for conversation or a sermon.

Finding a boat going up the river we took passage on it for Santa Rita. The boat was about 25 feet long, with seven men to push it with their long poles, three on each side and one at the helm. Bro. Clodoaldo cast out his hook and caught several fish, among them the biting fish called Piranha. It is dangerous to bathe in this river on account of this fish, which will attack people in the water. Great alligators and water hogs could be seen on the shores. Early one morning a panther swam across the river just ahead of us, as I fired my Winchester three times. On this trip I also shot and killed two lizards, one of the rusty kind, (some are two feet long) and one of the scorpion kind, three feet long. One of these last, stuffed, I sent to Baylor Museum.

The Iguana, of the lizard family, grows to five or six feet in length. Around the homes they will eat eggs and little chickens.

I bore letters to the Dist. Judge, who insisted that I should eat and sleep at his house. We ate there

but I begged to sleep at the court house, where our trunks were, and where we held meetings every night, passing the day with the people. We sold quite all our books; scarcely a family remained without a Bible. Happily the vicar was absent and we met no opposition till the last night, when the sheriff retired, leaving a deputy. Some of the baser sort sent him word we would be attacked that night. So when I arrived I found out in front of the building this deputy who advised me not to preach. While standing there a friend, Sr. Angelo, came up and inquired what was the matter. I told him. Then turning to the deputy he said: "Deputy, if you do not give these men protection in their lawful rights, Santa Rita will be razed to the earth, for this American can report to his consul, and the consul to the United States which will send soldiers down here and erase Santa Rita from the map." The deputy turned to me saying: "You can preach, go in, I will protect you." So preaching went on. We baptized only one on that first trip.

No news had come from Col. Benjamin, at Villa do Corrente, twenty leagues further, where we expected to go; having spent about fifteen days there, and finding passage down the river we embarked for Barra. The wife of the Dist. Judge sent my wife a pair of beautiful macaws. Along

with them we secured two toucans, a bird with a beak one third the size of its body. Of all things, the Brazilians are fond of giving pet birds or animals to friends. Once we were given so many monkeys that we had to turn them loose on our five acre plot covered with large trees and undergrowth. While at meals we could see them, like squirrels, jumping from limb to limb, eating rosins or fruits. They increased to about fifty, but the bad boys soon caught them all in traps. Nearly every house has these pets. I saw one man of ordinary means, who had 37 birds in cages.

On our return we preached again at Barra. We secured passage down the river to Joazeiro on a boat belonging to Sr. Burnette, who bought and sold produce from port to port. Our agreement was to remain in each of the four big towns three or four days, and in the smaller ones in proportion. We stopped in Chique-Chique only long enough to canvass the place with our Bibles and preach one night, as there had occurred there only a short time before a faction. One party took refuge in the Catholic church, the others beseiged it, shooting out the window panes and otherwise damaging the building. The sheriff's house, where I slept, had a bullet hole through a transom in the front door.

The next town was Pilao Arcado, where we preached three nights in the Court House, over the jail, to interested audiences. It was a small room and we were asked to preach on the plaza, where all could hear. But we had such good order that I was not willing to risk it in the street. We distributed many Bibles and tracts and left many friends and a good opening for the future.

Next we came to Remanso. One of the first things I noted was the vicar on a mule hastening through the streets announcing the arrival of the Protestantes, anti-Christo, etc. All our offers of books and tracts were rejected, as I soon saw the people had been fore-warned.

There was no use beating against the wind. I remembered the vicar's invitation and thought best to spend some time with him. When I arrived Bro. John was already there. The priest treated us something like Simon treated the Savior, after having invited Him. Seeing the priest ready to argue, I told him I had not come to disturb him with arguments, the people in the meantime gathering to and inside his house.

I then told him that in order to give him an idea of our principles I would relate my Christian experience, by his permission, to which he assented. While relating



this experience he would interject a word here and there like, "What a good Catholic he would have made," and such other sentences. However it was as good a twenty minute sermon as I ever preached, sitting, and to a vicar and several of his people.

We had spoken for the Court House in which to preach at night. One of the Commissioners, a friend, reasoned with me thus: "Sr. Taylor we can give you the hall, but the priest is opposed to it. Your preaching one night only will make him our life-long enemy." "No," said I, "we will find a private house, whereupon a man offered any one of his three vacant houses. At night the house was crowded. Being detained by important conversation in the home of the Dist. Judge I arrived late to find Bro. John Baptist preaching to the eager crowd. Then I gave an exposition on the Kingdom of God, how to get into it and what to do when in it. We made many friends there, and left, praying the showers on sown seed. Next night we camped beside the river. The mosquitoes were at their worst. We slept little that night. In one of the earliest books on Brazil it is related that a priest was driven to bury his body in the sand, leaving only his nose out, but it does not say how his proboscis fared.

On this river we heard of the 700 lb. hog, big melons, pumpkins, long sugar cane, that would rise to a certain height, then fall, take root, then rise again, repeating this process many times. The ribbon cane there goes to tassel, like corn. I saw a tame young tapir, six months old, two feet high and as gentle as a pet pig.

This river with its many tributaries is the home of the anaconda, said by some to grow 30 feet long, large enough to kill cattle. Our brother, Col. Benjamin, told me how on coming to a stream with his cattle, he would have some one of his men to fire a gun. If there is one near he will bellow, like a gobbler at a boy's whistle. He said he never put the cattle across there if one bellowed, for it would attack them.

We arrived at a village one Sunday. We could stay only three or four hours. What to do, sell Bibles on Sunday or not? For the first time in my life I sold Bibles on Sunday, remembering Christ's saying about doing good on the Sabbath. I reasoned thus: "These people may never get the Bible, if I do not sell them today." So going ashore I took my books as on other days, preaching and selling and distributing as I went. I never sold books at places frequented by Christians, but never failed to

sell them to people whose only hope of getting them seemed that day.

After three months absence I got back home to find my boy well of the yellow fever. Soon after I left, a missionary family, Dr. Butler, Presbyterian, wanted board, and wife took them in. He was a good physician. If I could have received a letter, which I did not in those three months, it would have consoled me. However, I never allowed home affairs to disturb my mind when off in the Lord's service. Wife wrote, but the postmasters, who knew me, on seeing a letter directed to me interior, would say to themselves, I know this man; he does not live out here but in Bahia, and so returned all my letters to Bahia! They are better now than formerly in Brazil, when all mail was poured out in the middle of the floor, each one picking out his mail from the pile.

The trains in Bahia state do not run at night. I have often gotten off the train at 6 p.m., gone to the hotel and next morning after coffee, bounded train again and continue the journey. Most of the lines run only three or four days in the week. I traveled on one train in the state of Alagoas, where they had only two trains a week - lack of trade.

## LXVI. WORK IN SANTA RITA, CONTINUED

John Baptist made a trip to Santa Rita, but had to flee persecution. Bro. Jackson had come to us a short time before this from the Alliance. I baptized him and afterward finding him to be very careful in the reception of members I ordained him. He told me afterward that he had resolved not to baptize any one in whose change of heart he had reason to doubt. He visited Santa Rita and Villa do Corrente, remaining eight months and sowing the gospel broadcast. His expense at that time was next to nothing. The brethren made the expense, transporting him from place to place.

After he was married he made his headquarters at Santa Rita. The membership increased and the gospel got into the lives of the people. Almost the whole population attended the Baptist church, including the Dist. Judge and the Attorney. In an election a Baptist or the one supported by the Baptists was elected. The vicar became friendly, even sending his son to study English with sister Jackson, asking for every new tract that came out. Bro. Jackson preached at Villa do Corrente, 60 miles up the state of Piahy, where the brethren built a comfortable

house of worship, led by Co. Benjamin Paranaguá. These brethren have carried the gospel far out into Goyaz, and brother Jackson had a request from a tribe of Indians to come to them with the gospel.

Co. Benjamin sent me not long before his lamented death, the largest single gift for missions, books and subscriptions to our paper. It was 500 mil reis. Dr. Paranaguá had become a resident at Rio de Janeiro. Visiting his home in Piauhý, he would come to visit me as he passed through Bahía. When I went to Rio, as I did often, he would always have me to visit him at his residence, where I was introduced to his friends by him as "my pastor". He married a Swiss Protestant lady. On one of his trips to Piauhý, he and his wife were baptized into the Corrente church by Bro. Jackson. He has been a deacon for many years in the First Church, Rio, he and his wife taking active part in Christian work.

Bro. Jackson's health gave down and he had to retire from that interior work. The Santa Rita was swept by one of those political broils, that jostled the little church there to pieces. A few faithful ones are holding on. Bro. Augusto Fernandes, of Bahía, first fruits of the seminary in Pernambuco, had for several years been

missionary pastor at Barra. Bro. Terry in the state of Piauhy, three hundred miles distant, is his nearest co-worker. How sadly an American missionary is needed for that vast field and inland mission: another at Joazeiro, 300 miles down the river, terminus of the Bahia railroad, on the San Francisco river, center of a vast desolation on all sides. It is also 300 miles to Bahia.

#### LXVII. THE BOA-CONSTRICTOR AND ANACONDA

Here are two stories in one. I was aiding wife, Mrs. Laura B. Taylor, in learning the language shortly after she arrived in Bahia. We were reading from an Italian author on Things Brazilian.

The chapter we were reading was about the anaconda, - how it secured its food. The place was at the water's edge on a low branching tree. The anaconda was coiled upon some limbs, with tail wrapped around a limb, awaiting a cow, coming to water.

The snake will weigh perhaps 500 lbs. or more, and is about 25 feet long. The cow comes and is drinking, when the monster casts itself upon her, dashing her to the ground. While she is rising the snake makes one or more coils around her body. The cow runs as the snake slowly gives out the length of its body, stretching to

35 or 40 feet. The cow turns and runs in another direction, several times, each time the snake making another coil around her body. This is repeated till the cow drops, smothered, the snake tightening till the cow is dead. Then it will make coils over the whole body and begin the crushing process which breaks all the bones and reduces the cow to pulp.

Next it begins with the hind feet to swallow, going on toward the head, where it stops, and leaves the horns protruding. It then moves slowly back into the water. In a day or so the cow's body swells and the snake stretches as wonderfully in a side-wise direction, till that part of the snake rises to the top of the water. Buzzards get the smell and sight of a cow floating. They come and light upon it, then peck through the skin of the anaconda and that part of the cow, when the gas escapes and the anaconda falls back to the bottom again. There it remains a month or more till decomposition lets the head fall off and digestion takes its course.

Wife and I were seated close together and my foot happened to touch hers about that time, and spoiled the story.

The Boa is a land snake, the Anaconda a water snake.

The first grows to 20 feet, the last to 30. Neither is poisonous. A skin 18 feet long, of an anaconda may be seen in the Baylor Museum; one of the Boa, 15 feet long, in the museum of Richmond College, both of which I sent from Bahia.

#### LXVIII. ANACONDA NUMBER TWO

The following story I read from an American magazine: An electric cable had been laid in the bottom of the river Amazon, from Para to Manaus, a distance of a thousand miles. After it had been laid awhile the fish disappeared from a certain section of the river. A tribe of Indians dwelling there attributed it to the cable and were threatening to cut or tear it up.

The company thought it worth while to appease them; so a man was charged with the mission. He laid in a supply of rum, hatchets, red cloth, fish hooks, etc. In the parley the Indians charged that the cable had run all the fish away. The agent explained that the cable was sunk several feet under the mud, so that the fish did not see it, nor perhaps hear the dull hum of it.

In the meantime he was handing out the rum. He asked the chief to call up his oldest men to inquire if in years gone the fish had ever left as in this case.



After some delay the old men agreed that in a certain moon in their early days before the cable was laid the fish disappeared for awhile. The agent told them the fish would soon be back and finally they agreed to let the cable alone and live in peace.

Then the agent divided out his treasures of red cloth and fish hooks to them and all separated with satisfaction. The agent with his aides in a boat started back to headquarters. A squall drove them into something like an alcove and under the over-hanging trees on the bank of the river. When the wind ceased it was night, so eating their supper they resolved to spend the night there. Some were smoking, some were talking, when a thud was felt to strike the side of the boat, all thinking it was a floating log, continuing their conversation. Again there was a sudden stroke, this time close to a man; now they realized it was an anaconda and made for the shore. One man jerked up his gun and on getting to shore lit some paper, by the light of which he saw the snake coiled on the limbs above the place where they were sitting. He fired on the monster. His light went out. They climbed trees preparing for an attack. After awhile they heard a splash in the water, which caused them greater fear. One can imagine

they had a sleepless night in the trees. As soon as it was light next morning they rejoiced to see that the monster was lying across the boat dead.

In all my travels on the rivers and swamps I never saw one alive, though I heard many stories about them. They stir mostly by night.

#### LXIX. KILLING A VAMPIRE

The vampire is a large blood-sucking bat. At certain seasons they run the cattle off the table lands near Jacobina, state of Bahia. In my travels in that section one animal was bitten every night, the blood running down the hip a foot or so. I have read of other travelers where the one attacked was an old Negro, the same every night. It would seem by this that the vampire attacks the animal or person which sleeps the soundest, or the one whose blood is the sweetest.

Lights are kept in the house and stables to keep them off people and animals. My little son had a pet kid sucked to death by them.

In the suburbs of Bahia one night a sister Borges heard her boy, 10 years old, rolling restlessly in his bed. In the dark she put out her hand and felt the blood. Lighting a lamp they discovered the blood oozing from his

forehead. Immediately they knew it was a vampire. They worked with him till daylight, finally having to send for a doctor to stop it.

The vampire steals upon the person or animal when he or it is asleep. As it has to support itself in the air while sucking many have thought that it was doing that to fan the person. It introduces its proboscis into a pore and on into the vein or artery, the labella or lips aiding in the sucking. When finished it leaves the pore widely stretched open, causing the blood to flow some time afterward.

In my travels, sleeping under a shed or in an open house, I have heard them flap in and out as soon as they perceive that all are not asleep. In my own home in the city of Bahia once I noted one or more entering stealthily. I closed the window and doors in a way to entrap it. By a light I killed it. The body measured 5 inches, the wings two feet from tip to tip.

I got used to covering my head and feet, parts generally attacked, a custom which remains with me today, years after I left the bat country.

#### LXX. FOUNDING THE PRINTING PRESS

We had scarcely entered the work when we felt the

necessity of the press. There was worldly wisdom in the old saying of the Jesuits when the press was invented: "Let us destroy the printing press or it will destroy us"; publicity has been their greatest enemy. Tracts and good books are like the works of the just - they follow, and keep the preaching of the word going on and on. And the voice is multiplied, penetrating often where the messenger cannot go.

My first tract was on the New Birth. The plan of salvation was here set forth by the Scriptures, showing that no one is a Christian till he is born again; that works, money, prayers, ordinances, the church, all have their places but cannot save. At the close are twelve Scriptural evidences of salvation, so that a converted man can determine himself if he is saved.

Bro. Bagby prepared a tract on Images, showing by the Scripture that they were idols, and that carrying them in procession, or making pilgrimages to them, or burning lights to them or bowing before them was idolatry upon which God pronounced His curse.

My second tract was, "How to Pray, so as to obtain what one prays for." There is a world of praying done by Catholics, i.e., written, or memorized prayers, repeated,

parrot like, or like the pagans, over and over again, 5, 10, 50 or 100 times, thinking the greater number of times gives the greater merit. Catholic prayers are nonsense to anyone of judgment and blasphemy to God. Christ commanded his disciples explicitly that they should not pray that way. "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: For they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking."

My tract was to show what real power is; to be spontaneous, out of the soul; that a sinner should pray for salvation only, citing Scriptural examples, as one of the men who went up to the temple to pray and instead of praying a bombastic prayer as the first one did, beat upon his breast and said: "God be merciful to me a sinner." This sentence here cited led Jose Domingues to Christ. Another true prayer was that of the thief on the cross who prayed: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

Another tract was on Baptism. While Protestants brought sprinkling with them out of the Catholic church, and had already practiced it in many parts of Brazil, the people had never heard of immersion as baptism, and the priests dubbed it "pagan rite." I showed that John the

Baptist baptized in the River Jordan, that Christ himself was baptized in that river, and that all down the ages the true disciples of Christ had been immersed. I showed that the word baptize meant immersion or burial in the Gospels as well as in the Epistles, e.g. Rom. 6:3,4 and Col. 2:12; where immersion is used to show the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus.

"What it is to Believe in Christ" and "What Baptists Believe" were leaflets we would distribute by the thousands. I carried tracts in my pocket and distributed them as I went about, or at the close of meetings. Sometimes persons from the interior would carry home several of them. Dona Archimínia, teaching a hundred miles away, received such a package from a friend in Bahia, by which her life and that of her sister were changed. Sr. Medeiros, at Baixa Grande, received another package, which led him to Bahia, 75 miles, seeking baptism. He then led his brother, Capt. Egydio, to Christ. A little tract was picked up by the roadside by Dona Anna, of Villa do Conde, which led to her conversion, and through her the planting of the church at that place.

It was in 1884 that I began The Echo of Truth, a monthly paper or periodical, on the order of Ford's Christian Repository. I did not have time to edit a

weekly. To proclaim the gospel everywhere by the living voice was my mission. The press and the school were only adjuncts to this leading phase of my work. The paper ran on purely evangelical lines, doctrinal matter, Bible teaching. Little space was given to current affairs. There was not much current news among our half dozen churches at that time. I managed to keep about 200 copies out of each edition, which at the end of the year I would bind into a volume. I found good sale for these in after years. It was one of these bound volumes that led Dr. Ottoni into the right way. In nearly every issue of the paper I had illustrations from Spurgeon's John Plowman, Dr. Lofton's Character Sketches or from Dr. J. B. Gambrell.

In the year 1888 I published once a month for eight months, a sermon of the most evangelical type, selected from C. H. Spurgeon's sermons. These went out with the monthly subscription, but 500 copies were kept and bound in book form.

I translated Ford's History of the Baptists, adding to it The Declaration of Faith, Parliamentary Practice, Church Covenant and Government of the Local Church. This book made a fine impression, showing that the Baptists under different names, had come down through all the

centuries, before the Catholics, and apart from the Protestants, who began only with the Reformation. I had a second thousand published by the American Baptist Publication Society. The learned ex-canon Ottoni said this was the best of all our books, as it was the only historical proof against Romish innovations.

I preached a series of sermons on the Miracles, keeping the manuscript and making a book out of the thirty-three miracles recorded in the Gospels. Catholics believe in all kinds of miracles, of saints, of bones, of the cross and a host of other bagatelle. So this book was prepared to counteract such belief and show what true miracles are; that they should now look to God's Word, that the greatest of all miracles is the new birth.

In 1889 I bought the old Inquisition building of Brazil for our mission and turned the basement into a printing establishment. By removing a wall we had a hall 25 x 60 feet. We had two presses, the larger, Marinoni, was worth \$1,000.00. At times we had as many as six employees. The foreman was generally a brother, to whom I could trust the management and with whom I left manuscript, or I would send to him material from any point where I was journeying.



About this time I translated Dr. Hovey's Church and State. As the Catholic church is in politics first, last and all the time, this little book placed our cause in good light before the patriots of the country. In it was shown that the church and state should be friendly, but separate institutions. The fact that most of the missionaries affiliated with the masons placed them in the midst of the patriotic element. I was once sought by some legislators who wished me to help them oppose and defeat a petition of the priests for a so-called house of charity. They wanted me to make a similar petition for sixty thousand mil reis. I acknowledged their good motive, but declined to allow my name to figure in so unjust a law. Christ kept politics and religion separate.

Next I translated from the French Tertulian's Apologetics, showing that before the rise of the Catholic church the true church existed and that it embodied the pure principles of the New Testament, to which the Catholic church is foreign. Tertulian's work is baptistic, not Catholic. Still that corrupt church holds on to Tertulian as one of the church fathers, i.e., one of their so-called fathers.

Next I prepared the Life of Christ in the Language

of the Gospels, taken from Cadmos. Mark is taken as the line into which all the others are made to fit. Just one narrative made out of the four Gospels - every act in the life of Jesus given and nothing left out. Every subject was paragraphed, making it easier to remember the connection and showing the order of events. I never took greater pleasure in preparing a book than I did in this one. All the others were about Him, - this one was the incomparable Master, Himself. All the Bible is about Him; no sermon is complete without the plan of salvation, Jesus will attract when all else fails.

I bought from a Protestant Book House in San Paulo the rights of the booklet The Future of the Catholic Peoples, by Laveyle, a noted Belgian writer. This book compares Catholic and Protestant nations, side by side, showing the degeneration of Catholic nations to third class nations, while Protestant nations were the most progressive and powerful. He put the Irish beside the English; North Switzerland with the South; in each case showing Catholics inferior, due to the teaching received.

Another translation was Dr. Burleson's Family Government. The literature of no nation or corporation is complete without due prominence given to the family,

especially the education of the youth.

A reprint of the Sixth Chapter of Baruch, taken from the Apocryphal book of that name, shows that according to their own book catholic practice idolatry exactly like the heathen, there outlined.

The Lost Bible was one I made, taking the one found by Hilkiah in the reign of Josiah, as a base. The Bible among Catholics is not only lost but actually prohibited by the priests. Of course, they only carry out orders from their masters in line back to the pope. The question is asked, "Why do priests prohibit the reading of the Scriptures?" Because if the people read it they will not obey the priests any more, but Christ whom all are commanded to obey.

Veritas in Parvo was another translation, which takes the sinner, tells him how to repent, how to pray, how to believe, how to accept Christ, what salvation is, what to do when saved and so on through the Christian life. This is a favorite with brother Soren.

My wife translated Mary as she is in Heaven, which was published in lore papers and tract form, in greater quantities, than any tract we ever put out. It was written by the French Protestant Rousel. He shows from Scripture

that Mary had six children, at least, after Jesus was born; that Mary is nowhere called virgin after the birth of Jesus. Catholics say that Mary was virgin, before, during and after the birth of Jesus. The Catholics had another saying: "Jesus as God had a Father, but Jesus as man had a mother." Since the deification of Mary in 1850, i.e., papal deification, this last saying has gone out of date.

Rousel showed that Mary was just like all other women, except that she was the most honored, otherwise Jesus could not partake of our humanity and thus be our substitute. According to Catholics, Mary is the mother of God! And therefore superior to God and the center of worship. Catholicism and Maryolatry are today equivalent terms.

I aided Sr. Teixeira, ex-priest, in preparing his tract on: "Three Reasons why I Left the Romish Church." The first was because of Auricular Confession, a shameless process of slavery and debauchery. Second because she imposes Celibacy on her priesthood, contrary to nature and the law of God. No order of celibates is in the Scripture; only in heathendom is it found. There are no priests in the New Testament, only Jewish or heathen. In the New Testament the preachers are pastors or evangelists. The third was on account of Transubstantiation, in which she

claims that a man, in the person of a priest, can reincarnate the divinity, exactly as it is in heaven, out of bread and wine. After thirty years this is perhaps the most popular of all tracts along this line.

The Religion of Money, is another tract by Rousel, showing that in the Catholic religion everything is money from the cradle to the grave, rather before the cradle and after the grave. Money for aspersion, for marriage, for burial and masses ad eterno for burning souls in an imaginary purgatory. All the trusts of the world for all time have not yielded the money that this pagan-catholic purgatory has. Purgatory is mentioned by Plato, also by the apocryphal book of Maccabees, referring to a pagan custom, which purgatory was incorporated into the Catholic religion. Happily, wills leaving money for redeeming souls from said purgatory have been contested before courts in the United States and England and the invented purgatory ignored and repudiated.

How I Became a Christian is a tract by an ex-Catholic, telling how he was led to Christ by a Gospel picked up on a seat in a factory, which some evangelical no doubt had put there for that purpose.

Are You a Protestant? This tract I made from the

suggestion of a Southern writer thirty years ago, who mentioned all the principal articles of machinery, clothes, etc., made by Northern for Southern people. "Are you a Protestant?", is the question by the Catholic. "Yes," is the reply of the Protestant, who then tells the civilization, progress and advancement of Protestants and Protestant nations - England, Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, in part, and the United States. Whereas Italy, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, Central and South America, all dominated by the priests, rather the pope, are rated as third class nations. I showed that quite all the machinery, hardware, cloth, medicine, etc., are made in Protestant countries. The priests ride on Protestant railroads, steam boats, send their telegrams over Protestant wires, read their papers through Protestant spectacles, and when they walk over in Protestant shoes to see the nuns they found them sewing on Protestant machines.

But says the Catholic, I have always heard that the Protestants and the Jews are the worst people in the world. Well, the Jews were God's chosen people: all the real heroes of the world before Christ were Jews. Christ, himself, was born a Jew, Mary, his mother was a Jewess, all the apostles and first Christians were Jews; Jews have

been foremost of the world in science as Copernicus, Cavour; they have been great humanitarians, as Monteflore; musicians as Mendelssohn; poets as Heine; great in riches as the Rothschilds; as statesmen as D'Usraeli, Newman.

Again asks the Catholic: Are not the Protestants and Jews leagued together with the masons, that awful secret society? The Protestant replies: The masons are men of the most enlightened nations of the world: masonry is composed of the best men in all religions in order to cultivate the spirit of brotherhood among all peoples. Only good men who believe in God can enter their lodges. Masonry has never been expelled from any nation, while your more secret Jesuit Society has been expelled from nearly all nations, eighty-five times in all, as hostile to democratic governments and incompatible with the welfare of humanity. Some of the best men of the world have been masons, as George Washington, Lafayette, Garibaldi, Cantu, the great historian, Napoleon III, all the crowned heads of Europe. Masonic lodges were established first in Brazil in the monasteries; oil portraits of priests now hang on the walls of some lodges as founders. Dom Pedro II the best of Brazilian monarchs, was a mason, Ruy Barbosa the great statesman, and Gen. Deodoro, first president of Brazil were masons. Mexico's

first patriot, Jaurez, was a mason, Hidalgo, Mexican priest and patriot was a mason. There are nearly two millions of masons in the United States, where masonry is so popular that there is a lodge in nearly every community. This little tract not only had an immense circulation in Brazil, but was published in Chile, Argentine and Mexico.

The Mountain of Miseries by Addison I translated also. It is an amusing story with a splendid moral, teaching that the misfortunes, ills and burdens of life are just those God knows we can best bear.

The Tenth. This was a tract cast out as bread upon the waters. Away in the distant state of Piauhy an intelligent lady was induced to accept the gospel saying she had heard from her earliest years that the tenth was taught in the Word of God. This tract was based on the assumption that God had given the financial method of supporting His Cause in the Old Testament, 'reason why we do not see more of it in the New Testament', and yet enough to know Christ's adoption of it. Christianity would be easily self-supporting in the widest sense if God's law on this subject were made the rule of action by believers.



Many of these tracts first passed through the columns of our paper, then were reduced to tract form and distributed broadcast.

In the daily papers appeared often long lists of the names of persons; some were petitions, some protests, others announcements, etc. These I collected and when I had no money to travel, I would address 200 or 500 envelopes, into which I put from one to four tracts. These were put into the Post Office in small packages so as not to excite attention to this mode of propagation. They were bread cast upon the waters which would return, some sooner, some later.

Dona Archimiania, Dr. Ottoni and Bro. Ginsburg assisted largely with their articles, especially Bro. Ginsburg who was, and continues to be the most voluminous writer of current events.

Having directed the press for about thirteen years I had to give it up. My ever widening mission work and Mrs. Taylor's school exhausted my strength. Then again the number of missionaries had increased and it was right to divide the burdens and honors. Bro. Entzminger accepted the responsibility of editing our Baptist paper, moving the press to Rio, where he has continued it for the past 21 years, with great success.

## LXXI. THE OTHER DOES NOT KNOW HOW TO GIVE

We were on a preaching tour down the coast; two or three brethren from Valenca went with me; we visited all the coast towns South for about 75 miles in a boat some twenty-five feet long; we were often out on the Atlantic.

It was my practice, on entering a town, to present the authorities with copies of our Bibles or tracts. Having spent the day at Marahu selling our books, distributing tracts and preaching on the streets or in houses, we visited the mayor at night to ask for the town hall in which to preach Sunday, the next day. He consented reluctantly but advised us not to use it, saying it was next door to the aged vicar, whom all respected and in front of the church where he said mass, and that if we preached there the people might take it as an attack on him and raise a riot. We went out and after examining the situation concluded not to preach.

Instead we got a boy to pilot us three miles up a river, where there was that day a big fair. We put in the day selling Bibles, distributing tracts, while preaching along with the sales. We did not let the devil cheat us out of the day. Others were selling their wares, why

not the Word of God? We divided the books among the three of us and separated. I soon sold out my lot, by throwing in a booklet for good measure when a purchase of three or more books was made. The boy followed and watched me. I sent him to a brother for a part of his books; he noticed that brother selling each book for the marked price. When he returned with the books, asked for me, the boy observed, "The other one does not know how to give." He was quick to catch on how to sell books rapidly.

We soon sold all our books and passed the rest of the day visiting and sowing the seed of truth. That was Sunday and the only chance those people ever had to hear the gospel and I considered it a day gained for Christ.

#### LXXII. JOSE CLODOALDO - PERSECUTION

The factories in Bahia were closing out, owing to a financial depression. Bro. Clodoaldo left the factory where he was employed and went to Rio Salsa, among brethren, got a piece of land and planted peas and other quick producing vegetables. He had a good knowledge of the Scriptures and on Sundays he edified the brethren with expositions. The priest at Cannavieiras had sought for years a plan by which he could wipe out the Church at Rio Salsa.

One day some soldiers appeared at the residence of

Dona Paulina where Bro. Clodoaldo lived. When he appeared they dragged him away to the river, where their boat lay, beating him all the way. They said they had orders to arrest and carry him to jail. The brethren ventured to plead for him. They carried him down the river a mile, close to a brother's house, where they conducted a mock trial, taking witness of his pretended crimes. At night they tied his hands behind his back and left him there beside the river where the mosquitoes were fearful. They tied the cord so tight that he told them if it was their intention to kill him those cords were tight enough to do it that night. They loosened the cord. A brother offered to stay with him and serve him with food and water. The soldiers consented. Next day they called in witnesses and plied them with various questions, trying to prove that he was an imposter, preaching and marrying people against the law. This continued for four days. Every day they cut long coffee tree switches (tough as hickory) and beat him unmercifully to "extort confessions".

Finally they bore him twenty miles in a boat to Cannavieiras. Bro. Antonio Correa offered to go along and serve Bro. Clodoaldo, which was granted. On arrival at Cannavieiras he was thrown into the foulest cell and

made to do still fouler service. Bro. Correa telegraphed to me and to the legislator from that section. Clodoaldo was sent as a prisoner to Bahia. I went to see him in prison, then to see the legislator. It was soon found he had committed no crime, and within a half hour he was released, then came to my house, where I examined the black sores, inflicted 15 days before. The soldiers handled him so roughly that his clothes were torn to shreds. When he was transported to Bahia the brethren furnished him with a new suit, also visited him regularly and lovingly supplied all his needs.

It was afterward discovered the priest had paid those soldiers 2,000 mil reis to execute those terrible atrocities.

#### LXXIII. HOW NATIVE CHRISTIANS TAKE TO WORK

At Vargem Grande Catholic friars held a mission. These missions imitate our evangelistic work in this country. Since we began going about the country the Catholics began these missions. They often follow us. These missionaries are mostly foreigners, especially skilled in methods of money getting.

They make a reduction in marriage and many people take advantage of this, as the vicars charge excessive

prices for the marriage ceremony. If a family tries to escape paying for the marriage ceremony, the vicar makes a record of it. Then when there is a death or marriage in the same family the vicar refuses to perform the second until the first is paid.

These missions make a special aim to combat Protestantism. At Vargem Grande the friars told the people not to drink water, not to eat or sleep at a Protestant's house, nor sit in his chair, nor lean against the wall of his house. One man in the crowd was heard to say: "There is where I get the best water." The people would go into the branches and springs with their mules and horses and keep the water muddy all day. Our brethren and sisters took care to fill their large porous jars with plenty of water early in the morning, and hand it out to all who came for it.

They threw their houses open - tables, beds, sofas, benches and even the floors in their houses were covered with people at night. All their friends and relatives were constantly invited to eat at their houses, and while they ate, the Christians would explain the gospel.

The pastor, Sr. Alexandre, remained in the church, and the members would seek out interested persons and bring

them to him to point the way of life or sell them a Bible. The friars continued to cry against the Protestants till Sr. Marciano left the town in order to evade a riot. His was not only the best family in the place, but after he became a Christian he held the friendship of the greater part of his acquaintances. So through the kindness of the believers to all, the friars did not succeed in getting up a riot.

The people of the town not only had to drink the muddy water during the three or four weeks' mission, but for a time afterwards. Shortly a pest, something like typhoid fever, broke out in the town, and half the people either fled or died. Our brethren visited the homes of the people, caring for the sick, and burying them after they died. None of the brethren died or fled.

#### LXXIV. A DROUGHT

Devastating droughts are frequent in Brazil. San Antonio was in the midst of one. Farinha (native food used for bread) got so scarce that prices soared. From outside towns people came to buy. Our brother John Barbosa produced farinha in quantities. When he saw distant buyers, or speculators he began to sell in small amounts, one sack or less, to a local family and at the regular

price, while others were selling at fabulous prices. Finally when the city council saw that what he was doing was what they ought to do, they bought out our brother Barbosa's farinha at the regular price and resold it to local families to see that the poor did not suffer.

At Conquista in a similar drought our brethren deported themselves as true Christians. As they were among the richest people, they in good part supplied the market. Our brethren sold farinha at the customary price, while all around them speculation was going on, even to the vicar was known to sell farinha made of roots many years old. Sr. Gusmao, the oldest among the believers, kept open house. He had a farinha mill and furnace, at which he allowed poor or suffering people from a distance to come and make their farinha free, giving each a cargo for one animal. Sometimes as many as forty people thus slept in his house in one night. Our brethren provided the best in the market. A story was told of the vicar who asked his cook where she got such good meat; she gave the name of the believer, well known to the vicar. "Why did you buy meat of a Protestant?" "Well now my priest likes good meat and the Protestants have the best." "Oh, well," said the vicar, "go and get breakfast."



Elpidio Borges was a coffee grinder. As a Catholic he had made all kinds of mixtures, putting in bran, deteriorated beans or corn, passing it off as coffee. When converted he would make only coffee, pure, without mixtures.

Manuel was an unlettered repairer of houses. There are many kinds of destructive ants in Brazil. One is the wood ant. They construct their canal or road of mud up and across walls, from door to window and on into the ceiling, where between the ceiling and roof they build their nests. They will eat out the rafters by littles till finally the rafters will come down by the weight of the tiles. The stone and adobe masons in repairing the roofs come upon these nests and can easily destroy them and put the ants to rout by a yellow powder called jarda. I was near this Manuel one day as he was clearing away one of these nests. He observed to me: "Bro Taylor, when I was a Catholic I never disturbed the ant nests, expecting them to provide me more work, but since I became a Christian I have always destroyed them." No one told him to do that. It was regeneration that made him a better man.

A lieutenant, leader of a band of soldiers at Sant'Anna, on the river San Francisco, was converted through reading the Bible, and without being taught by

any one changed the cruel method of officers toward criminals to that of mercy and justice. He said to me one day: "Bro. Taylor, since my conversion I do not allow my soldiers to beat the criminals any more."

It is the custom among soldiers when they catch a criminal to beat him often unmercifully. Of nights on my bed I have heard criminals, just caught or being carried to jail, pleading for mercy amid blows. One night in the state of Alagoas, just before preaching, a criminal closely pursued by policemen ran past our door crying out that he would surrender, and begging for mercy. Once in the hands of his captors he was beaten unmercifully. The brutal blows could be heard amid his cries for mercy - the most shocking cruelty.

There are many different kinds of diseases in Brazil, among them leprosy, elephantiasis, goitre, beri-beri and other diseases peculiar to that climate or perhaps to conditions among the people. Leprosy and goitre are found in cold climates, but beri-beri, like yellow fever, disappears if the afflicted one gets where there is frost. All the big cities of Brazil thirty years ago were centers of yellow fever. Now it has been stamped out by modern sanitary measures. Yellow fever preys more upon the

foreigners, smallpox upon the natives.

During a terrible drought in the western part of the state of Bahia, about A.D. 1890, the smallpox was spreading toward the North, especially at Alagoinhas, a railroad center, fifty miles interior, where we had a small church. A certain sister there wrote me a letter, stating that her husband had died, that her father was down and that they were in a deplorable state. I bought and sent her a sack each of farinha and carne secca (dried beef). Later she wrote me: "Father, our last bread winner, died this morning. The men took the coffin to the grave. (Women there do not attend burials.) I took my two little children into a room and there was pleading with God for the widowed mother, myself and helpless children. After much weeping and prayer I heard a noise at the door. I went to see who it was and behold brother Agostinho, who said he had come to bring me the sacks of farinha and meat you had sent. Only imagine my gratitude to God and to you in this hour of affliction." I read that letter with hot tears flowing, but as I was writing a letter of condolence, the Spirit shook me as a leaf till I said: "Lord I will go to the help of the people of Alagoinhas." The whole plan flashed through my mind - to find six brethren and sisters to go with me.

I called wife into my study and told her where and how God was leading me. She said only, "Remember you have a family." "Yes", I replied, "but the work is one of mercy and duty."

I went out and soon found the required number of workers, who volunteered to go as nurses, without recompense. I also found money enough to begin. One volunteer advised me not to stay among the dying, but to remain in the city and raise the money, offering to be my substitute. However I needed to accompany them to Alagoinhas. So I went to the superintendent of the railroad and asked for passage for seven, second class, telling him our mission. He readily granted us free first class passage. I telegraphed ahead to Dr. Belfort, a member of the city council. When we arrived he was at the station to meet us.

He called a meeting of the council to which I presented the nurses, saying: "I present you six nurses who will work at your orders, I will see to their support. I make one request, that they work from sun to sun, your own city nurses relieving them through the night."

Tito Baptista was the one who volunteered as my substitute, and a most efficient man, Jose Domingues, deacon, fatherly man, Jose Vergnes who knew all the inhabitants;

then his mother, Dona Eduviges and Dona Flora, all aged sisters and all fearless and courageous to relieve suffering humanity and for the love of Jesus. My instructions to them were to get a central house in which to live, to observe proper sanitation, and to take plenty of nourishment.

I divided 200 mil reis between Tito Baptista and Jose Domingues, the first to buy the provisions, the second, with Jose Vergnes, to seek out the most needy, and distribute small sums for provisions. Smallpox is a disease that cannot be cured. It runs its course. When that is finished the person is well. But during the process good care is required to keep the body in a normal state, and with proper disinfectants it need not be propagated to anyone else. So we made it a point to have the afflicted ones nourished with proper food; then the visiting brethren were to burn wood or anything they could lay hands on so as to exterminate the germs of the disease, fumigating the houses. Tito found many who had fled to the woods to escape vaccination. They were superstitious and thought that vaccination was spreading the disease. He found five in a wigwam, of which he made a draft and sent it to me for the Bahia papers. He also sent me pictures of the hospitals

and these were copied into the papers with his letters. Sr. Tito was a photographer by profession. The many sick ones were thrown into ordinary houses called hospitals. Thirty were found in one of these hovels of six small rooms.

I arrived at Alagoinhas at 11 a.m. and returned at 2 p.m., having gone over the situation with the workers. The people were dying at the rate of thirty a day, in a town of ten thousand. I walked the streets of Bahia forty days appealing for help. I went to the government officials and got them to send barrels of tar and bolts of duck and domestics.

The people were perishing by the hundreds and lazy priests lying around by thousands, but not one of them raised his voice or hand for their relief. Indeed, Sr. Tito told me that one night passing the residence of the vicar he noticed a dance going on there.

A brother, afterward legislator, gave a box of lithographed cards, on which I had published: "Souvenir of the Baptist Church, pleading for contributions to relieve the suffering at Alagoinhas." Each contributor was given one of these cards.

The brethren did nobly, the sisters better. The city workers were few and worn out from long service during the prevalence of the disease. The sisters would cook and

wash for the sick all day until 9 o'clock at night, awaiting the relief corps, which often did not arrive. So filling their water vessels they would place them within reach of the sick, to return next morning and find some of them dead, not a soul having come about the hospital during the night.

With what government aid we could get, and 600 mil reis which I raised and the faithful services of those six native nurses the pest rapidly declined. At the end of one month there were only four or five deaths a day. So the workers returned, Sr. Tito, my personal representative, was the only one to take it, and he came back to his home in Bahia to have his seige out there. I went to visit him before suppuration began; afterwards I sent a boy daily to know of his needs. He recovered with awful pits in his face, and made a second visit 150 miles interior to Vill do Conde, bearing money for afflicted ones there.

Priests in the United States are engaged in much so-called charity work, but go to Brazil, friend, and you will find yourself in a heathen land. Two hospitals in the state of Bahia, as large as Texas.<sup>72</sup> Sr. Emiliano,

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<sup>72</sup>Yet they have about 50 hospitals in Texas alone. I do not think they have more than that in all South America.

of Jacobina, told me that on one occasion when yellow fever decimated that place the vicar moved to his country home and left the people to suffer and die, and that he and his wife, before they became Christians, went from house to house doing what they could to alleviate the suffering.

One Sunday afternoon I had gone into the water to baptize several candidates, close to the home of Capt. Egydio. Among the candidates was a married woman, whose mother, father, and brother, suspecting, lay in wait near the house till that moment, swooping down upon us to prevent the baptism. There were 30 Christians and only three persecutors. The brethren surrounded the father, the sisters, the mother, and brother Elias seeing the son approaching me with a big knife, came between us, pushing him back and he falling, let go his knife, which Bro. Elias snatched up. He went off to Capt. Egydio to ask him to make Elias give him his knife. Gun fire was heard in the bushes near by, and I stood looking back at the uproar, when a baptized daughter of Capt. Egydio returned from where the candidates were standing in the water waiting, saying to me: "Come on Bro. Taylor, they are all here waiting."



The old mother raged as she saw her daughter baptized. On seeing the daughter come out of the water, she said: "Let me go from here", so the sisters let her go. As she ran off she shouted back to her daughter: "I'm going to take your three children away from you, they are mine." The daughter smiled saying, "I know mother will take good care of my children, she may take them." The mother kept them three months and returned them. Thirty Christians did no violence, yet did not allow a few persecutors to stop God's work.

As is seen above I took part in only two incidents mentioned in this chapter. The others and many more like them were performed by the native Christians, without my knowledge and counsel. It was the prompting of the Holy Spirit in them.

The Christian religion is a spontaneous doing-and-giving religion. All false religions are money-getting and power-seeking machines for the benefit of the priests and their allies, the nobility. The apostle James says: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

## LXXV. DONA ARCHIMINIA BARRETTO

Dona Archiminia was the daughter of a priest. Her father was the vicar of one of the biggest Catholic churches in Bahia, that of San Pedro. While most priests keep their concubines secretly, her father kept his in his own house, i.e., he lived with his family.

It is said he petitioned the pope for license to marry, but was refused, being permitted, however, to live on in that condition. Now this open violation of the vows of celibacy is so common in Brazil that the people take little note of it, an illegitimate person standing almost on an equality with legitimates. Doctors on graduation in the school of medicine often have the word "illegitimate" in their diplomas.

Dona Archiminia had a sister, Jaquelina, and a brother, Bellarmino. All of them received a good education, Sr. Bellarmino having become a famous journalist. He was favorable to Democracy and evangelical doctrines; had he lived to see the day of its proclamation in Bahia, no doubt he would have become a champion of it.

The two sisters were almost inseparable. Dona Archiminia was a state teacher, and her sister, then a widow, accompanied her, looking after household affairs.

A son in the army, supported his mother, Jaquelina. A mutual confidence bound these two sisters together.

She was teaching a hundred miles away when some of our tracts fell into their hands. Both read them with intense interest and approval. When school closed they came and spent their holidays in Bahia where they sought the house of worship, embracing the gospel with an eagerness that showed they had been a long time waiting for it. Thus they came and went from school to holidays in the city, where they delighted in the services.

I suggested one day that she use her talents for the Master. She had a good and well trained mind. I asked her to write for our monthly paper. At first the articles were short, but well received. Her standing as a scholar was soon recognized. She had a long experience in canonical lore, now she had the Bible, and her gift was along that line - to show up the errors of the Romish system in the light of the Bible. All the wealth of learning she had gotten from her father's big library, she now brought into requisition. The priests soon became alarmed but used tactics to get her back in their possession. They invited her to come back to them, promising she would have all her wants supplied the remainder of her days.

In her writings she reduced the whole Romish system to what it really is - a reproduction of ancient Roman paganism. These articles on Double Mythology, printed first in our paper, were collected by an appreciative brother, Alfredo Magellan, and published as a book. This book will go on beating down the walls of Romish paganism as long as there is a part of it left. I look for the day when Romish mythology fossilized, will take its place alongside of Pagan mythology.

In her dedication of the book to me she tells how she began to write, drawing on her talents, which like Bunyan described his, to a ball of twine, that the more she pulled the more it gave out its length. No one but a priest could know more of the Romish system than she does. She was born in it, educated in it, and practiced it for fifty years. She felt in her own life the evil and degradation of the system on womanhood. She had a right to a noble and legal birth, which the Catholic system degraded in her case and in millions of others. She placed the emphasis just where it belongs - on the priests. She defended the Catholics against the priests, as being worthy of a better sort, proving that they were deluded and enslaved by a lot of task-masters, worse than those of Pharaoh.

Besides the paganism of Catholicism, she showed in clearest light how the priests make a graft of religion to enrich themselves and impoverish humanity.

As editor I looked over her manuscripts, at times lengthy, to see if any corrections or shortening could be made, but could not modify them. Every sentence was a link which if taken out would break the chain. I finally got to passing up her manuscript without reading it except in the proof. Often I have been distributing the paper and the first question would be: "Has it anything from Dona Archiminia?"

In our Conventions, quarterly or annual meetings, her paper on any given subject, was hailed as the last word. She held the pope to accountability, and followed him into Revelation. Drawing upon her knowledge of history, she pointed him out as the Apocalyptic Beast, the despot of the ages, who had slaughtered the saints of God.

She was a woman who enlisted the respect of men. Her wisdom and modest bearing inspired men to sit and listen to her as a sage. Indeed in the church at Villa Nova she was selected as director of service in the absence of a pastor. The teaching, however, was more of a Bible class in which the Scriptures were read in

rotation, then explained by her. In all the places wherever she taught school, she led people to Christ.

Among the converts was Sr. Francisco da Silva, who became the apostle of the state of Espirito Santo. There is not perhaps another woman in all South America who has excelled her in true service to pure religion.

She is a real prophetess, as Deborah, who directed the hosts of Israel. As in the most celebrated song in Judges, chapter 5th, where God's praises were sung in the defeat of His enemies, so will thousands of Brazilian Christians sing God's praises of victories gained through her leadership. It was refreshing to listen to her delivery of some written theme. Of splendid physique, large head and majestic air she would read her enunciations of the truth, and with boldness challenge all the enemies of God to refute it.

But how she loved the missionaries. Wife and I delighted to have her in our home for days at a time. She would speak words of cheer and appreciation, encouraging us to press on over difficulties in the good work. I had to leave Bahia, Sept. 1909, as my case was serious, quite suddenly. Soon wife broke down, under the strain of my absence, and the Board advised her also to return to the

United States. She tells of the heart-rending scene at the church, where a fare-well service was held. When the time came to say goodbye the dear old sister fell upon her neck, sobbing, pressed a loving kiss upon her cheek and cried out: "Bro. Taylor has gone, now sister Taylor is going, what will become of us? The good Lord have mercy on us."

I was lecturing in Alabama and stayed all night with a good brother; our talks in the meetings and at home had bound us very close in the bonds of love. On leaving he said to me: "Bro. Taylor when I get to heaven I shall be mightily disappointed if I do not meet you there." I replied: "Brother, I am expecting to get there, and if you do not find me among the Americans, you will find me among the Brazilians."

#### LXXVI. THE BRAZILIAN SAMARITAN

Olympio de Barros was soundly converted, but like Peter, he had an over-mastering human nature. He was excluded from the church, but after a certain time had elapsed he was sought out and regained to the Cause, but nevermore to the Church. He was liberal in his contributions, once giving as high as one thousand mil reis (about \$350) toward founding the school. He loved to sit on a back seat and hear a good sermon.

If there was disorder in any meetings he made it a point to be there. Once some students at the close of the meeting picked up some chairs and were dashing them onto the floor. When I hastened to the scene he was there in their midst, not laying hands on them, but standing close, staring them in the face, as if to say, "I may witness against you before the police tomorrow." They soon fled.

He loved to tell of a grand parade, in which one of the masked men imitated one of our colporters with a Bible in his hand. He was circulating hand bills warning the people that the Protestants with their new doctrines were undermining the religion of their fathers.

Another time he was at breakfast on a steamer where a priest sat. Some prominent men began a conversation about Protestant schools in Bahia. One of these men observed, "It is a fact that nobody can contest that the Protestants have the best schools in the state of Bahia." Said he smiled with satisfaction when the priest did not open his mouth. He loved to remain obscure, to find out the feelings of the people and take satisfaction out of it.

When I bought the old Inquisition building from the archbishop of Brazil for our Baptist Church, Sr. Olympio acted as the middle man. I had gone to the dean of the



Seminary who had charge of the sale of the building, and gotten a note to the renter as an order to show me the building. He was indignant that the archbishop should offer to sell it to anyone else, as he had signified his intention of buying it. So I, looking around from the front door only, retired quickly, for I was pleased at the prospect of buying that building, 70 x 90 feet, right in the heart of the city, for eight thousand mil reis. The Board had placed that amount in a New York bank nearly two years before for the purpose of buying church property in Bahia.

My buying agent was a high mason, who could also keep a secret. He informed the archbishop that he had a buyer for the building. He only knew that the buyer was a foreigner, supposing he wanted it for a factory of some kind. And as soon as the papers could be made out, which ordinarily takes months, the transference was consummated. The protocol was brought to me at a photograph gallery, where I signed it, delivering the eight thousand mil reis in bills. The agent went and got the archbishop's signature, paying over the amount.

In the meantime it had to be registered and pass thirty days before the sale would become incontestable.

If either party repents during thirty days he can rue it by paying the expense of transference, which is generally about one tenth of the purchase price. It was bought in my name, as I had children, and the law for heirs in Brazil is securely protective. During those thirty days I did not go around that building but once and then only passing along the street.

A few days after the contract was signed, I had Sr. Olympio go notify the renter that the building had been bought, that he must move; that if he moved at the end of that first month he would not have to pay any more rent, but that if he remained the sum of one hundred mil reis would be charged from date of purchase. The man was amazed that the house had been sold, when he himself was trying to buy it. He rushed out to see the archbishop, who told him he had lost his opportunity. In a week or ten days Sr. Olympio returned to give a second warning. The man seeing he had no hope of getting the house, limited himself to abusing the archbishop, but asked to see the buyer. Olympio told him that the buyer was a man who traveled much (referring to my evangelistic work) and that it would be difficult to see him. "What!" says the man, "buy a house and never once come to see it? So liberal as to give me a whole month's rent or charge me

a double price if I remain! What kind of a man can he be?" Sr. Olympio kept his mouth closed.

The old building, after it was closed as a Catholic jail, was leased to the state as a slave prison, then as a printing establishment, and finally it was used as a soap factory. The man exclaimed, "How can I move all my machinery in a month?" Olympio replied, "As the man wants to repair the house (clean it up for worship) you will not be required to move everything, only to give possession." I allowed him three months in which to move his outfit.

On the thirty first day, after the legal time for retraction had expired, I entered the house with our benches, taking possession. The renter had hastened out, but when he saw it had been bought by Protestants, he threatened to prosecute the archbishop. The archbishop also, as soon as he knew he had sold the building for Protestant worship, ran to a prominent lawyer, saying he wanted to rue the trade, that he could not alienate property belonging to the crown, etc. The lawyer replied, "I have seen the deed, it was legally sold and legally bought." I had paid that lawyer fifty mil reis just to pass judgment on the document, and he had pronounced it legal, as also another lawyer, a state senator, who refused pay for his counsel.

This archbishop died in a few weeks and his successor threatened to make suit for the building, but the republic was also declared in a few days, and the threats both of the renter and archbishop came to nothing. We have held the house since 1889 as a Baptist Church. After about twelve years I advised the Board that it was safe to transfer it to them, which was done.

Now comes the story. One afternoon down on the wharf, after the bay steamer for Nazareth had left, appeared a young priest, who had come to the city on business for the vicar at Feira de Sant'anna. He was looking for a boat to take him to Nazareth that night, so he could catch the train early next morning.

He asked a boatman what he would charge him to take him to Nazareth. He said ninety mil reis. The priest held up his hands and called on his saints for help. On the steamship he could have gone for two mil reis. Finally one of the men pointed him to Olympio, who owned several boats. The first man went along and asked Sr. Olympio how much he should charge the priest. Olympio told him thirty mil reis. After parleying the priest agreed to pay it. The priest said he had not eaten his dinner and was hungry, so he would have to buy something to carry in the boat and eat

as the two men rowed him on. Across the bay was twenty miles and up the Paraguassu river to Nazareth it was ten miles more. Olympio provided something from his own table, the priest laid in a supply of wine and was about ready to start. It was threatening rain, for it was the rainy season, so Olympio said to the priest, "Have you an overcoat?" "No," was the reply. "Well, take mine," said Olympio, "you can send it back by the men." The priest thanked him and was off in the boat. The priest soon opened his dinner and went to eating, saying to the rowers beforehand, "Have you been to dinner?" "Thank you, may you be well served," they replied. A polite way of asking people to dine with one when he does not expect them to accept, and the patented reply.

After the priest had somewhat satisfied his hunger he looked toward the men and said, "What a good man!" Going on with his dinner, after awhile as he took down a glass of wine he said, "What a good man!" The rain began to come down and as he circled the rain-proof coat around him his mind turned to Olympio and again he said, "What a good man!" Then one of the boatmen said, "Mr. Priest, do you know that man?" "No," he replied, "it is the first time I ever met him. Who is he?" "He is a Protestant," the boatman replied. "But he has been one only a short time?" "No," replied the boatman, "I have known him many years

and he was a Protestant when I first knew him." "Eh!" grunted the priest.

See narration of Sr. Olympio's conversion in another chapter.

#### LXXVII. EMILIANO MINAS NOVAS

This man must have been 40 years old when he married a young matronly wife of 20 or 25. They were happy in their married life. They were fond of good books. At the time of which I write he was about 55. He had been director of the annual procession of the local saint, i.e., he was appointed to prepare the saint with all its accompaniments for the procession. He would take two pieces of plank, nail them in the form of a cross, put on an artificial head, imported from Bahia, then put on pants and shirt, afterward stuff in cotton and rags to make it appear as a man, and finally over all he put the rich robe.

This was at Jacobina, 150 miles N.W. from Bahia. He said at first he took it as an honor, but finally his reason revolted, as he saw thousands prostrating themselves before the bundle of cotton, boards and rags he had himself made, calling it a saint! He abandoned the Catholic Church and moved to distant parts. A New Testament had fallen into his hands. One day while reading it a man told

him of some people down at Bahia who followed the teachings of that Book. More and more he realized that that was the long heard of Book of God, to which he gave heed as God's Word, till finally he made a trip to Bahia, where he heard it explained and he believed with all his heart. Bro. C. D. Daniel baptized him. Though it was in the time of the empire, of his own accord he sought out the republican patriots and signed up as one of them.

Being a zealous Christian and anxious to promote the cause I secured him the place of colporter of the British Bible Society. In the meantime he had returned to Jacobina. For three years in succession I visited and preached ten or fifteen days each time at that place, piloted every time by him. The priest warned the people of the plague that followed us everywhere we went. Generally my visit was in January, the hottest and driest month in the year. Once or twice he predicted a drouth. The day after our arrival there fell a shower, enough to stop suspicion on that point.

The next year again the drouth was greater. So I made a point to pray for rain. About the fifth day this time the rain came in torrents. The third year he predicted plagues and poor sinner, he himself died of a plague a few

days before I arrived. The story was current that he kept his money chest close to him till he expired.

The question at first was where to find a house in which to preach. The sheriff said: "If he can find no other place I will offer my own house." We were offered the music hall and never found any lack of a place to preach.

In our riding much together Bro. Emiliano told me a great deal of the inner workings of Romanism. He laughed heartily at the foolishness of idolatry. He told of a woman whose husband - a stockman - coming home one day drank water while perspiring, then had congestion. After doing all she could, she remembered the last remedy, she ran to her idol, scraped off the green paint, diluted it with water, and gave it to her husband to drink. He was soon a dead man, for the paint was a deadly poison, instead of being miraculous.

He told of another incident. A man on his sick bed was visited by a friend who brought an idol for him to kiss and worship. "Take it away," cried the sick man, "it is just a brother to my sandals." Tamancos are a kind of wooden shoe often made of the same wood that idols are made of.

His wife was a true help-mate. Like Mary she



meditated much, spoke little, but had imbibed the choicest of virtues. He told how she corrected him one day, perhaps the only time in their married life. A chicken was in the dining room. He went in to put it out, however, before he did that the chicken broke a lot of dishes, leaped into the butter, etc. He indulged in some words of vengeance, calling it devilish and other like words. She overheard him and spoke out: "Now is that the way for a Christian to do?" His conscience smote him, for the chicken did not know any better, so he took the correction in good spirit.

In the treatment of her husband she took Sarah for her model, who called Abraham "lord". She conversed freely enough with her husband and family at home, but in company she deferred to him the direction of the conversation, choosing herself to remain silent. His respect for her was on the same level.

I was at his table one day for dinner. The children, about eight of them, all healthy and bright, filled the benches on either side of the table. After thanks the father and mother stood, and served the children, Brazilian fashion. The mother had prepared beef-heels, tripe, etc., a dish called Mocoto. As the father served it out hot, the

steaming odor came unpleasantly into the nostrils of the children. They began to look first at the food suspiciously, then at one another. The father saw rebellion rising and began to say: "It is good, children, it is good." Then hastening to finish serving, began to eat, taking in the food lustily and continuing to repeat: "It is good, mother made it, everything mother makes is good." So the children ate it contentedly, always remembering that father said, "Everything mother makes is good."

#### LXXVIII. A RELIGIOUS FANATIC

Antonio Conselheiro was a married man, his mother living with him, in the state of Ceara. It seems she nourished a hatred to her son's wife and formed a plot against her. She told her son that his wife was not faithful to him and if he wished to prove it he should pretend to absent himself some night and return suddenly home. So he did. Pretending to take a journey of several days, he left in the morning, but secreted himself near enough to the house to see a person dressed in man's clothing entering about dark. Rushing into the house, dagger in hand, he found the two in a room together and without inquiring stabbed both to death. He called in the neighbors and it was discovered the person dressed in man's clothing was his own mother.

He retired to a monastery, just like a certain class of jilted girls retire to convents. There for a time he lived on bread and water, doing penance. He then resolved to go out and spend his life in good works. He began to gather about him disciples and to build churches and cemeteries. His clothing was of the coarsest and simplest. He closeted himself when not in active work, his diet being an egg or two each day. He was supposed to pass his time in penance and prayer. He could not read nor write, but at times he would come out and harangue the people about superstitions.

When he finished the cemetery in one place he would go into another. Building a cemetery consisted in the erection of massive concrete or rock walls around consecrated (?) ground. It was about 1893 or shortly after the proclamation of the republic. The priests preached secretly, sometimes openly against the Republic as a Protestant government, and of the devil.

So Conselheiro, guided in all things, no doubt, by the priests, preached against republican money, teaching that the people should not receive it. His following grew larger and larger. Those people were bound to eat, though producing nothing. They had a custom of going to

people and asking or demanding food. Sometimes they asked for a beef or two. If the owner supplied them of his own free will, good, if not they seized the cattle and the owner had no recourse. Conselheiro's fame was rising; people feared to refuse him or his followers. They were nothing but bandits under the guise of religion. He had now drifted down to the state of Bahia at Canudos.

From opposition to the money he began to harangue against the government. The archbishop of Bahia sent two monks out to counsel Conselheiro. A meeting was held in which the monks appeared with a message from the archbishop. They made an attempt to defend the government and to appease the bandits, but Conselheiro replied, "No, no peace with the devil's government." "Why," said the monks, "the archbishop has recognized the republic." "He's wrong," replied Conselheiro. "But the pope has recognized it," they said to him. "The pope is wrong," retorted Conselheiro. The monks gave it up and were retiring when two or three shots fired above their heads gave them a more definite reply. Conselheiro would rebel and fight the government.

The government began to send soldiers to disperse the rebels. Gen. Horacio Caesar, leading the first regiment,

was killed with all his body guard, by scouts far out of Conselheiro's camp. It was talked everywhere that Conselheiro had friends in high places who furnished him with arms and ammunition. Regiments of soldiers from the North and the South poured into Bahia. He had fortified himself in a church he had built as a fort, and for weeks held off the attacks of government soldiers.

Conselheiro told his people that to be killed in such a battle meant they would go immediately to heaven, and that they would reappear on the earth in a short time. That he himself was invulnerable and even if by extreme accident he should be killed he would rise and come again.

His men knew the country but the general's did not. Night attacks on the soldiers sleeping, surprise attacks, sniping and other ruses kept the soldiers in constant fear, for it seemed Conselheiro's men were rising up out of the ground, and on every side they appeared. A woman accompanying the bandits was taken prisoner, and in the camp, while the soldiers were off guard, she snatched a gun and killed two of them. The women and children fought like wild cats. Finally Conselheiro was discovered and surrounded in his church-fort, in which he fought till killed or starved to death. He was buried beneath the floor. His

body was unearthed and decapitated, the head taken to the Bahia Medical School.

His followers held out, expecting him to reappear till the last, but the army killed them out by bits; at last they resorted to a cave where they fought till the last one was killed, starved or captured.

#### LXXIX. JOKES ON THE GODS

##### Shortened the Saint

About 1890 in one of the towns in the southern part of Bahia state occurred the following: The annual festa of the local saint was approaching, and those charged with the procession that year sent to Paris, France for a new robe, a silk one. It arrived on time, but was too short for the tall saint Anthony - size of a man. What could be done about it? It would not serve that way. It was too late to send it back to Paris, and no such work as that could be done in Bahia, or perhaps in Rio de Janeiro. The time was short, so the vicar had a carpenter saw the legs of the saint off to fit the dress.

The day of the festa rolled around and the people assembled by the thousands - Saint Anthony was to appear in a new dress! The multitude waited about in front of the big door through which he was to appear, bourne on an

andor - litter, or platform - with men at the four handles and the saint on the platform. As he emerged from the door rockets of all kinds of fireworks were shot off and the cries of "Hurrah for our saint!" resounded on every side.

Soon someone discovered the low stature of the once tall saint. A word to this one and to that one passed around, till there was a general murmur. One devotee went to the priest about it. "Why," he said, "it is our saint - look at his face, don't you see he is the same one?" He was not satisfied with that reply, and asked again: "How is he so short now, whereas he was tall before?" The vicar could not convince them. The procession returned crest-fallen. Finally when pushed for satisfaction the priest told them about the robe being too short, and that he was obliged to cut off the saint's legs to fit the dress. Then they cried out: "Sacrilege! he has tampered with our saint!" So they ran him off.

Yet Catholics will tell you they do not worship images - just statuary.

### Mixed the dates

While at Santarem about the year 1895 an inspector of the telegraph lines told me the following story: A man, formerly a Catholic, was on the square talking to

others, when the priest came along. This man asked the priest a certain question. "Tell me," he said, "in what century was Saint Anthony born?" The priest laughed for his ignorance of what all Catholics are taught in the catechism, but told him it was in the 14th century. Again the man asked: "In what century was Christ born?" All laughed with the priest as he replied: "My son, any child knows that Christ was born 19 centuries ago." Again all laughed at the man, who persisted: "Now, just tell me one more thing." "All right, say it sonny," said the priest. "If Christ was born 14 centuries before Saint Anthony, how is it that in the churches we see Saint Anthony, a man, holding Christ, as a child, in his arms?" The priest looked around discomfited, and clapping his hand on the interrogator's shoulder said: "Man, there are a lot of questions people ought not to ask," and off he strided, the crowd now laughing at the priest.

#### First and Second Class Saints

Bro. Manuel Pereira tells the two following stories. In the district of Areia a man had bought a Saint John for thirty mil reis. Catholics do not use the expression, buy a saint, but how much did you give in exchange? for them. Another man came along who jewed



the image maker down to twenty mil reis for a Saint John. This second man passing by the house of the former, told him about his exchange, bragging on the deal he had made. The first man desired to see the saint. On seeing it the first man called the image maker a rascal, saying he exchanged me one for thirty mil reis, and you got this one just like it for twenty! So going back to the idol maker, he remonstrated with him, to which the dealer replied: "Oh, but yours is first class! His is second class."

#### The Man, the Saints and the Dog

An Italian dealer in terra cotta ware mixed in some saints and went out with them on his head, to sell in the streets. In Brazil they carry burdens on their heads. Arriving at a house in the suburbs, a bad dog attacked him. While praying to his saints to deliver him he hastened to a tree, just escaping the teeth of the dog. When the dog was called off the man descended the tree, cursing his saints for not defending him.

#### Mass and Pack-mules

Robert Southey, in his History of Brazil, tells of a priest who traveled about the interior of the state of Pernambuco celebrating mass by the roadside, private house, or anywhere he could strike a bargain with some

traveler. For this purpose the priest carried a portable altar and other paraphernalia around on pack-mules.

### The Rain Goddess

Santa Barbara is the rain maker among Catholics. Once in the state of Sergipe, just north of Bahia, during a drouth, she was taken out in procession several times, coaxing her to send rain, but the drouth continued. So getting angry with her, they degraded her, by leaving her down on the river side, exposed to the weather, saying to her that she would be left there till she sent rain.

I have heard of cases where the saint was invoked many times for certain things and the owner, not getting them, he would give the saint a fatherly thrashing.

Sometimes the saint is kept in a glass case in the largest room, where at the hour of the dance it will be covered up, certainly with the idea that the saint can see them at that sinful amusement.

The reader should know that in Brazil, and in Mexico, Central and all South America, each house has from one to a dozen or more of these wooden, brass, chalk, clay, silver, gold saints, under a thousand names, which are nothing more than the old Latin gods, renamed, or replaced with Christian names. Every saint is supposed

to have control of the different parts of the body, as the eyes or of the functions of the animal body, some of disease in general, each trade or profession, each state, or country, each day in the year ad infinitum. The Jesuits petitioned the pope to lengthen the number of days in the year in order to get in more saints!

### Mixing heads

John Baptist used to tell the following: On great festal days two processions each with a man-sized image will come from opposite directions and meet on the same hill, or important place, where a great melee of rockets, bombs and fireworks shot off would give one the idea of a battle of small arms. On one of these occasions the two images were so shoved to the desired place that they jostled each other, the heads of the images falling off and rolling around on the ground; each party scrambled for the heads and each one claiming the other had his saint's head! Rum in the men's heads was the cause of the tussel.

Let the reader understand that there are many idol stores in Bahia, but not one house where Bibles can be found, except among evangelicals. These images are sold retail and wholesale just as other commercial objects. However, they are not considered sacred till blessed by

the priest. Thieves have often penetrated the churches and stolen the jewels off those richly decorated idols. Harlots have been known to rent or lease those jewels. Read the 5th chapter of Baruch, one of the apochryphal books, and what you see the pagans did with their idols Catholics do with theirs. And yet some Protestants think Catholics are Christians.

Saint Onophre is the god of prostitutes. They sew images of that Catholic saint in the hem of their dresses and pray to him for patronage.

#### Napoleon and the Silver Idols

Napoleon invaded Rome and took the pope prisoner. The pope had 12 massive idols he called the 12 apostles. Napoleon sent and took those silver apostles ordering the men to carry them to the mint, saying that when they came out money, they would go on their way in the world doing good.

#### The Pope's Bull and Napoleon's Cannon

But when Napoleon went home the pope put out a Bull of excommunication against him. So Napoleon called one of his marshals, commanding him to place his biggest cannon on a certain high hill. When the marshal reported the cannon in place, Napoleon ordered him to get the exact

location of the Vatican and fire on it. "Why, your honor," said the marshal, "the ball will not reach Rome." Napoleon replied: "Neither will the pope's bull reach Paris. Make ready, fire!"

#### A Wooden General

In the Franciscan monastery, Bahia, from time immemorial, a huge idol was named general Saint Anthony of the army, and drew the salary of a general, from the government. Years after the republic was declared the salary was suspended. A priest, who was chaplain to this wooden general, drew his salary and cheated him out of all of it, except what little he gave for repairs on the stupid general.

#### A Sea Goddess

Once on returning to Bahia by sail boat from Cannavieiras, it happened that we arrived in port on the anniversary of the Lady of the Good Voyage. Our captain fell into the procession, however, the passengers protested. He said no boat in the bay was allowed to land while that procession was out. I had often seen the marine procession from land, but never on sea. In time of the empire one of the government vessels served as carrier for the image; after the republic was declared the devotees of the idol

had to build a special one for the purpose. There it went before our eyes, all rigged out fantastic style with the idol near the bow, life-size. A band accompanied, also boat loads of priests, monks and nuns. There appeared every boat in the harbor, tugs, one or two coast steamers and sail boats to the number of 200 more or less. The procession started from the Pilar Church near the wharf in the city proper to the Boa Viagem Church across the bay. Several passengers were heard to berate this grossest of idolatry.

But the joke was on your missionary this time accompanying, by force, the procession of a marine goddess.

#### The Idol that Nodded

John Baptist's mother when converted brought a number of idols she had worshipped. One day she told of an occurrence in Bahia when she was a girl. In a certain church there was a most miraculous saint, for he nodded his head when a suppliant prayed to him for anything. One day, she being present, the priest was busy contracting masses among the attendants standing about in the church. Catholic churches in Brazil have no seats. A certain man was on his knees before the idol and had prayed several times, looking up each time to see if he would give the yes

nod. Some time passed when a boy ran out from behind a curtain saying: "Come here Mr. Priest! come quick, the string broke." The priest had put a hinge into the saint's neck and tied a string onto the head and taught the boy to pull the string at the right time. The boy had pulled the string so much that it had worn out and the saint could not work his head. The priest hushed the boy, explaining to the people that he was very naughty and that none should tell what had happened, not to bring ridicule onto their holy (?) religion!

The New Catholic Maiden's Prayer

1. "Miraculous Saint Raymond,  
You who help every one to marry,  
Please tell Saint Anthero  
That I wish to be married soon  
To a very good looking young man,  
In the Church of Saint Benedict.
  
2. Before the altar of Santa Rosa  
I want to give my hand as a wife  
To him I love so much  
Asking Saint German  
And also Saint Henry  
That I shall be happily married.

3.       May Saint Odoric permit  
          That the young man be rich  
          And Saint Augustine grant  
          That he love me very much  
          And I beg Saint Robert  
          That he may be clever.
  
4.       Also I pray Saint Vincent  
          That the wedding may be soon,  
          Begging Saint Innocencia  
          Not to let me lose patience  
          And ask Saint Caetano  
          That it may be this year.
  
5.       I have already prayed Saint Inez  
          Not to let this month pass,  
          And Saint Marianna,  
          That it may be this week.  
          And I beg the Virgin our Lady  
          That it may be this very hour."



## LXXX. CATHOLIC IDEALS

On Christianity and Riches

While in the home of Bro. Queiroz at Conquista I read a book which he possessed, called Flor Santorum, Flower of the Saints, in which is found the following story about Saint Anthony. He was walking about the city one day when he spied several angels dancing on top of a cabin. "Let me see what this is," he said to himself. So entering the house he found a poor widow with several children. Recognizing her he said to her: "Well, sister B....., I have not seen you at mass in a long time." "No," she replied, "Saint Anthony, I am too poor, we have not decent clothing any longer." So Saint Anthony went and found her work and soon she and her girls began to go to mass, but by degrees fell off till she disappeared again.

So Saint Anthony going out in that section of the city another day, saw on top of that same house several demons dancing. "Let me see what that means," said he. Entering he accosted the same woman thus: "Well sister, I have not seen you at mass in some time." "No," she replied, "we got so much work, the girls had so much company, the young men invited them out to balls and dances that they spend whole nights; they returned this

morning about daylight and are now asleep." So retiring he mused thus: "It will not do for Christians to be rich."

Moral. Wealth gives power to the wicked to be more so. Wealth gives power to the real Christians to be more useful and happy. It doesn't hurt a gentle horse to be fat, but the fatter a wild horse is the more dangerous he is.

### Ideas of Justice

Saint Anthony was down in the woods when a man came running to him saying: "Oh Saint Anthony, I killed a man and the soldiers are pursuing me, help me to escape." "Yes, go this way to the right," said Saint Anthony. Immediately the soldiers appeared and also appealed to the saint, saying: "Oh Saint Anthony, we are after a murderer, a bad man who killed a good neighbor, tell us if you saw him and which way did he go?" "Yes," said Saint Anthony, "he ran down this way to the left, hasten and you will overtake him."

Moral. The Catholic Church, the patron of Criminals.

### LXXI. HOW THE PRIESTS TREAT US

In many respects they treat us just like the Pharisees treated Christ and the apostles. The Pharisees sent men after Christ to catch his words and turn them

against Him, to arouse opposition, to stir up mobs and finally to kill Him. While as a rule the priests will not discuss religion publicly with us we had two important paper discussions with them, Protestants being in one case only one of their opponents.

One was when I published in a daily newspaper the tract, Mary as She is in Heaven. It lasted three months. There was scarcely a day in which one or more of our six dailies did not have one or more articles on the subject. Another wide and general discussion was provoked by the arrival in Bahia of Julio Maria from Rio, who constituted himself the champion of the Romish church. He, in his lectures, attacked everything not Romish. He began with the government - the new republic - calling it atheistic; then he attacked masonry as devilish; then Protestantism as the ally of masonry; then the scientists, spiritists and so on. All these beliefs, from the government on gave battle, right and left; every day for weeks the papers were full of defensive articles, each one sustaining his belief.

One night while speaking in the state cathedral a bomb exploded near where Julio Maria was standing. A panic was started, the police called in: finally the archbishop appealed to the Chief of Police for protection; the champion

from that on made his lectures in the daytime and at another place. Many priests came to the help of Julio Maria and each writer selected his opponent. I selected the prior of San Bento, the richest monastery in Brazil. It takes five thousand mil reis to enter that monastery. The prior was French; nearly all the directors of those orders are foreigners. My articles were not only replies to his arguments, but many questions. His articles were mostly invectives, heaping scandal on everything not Romish. I asked him the name of the first pope to tell him the popes were successors of the Caesars. Again, when did the pope get his infallibility, so as to tell him the Grand Llama of Tibet declared himself infallible in the 9th century, or just 8 centuries before the pope did, in 1870. I also asked him when purgatory was invented or discovered, so as to tell him that Plato (Book 2) speaks of imposters who by sacrifices and incantations professed to procure from the gods absolution from their crimes. The book of Maccabees Apochryphy also speaks of pagan mass for soldiers killed in battle.

He soon flew the track, inviting me to his class in catechism. I replied that his catechism was man-made, that I would give him an exposition of the Bible. I

carried him through the Ten Commandments, showing how the Romish Church had taken out the 2nd Commandment and divides the 10th to make up the ten. I showed him that the Old Testament ceremonies, from which his church had copied its priesthood, altar, etc., were only shadows of things to come at the appearance of Christ, that Christ now was our only High priest and that there are no priests in Christ's kingdom, that our salvation was already secured on the cross and is free without sacrifice or mass, that immersion only is baptism, that the pope had taken the Bible from the people giving instead traditions, rubbish multiplied, in order to extort money and dominate the people. The papers were full every day of firing and cross firing of the various beliefs. The majority of the people, especially the upper class, was against the priest.

There was a Romish saying: "Drop the argument and strike with the sword." That was in the day of her power. Today she has other means of maintaining her errors. The confessional is perhaps where the priests do more evil than in all other ways combined. The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional by ex-priest Chiniquy, is a small book but the most terrible arraignment the priests ever had. He shows that the confessional is a cesspool of corruption and that

no man or woman can come away from it with a pure mind, body or soul. Many assassinations of public officials are hatched in the confessional as in the History of the Dutch Republic is told how the assassin went from the confessional to kill Prince William of Orange.

The vicar at Areia persecuted me fiercely. He had his henchmen, police at his orders, also his local paper in which he held us up to ridicule in sarcastic but flexible language. Every week he had articles manufactured according to his system. Often it was a dialogue between a Catholic and Simpleton - a Baptist. In this he could put into each one's mouth what he wanted, e.g., he found out that many of our people gave the tenth. So he put into circulation through that dialogue that the pastor, Sr. Alexandre, had a deacon go around and exact or collect the tenth from all the members. On this account he reported that the Baptists were all returning to the mother fold. Again he reported that that man Taylor was a broken merchant from New York, that he had fled from justice, that the police were now in search of him, that the missionaries were considered nuisances in the United States, and had been expelled from the country, that he was now trying to mend his broken fortune by selling false Bibles; that three ship loads of Bibles had been dumped into the sea as false.

One of the brethren got nervous over these reports and wrote me to do something to refute them, saying many were taking them seriously. Now the vicar was master of the situation. He was on the ground, police at his command, and all the agents needed to carry out his commands. Many were the brutal, vandal scenes, he had enacted in nearly every one of the several churches in his district, of course through others. And strange to say, the more he persecuted the more our churches grew.

It would not do to even oppose him in the papers, which would have necessitated denying as false much he had said and that would spur him on to greater persecutions, so I just wrote out a statement in our Monthly saying some people wanted to know where I came from, my occupation, and present status, and that I had documents in my possession at No. 47 Rua Democrata, city of Bahia to indicate my past and present standing and that anyone interested could call and see them: first a Bachelor of Philosophy Diploma from Baylor University, 1879, Waco, Texas, U.S.A., a silver medal for logic, a surveyor's Diploma, signed by the Governor O. M. Roberts, as surveyor of Runnels County, Texas, 1880, also honorary titles of Master of Arts and Doctor of Divinity, from the same University and stating that I was the representative of Two Million Christian Baptists.

It was an explosion in the enemy camp. The brethren all rejoiced; one said to me afterward: "Bro. Taylor, if you had been here when that paper came we had hugged you to death." The people in Brazil judge a man by his titles and respect him accordingly. I felt unworthy of titles, desiring only to be an humble worker, but for Jesus I will wear anything. If they brought respect from the people it brought respect for His message. And it increased the respect of that priest for me. I saw the change and when on a train together, I sought, and had a conversation with him. He treated me with all respect, accepting one of the school books Mrs. Taylor had prepared, which I offered him. He observed that he had seen a copy of the book and that he had recommended its adoption in the public schools. He was then senator and afterward governor pro tem.

The open persecutions ceased, but he continued his paper onslaughts, e.g., he wrote a piece of poetry in which he pictured the brethren in Areia worshipping me. Though sarcastic it was laughable, even to me. He pictured the scene thus: I was in the pulpit, the members scattered around all in the attitude of worship. Capt. Egydio, the



rich coffee planter, approached with hands uplifted, saying: "I thank thee, oh, Sr. Taylor, for saving my soul and causing me to leave the religion of my fathers to follow one I do not know where it will lead me." Then came Sr. Ernesto Marques, who had been a dancing master, when a Catholic, who said: "I thank you, oh, Mr. Sr. Taylor for teaching me to quit the mother church in which I was raised and follow people I know nothing of." Then came Sr. Neco, butcher, who through drink lost all, but through reading a Bible was converted, restored to prosperity. He came saying: "I adore thee, Sr. Taylor, for having left off money making in your country in New York to come so far to save my poor little soul and to lead me away from the religion of my fathers." And on went the poetry till all the most prominent members had been called, ludicrous, laughable, sarcastic, all of which many of his sort drank down as the truth. But our cause day by day was getting stronger and his weaker. One brother who visited that section came back and reported that the whole country was falling to the gospel. Not so much in the city but out in the country, almost to a house, which I afterwards verified.

Rev. A. Marques, whom I baptized the second year of my work, went to preach in the interior of the state of

Pernambuco. In a certain town there were persons interested in the gospel. Sitting in their house about dusk an old woman passed by warning them of the coming of persecutors. They blew out the lights and closed the doors. It was not long before a crowd passed by looking for them, but not finding them was returning to the town when another crowd met them, each thinking the other Protestants, and so firing into each other, killed and wounded twenty or thirty. In order to cover up their crime they invented a story saying the believers kept guns in an adjoining house. Our brethren were called before the jury, but after lingering two years the case was dropped - for lack of proof.

Here is the way how the priests tried to abolish masonry in Brazil. About 1870 a kind of first shot of infallibility failed. The pope had condemned masonry, as he does all things he cannot govern. He either authorized the bishops, or at least those of Para and Pernambuco supposed they were authorized, to proceed against it. They began in the confessional, the bishops manipulating their victims as usual. The women were the tools chosen, that is, they tried to use them, but they didn't work right in this case. In the confessional the priest would ask the woman: "Is your husband, or father, a mason? What hour does he go

out? How long does he stay? To what street and number does he go? Does he bring anything home with him? Swipe and bring it to me." The women, like good wives, went home and told their husbands. These masons, as citizens, considered that the privacy and sacredness of their homes was being violated. So they cited the bishops to the local tribunals, where they were condemned as disturbers of the peace. They appealed to the Supreme Court which sustained the verdict, of three years of hard labor. One died in prison, and the other was pardoned out. Ever since that the priests have a profound respect for the masons in Brazil.

I showed in another place how a priest paid some soldiers \$600 to arrest, beat and put down, brother Clodoaldo at Rio Salsa. Dr. Ray tells in Brazilian Sketches of \$60 being paid by a priest to two men to go and kill Capt. Egydio. Many similar instances could be cited, past as well as present, that the tactics of the priests are the same. They have always used all their influence, all the political and muscular power at their command to oppose the gospel and put down the true preacher.

It is true that laymen are the instruments, the priests being rarely in sight, but the plan, the attack,

the time and place are all arranged by the priests. There have been several martyrs in Brazil, and would have been more, but the priests are restrained by fear, as the Pharisees were when they put Christ to death. The Constitution guarantees us freedom and protection: the people are also becoming liberal, if not friendly, and often Catholics will defend us publicly.

During the great newspaper discussion, already mentioned, one of the priests referred to the Collegio Americano as being taught by a female from my house. Prof. Bizzaria, director of one of the best schools, a rhetorician and patriot, came to my defense, explaining in a long article, that civil marriage was practiced in all the leading nations and that I was legally married by the laws of the United States. He closed by saying: "Would to God the priests lived the moral life Senhor Taylor does, the streets would not be so full of bastards."

There were some pious people, among the Jews, but the Pharisees who persecuted and brought about the death of Jesus were not. We concede that among the Catholics there are some who are pious, but can men who oppose the gospel with scandal, fire and sword be Christians?

## LXXXII. BEGINNINGS IN VICTORIA

A most insignificant looking boy, Francisco da Silva, came 100 miles to Bahia to be baptized. He was led to Christ by Dona Archimonia, out where she was teaching. Continuing 600 miles south he stopped at Victoria, where he worked all the week at his trade and on Sundays for Jesus. He distributed many Bibles and tracts and took subscriptions for the monthly paper at Bahia.

Finally he joined a surveying expedition, going interior fifty miles. He laid up his savings and continued his religious work on Sundays. The first company finished their work and another came, needing a secretary. The chief of the first company told the second company that he could recommend his own secretary as efficient in every way, but that he had one thing about him he would not quit. "What is it?" asked the second chief. "It is his religion, he is a devoted Protestant." "But," said the second chief, "can't you get it out of him with money?" "Man," said the first chief, "it is born in him, but he is a good and competent worker." "All right, I'll try him." It was only a short time till the second engineer and all his family were true believers in Jesus.

When this second job was over Sr. Francisco had

saved up about \$800. With part of it he bought a mule and used the rest for expenses in traveling and preaching all over the country. He asked me to come down and baptize eight. The day I was to buy my ticket I received a telegram telling of persecution and advising me to await letters.

During the delay one of the applicants was led off into spiritism. Another seeing that deflection, came to Francisco and demanded baptism. Francisco told him he was not ordained and had no authority to baptize. The fellow went home, took down his Bible and examined it carefully for a few days. Returning to Francisco he again demanded of him baptism, only to receive the same reply. "But", said he, "I have searched the New Testament and find nowhere that it says a man has to be ordained to baptize, so come on and baptize me: I want to get secure in this religion; don't you see how one has gone already?" So catching Francisco by the arm he pulled him down to the river, close by, and into it, saying, "Now baptize me." So Francisco put him under the water, repeating the baptismal formula, the best he knew how. Francisco wrote me immediately what had occurred, assuring me he had done it against his will, the brother having forced him. I wrote to the secretary, Dr. Willingham, for counsel. The reply

was: "You are on the field, Bro. Taylor, we will risk your judgment."

Later I asked Brother Jackson to go down and baptize the believers. He went, stayed three months and baptized seventy-five. A year later Bro. Dunstan and I visited the place together, and seeing there had been only one irregular baptism, and that of a young man who might be called to preach some day, we persuaded them, in order to remove any doubts or difficulties for the future, brother Francisco having been ordained meantime, to baptize him on authority of the church.

It was the rainy season of the year and the roads were boggy. We had to pay \$2 a day for animals to carry us fifty miles interior. Going out I rode an old white horse, which on coming to a narrow bridge, after dark, missed his hold with left hind foot and fell backwards, down a steep bank, some 15 or 20 feet throwing me to one side. I first fell on my back, where my head received a severe gash, but I bounded on into a well-shaped hole, with a lot of water in it, and in which I found myself sitting in a V posture. Unable to bend, I reached out and found a sapling by which I pulled myself up and out. The horse was scrambling about in the dark near me, but

I found my way back up the hill to the road around him. My umbrella got into the hole ahead of me and was smashed. We still had a mile to ride to a house where we spent the night. On looking at my watch I found it had stopped at 7:45, the hour of the fall, a pivot broken.

I slept little that night, after washing the blood out of the wound. Next day we rode thirty miles over the roughest trails to our destination, Claudio Affonso, arriving at 9 p.m. at the home of a state legislator, whose wife was a believer. Next morning, Sunday, Bro. Dunstan dressed the wound for the first time. No doubt the constant application of mentholatum saved me grave consequences. It was a month in healing.

The bridges we passed were ordinarily three logs placed side by side, the middle one being lower to keep the animal from slipping. I passed over one about forty feet long, built on rock pillars, the rushing waters passing underneath. Finding myself dizzy I closed my eyes till the mule passed over. Again the trails around the ridges were made by mules, the hills sloping above and below, at an angle of 45 degrees, sometimes fifty, sometimes one hundred feet. The mule was secure enough if one only sat upright.



I noticed native sawmills by the roadside. The log to be sawed had been cut on a hillside and rolled onto two logs placed horizontally out from the hill and there scotched. The saw was of the order of the cross cut saw and was operated by two men, one above and one below the log. The planks vary in thickness from one to two inches and are not matched, i.e., the edges remaining rough. The planks<sup>73</sup> the carpenters a fat job. When sawed they are adjusted two or more, on each side of mules to a rough saddle and dragged to a river, thence floated down stream to cities or ports, there transported to boats and market.

In this state as in some others I saw the monjolo at work. A beam ten feet long is balanced on an axle. The mortar stands under one end. The pestle is so attached as to fall into the mortar to underside of the beam. At the other end, on top, is something like, a pan which catches the water from a precipice or dam. When the vessel is full it tilts the beam down, which raises the pestle end of the beam. On going down the pan is emptied, the beam flies back and the pestle beats the rice. The process goes on day and night, automatically, the owner needing

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<sup>73</sup>There is no apparent gap here, but one must exist. No attempt has been made to fill it.

only to put in rough rice and take it out when cleaned. It is said this mill was invented by a criminal, whom the emperor of Brazil pardoned for this invention.

On that trip we ordained brother Francisco, as said above, baptized twenty-seven and organized three churches. Bro. Francisco continued his glorious work with Bro. Reno, who took charge of that field and made a separate mission. After several fruitful years Bro. Francisco died yet young. It remains one of those mysteries we cannot explain. He is now remembered as the "apostle of the state of Espirito Santo."

A little girl daughter of a brother Lemos writing to me here in the United States from Victoria, the capitol, after I left Brazil, saying something like this: "Brother Taylor, when you visited us I was a little girl, seven years old, now I am fifteen and am a believer and follower of Jesus my Savior. Then there were only a few believers who were badly persecuted. Now there are a thousand believers in this state." It was one of many spontaneous letters to let me know they were praying for my restoration to health and return to Brazil.

Since brother Reno and wife took charge of that field it has been one continued success, there being at

present perhaps 2,500 believers in that state.

At Claudio Affonso there was a wonderful change, gamblers, bandits and other such characters converted by the power of the gospel. One brother told me he was a lictor for a certain rich man and that he had killed his first man before he was fifteen years old - that when he committed a crime for his master in one state he fled across the line into another.

A state legislator, the county judge, the mayor were all friendly and praising the peace which the gospel had brought to their town, which before was given to gambling, whiskey and midnight murder. The sheriff said, "this religion is good for the government," as it made men peaceful and diminished crime. When the hearts of men began to change the priest got behind about sixty armed men who came to the town to attack the brethren, but leading citizens went out and dissuaded them, telling them they were not only about to violate the law of liberty, but would hurt a lot of useful citizens and give a bad name to their town.

One man who was a professional gambler had rented a farm and was moving on to it while I was there. Men of the worst character were among the first to embrace the

gospel. One told me he was converted in this way: While standing guard at the house of his father-in-law against persecutors he would stand at the door and listen to what the believers were saying and heard the singing of the songs which took hold of his heart and he took hold of the gospel.

#### LXXXIII. TRIP TO CAETETE

This city is about 300 miles S.W. of Bahia. On this trip I had for companion Sr. Barretto and a page who cared for our animals and cooked for us in the camp. Bro. Barretto was devout and active, though defective in singing.

We crossed the bay to Cachoeira and thence went on the railroad to the end of the line, a distance of about 150 miles. Here we got mules and a guide who led us still 150 miles, continuing southwest, Our guide soon informed us of the line passing beyond which we could buy no more milk - the people would give it to us, just as they do water, only we had to speak for the quantity we wished the night before.

There was much excitement at Bom Jesus da Lapa, 50 miles to the west of us on the San Francisco river. This is perhaps the most famous pilgrimage resort in Brazil - the Catholic Mecca. When the Jesuits were

expelled from Brazil, as they were in all the world, they buried much of their wealth and hid out their idols. In 1890 there was dug up near Santo Amaro in the state of Bahia a massive gold candelabra fourteen feet beneath the surface.

They had subterranean passages from church to monastery, and to convents. Some twenty miles above Bahia on the coast are to be seen ruins of the monastery with secret tunnels to different parts and to the sea. When the work of building was finished the architect was detained, imprisoned, for life in a secret cell in order that no person in all the world might know the secrets of the building.

It is supposed the Jesuits in their flight from the country, hid this big idol in a case or grotto, afterwards called Lapa from the saint of that name. One day a stock man was chasing an ox, which being pushed by the rider, ran into this cavern to a point where the cow man discovered the image. He reported his find to the priest who took charge of it as a miraculous appearance, as another old Roman palladium fallen down from heaven. It soon attracted wide attention and many worshipers. Immense sums of money poured in: wax and other valuables are devoted to this saint. There are a number of commissioners that receive and dispose of the saint's possessions. They employ

workmen, many buy and sell, hire men to take care of his cattle all in his - the saint's - name. It is something like a corporation, or a great business firm all under the name of the saint - The Good Lord of Lapa.

This was the saint to which Capt. Egydio bore wax to the weight of his son, having promised that if he would cure him he would give the wax to him. People were thronging there in such numbers as to almost depopulate the country through which I passed. Stock and chickens were carried along. We heard of one man who had sold his house in order to go and get the blessing that that saint was supposed to give. On one of my trips up the San Francisco river I conversed with a man who had come 150 miles, was on his way, still to go 150 miles to get to that shrine. And yet Catholics will tell you they do not worship idols.

This idol with much of its riches was burnt up while I was in that section of the country. Indeed one of the priests accused me of having set fire to the god. Another was ordered made in Bahia and was shipped in a freight car, wherefore I contended with the priests, in reply, that the thing must have been baggage, for had it been a saint or a god it would have gone as a first class passenger, or on a special passenger train.

This cavern, shrine, is also filled with ex-votos, as in the Bomfim church in Bahia. These ex-votos are public exhibitions of any and every afflicted part of the human or animal body, as a testimony that the saint had cured them. This most ancient and repugnant phase of idolatry was incorporated into the Catholic church. It is said the emperor on coming to Bahia would always first go to the Bomfim church, where these ex-votos can be seen hung to the ceiling and to the walls of a side room or hall.

Quite a commerce has sprung up about the cave by people who go to trade and barter and sell to the multitudes who are there on pilgrimage. Capt. Egydio said, though a Catholic, he was disgusted with the speculation and poverty he saw there. I heard of priests who scoured the country contracting masses to be said at some future date at the shrine. One priest, we heard, had contracted masses to the amount of \$10,000 in this way.

Through the forests I passed I saw two thunder snakes, so wonderful in beauty. I killed and stuffed one with farinha for Baylor University, but the beauty faded out when dry. A taxidermist at Bahia told me afterwards that it had been impossible to preserve the colors in the skin. Another taxidermist told me the only way to get the

colors was to paint them as soon as the snake was killed. Speaking of snakes, I will say that what many people call cobra, or the double headed snake of Brazil, instead of being deadly poisonous, as many have heard, is harmless. I have seen boys pick them up in their hands and I never heard of one biting anybody.

The rhea and sare-eima, two large prairie birds, keep the snakes pretty well cleaned up in all that section. There is a fine to kill a rhea, because they kill the snakes. Indeed in my travels I saw fewer snakes of any kind than I have seen in my travels in Mississippi and Texas.

One night I stayed at the house of a man who told how numerous the tapirs were around there. The tapir is a kind of water elephant, weighing several hundred pounds. The hide is thick and used by the poor for making sandals which last much longer than cowhide. Seeing I carried a Winchester, he bantered me to stay over a day and kill some of them. He said all I had to do was to take my stand in some safe place, for when frightened they would run against saplings or anything in their way, and that I could shoot them as they came by, he arousing them from the thicket at the head of the valley. It was an awful



temptation for I love to hunt and am a good shot, but thinking it over I declined, telling the man I had bigger business. I may say here that with all my love for hunting and fishing, though game and fish abound in the sections through which I so often traveled, I never took off a day for either. I often carried a gun on long interior trips for safety and protection, which is the custom there.

Armadillos abound in that section, and for meat, are considered on a par with our o'possum. What is called the "true armadillo" is now very scarce, only occasionally one is caught. They are three or four times as large as the common one. The only two shells I ever saw were in the museums of Rio and San Paulo, the largest in Rio.

One afternoon about 3 o'clock as we were climbing a long hill, a cloudburst of rain, accompanied by fierce thunder and lightning, came upon us. Not a house did we pass. I had a rain coat, but my company all got soaking wet. The rain lasted till 8 o'clock. Sr. Barretto and I went on ahead and secured lodging for the night in an intendencia, vestige of an oriental custom - an open house for travelers, built in towns or about big plantations. We arranged the fire, and farinha from the mansion, and the muleteers came in about 10 o'clock wet and downcast.

They had much trouble, the mules not caring to travel at that hour and in that shape. They would wander away from the road in the dark. Just before dark one of the mules had a fall. We had to pass angling down and up a great gorge. A stake stood beside the road. One very small mule, loaded with two boxes of Bibles, attempted to go to the lower side, when a box hit the stake and upset him, his feet slipping, and over and over he went tumbling down the hill 40 or 50 feet. The muleteer looked at his mule, rolling down the hill, and prayed to his saints to save the mule's neck. On going to the mule they found him, boxes on the ground, and the mule on top of them with his feet in the air. They cut him loose, put the boxes on some rocks, covering them with the rawhide which served as a covering to the boxes, and left them there for the night. Next morning they had to go back 2 or 3 miles for them. Some of the Bibles were wet, so we had to open the boxes and dry them. It took us till midnight to get things dry enough to sleep, and in order to start out early next morning.

This is the home of the anvil bird. It is about the size of a pigeon and of a bluish color. It takes its name from the way it sings. It begins with a loud thud,

waits a bit, then a lower sound, descending in tone but increasing in rapidity, as the hammer of a blacksmith on his anvil. This bird is much prized, but is not good for nervous people.

I bore letters to the mayor of Caetete who received me with kindness, offering me a house for my train and furnishings for the men, saying to me, "You are welcome to my table at any and all times." He offered me the big theater or Court House in which to preach. The absent vicar had been caught going out of someone's back gate in dishonor. He was in Bahia trying to reinstate himself with the archbishop, whose decision outweighed that of the people. As in Santa Rita, I had the field for days to myself once more. In visiting the Dist. Judge he informed me he had read and heard much of our school in Bahia as one of the best in the state.

One of the State Normal schools was located at that place. The people would honor me as the Director of the school, instead of my wife. I visited the Normal school, where I was shown every respect. I was invited to private classes of French and English. The director of the boy's band had them play for me. I was invited to attend a civil marriage, accompanying the mayor, and was served at the table as an honored guest.

I preached the first Sunday in the big theater, and though the crowd was good the rostrum was too high and too far from the people. So I held meetings nightly in the basement or first floor of the Court House. As in Santa Rita quite all the attendants were of the upper class.

The attendants being men of intelligence I proceeded on a not usual plan. After singing and prayer I handed around Bibles in four different versions. As our Bibles are taxed as false by the priests I usually carried with me the Archbishop's Bible for comparison. The British and Foreign Bible Society publishes this same version, Figueiredo, and the priests call it false just because it was published on Protestant presses - their own version or translation. Then I had the Protestant version, Almeida, translated 100 years before the Catholics translated the Bible in Portuguese, in Macau, where there was a Portuguese colony. Then I had the version of the archbishop of Portugal, and other version made by the monks in Bahia - four in all. I held one in my hand and selected passages from different books, I reading, and they following my reading, each in his version. Each night they all agreed that one and all those versions were the same in substance, differing in the wording. Each night I changed the versions from my

hand to theirs for three nights. On the fourth night when I began to distribute the Bibles they said: "Why, any longer, we all now know that they are the same."

The priests speculate on the peoples' ignorance. At first they told the people the Bible is a bad book. One priest copied many passages out of the Old Testament, where crimes are narrated and condemned, printed them in pamphlet, and at the close asked: "Is this a book to be read in your families?" But the people read and decided that it was a good book. The second argument was that the Bible is a good book, but the Catholic version only. Then the people read all the versions and found them more or less the same. Then the priests brought out their third and last argument, that all the versions are the same, but only the priests can interpret it. And yet some Protestants think that priests are true and upright.

While I had the most respectful attention, I felt like my labors were a repetition of Paul's sermon at Athens. It was a literary city. I was treated as a literary man, my sermons and company appreciated, and they were more in harmony with me than with the vicar. Even one of the officials proposed to organize a church in opposition to the vicar. And he wanted to be the first to enter. Of

course he was far from the kingdom. The people appreciated us and the principles preached, but did not take to Jesus as their Savior and Master. Perhaps we should not expect more on a first visit, rather grateful that the Word was sown in willing hearts.

There lived there an old man who had long been a subscriber to our paper and who was a light to these people. He freed all his slaves long before the proclamation. He was a pharmacist, but spent much of his money on charity. His faith had crystalized on a certain belief without putting on Christ.

We sold most of our Bibles, books and distributed quite all our tracts. The old friend, the official mentioned, with a few more, did the royal thing in giving us through escort several miles out, an honorable send off. Lembrancas d'aqui aos amigos de Gaetete.

#### LXXXIV. FIRST BRAZILIAN BAPTIST CONVENTION

Our churches were so far apart and weak that we were not able to have a general convention for twenty-five years. We had only about seventy-five churches and perhaps about 5,000 members. Bro. Nelson came from Manaus on the north and Bro. Bagby from San Paulo on the south, a distance of about 5,000 miles apart. Twelve out of the

fifteen missionaries were present and about forty native Christians as delegates.

A good program was published in the daily papers long before the date, July 1907, in the city of Bahia, with the first and oldest church, in the old Inquisition Building. The sessions were announced open to the public and the people invited to attend any or all the services. As the hour came for the first meeting, a band of thirty musicians invaded the courtyard and played the Convention a welcome. We had to stop awhile, and some of the brethren thought it was not Baptist for a Baptist Convention to be opened with a brass band: it became a little serious, I observed that it had been better not to have met here than to repel the spontaneous welcome of the people, who did not know the genius of Baptists. So we let them play, then stop long enough for us to organize, then played again for a recess, then retired.

During the intermission, aged brother Domingues gave out tracts and talked to each one. I afterward sent the leader a Bible and each of the musicians a Testament. That same year Brazilians were playing welcome to Baptists at Bahia, the Texas State Convention met at San Antonio, and Bro. Carney was arrested for preaching on the streets of the city.

A committee was sent to the governor with copies of our books and a Bible, stating the aims and principles of Baptists. He gave us a generous welcome, listening to our message with respect.

Bro. F. F. Soren, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Rio, was chosen moderator. Right from the first we put our Brazilian brethren in the front. I think every moderator of the Convention has been a native. The Constitution and By-laws were modeled after those of the Southern Baptist Convention. Reports from the various fields were read and many phases of the work discussed. Boards on most of the departments of work were appointed. Sermons at night by the preachers and music led by Brother Maddox were attractive features. Several dailies gave favorable mention of the Convention.

The old time custom of free entertainment to all delegates was carried out. Mrs. Taylor and her aides prepared the midday luncheon in a large hall in the mission building. It was the season of oranges. The finest in the world are produced at Bahia - the seedless navel orange. Those we get here in the United States from California, are grown on trees which came from Bahia.

Perhaps the most far-reaching subject which came



before the Convention was the appeal that came from Chile, through Bro. McDonald, asking us to receive him and his 500 native Chilean brethren into our Convention. Bro. McDonald is a Scotch Baptist, who volunteered under the Christian Alliance. He had begun and carried on the work almost single handed. While the Alliance gave him free rein to preach and practice what he believed, he found himself separated from his Baptist brethren.

The Convention resolved that brother Bagby be sent to examine the situation and report at the next Convention, which he did. He reported everything all right and the Convention not only received those brethren, but adopted Bro. McDonald as our missionary. Nothing contributed more to the inspiration of our Convention meetings and to the cause than this lending of the Christian hand to those struggling and far away brethren. Two more native preachers have been added and the number of members has grown to about 1,500. We appealed to the brethren in Argentina, and they generously shared with us the expenses. I went to the Baptist Convention of Mexico, city of Mexico, in 1910. They readily, then and there, set apart a certain sum a month for that field. They also resolved to open up work in some of the Central American countries which they

also did. The war of course paralyzed their efforts later.

### Extending to Portugal

A member of the Valenca, Bahia, church made a visit to his relatives in Oporto, Portugal. He found a number of believers there, who were not satisfied with their church affiliations. The man under whose preaching they had accepted the Savior failed in health and had to abandon the work. He was of the gospel mission type, having no certainty of a successor. In the meantime, our brother had instructed them in the right way. They wished to join the Brazilian Baptist Convention. Bro. Ginsburg was our secretary for foreign missions. He appealed to me to go over and investigate. I was sorely needing a rest, so I approved the opportunity and went.

In Lisbon I remained a few days, visiting the different missions. I took special interest in the British and Foreign Bible Society headquarters, Mr. Morton, Jr. Supt. These headquarters were in the Catholic monastery bought many years ago by the Presbyterians from the government. These had sold it to the Episcopalians, erecting a new church in another place. The large grounds include a church building where an ex-priest was preaching the service of the Episcopal church. The Bible Society was occupying several cells of the monastery.

The Brazilians are much more open to the gospel than the Portuguese, but when a Portuguese is converted he is more zealous and active. All the evangelical societies there are English. Catholics are much more fanatical there than in Brazil.

There was a fearless pioneer native preacher, who had been jailed many times for his street preaching. In a certain city the priest threatened to have him jailed if he did not leave the city immediately. He told the priest that he had been intending to leave, but if he would put him in jail that he would remain. He wanted a chance to preach to the officials and the large number of people he always found in the jails.

The street cars in Lisbon are said to be the best in Europe. I was glad to note they were made in Philadelphia. The railroads were those used in Europe, the little four passenger compartments opening on the sides of the coaches. I visited the monastery which has been the royal mausoleum for two hundred years. There I saw the embalmed body of Dom Pedro II, the dethroned emperor of Brazil: also the mutilated bodies of the former king and crown prince, both shot in the street the year before. The only remaining son, Alfonso, was returning from a visit

to the north of the kingdom. I stood on the main plaza, crowded with people, waiting to get a look at the boy king. But he passed in a closed carriage so rapidly and was so densely surrounded with solders that no one could see him. In a short time the Republic was proclaimed and the boy king dethroned. Lisbon is a city of 500,000 people and no Baptist work being done there.

In Porto I was met at the station by a committee of brethren, who escorted me to a hotel, also inviting me to their homes: appointments for preaching were made. I remained there preaching and visiting for a month. I also visited all the evangelical missions and missionaries.

Among those visited was Maxwell Wright, evangelist, who had several times visited Brazilian cities: Mr. Morton, of the Methodist church, who was old in mission work. I also spoke at the Episcopal church, whose pastor is an old missionary and very pious. Bro. Jones was an open communion Baptist, coming from Spurgeon's church. He is a layman, but held mission services on Sundays in Portuguese. I attended his services and visited him in his home. He is a grandson of the Baptist historian of that name.

Sr. Silva is a Methodist preacher and editor. He was converted early and had a good education and preparation.

He was converted in the following manner: the Methodists had established a school in a certain street: immediately the Jesuits established one on the opposite side of the street for the avowed purpose of breaking up the Methodist school. Sr. Silva was a pupil in the Jesuit school. The teacher and governing priest began calling the Protestants bad names and bemeaning them for all the evils in the world. Young Silva had a desire to see and know them at closer range, so see how such devilish people acted, what they said, etc. So he attended their meetings on Sundays, but instead of forming the same ideas of the teacher and priest, he found the music cheerful and their treatment kind. He continued till he was converted and became a leader among the Portuguese preachers.

In Italy a similar case occurred. A man heard the priest so bemean the Protestants, as devils in human shape, etc., that on going to a town where they held meetings he went out of curiosity just to investigate and know for himself. The result was that he was completely changed, becoming a Protestant himself.

At the home of one of the believers where I spent the night, the sister told me she was so happy now that her husband was a Christian, and spent his evenings at home.

Many such evidences of Christianity did I find in the homes of the believers as I visited them at all hours unceremoniously.

I conversed privately with everyone in their homes. Then I called a meeting at which I made known to them the result of my investigations. That I was satisfied as to the change in their lives: however, their baptism was irregular. And therefore, I could not recommend them for fellowship in our Brazilian Baptist Convention. "Well," they said, "Brother Taylor, if we are not right we want to get right." So on a cold Christmas day, 1908, I baptized fifteen of them, then constituted them into a regular Baptist church. All our Baptist organizations were formed, officers appointed for Sunday School and B.Y.P.U., also a leader for worship, so that the church was lined up for work. Then they sent a petition to be incorporated into the Brazilian Baptist Convention, which was granted, at Pernambuco, 1909.

In 1910 Sr. J. J. Oliveira graduated at Baylor University, and returning to Brazil, was appointed as a missionary to Portugal, by our Brazilian Foreign Mission Board. He is Portuguese, but was converted in Brazil, and sent by Brazilians back to his own country as missionary.

He came to the U.S. with just enough money to pass the immigration agent, knowing very little of the English language, and within five years I was at his graduation, where Dr. B. H. Carroll, in presenting him his diploma, said he had gained it with honor.

Our churches were all fired with zeal as they heard of the appointment of the fifth foreign missionary. Out of their poverty they contributed and have contributed till today they are far in advance, per capita, of the Baptists in the U.S. Bro. Oliveira has gone to work on a scale worthy of a great and glorious work. There are now between 400 and 500 members of five Baptist churches. He has built a commodious house of worship in the center of the city of Porto with 250,000 population. Bro. Jones joined forces with him and became his right hand man for counsel and help.

Let all the people take note, that our Brazilian Baptist Convention sustains foreign missions in two different countries, Chile<sup>74</sup> and Portugal. Those Latin peoples were among the greatest explorers and discoverers. They now occupy over half the western or American Continent.

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<sup>74</sup>Taken over by the Board since above was written.  
(sic.)

Will the day not come in which our present mission stations shall become the most potential bases for the evangelization of the world?

#### LXXXV. FOUNDING OF THE B.Y.P.U.

The Christian Endeavor had been running many years and our Baptist people especially in the cities felt the need of such an organization. In Bahia a Society was organized with one in the Presbyterian church. I noted some irregularities. Blank cards were sent to Baptist churches with spaces to fill out, of the attendance, new members, collections, how many adults baptized, how many infants baptized!! Now think of such literature coming to Baptist young people! This writer said he would not open the gate for error to be sent to them, so shut the gate.

The missionaries in Bahia had a talk over it, which resulted in the preparation of B.Y.P.U. literature and founding of the first one in the Bahia church. Afterwards they were organized throughout Brazil.

The question arose as to a badge acceptable to Brazilian Baptists. They will not stand for a cross anywhere, as it is a fetish idol with the Catholics. Miss Goolsby, teacher in the kindergarden, and I agreed on the Southern cross, first seen and named by the earliest



navigators. It is a constellation of stars in the southern skies, three of which are of the first magnitude and appear like points of the cross. Then the Brazilian colors on the Brazilian armor, which is surrounded by two branches, one of tobacco and one of coffee, the principal products of Brazil. Then the initials U.M.B. - UNIAO da MOCIDADE BAPTISTA; this makes a beautiful badge. It is oval, 5/8 of an inch in diameter, the colors glazed over so as not to fade, some with pins, some with cap screw for the lapel of men's coats.

#### LXXXVI. SELF SUPPORT

On this subject there can be no strict rule by which all must work alike. Every man must work on his own plans. However, we should all study to keep close to Christ and the apostles. What is said here is the way I worked; others may work on a different plan and meet with more signal success.

One idea of self support is to make the church independent from the start, of paying for its own pastor, building its own house, literature for its S.S., etc. Then there is the N.T. or Pauline view. Some have carried the first view so far as not to organize a church till its self support is guaranteed. In some cases this is possible,

where there is wealth or numbers sufficient. Where there are only a few and poor this is impossible.

Self support is the physical phase of Christianity; evangelization is the spiritual side. Both are natural parts of the same kingdom, just as the body is to the soul. There is much in common between paternal government and the missionary government of the churches. Extremes are easily made one way or the other; we can be too strict or too lenient as is so often done in families. A church may be trained into a pauper state, in which it begins to think it will always be supported by someone else.

The best and wisest may find himself often in the case of Paul and say with him: "Who is sufficient for these things?" There are times in the life of every parent when all wisdom seems to have failed and drive us to God for light. We must go to His Word. Christ placed the emphasis on getting the people out of their sins and keeping them close to God. Jesus trained his disciples and planted in them the genius of Christianity to be developed in the churches afterward. He had only two companies or organizations, the twelve and the seventy.

True Christianity planted in the hearts of men will work out the details. Real Christianity holds its

possessors together. When Christ ascended to heaven He taught them to stay together till endued from high. When they were endued their hearts and purses flew open and nothing was lacking. When God's Spirit is on the people all things are possible. A church was soon formed, James chosen as pastor, the physical taking shape when the spiritual first had its development.

At Antioch the disciples grew in number, and guided by the Holy Spirit they sent out Paul and Barnabas, being the first church that sent out foreign missionaries. These planted the first churches among the heathen, and though there must have been organized churches in all the principal centers, the first church history, the Acts of the Apostles, follows Paul principally and tells how he founded and trained those churches.

It seems at this distance that Paul attended mostly to the spiritual, allowing the churches to shape their local affairs. He instructs them how to receive members, their qualifications, to exclude unworthy members, the qualifications of a pastor, what he is to preach, how Christians should live, how to manage their finances, how to act as citizens, etc.

Paul had no treasury to draw from and the churches knew if they had a pastor they must support him. Democracy

in its highest sense was information. By modern organization methods the missionary should be provided with means to travel; as Paul did, he may even bear the expenses of traveling companions, leading the churches in the higher sphere, but leaving them to their own local initiative. To go beyond this one may appear to lord it over God's heritage.

The church at Conquista, with the Holy Spirit and the New Testament to guide them, developed the characteristics of a true and working church. They were converted under the preaching of one of their own number, Rev. Theophilo de Queiroz, who, converted himself by reading the Bible, went 250 miles to be baptized and later went the same 250 miles to be ordained, baptized them, then organized them into a church. They built their own meeting house, supported their own pastor, built him a parsonage. He, besides preaching on Sundays, taught school on week days in the meeting house.

When I visited them four years afterward I told them it was then only that I saw why God had not permitted me to visit them sooner. They had begun and continued the work of the gospel plan. It was a pleasure to be with them and observe their orderly conduct and reinforce some of the principal doctrines.

The church at Guandu was another instance. The first time I visited that church it had 96 members; baptisms were effected through native pastors. They had a large building under construction. I ordained the pastor of their choice and there were 12 more baptized on that occasion. The work was begun by one of their own number and carried on by themselves, guided only by the Book and the Spirit. The pastor was leading on and the people were making religion the main thing, and getting to heaven the main business of life.

I visited one very spiritual church, Rio Salsa, and found the sisters praying in public. They interpreted that passage of Paul in Corinthians where it says, "Every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoreth her head," to mean that a sister could pray in public by putting a veil over her head. So when called on to pray a sister would deliberately take a veil from her pocket, put it on her head and begin her prayer. I cite these instances to show how closely the Christians are studying the Word of God, and of their own accord take it as law to be obeyed. The first Christians in this last church mentioned adopted the tenth of their own accord.

I think I made a common mistake of mothering some

of the first churches into weakness. We are so anxious to see the churches advancing, though at times this growth is unnatural and will not stand the test of time. There may exist local conditions in which a small church does not or cannot grow. It may be in the lives of the first Christians, from persecution or opposition. Disease comes to some towns and scatters the members. Brazilians are a great people to move; this weakens a church, but often results in the organization of churches in other places. In Alagoinhas the church has gone down several times, having been reorganized the third or fourth time.

The first missionaries are more occupied in collecting the material than in the building. My mission was to go everywhere, preaching the gospel. For fifteen years perhaps there was not on an average of one church a year organized. The main thing was to preach, preach, preach. The second and third generation of missionaries must occupy themselves in good part with the progress of churches already founded.

I showed the brethren I was there to give them the gospel, not to rule, but as fast as they could take the responsibilities into their hands I would pass on to the regions beyond. Catholics rule and tax the people, the gospel sets them free.

Self support is the divine plan. The missionary should teach the churches to begin, as far as possible, and grow in self support, visiting them occasionally for this purpose, showing we have interest in their happiness and prosperity, as Paul took upon himself "the care of all the churches." But Paul did not fail to keep on extending the limits, going over a thousand miles to Rome, and over 2,000 if he went to middle, or west coast of, Spain, as he had planned to do. Distances in those days would be quadrupled by the rapidity of travel today. He was a pioneer preacher and attempted to do what Jesus told the apostles to do, "preach the gospel in all the world."

I fear Christianity has set down to build and fortify and has lost sight of the main thing, to bring everything into subjection to the one thing Christ left for us to do, in the shortest time possible that, "this gospel of the Kingdom be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations."

If we start the churches off right they will not only be self supporting, but self perpetuating, the native populations occupying fields already evangelized, the foreign missionary moving on rapidly to the unoccupied regions beyond. I was not sent out to act as pastor but

as an evangelist. God will call pastors from among those converted. I consider it an honor to have ordained some twenty native pastors and evangelists; there were others ordained in Bahia mission by other ordained native pastors.

#### LXXXVII. TRIP TO JEQUIRICA

This was in the nineties. The year before I had passed there with Capt. Egidio on a return trip to his community. I then baptized Sr. Jose Leal, now of Taperoa, and the wife of Sr. Archimínio, both strong Christian characters. The baptisms related in this chapter is the result of their labors.

Ernesto Marques and wife had been converted at Areia, close by, and he had gone to Bahia to take charge of the Press. Some of his friends had written him of a number there who wished to be baptized. I invited him to accompany me. His wife, a cheerful Christian, asked to go with him, saying she would not make any extra expense and so she did, riding on the same animal behind with her little Ruth in her lap.

Embarking on the S.S. to Nazareth, thence by rail to Corta-mao, where we hired mules, then proceeded to Jequirica some twelve or fifteen miles away. There lived on our route an old man, his wife and three sons. When



they knew of our coming they invited us to remain with them one day, as they were all believers and wished to be baptized. So we held service there at night, examining their faith, and next day baptized the five in a stream near by.

The vicar of Jequirica had been persecuting the brethren and as he was known to be a dangerous man we used tactics to get into town. Bro. Ernesto and wife preceded me that evening to see if it was safe for me, and know how to proceed. He preached to the believers there that night and I again at the home of those baptized that day. We had lain down to sleep, but about two o'clock there was a noise at the door and on rising we found Sr. Archimino and a companion, who had been sent after me, saying all was safe and they were awaiting me.

We arrived at Jequirica about daylight, lamps still burning where they held meeting and had awaited me all night. After prayer I made a call for all who wished to be baptized. They said several had just gone home, expecting to return later in the day for baptism. But I said all who are present had better come on now, as opposition may set in later. Eight presented themselves, who gave satisfactory evidence and were baptized at 8 o'clock in the river near by.

Being Sunday we had preaching at 11 with a house full. The others came in and their testimony was taken. We were singing at 3 p.m. when a lot of rowdies began past our door, each time drawing nearer. Finally one leaped from his horse, brandishing his knife, sprang into the door at Archimino, owner of the house, who lifted a chair, while other brethren held them apart. Doors and windows were slammed to by the sisters and held, to keep other persecutors out. Some on the outside pounded on the doors and windows saying they were friends, but they did not get in.

The brethren asked me to go to the rear where with an old sister and the children I continued in prayer till the noise ceased. The smaller children were all crying as they saw their parents rushing to and fro. Finally the invader, fearing he would be arrested, begged to be turned loose. He mounted his horse and galloped away with his comrades, several miles into the country. We were left free but the town was in a panic, behind closed doors.

After a long time the brethren found the local police, asleep, who came and promised protection. Happily the priest was away at his farm near the Indian settlement. He frightened and robbed the Indians of a large part of land and then threatened Capt. Egydio with death if he interfered.

Capt. Egydio was their government protector. The vicar kept his concubine at his farm. It was a happy event for us that he was away, as he is known to be brutal.

The power of the priest to persecute is the fact that they employ the baser sort of men to do it. Just as the lictors were used by their ancient Roman lords, first as body guards, afterwards to do all their killing or stealing or other meanness they wished to inflict on their enemies or victims, you rarely see a priest in a broil; he has his henchmen.

Every man, woman and child (yelling) in the house was doing his part in holding off the enemy, except a few of us in prayer in a back room. When quiet was restored the candidates came up boldly to confess their faith, manifesting their readiness to obey and/or suffer.

A brother twenty miles distant, hearing of my visit to Jequirica, arrived that afternoon, accompanied by two young men interested in the gospel. He was a brave man and his appearance at that hour was inspiring, though the local believers were brave enough.

At night we flung open the door and began to sing. Only believers came, as the people expected a repetition of the afternoon disturbance. However, the persecutors did not return. After preaching we set guards about the house,

as some persons were seen across the river in the afternoon, having clubs in their hands.

After the sermon I spent the time till midnight preparing the candidates, then we all repaired to the river where I baptized nine more. Returning I spent about an hour, instructing them regarding first duties as Christians. Closing with prayer I left them in the hands of God.

With saddlebags on my shoulder and good old brother Antonio as my companion, we left for his house, five miles away. Several brethren accompanied us out a mile for safety. We walked on about a mile where Sr. Antonio had a friend, at whose house he asked shelter for the night. An idol feast was just over, but the friend took us in, giving us a bench as a resting place. With saddlebags for a pillow and a bare bench for a bed, having already lost two nights of sleep, I succeeded in getting about three hours of rest, sleeping and waking. I was awakened next morning by brother Antonio, on his knees praying in a low voice. He prayed for the owner of the house, then got up and went to talk to him till breakfast. I still heard some of that conversation in which he was explaining the gospel in connection with the occurrence of the day before.

After coffee we continued afoot our journey to his

home, three miles distant. On this journey I had a good opportunity to explain many things about the gospel and church affairs, especially the tenth. Bro. Ernesto and wife remained a few days with the believers and I returned to Corta-mao and stopped at Vargem Grande where I baptized four more, in a stream some three miles out, close to the home of a dear friend who wished to witness a baptism. I was out only about ten days, baptized 26, passed through one persecution, but escaped the expected one, for God had ordered the priest away, and so His kingdom went marching on.

#### LXXXVIII. MAROCA

This woman was in the poor house; she had a disease which attacked her spasmodically and which left her incapable of earning a living. There was a blind woman also in the same establishment. Formerly she worked in a factory. On coming home to dinner one day she washed her face while perspiring, which resulted in the loss of her sight.

People in this country can hardly understand these attacks in the tropics. Thousands of people in Brazil annually die or are paralyzed with these attacks. The cause is getting heated then cooling off too rapidly. I barely escaped severe injury or death several times from it during my first years. It was more dangerous for me than

all the diseases together. It is called constipacao there. We would call it congestion. If one cools off too rapidly, only the most vigorous immediate treatment can save him. I heard of a man sitting in a window, drinking a cup of coffee, who fell off dead. I saw a man with his hip,<sup>75</sup> thrown out, and paralyzed as I felt a cold draft on opening the window after rising one morning. I sat up with a man the night he died, whose leg was in putrefaction, the upper part of his body and faculties in sound condition. One night he heard a thief in his soap factory. He sprang out of bed in his sleeping gown and pursued the thief some fifty yards. The exposure of his legs brought on the attack, from which all the doctors could not save him. This was Sr. Figueredo of the town of San Antonio, 75 miles from Bahia.

In the poor house we had a sister who served as nurse. Also a brother who served as helper. His name was Jose Luiz. Both were intensely zealous and pious. There are always 500 or more in the house, much sickness and not a few deaths. An old priest served as chaplain. But our brother and sister were daily around the sick and did not fail to tell them about Jesus and how to die. Among Catholics one is always supposed to call in the priest

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<sup>75</sup>There is an obvious gap in the thought at this point although there is no indication in the "Cowsert Text".

when the doctor pronounces the sick one incurable, or in danger of death. Many died in those days that did not call the priest. He noted it and found out that our brother Luiz and sister Eduviges were instructing them in the gospel.

Now this brother Luiz seemed to be off in every thing except religion. In that he was as bright as a new silver dollar. I never saw one drink in the gospel as he did. He sat in front of the preacher, with a broad smile on his face, nodding his head at every good word of the speaker. The priest called him to account about those dying without the rights of the church! In telling me about that conversation he said he began with the 23rd chapter of Matthew and carried him through Revelation, pointing out the errors he taught the people, then telling him what he ought to teach them. He himself died of the beri-beri but sister Eduviges continued the good work.

There were two bright conversions in the meantime; one Urania, blind, and Maroca. We invited them out, to make their homes with us; a brother offered the blind sister a home as a companion for his wife. The church offered Maroca a home in the big church building, a little room in the basement, and water; she did her own cooking and washing. The church gave her a regular monthly allowance of ten mil reis (\$3.50) a month.

She watched after the building as if it were her own. She told me she was the last to retire at night, after seeing that every door was bolted. Once she saw an invalid brother lounging about the basement at the hour of worship above. She sent him right up saying: "Sr. Taylor does not want people loafing about the building at the hour of worship."

When I went to the mission building, and that was nearly every day when I was in the city, she always considered it her privilege alone to prepare me a cup of coffee. If ever I took it somewhere else she would tell me in a half scolding tone that others were depriving her of her rights. She was always happy to receive the many visits of brethren and sisters, who thought they must not leave the building without paying her a visit. Quite all would take her some little present of fruit, vegetables or anything they thought she would like. She treasured these presents, keeping them as long as she could, showing them to me on my visits. We called her our saint.

She always had something to tell me, and was an interesting talker on Bible subjects or current events. We were teaching the brethren to pay the tenth. Some said they were too poor to pay it. One good brother deacon,



Claudio, told me he never knew of a brother who contributed to the poor fund, once a month, who ever had need of help. Maroca had her plan. One day she told me how she was troubled over her contribution the last Sunday, and how she gained the victory. She said she invariably found that the Lord always returned to her double what she gave. She had a dime and a nickel. Her trouble was which one to give. If she gave the dime she would not be able to pass Monday, but felt she ought to give it; so when she saw the deacon coming around with the plate, she ran her hand into her pocket and snatching up the dime threw it into the plate.

Next morning a good sister on her way to visit her son passed by to tell Maroca goodbye. As she left she dropped a quarter in Maroca's hand. And she clapped her hands at the victory she had gained. Some may object to such a poor Christian giving anything, but the Master's voice comes ringing down: "This poor widow hath cast in more than they all."

#### LXXXIX. WILLING PROPERTY TO CHURCH

Dona Yaya Barretto manifested a royal nature, both in acquiring and disposing of her property. She had three lots with houses on them, one of which was substantial. She and her husband came from Portugal. He died and she

married again. She and her husband together heard the gospel in Cruz de Cosme, a suburb of Bahia, where we had an out station. They examined the Bible at home and were soundly converted.

On the day of conversion the old sister Barretto, about eighty, piled up their idols and idolatrous rubbish of pictures, etc., set fire to them and ran to the front door, calling out to the neighbors: "Come, see your gods a burning, come Joao, Joanna, come all and see how your gods burn!" Of course they came in bunches, and she had a good chance to tell them about the real Savior of the Bible - that these wooden Christs and Marys were nothing but idols. "See how they burn," said she, "how can they save or help anybody."

Many in that suburb had destroyed their idols already, but none so publicly as she had.

Two brethren helped her down a long hill and into the street car, one sitting on each side to steady her. Though she had a new heart, she was dressed in her former worldly way - her best, she no doubt thought, with a comb standing up in her hair at least five inches high, and a necklace of gold beads, each one the size of a marble. As I looked at her, I thought to myself: "Sister, if you were

a young woman I would not baptize you in that rigging. But I know it is a joy to appear in your best for Jesus." I led her down into the baptistry, with the assistance of a deacon, and baptized her, comb, beads and all. As she emerged from the water, she shouted: "Glory to God!" Never was there a happier Christian than she at that moment and the few remaining years of her life.

It was not long till she sent word for me to come to her house. Having an idea of what she wanted I waited several days, giving her ample time to reflect on what she intended to do. Finally on arrival she told me she had willed her property to a certain convent, but on becoming a Christian she wished to change it, deeding her property to the Baptist church, her brethren, whom she now considered her heirs. She asked to bring a Notary so she could make the transfer. I cautioned her, giving her time for reflection. Then I appeared with the Notary. Giving the key to her husband she asked him to bring the papers from her trunk. When the papers came, she ordered a match struck and the papers destroyed. She then turned to the Notary saying: "Now make out a new will, deeding this property to my lawful heirs, to my brethren and sisters."

The Notary Public, Sr. Possedonio, explained to her

that such wills or transfers of property were questionable deeds in law and that it was best to make it as a sale.

"All right," she said, "just so my brethren get it, that's what I want." In that will she guaranteed a large room in one of the houses for public worship, and to her husband the usu-fructu, rents, etc., during his life-time.

A church was organized in the house, and every year on the anniversary of the organization we had a whole day's service there, a picnic dinner, with songs and speeches among the clustering fruit trees. While sitting in her wheel chair out under the shade once I observed to her that she was growing old in the service of the Lord, then asked how long she wished to live. She replied: "Till Jesus comes." Then clapping her hands she said, "Hurrah for Jesus!"

She had not been taught by anyone how to dispose of her property, nor had she ever heard of anyone else doing it. Here is the power of true religion in the heart. Could not the whole world soon be evangelized if the estates of dying Christians were thus bestowed? Did not Jesus say: "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father.....the same is my brother and sister and mother," my real heirs? She did this to honor Jesus. Shall the converted heathen teach

home Christians the highest use of their possessions?

#### XC. REFUSING A GOOD MARRIAGE

A half breed Indian family lived high up on the Jequitinhonho River. In one of the many local broils the father was shot. The mother fearing more evil fled with her five children down to the river to its mouth. She there built a hut near some chocolate farms of Americans. On these farms her boys would work when in need of money.

They kept themselves concealed from the world, not wishing to see any new faces, fearing to meet their former enemies. The boys had found out these Americans were not Catholics, but noted their faith as Christians. When the gospel was preached among the natives in those parts those boys secured a Bible.

Pedro, the oldest, read it, and was genuinely converted. He came to Bahia, one hundred and fifty miles, to be baptized. He brought his trunk to stay till he got and gave satisfaction, but especially to learn more of Christianity by its lawfully constituted teachers. The story of his conversion was short and clear. The learned Dr. Ottoni, ex-priest, was especially pleased with the working of God's grace in his life. When baptized he stayed on. I asked him one day if he wished to remain in Bahia or get

employment. He replied: "No, I want to learn all I can about Jesus, then I want to return to my people and tell them about Him." I gave him a package of Bibles and tracts when he left.

In a short time his two younger brothers, Theodore and Isadore, and his two sisters, Joanna and Francisca, were converted also. The two brothers became preachers, Pedro himself going far and near with the evangelists, or alone, imparting the gospel, but remained one of the best deacons. Isadore, though a beardless youth, was called to be the first pastor of the Rio Salsa church. Theodore Pereira became pastor of the local church by the river side at Genebre.

Now to the story. The younger sister had married a good brother. Joanna was leader of music in her brother's church. Before she knew the gospel she was living with a man to whom she was not married - condition of about half the population, on account of the enormous fee demanded by the priests. She told him that now it was either marriage or separation. Among Baptists and Protestants we made marriage easy, charging no fee. During the empire and during the first year of the Republic we could celebrate legal marriages, till the enactment of civil marriage.

Then neither ours nor the priests' were valid.

The man left her and she remained another Magdalene. Years had passed when a white Protestant, a public teacher, asked her hand in marriage. She refused him on the ground that he was a Protestant and she a Baptist. She did not believe a Baptist should marry a person of another faith. Such marriages are rarely happy and often lead to wreck of faith in the parties themselves and to that of the children. She, however, reasoned from Scripture, both the Old and New Testaments.

Now my young Baptist sisters of America, let the example of this unlettered Indian sister be a lesson to you, if you want your life to count for Jesus.

#### XCI. CHURCH IN THE JUNGLE

Gandu is in a section of jungle with surrounding towns, as Valenca on the North, Areia on the West, Jequie on the South with Camammu on the coast East, including an area perhaps of three hundred miles square. For years criminals resorted to that region to escape arrest; their families would follow to administer food and clothing. Then they began to plant gardens and fields. These were joined by families of other criminals. People, wanting to escape disgrace, made it a hiding place, something like people used to do in Texas.

The gospel had already penetrated the four cities mentioned above. One of these evil characters, coming to Jequie for supplies, heard the gospel and was converted; he bought a Bible and carried it back to that jungle. He became a missionary to all those people, going from house to house, reading his Bible, singing hymns and praying with them. One after another was converted and would go to Jequie, Valenca or Areia to be baptized. Since the population had grown considerably, the government had appointed a deputy sheriff to preserve order among them. The deputy and his aide were converted, the first leading the people in worship, but first at their private homes.

Then when the number of believers had grown and been baptized, they planned a large building for a church and school. I had often heard of the work going on in that jungle, but the difficulty of entering it had delayed my going. The rains kept the few trails almost impassable and there were no bridges over the constantly swollen streams. But I never saw a place where others entered into which I could not follow.

I made first a visit to the brethren in Valenca, there we took a boat to Taperoa; here stayed a day or two with the brethren. This is the home of Sr. Jose Leal, one



of the most faithful brethren. Mounting horses here brother Leal accompanied us. We struck the trail, for in the interior there are no roads as we have them, except about a few plantations for the two wheeled wagons to haul sugar cane to the mill. Those wheels are solid; they are oiled to out screech anything I ever heard. The oxen are taught that way and will not pull unless they hear that screech. When San Paulo was growing into a city the City Council enacted a law by which all wagons were required to stop at the city limits and grease the axles with a civilized grease. The teamsters obeyed. But the oxen wouldn't. After beating and banging them for a time, they unloaded their wood or rocks, sending word to the people when they needed wood to come out there after it. The Council had to erase its law, and so again the wagons went screeching through the streets.

The first night out I preached in a school house. There was some talk of a disturbance. A citizen told the sheriff if he allowed an honored citizen of the great Republic of the U.S. to be insulted he would expose that town to be visited by American war ships. This was one Brazilian talking to another, for I never appealed to our Consul in the worst cases of persecution - only to Brazilian authorities.

On we went through swamps and across streams, about half the time afoot in order to relieve the horses, which often sank the length of their legs in the mud. After two days, covered with mud, we emerged into a higher plane or land where was the central community. The brethren came out to meet us. A mile away they showed me an immense structure, their church building. I asked them what they wanted such a large building for. The reply was: "Wait till Saturday night and Sunday and you will see."

Sure enough it was full on those occasions. The people, even Indians, came out of the woods from every direction. How eagerly did they listen, striving to catch and understand every word spoken. Here was this mass of converts just doing what they knew to do, without organization, without an ordained pastor.

So on Sunday morning I made them a talk something like this: "Brethren, God has blessed you with salvation. You have been serving Him to the best of your knowledge, but you are not organized for work, you have no ordained pastor to baptize and administer the ordinances of the church. God not only called me to preach, but to organize churches, ordain ministers and deacons so that they can carry on the work of the Lord themselves. To baptize a

believer you have to go forty or fifty miles or have some pastor come here. You cannot celebrate the Lord's Supper unless you have an organized church and an ordained minister present. You cannot receive or exclude members without an organization. So today let us proceed with the organization, which is God's way for doing His work. Then if you have a man among you, whom you feel God has called to the ministry, a man who has led men to Christ already, pious, sober, active in leading people to Christ, I am here to ordain him, as well as organize you into a church, so that you may be thoroughly equipped to maintain and carry on the Lord's work, without need of outside help or interference."

They all testified to the work of brother Joao Martins as having led them so far, and whom they wished as their pastor. As a rule we fix a date and notify surrounding churches; here we had a peculiar case. The custom was to fast a whole day for such an occasion. Conditions compelled us to go on with the ordination immediately after the organization of the church. There were ninety-six who entered as charter members, then twelve more were received for baptism, 108 members on the day of organization.

I passed about a week with them, preaching from house to house, one day to the north, next day to the south till everybody around had heard the gospel message. Happily

this was another, besides Santa Rita and Rio Salsa, where the element of persecution was absent. Everybody seemed favorable to the gospel. I ordained the sheriff (acting sheriff), and preached in his home, where under an arbor adjoining his house, attendants sat on the stocks used in securing prisoners, in lieu of a jail.

Brother Martins, the newly ordained pastor, accompanied me down to the coast to Santarem, where he went to get his release, another brother accepting the place, succeeding him as deputy.

At a Sunday afternoon meeting on the street in Santarem this newly ordained pastor made a talk, in which he said something like this: "Friends, you all know me as one of the midnight gamblers of this place. Long years did I follow the practice, because I knew nothing better; all my companions and even to the priests did the same thing. It was a life of dissipation, of wickedness, of broken hearts and impure homes. I shudder to think of the crimes I committed and the enemies I made in those days. Thank God I heard the gospel of the Son of God in dark Gandu jungle. I accepted Jesus as my Savior. I found a happiness in Him I had not dreamed of. I have cast away my cards, my idols, my former religion, traditions and all

I had for Jesus. He satisfies all my wants and I see nothing better for my country than for all to take Jesus as their Savior. I call upon you all to repent and believe in Jesus. He can save you and save you now." Many of his former companions heard him that afternoon.

It was in March, 1909 that I was in Gandu. I left Brazil in September of the same year. Bro. Martins wrote me the following January that he had baptized 82 in those remaining nine months of the year. Not all in the church at Gandu, however, for he took upon himself the work of an evangelist. The church at Valenca called him as pastor, but he travels far and near among the churches preaching and baptizing. In one of his last messages to the paper, he spoke of having accepted the oversight of several churches, which had agreed to pay the Tenth to support him.

How many young pastors in this country have taken a number of churches to train and depend on them for a support? This is one of the delights of a missionary, to see the native Christians spontaneously take up work for the Lord in their own way. Sr. Socrates, while still in the railroad shops at Aramary, bought a horse which he used on Saturdays and Sundays to sally out to neighboring towns in order to preach the gospel. This was done not so much in

the pulpit as in the homes or on the wayside. It is easy to see that such men are called of God to preach the Word. This brother Socrates has all the vast field north of Bahia now. Few are the places in all that section that he has not visited.

#### XCII. PREACHING SIX WHOLE DAYS IN ONE MONTH

For years we had preached here or there on the street, but never made a day's task of it. Our day school had become popular which commanded for us a certain respect from the public in general.

I went to the Chief of Police and told him my plan. He guaranteed protection, saying he would send police to any place or hour needed. We divided the city into districts, so as to take one each day. It lies upon the peninsula and coast of the bay some six miles, reaching back a mile in depth in some places. Some of the suburbs are cut off by natural divisions, as deep valleys, lakes and arms of the bay. In this month, as in nearly all others, there were two full saints' days and the four Sundays, making six we intended to put in.

The brethren and sisters accompanied us with delight on these occasions, and as there was no work on those days they turned out in good numbers. We had a folding organ,

and a sister, or the blind brother Constantino, acted as organists. We generally selected the most populous places. Putting down the organ under a wide spreading tree, on the side walk or by the road side, we would form a circle or semi-circle about it. The leader would stand by the organ, facing the crowd. Usually a native preacher or colporter would lead off, followed by one or two with testimonies, and I would close. Songs were interspersed and the crowds generally increased as long as we stayed: but I found we could not manage more than three hundred.

I had preached one Sunday to about seven hundred, not half of them perhaps could or did hear anything on account of the agitation. There was no attempt to disturb us as there were present several mounted police to maintain order. Yet they were restless, shifting here and there, now and then calling out one on this side to another on that: "How do you like that John?" and others similar to that. After that I resolved to gauge our crowd. When they got to about 300 we made a quick ending by a verse of song, or if there was any disturbance just disbanding, some going on ahead, others by twos, threes or sixes, so as to avoid attack.

Often we had one or more Christians to relate their

experience, sometimes to repeat Scripture. When there was good order three or four brethren would speak from five to ten minutes each. Right at the beginning we would sing three or four of the beautiful evangelical songs which attracted the people.

On starting out at morning we would have our journey more or less marked out, so on leaving a place, while the organist and speakers were advancing to the next place, some would be distributing tracts, talking to any interested ones, replying to questions and giving out invitations to attend services at our stations or churches.

At a new place, unannounced, two or three songs would gather enough people for the preacher to begin, and as the services went on the people continued to gather. At midday we would call off for our meal, prearranged, at the home of some brother or friend. After dinner we would have a short rest, then prayer. At one of these hours I took occasion to state what I had noted in the preaching. Some had spoken on faith, hope or charity without any visible results. One would come, listen and pass on; another would come and soon be off. So I requested the brethren to select as subjects for street preaching only Christ and Him crucified - not limiting them in their pulpits. From that on I noticed a marked change in the attention. There is power



and fascination in the name of Jesus, and Catholics will listen attentively when you talk about Jesus.

One day we came to a place where we intended to preach, under some trees near a big plaza. A lot of boys were playing ball and as soon as we started singing they all came. We expected a disturbance. I handed my Testament to brother Isadore, a beardless youth, studying for the ministry. Some talking was going on near, so I took out my blank book and pencil; going near the disturber I asked his name. He refused to give it. I asked another man, who suspected why I asked his name, so he quieted down. Bro. Isadore read only a verse, as I had requested not to read more than six or a dozen verses at the opening of our meetings, or better just the text.

He read only the verse containing his subject, then began in a serious way telling about Christ crucified. Quiet was restored and he had good attention; this being the last service for that day, many of the crowd accompanied us down the street talking about the gospel. We could generally hold from eight to ten of these services a day, beginning at 8 o'clock in the morning and closing at dusk.

I notified the officer of one suburb that I would

be in his section one day of that month. He sent me word to let him know, as soon as possible the day, so that he could have a sufficient number of police on hand. I did, and though we did not need the soldiers, we could see them passing and repassing about our gatherings. That was a Sunday in Plataforma where we had a church. We disbanded the S.S. and church and had them out on wheels all day. The crowds surged; we preached in every nook and corner of the scattered population and had a glorious day.

Bro. Antonio Marques preached that day from a veranda the shortest most complete sermon one rarely hears. The plan of salvation was made clear, with Christ on the cross uplifted before the eyes of the people. The wise saying of Dr. J. H. Luther, father of sister Annie Bagby, never impressed me more: that no sermon is complete without the plan of salvation, or that every sermon should include the plan of salvation.

After such sermons the people would often linger and sometimes I looked back and saw them standing, conversing at the place we had just preached. We were under a broad spreading almond tree one day, and as the speaker pointed the people to Christ, I noted the quiet and respect among them. I saw approaching a man on a mule, returning

from the city, with empty fruit baskets, one hanging on each side of the animal. He rode right up to the tree, listened, took off his hat, then removed the cigarette from his mouth. Oh how I prayed that God would open his heart to the gospel.

A boy, the youngest Christian in the church, came to see me and said "I want to give my testimony also for Jesus: let me speak." "All right," said I, "be ready for the next time." The people were charmed with his testimony, for they never saw one so young speak in public.

One day near Campo Grande, where many rich people, also the factory people live on receding streets. I had taken my stand on a street corner, where the street left the car line to Rio Vermelho. The songs had attracted a crowd, and there was agitation. A foreigner came to the fence in our rear and wanted to know why we were making such a disturbance. Someone told him that the man who was speaking was the Director of the American College Egydio. That piece of news reacted on him as the disturber. A man in front of me some twenty steps away, was hastening to and fro, whispering into the ears of attendants words of reaction, as I could well understand. So fastening my eyes on him, I said: "Look sinner at Jesus on the cross; look at the blood flowing from his hands, his head and his

side! What caused him to give up his life in such suffering?" Then pointing my finger at him, I said: "It was to save you and me." He stopped, listened awhile, and went off.

As we proceeded to another place, I asked brother Joao Isadora to lead. He observed that he would speak on the Ten Commandments. I pleaded with him by no means to speak on such a subject, but on Christ crucified, which he did, and though we had another boisterous hour, we sowed down the gospel.

We ate dinner one day at Cruz de Cosme. Before we left for the afternoon work I made a talk, something like this: "Brethren we are all happy to see our messages well received. Most of the people listen reverently, often remain standing, till we are gone. It seems that we bring them to the door of heaven, then go off leaving them there. Now we are not in this work to entertain the people, nor primarily to instruct them, but to lead them into the kingdom of heaven. Let us continue to preach Christ crucified in the streets, but let us go a step further, and open the door of heaven and constrain them to come in. When Jesus went to heaven He left the door open. Let us offer a present - salvation - Jesus will save them now."

We descended the hill to Quintas, where the street

divided, one going to Solidade, the other to the cemetery. I asked aged brother Domingues to lead off. He stood on the south side, on a broad pavement. The electric cars, at that time, came only that far, being there substituted by mule cars.

Bro. Domingues, as usual, gave a short story of his conversion, how Christ bled and died to save us, how He came to earth to save us here, so we could go to heaven when we die. He cited Christ's words to Mary Magdalene: "Go thy way, thy faith hath saved thee;" to Zaccheus: "Today salvation has come into this house;" to the thief on the cross: "Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise." Now, sinner, your debt is paid, said he, and you can be saved today. Believe, come right in, the door is open, and Jesus will receive you." Some of us at least were carried away to the gates of glory as the good old brother painted Jesus at the door of heaven, now on earth.

This was one of the happiest hours of my life. I had been teaching those Brazilians for years. I had carried them to the limit. They had comprehended. The present and eternal truths of salvation were in their possession and I felt sure they would keep them and perpetuate them.

While the old brother was pleading the mule car came almost in front of the speaker, with secretary of state and

other notables in it.

The work was exhausting. I was on my feet from morning till night, excepting an hour at midday. We preached the gospel to from twelve to fifteen thousand people, many of whom had never heard it before.

#### XCIII. HOW TWO FAMILIES WERE MADE ONE

Mrs. Mary David Tanner, widow of Prof. John S. Tanner, of Baylor University, had declined in health till a number of friends counseled her to go to a higher climate, and provided her with a home in New Mexico, at Alamogordo.

Her sister, Mrs. Laura B. Taylor of Bahia, Brazil, came home to visit her, supposing her last day would come shortly. Instead, under her sister's good treatment she improved. So the separation was becoming difficult. Our two daughters were to graduate in June at Blue Mountain College, Miss., and wife was to pass by and take them en route to New York, as teachers in her school at Bahia.

The time was approaching for her departure. In a letter written to wife I suggested that Mrs. Tanner come to Brazil. As sisters they had pledged each other to separate only in death. They consulted friends and at the last moment Mrs. Tanner resolved to accompany her sister to Brazil.

Selling her house she was on the train next day, with her three children, en route to Brazil. My two daughters intercepted them at Middleton, Tenn., as the train passed east from Memphis.

When they arrived in N.Y., there was no room in the steamer for her and her children, not having booked days before. The berths on the Lamport & Holt Line were engaged usually days before the departure of the vessel. So they all waited for the next vessel.

In Bahia Mrs. Tanner found the climate delightful and for awhile improved, as we thought. Later she began to grow weaker, but more like Jesus every day. She had made a promise that if the Lord spared her life she would remain in Brazil as a missionary, for which she possessed such excellent qualifications.

Though in the home of her sister, that sister had to be away most of the day at school; also her three children were attending school. I had a portable hammock in which she delighted to rest and work. A pet monkey afforded her amusement, when at rest, playfully running past her from one end of the hammock to the other. On a journey interior I found a beautiful one, which I sent her. With these pets she passed the intervals of separation with her family.

To talk to her seemed like talking with an angel. She lived on the border land of heaven. She wished to live for her children only, and we prayed that God would spare her for them. But the end came and we buried her in the British Cemetery, close by the first Mrs. Taylor.

That night I called the children of the two families together: Tarleton, Mabel and Eschol of the Taylor family, Marquis being away at school; and Aleph, Aura and John S. of the Tanner family. I read the Scripture and prayed. Then gathering them close around I said: "This morning we were two families." Looking to the Tanner children I continued: "Your mother, who went home to glory this morning, made it her will, transferring you to your aunt Laura to be reared and educated." Looking to the Taylor children I said: "Your first mother left you for heaven many years ago, and God raised up this second mother for you. Now that she has inherited these three children from her sister, I shall be a father to them." Then directing my words to the Tanner children again I said: "Do you accept your aunt Laura as a mother and your uncle Taylor as a father?" to which they replied in the affirmative. "Now," I said, "Will you love the Taylor children as brothers and sisters?" to which they said they would.



Then to the Taylor children: "Will you receive the Tanner children as brother and sisters?" to which they said they would. Then we fell upon our knees again and asked God to bind our hearts in one family. And now after ten years I am happy to say the pledge has been faithfully kept.

#### XCIV. MARVELOUS CONVERSION AND TESTIMONY

Joao Firmo do Nascimento lived in the Rio Preto settlement. His nearest neighbor was a nephew of our great persecutor, Capt. Bernardino. These two men lived at daggers' points for years.

Bro. Alexandre, the missionary, invited Sr. Joao to a meeting, offering him a tract. He read the tract and went to the meeting where he got more tracts. On returning home at night his wife locked him out of the bedroom. He slept on a couch in the sitting room and at morning left some tracts lying around. The wife was intensely Catholic and all her family. She picked up the tracts, as he planned and read them, then wanted to go with him to the meetings.

They were both happily converted. I stayed all night with them and heard them tell of the change in their lives. I rode away next morning to Pe da Serra and had to pass that neighbor's house. He saw me pass and mounting his horse soon overtook me. He then related the wonderful

change that had come over his neighbor, Sr. Joao.

"Now," he said, "Sr. Taylor, that man and I have had many scraps and he is as brave as a bull dog. If my hog got on his side of the fence, or his chickens got on my side of the fence, guns and knives were often brought onto the scene. That continued for years. He got to attending your meetings. Then he came to me and said, as for himself our quarrels were all over, that he intended to live at peace with me and asked me also to be at peace with him. He speaks to me and treats me kindly now."

Continuing he told me how he had been invited to join a band of men to put all the Baptists out of this country, but refused to join them; then looking me square in the eyes he said: "I want to say to you, Sr. Taylor, that this religion of Joao Firmo came from heaven. I never saw anything like it in all my life."

#### XCV. WHAT A BLIND MAN DID

This man lived at Santarem, but traveled all over the country begging. Among Catholics that is what every blind man is supposed to do. He had a large family. As he passed often the houses of believers in Valenca, they talked to him about Jesus. He attended the meetings at night.

He was soon converted and wanted to be baptized. The

brethren consulted me to know if a beggar could be received into the church. My reply was that he could, on condition that he quit begging. Some arrangement should be made for a decent support. If the blind man or his family are able to work, let them support him by honest labor; if they are not able the church should do it. They made their agreement and he was baptized. His family went to work. The church helped some.

Soon after this he visited his sister near San Antonio. Her husband was superintendent of the manganese mines. This man's name is Jose Barretto, of whom Dr. Ray gives such a beautiful story in his Brazilian Sketches. Sr. Barretto was a dangerous man in business and politics. When a workman had a complaint Sr. Barretto had him come to his office where he had pistols, knives and guns placed on the walls in war-like array. When the worker saw those weapons he kept silent and was easily tamed.

There was a church in San Antonio, but Sr. Barretto hated the Baptists. When the blind brother came to visit his sister she was distressed, fearing her husband would show violence to him. But the blind brother now thought everybody would like to know about Jesus. This was all his talk. When Sr. Barretto came in, the blind brother just

had to tell him also of the great light that had come into his life since he saw him. Sr. Barretto was amused and interested to hear the blind brother-in-law say so many good things about Jesus.

At bed time he told him of his practice of reading the Bible and praying before retiring. In the prayer he prayed so fervently that it touched the heart of Sr. Barretto. He had never heard anybody pray like that before. Catholics cite prayers written and memorized.

That was the night of decision for Sr. Barretto. He hunted up a New Testament he had taken from someone and thrown into a box. He examined the Book and the Holy Spirit accompanied with conviction. Some of the brethren heard of his interest and went to visit him, instructing and leading him to church, till he was transformed and the peace which passeth understanding came into his soul.

Though he still bears the big scars of his time of darkness in his strong body, his face shines with the joy of heaven upon it. He lost his business, but his gain was more. For he saw his family and relatives one by one come under the power of the gospel. He quickly set up his own business, where he has liberty to converse and lead his friends into the light, for it was for this reason he was

thrust out of his employment. Now he is a free man all around.

#### XCVI. THE AMAZON VALLEY

The river Purus is a tributary of the Amazon coming down from Bolivia, and the great rubber field. Bro. Chrispiniano lived at Petrolina. Though an active Christian he found it difficult to make a living, and the Acre was giving large profits in rubber.

He carried more with him in the gospel than all the rubber in the Amazon valley. As he gathered the rubber he sowed the gospel seed. His ranch became headquarters for preaching. He had no license, didn't think he needed one to tell the people about Jesus and his salvation, sitting in a chair or standing in a pulpit. On Sundays he had as many as 60 persons there in the forest to hear the Word.

They soon saw the need of a house in which to worship. So they set to work and built one. Then they saw the need of a pastor to baptize the converts. Bro. Chrispiniano, after writing much, came down himself to see about it. No pastor could be found, till God revealed to us that Brother Chrispiniano himself, ordained, should be the pastor. So he was ordained and sent back as an evangel to the Acre.

This Acre was bought by an American Syndicate. Brazil protested and the American government obliged the American Syndicate to cancel the purchase. Afterwards Bolivia and Brazil went to war over it, which was arbitrated by Brazil paying a large sum of money to Bolivia.

It is 3,000 miles from Bahia, 500 perhaps from Manaus, headquarters of Bro. Nelson, but it is too difficult to get there that he has never been able to go. Bro. Crispiniano sends often for Bibles, tracts and school books, trying to establish by himself the kingdom and reign of Jesus in those dense and unhealthy rubber jungles.

#### XCVII. MATTO GROSSO

From one of the churches in the state of Alagoas some brethren went to Corumba - west of San Paulo, on the great La Platte River. Along with their daily occupations they began religious work, and shortly a number was converted. They wrote for a missionary to be sent them. Our general Baptist Convention sent one in the person of Brother Barbosa.

Lieutenant Henrique Gonsalves, of Bahia, our soldier musician, having married a cultured lady in Rio Grande do Norte, was sent by the government to that place. He was forward to take up the work with the brethren, giving his

influence to the cause. His wife founded a school, which served the children of believers as well as any others. Both were good S.S. workers and the cause prospered.

Our general secretary, Bro. Deter, has visited the place once or twice. Bro. Barbosa, as soon as he saw the cause firmly established at Corumba, began to go out to new fields till today there are several churches.

#### XCVIII. GABRIEL ARCHANJO DOS SANTOS

This man lived at Duas Barras, six miles from Genipapo; he was the first of his family or community to attend the meetings held by our missionary, brother Alexandre. He was converted and baptized. A short time after this he was prostrated by rheumatism, where he remained on his bed for six months. His family upbraided him, saying it was God's punishment for having left the religion of his fathers. His reply was: "God is testing me. Wait and see what He will do." When he arose from his bed he went out talking, reading, praying and preaching. Soon others were converted and baptized by visiting pastors. When I visited his place a year later I found a church of thirty members. He had built a hall adjoining his residence. His wife, father and mother, besides relatives were among the first to be baptized. It was the

desire of the church to have him ordained and I set my next visit for his ordination to the ministry. The call of God was seen in the number of people he had brought to Christ, and the care he took in their religious instruction.

#### XCIX. TRIP TO SAN MIGUEL - STATE OF MINAS

There was a stockman, suffering from rheumatism or similar disease, who lived at San Miguel, some 300 miles from Bahia, or 150 miles up the Jequitinhonha river, in the state of Minas Geraes.

He was seeking relief from his disease among some African witch doctors on the Pardo river. Seeing some native Baptists pass by in a boat singing evangelical songs, he was so drawn to them that he left the witch doctors and joined the Christian band. He had already heard of the wonderful changes that occurred among them. That was just what he needed in his sufferings. He had not learned that the change in their lives was due to the change of heart.

However, belief and faith were flickering in the balance. He asked those Christians if their God could heal him. Their reply was that He was all powerful and could do anything. They themselves were new Christians, and their faith in God had no bounds. They used the Bible more than reason or arguments.



Like the blind man in John, 9th chapter, the ten lepers, or the maniac of Gadara he received both bodily and spiritual restoration at one and the same time. His rejoicing was boundless. He wanted to know everything and everybody about the religion and its teachers and headquarters. Like one of the ten lepers he wanted to thank them for the benefits he had received in the name of Jesus who had restored him.

No sooner was he told that the missionary teachers lived in Bahia, than he sought a boat and embarked for Bahia. I was gone at the time, but Mrs. Taylor instructed and entertained him, and to her he told his grateful story. "Why," said he, "a week ago I was prostrate; now see how I can run." And off he ran at a rapid pace, showing what God had done for him.

He did not delay long, but was anxious to get home, and tell what Jesus had done for him, leaving an urgent request for me to come to his home and preach to all the people. As I could not go then it was decided that Bro. Pettigrew should go; he found the good old brother Frederico still rejoicing, several having believed through his testimony.

A year or so later I made the trip, going via

Cannavieiras, passing on by Rio Salsa church, where I always delighted to visit; thence we crossed overland to the river Jequitinhonha and up that river 25 miles to the church at Genebra, where the Pereira brothers and the whole family were converted - Pedro, Theodore and Isadore, the last two becoming faithful preachers. Pedro, though a deacon only was quite as active in evangelization as his two preacher brothers.

Pedro knew the country and people and was our guide. San Miguel was about 100 miles up the river, which is so full of falls and cataracts that it is not only dangerous, but a boat makes very slow progress up stream. So forwarding word to our brother Frederico we arranged horses and picked our way through the thickets and forests, up and down banks, with difficulty. I shot and killed a wild hen, also a parrot, which we had cooked at the ranch where we spent the noon hour.

The people told us of the wild Indians that inhabited the north side of the river. We traveled on the south side. There is an unwritten law that the Brazilians or whites should occupy the south side unmolested, and the Indians the north side, neither crossing the river for any purpose. The Indians were never known to have crossed it,

but an old white man, who was hunting on their side was found with his body severed in half, the people supposing the Indians had eaten the other half. I slept that night with gun in my hammock.

When we arrived at a place called Italiano we were met by a man bringing horses from our brother Frederico. It was then about 3 p.m. It took us hard riding to get to San Miguel by 9 o'clock - our good brother and several others awaiting us. The mayor came to visit me next day, but the number at worship was small. Big attendance the year before when brother Pettigrew baptized 13. The friars heard of it and had been there to destroy the effects of the gospel.

In all my visits the people received me kindly, but few wished to take their stand for Christ. So of evenings we went out each day and preached on the streets and at the market, where we had a crowd and good attention. It was at this place that merchants told me how the friars had so drained the village of money, selling idols, relics, beads, pictures, indulgences, etc., etc., that commerce was paralyzed for weeks afterwards.

While there a brother carried me out to his ranch through the forest 10 or 15 miles, where I baptized two

who had been waiting the coming of a pastor. Going and returning I heard the bellowing of large howling monkeys. Like frogs they are weather prophets. One evening I heard some making such a racket that I observed to a brother if I had a gun I would step out there and kill one. He replied that they were more than a league (3 miles) away. All through the country one can see these wild animals caught and tamed to sell to foreigners, passing the big cities on the coast.

Going and returning we stayed a night at the ranch of our guest brother. The people are little given to farming, rather depend on what nature provides. Fish abound in the streams, game in the forests, cocoanuts and many wild fruits. The little patches for farms are generally far away from the homes. One brother here told me he often shoots away all his ammunition at the monkeys in and around his corn field; people there eat monkeys something like our people here eat coons. I found the days exceedingly hot, and the nights too cool for comfort.

I had planned returning across the country through the state of Bahia via Conquista, visiting a section through which the archbishop had passed the year before in a kind of triumphal march, but whose excesses were the

talk of the people and which had planned the way for a wider acceptance of the gospel. However, a spell of chills I had while there weakened me so as to unfit me for such a long horse-back journey. Our brother Frederico rather prevailed upon me to accept a place on a boat going down the river to Belmonte on the Atlantic. The big canoe was heavily loaded and we had a trip full of various experiences. It was so full as not to afford us a seat except on top of the hides spread over the produce, of farinha, coffee, chocolate. A space of three feet was left for two hogs, so fat they could not move freely.

Among the several passengers was a lunatic being carried to the asylum at Bahia. He had been a merchant. We used all kinds of strategy to keep him entertained. To sleep in a tent with such a person was not comfortable. Again, we slept one night on the Indian side of the river. Then the measles broke out on one of the passengers the second day out.

But above all our dangers were the breakers, full of boulders and submerged rocks. We heard much of the wrecks and saw the hulls of several boats which had been destroyed by the breakers. Happily we had a good pilot and passed them all safely.

That river flowed across a mountain range, the dividing line between the states of Bahia and Minas. The west side of the range was an elevated table land, but on crossing the range the waters made a mighty leap, whose roar can be heard for miles. We had to unload the boat above and transport all goods overland around the falls, some three miles to another canoe below them. As we spent a day and night in this transference I had time to visit the falls. Immense boulders block the way of the waters, which gathered like a funnel into the narrow passage. At one point the waters fled straight to a boulder, where the impact against the rock pealed off a thundering sound, then recoiled and fled to the right into the canal and so on down repeating similar scenes. There was no one great fall, but a chain of cataracts down an angle of about 35 degrees, continuing I should say for more than a mile. What mighty power stored up there and going to waste for ages. Some day men will harness it up for industry and prosperity.

On the day before our arrival at Belmonte our two boatmen took the measles; we left them there in care of Christians, though to one it proved fatal.

At Belmonte we heard much of the persecution of

the brethren at the newly organized church at Santa Cruz, some 50 miles below on the coast and noted for being the first place in Brazil or S.A., where a European landed, Vasco da Gama, who took possession of it in the name of the king of Portugal.

I think this little church has never been visited by a foreign missionary. I was never able, neither Bro. Ginsburg, nor Bro. White. Bro. Petrowsky, the Russian state missionary visited it while in that section. This shows the vastness of the Bahia mission and the need of more missionaries. A missionary stationed at Cannavieiras could command all the coast section in the southern part of the state.

This visit was about the most perilous of any I ever made, but the gospel has been planted and extended over 100 miles further.

### C. THE JESUITS

The name Jesuit is short for Company of Jesus. It is formed out of the Catholic church and is a part of it, the advance guard. Of all the many orders and societies in the Catholic church, it predominates. So much so that a second pope, called the black pope, is elected from its members, and it is conceded that he governs the white pope.

Loyola was the founder of this society. It was founded especially to combat Protestantism, which during fifty years had divided Europe in half. Jesuitism raised a barrier that for these 350 years Protestantism has been unable to cross. Each holds his own, and neither has made any advance, Europe still being divided half and half.

Its discipline is the most rigid and consists in the complete subjugation of the mind, spirit and body, to a superior. Such submission to God would have made it a Christian ideal, but for one man to subject himself to another man as depraved as himself is nothing less than man-worship, or slavery.

Of all that has ever been written on Jesuitism Eugene Sue in the Wandering Jew has pictured their system in the darkest, but most real colors.

He tells in that book about a religious order in India, called Thugs, whose ambition is the domination of the human race by absorption or extermination. See Wandering Jew, page 104, 368 & 370, Vol. I and page 388 & 395, last words, Vol. II.

Faringhea is the representative of these Thugs, or Bowanee Society. He, through murder and with stolen letters comes to Paris, where he completes his study of



Jesuitism. There he finds Rodin engaged in the biggest robbery of the centuries. Rodin is the Jesuit hero. He caused the death and destruction of the Rennespont family in order to secure a fabulous sum of money. When the Indian thug watched Rodin and found out his principles he made him a proposition of union of the two societies - the Society of Bowanee and the Company of Jesus. Rodin then asks: "Who are these sons of Bowanee, M. Faringhea?"

"Men of resolution, audacious, patient, crafty, obstinate, who, to make the good work succeed, would sacrifice country and parents and brother and sister, and who regard as enemies all not of their band."

"There seems to be much that is good in the persevering and exclusively religious spirit of such an order," said Rodin, with a modest and sanctified air, "only one must know your ends and objects."

"The same as your own, brother, we make corpses."

"Corpses!" cried Rodin.

"In his letter," resumed Faringhea, "Van Deal tells you that the greatest glory of their order is to make 'a corpse of a man.' Our work is also to make corpses of men. Man's death is sweet to Bowanee."

"But, sir," cried Rodin, "Van Deal spoke of the soul,

of the will, of the mind, which are to be brought down by discipline."

"It is true you kill the soul and we the body. Give me your hand, brother, for you also are hunters of men."

"But once more, sir, understand that we only meddle with the will, the mind," said Rodin.

"And what are bodies deprived of the soul, will, thought, but mere corpses? Come, come brother; the dead we make by the cord are not more icy and inanimate than those you make by your discipline. Take my hand brother, Rome and Bowanee are sisters." Vol. I, page 270.

"Bowanee makes corpses which rot in the ground. The Society (Jesuits) makes corpses which walk about." Vol. II, page 388.

Then when Rodin, poisoned by Faringhea, expires, as the vast wealth of the Rennesponts came into his hands, he, Faringhea, pronounces his doom in the last words of the book: "He would have made himself the chief of the Company of Jesus to destroy it; with me the Company of Jesus stands in the place of Bowanee, I have obeyed the cardinal," who employed Faringhea to poison Rodin.

Catholic teachings destroy man's will power, he

no longer reasons, it's his only to obey a man arrogated above him. Here is the secret of the pope - to subjugate the world - take away a man's reason, leaving him helpless to govern himself.

Loyola's dying words were: "Every member of the order shall be, in the hands of his superiors, even as a corpse."

Note the similarity in the names - Brothers of the Good Work and the Company of Jesus - the most sacred names for the most diabolical work.

The Jesuits are at war with all nations where they do not already govern. Here in the U.S. they war against our public schools. That is with the intent of destroying education and dragging the world back into the dark ages. They war against our civil marriage, free speech, free press. This is in order to make us slaves and themselves lords.

The pope is against everything he cannot rule. He is not against the masons because they have secret societies, for the Jesuits are far more secret, and their system of tyranny requires secrecy, for if the people knew what they are doing they would be expelled immediately. Any good man, of any religion, can become a mason, not so with the Jesuits.

Masonry has never been excluded from any nation,

for they are good citizens everywhere; the Jesuits have been expelled 85 times from nearly all civilized nations, including Catholic countries. Switzerland today prohibits the Jesuits in school and church, nor are they allowed to erect convents or monasteries. Constitution of 1874, Articles 51 and 52.

Jesus occupied a whole chapter, Matt. 23, exposing the hypocrisy of the Pharisees of his day. They turned God's law into tradition, then made of their religion a profession to extort money and control of the people. No better comparison can be found on the Jesuits of our day and time.

Note one sentence of those scathing denunciations; verse 15: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made ye make him two-fold more the child of hell than yourselves." The world never saw such activity as the Jesuits are making to proselyte the human race; they themselves are bad and by their religion they make the people worse, as Christ said of the Pharisees.

Nowhere in the New Testament is there mention of popes, priests, celibates, monks or nuns. There we find no mass nor altars, no purgatory, no idols or images, no

confessional, no speaking in a foreign tongue nor a thousand other innovations or inventions one sees in the Catholic church today. Some of those things can be found in Judaism, but most of them were incorporated from pagan systems.

But the ambition of the Pharisees was limited in comparison with that of the Jesuits. The Pharisees, Scribes, and Saducees, though differing in beliefs, were tolerant among themselves, willing to live and let live. Not so with the Jesuits. With them it is incorporation or extermination, just like the Thugs. Jesuits, representatives of Catholics, are out with the cross in one hand, and a sword in the other. If you do not accept their wooden cross, they use the sword to exterminate you. He is a brother to Bowanee.

In this he shows he does not come to do you good, but to dominate you. And that is the ruling passion of Catholicism, domination. Now we do not say that Catholics are worse by nature than other people - it is their system we condemn. The Germans are no worse by nature than we are. It is their system that leads them to invade other nations and commit such atrocities. We would do the same things following such a system.

As to the effect of the Catholic system on peoples, read Prescott's History of Mexico and Peru. The Aztecs and Incas were prosperous and highly civilized for their day and time. The Catholic system has brought them down to the most abject state of poverty, ignorance, intemperance, brutishness.

Take another instance. In the Reformation the Anglo-Saxon race or peoples followed the Reformation, while the Latin race or peoples continued with the pope. What was the result? The Anglo-Saxon race took the lead and the Latin peoples fell behind, far behind. This difference is due to the system of each. The Latin people are just as good by nature as the Anglo-Saxons, but it was the papal system that held them back and down.

Now let us examine how it is that the Bible makes people better and popery makes them worse. The Bible is God's law, holy, pure and nothing but the truth. God loves us and gives us this Holy Book for our instruction in righteousness. God is sinless, He is our Creator and Benefactor. The Bible is the only book that can lead us to heaven. So the man or woman that follows the Bible grows more like God in goodness, purity and holiness.

They take the pope's way of tradition, ruling out

the Bible and substituting laws made by sinful men, whose aim, like the Pharisees, is to dominate and extort money, and to live above the people.

God says: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." The pope and priests have exalted themselves to the status of gods, assuming to forgive sins, to change wafers and wine into the real living flesh and blood of Christ, and as vicars to sit as Christ on earth. They have deified themselves, the pope being worshiped as, "Our Lord the pope", and other blasphemous names. The priest declares himself super-man, by claiming that his body is inviolate, and that he owes no allegiance to civil authorities, and demands a kiss of his hand in reverence, the pope a kiss of his foot before he will speak to a citizen. Now the crimes of the popes and priests are far in excess of the common people, they having slaughtered 50 millions of Christians, dating back from the Reformation 1250 years. The Inquisition was ten times worse than the Hun atrocities in the recent war. The priests have corrupted every nation where they have had a preponderance. Then again they have canonized many of these butcherers of humanity. Torquemada, the torturer, is a saint; Phillip II, the butcher, of the Netherlands, is a saint, and the Duke of Alva, Phillip's general who

tortured the Dutch and slaughtered more than 30 thousand of them within ten years, is also a saint.

Then does it not make people worse to reverence popes, priests and Catholic saints, who are despots, tyrants and corruptors of humanity? If a man respects a tyrant, he thereby becomes one himself. Yet all these are gods in the sense that God employed the word when He said: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Again God says: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image." Yet Catholics have flooded every land where the priests dominate with images of everything in heaven and in earth, not only of Christ, but of God and of the Holy Spirit! Faith is eclipsed, they worship matter. Now does it make a man worse to worship a piece of wood or a picture, to say nothing of God's, "Thou shalt not"? A man's mind and soul are transformed by the object he worships. If he worships God his mind is exalted, if he worships a piece of wood he is stupified to the level of the object. The Catholics are made worse by worshipping or reverencing images.

Again God says: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." But the popes instituted the Inquisition to torture, to imprison, to burn, to hang, to kill all who would not obey



them. And they continue the same plan in a milder form everywhere they have the power today. Now are Catholics not made worse by torturing their fellow man? They are taught to hate all who are not Catholics, whereas God has commanded to love all.

Can anyone go to the Confessional without being corrupted? Impossible. Yet in every Catholic church there is a big box called the Confessional. There the priest sits, teaching the people to come to him and tell him every act, word and thought of his or her life. Think of a man asking a woman or a girl questions too obscene to be translatable out of the Latin, except for juries! No mother ever asks her own daughter such unspeakable questions. Read The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional by Chiniquy, who was a priest for many years. He will tell you that the Confessional is a cess pool of iniquity, from which no man, woman or girl comes away unpolluted. It is a projection of the dark ages into the light of civilization.

Rev. S. L. Ginsburg wrote a tract in Portuguese called Ossos, Trapos e Farinha (Bones, Rags and Wafers) in which he cited the experience of a philosopher who had traveled and studied all the religions of the world, saying that all pagan religions made their gods and worshiped

them, but that the priests of the Catholic religion made their gods, then ate them; referring to the assertion of the priests that they transform the wafer and wine into the real flesh and blood of Christ, then eat and drink them. Cannibals, who eat the flesh of men, are called anthropophagites, the men who killed Christ are called deicides; priests who eat Christ are no less deicides, god killers, or god eaters.

As the philosopher said about transubstantiation - brutishness, I would say that the Confessional is the foulest of all religious practices in the world today. No pagan system has its equal. It is the nest where crimes are hatched and pollution communicated to the human race. In Mexico the present government has limited the hours of the Confessional to daylight, a few hours in the middle of the day.

Then the Confessional is a spy center or "spy nest" as was said of the Vatican in the European war. Does it not degenerate people to be spying on their neighbors, eavesdropping and nosing around the back yard to find out some crime in his neighbor? If people are corrupted by such practices, what shall be said of the priest who invents and plots so much evil? Can he escape becoming

a monster? Read ex-priest Crowley's Romanism a Menace to the Nation, for the lives of priests. No darker, fouler crimes are committed by anybody, according to ex-Father Crowley, and he ought to know.

To show the truth of these statements I cite instances within the reach of most Americans. What is the difference between Catholics and the world? Look around you. Catholics are in the lead with the dance, they are all for drink, even Cardinal Gibbons mourns the loss of booze. They were nearly all the host of saloon keepers. They lead in card playing and gambling, horse racing, Sunday desecration, working, fishing, hunting, trading, traveling on Sundays, they curse and swear, even to the priests. Look up the jail records. Catholics are only about 14% of the population of the country, but on an average they constitute about 75% of the criminals. Again I ask, what is the difference between Catholicism and the world? Does it make people better or worse?

Well someone will say, "I know a Catholic who is a good man, or woman." Just so. I know many of them who are just as good as they know how to be, but it's because they do not practice the teachings of their religion. Remember they are just as good by nature as other people,

and it is only when they practice the system of Romanism that they become worse.

God ordained marriage. The pope prohibits it to all priests and nuns. Do they live purer lives by it? There are no priests, nuns or celibates in the New Testament. Where did the pope get the idea? Only from the pagans. It is not Christian. Instead of bettering the world by such celibacy they have flooded every nation they have subjected with bastards. In Paraguay<sup>75</sup>, S.A., 98% of births are illegitimate. Rome teaches celibacy; result - bastards. "Oh, but the nuns are very pious, cloistered away there in the shade, behind iron bars and massive walls", says one. Why don't they get out like our Red Cross women, and help humanity in its suffering? Of course, the priests are responsible for these convents and monasteries, vestiges of paganism.

Now let us examine the subject from another angle. The pope had robbed the people of the Bible. Now watch the Jesuits forging tradition. Escobar wrote a book, Moral Theology, in which he attempted a compromise, rather unionize sin and righteousness. He so explained away the

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<sup>76</sup>See Speer on S.A. Problems, p. 50 (sic)

bitterness and sinfulness of sin that by his discovery it was easier for a man to do good than evil. He made the way to heaven broad and the gate wide, but straight was his gate and narrow his way that led to hell. This was a discovery, rather invention of a Jesuit, once the Bible was forgotten.

It would not do to deny sin, for the priests live off the sins of the people. But he taught that by following certain opinions persons do not sin now, though they would have sinned formerly. This was accomplished by "mental reservation", the "intention", "probable opinions", "ad majorem gloria Dei", and other similar trickery and jugglery. This was not all invented by Escobar, but copied out of the books of 24 other Jesuit authors. The Bible was never more flatly denied and smothered out by its worst enemies.

God raised up a man among the Catholics themselves to analyze and expose the trickery, hypocrisy and cunning of such a system, in the person of Pascal, who wrote The Provincial Letters, where one can read how they teach to lie, steal, commit murder and adultery and all the other sins by a twist of "mental reservation", "of the intention", "probabilities", etc. Is it strange that the Jesuits have

been expelled by all the European governments, 85 times altogether? Is it not plain that such teaching corrupts and makes worse those who subject themselves to it?

The reader may ask is this order still existing and teaching their system. Yes, but in a more secret way. They have the greatest spy system in the world. The Kaiser copied the pope and in many places the two worked in harmony here in the U.S. The Jesuits have about captured the government spy system of the U. S. They prepare teachers and send them into our public schools with the intention of destroying them. Most of them are foreigners, as Bonzano, the pope's legate at Washington. They sit in their offices and manipulate politics, and are more than a match for our politicians, as seen by the large proportion of them or their tools in office, the large sums of money they extract from our government, both national and state, also the superior privileges they secure from the government over Methodists, Baptists, Masons and Presbyterians in this free and equal rights republic.

The Jesuits have a school in Washington, whose aim is to supply diplomats, Catholic secretaries for senators and congressmen, and run the government of this nation. Last year Catholics spent 56 millions for propaganda in

these United States trying to make America Catholic. They know they cannot convert or coerce the people, unless they can get the government into their hands. Look in all the cities and you will find in most of them quite all the officials Catholics.

Jesuits are of all the greatest supporters of monarchy. All Catholics are monarchists, therefore foreigners. Some think they are Americans, democrats or republicans, but if they are faithful Catholics, hence monarchists, they cannot be Americans. Every member of the hierarchy, from the cardinal down to the lowest priest, swears first and highest allegiance to the pope, a foreign pretended potentate. What is an American? He is a man who swears first and highest allegiance as a citizen to the government of the U.S. No Catholic at heart can do that. He would cease to be a Catholic, foreign monarchist, as the pope pretends to be the monarch of monarchs.

The Jesuit watches the march of free speech and a free press, and works to get a Catholic censor on every editorial staff to keep out all news derogatory to her crimes, plans, plots and efforts to put down free speech and press.

A Jesuit, though a priest, by his oath, can wear

civilian clothes in which to spy or eavesdrop, to act in any capacity as a teacher, clerk, even to become a Baptist or Methodist preacher to act as a moderator against any aggression against Catholics. They have been known to join the masons for the same purpose. Like the Huns, they stoop to the lowest level to accomplish their ends. The Huns borrowed that system from the pope. But Jesus said: "There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed." And as the Kaiser was caught with the goods, so will the pope be. The Jesuits' manual, called Monitor, was found many years ago and made public, whose abominable teachings caused them to be cast out of every land; however, like the devil, who, the more he is rejected and downed, the more he rises and comes again by some other way, so the Jesuits are still with us today.

The Jesuits are working the Knights of Columbus for all they are worth. While the Jesuits are the secret power of popery, the Knights are playing more or less in the open the same fight against all that is democratic or American.

The Jesuits are in the lead against masonry. Masonry's principles are to theirs as light to darkness. Masonry is a universal brotherhood of all good men; the



Jesuits and Knights have the motto of the Huns: Germany over all, or of Sinn Feiners: Ireland for Irish only, so the order of Knights of Columbus is only for Catholics. The Jesuits now number 700 thousand, while the masons number about 2 millions. Masonry is a great power in America as in the world.

See how the Catholic officials in office use the arm of the law to protect or propagate their religion. A number of Russelites were thrown into prison in the excitement of the war. The Russelites have their religion different from others, but are Americans. Why would Catholics want to persecute the Russelites? Catholic officials saw a chance to have them imprisoned, because Russel in his commentary on Revelation calls the pope the anti-christ there spoken of. That is what Catholic officials are in office for - to promote the interests of his church, by the arm of the law.

The Jesuits have another passion - the acquisition of land and property. He is not much interested in the kingdom of heaven, but in the kingdom of the pope. He is not working for the possession of heaven, but for the possession of this world. Still he swears to poverty. On the day of the show-down in Mexico it was found the

Catholic church had 3/4 of the land in their possession: most of it was confiscated and the government of Mexico forged ahead of all America in finance. The Jesuits have men regularly trained to besiege rich widows and other rich people about to die. They have taken fabulous wealth by their threats of purgatory at that hour. Children have sued for their legitimate inheritance, but the Jesuit, by word of mouth, says he did not threaten him or her on a certain day; yet down in his heart, by working his mental reservation, his intention and his "probabilities" he fools the jury, then stuffs his silken pocket with the wealth. Do you see the trick? What do they want with so much money? To bribe public officials or to promote war? Did not Cardinal Gibbons go from Baltimore to New Orleans and offer 10 millions of dollars to promote the invasion of a Catholic army from Texas into Mexico against Carranza, who was ousting priests and nuns?

Again watch the astute hand in filling up our navy and army with Catholic soldiers. What does that mean? What American doubts but that they are getting ready? Do they not see the little cloud arising? Lincoln prophesied that there would be a bloody war, Americans resisting the pope's taking over our government and closing our church doors.

No one objects to the Catholics following their religion with their rights as other citizens, but every American objects to their filling all or even most of the offices of government. Why are they so active in politics? They use their religion as a ruse to gain political power and wealth.

The fact is that Romanism is a counterfeit of the Christian religion with the politics of Caesar and the idolatry of paganism, this Jesuit order having taken the lead, with the Knights of Columbus as a shadow.

Americans, shall this land of Washington and Jefferson become the land of Torquemada, a second Phillip, or of a Duke d'Alva?

#### CI. CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS

The preceding chapters will (sic) show how white to the harvest is Brazil. More workers is the great necessity.

The greatest work in the world is to give the gospel to every creature. Of all that Jesus commanded us to do we have neglected it the most. We have been willing to enjoy the benefits of the gospel, but we have not been willing enough to pass it on to others. We have been standing on the promises, but we have not been walking or running with them to take them to others.

We as soldiers may not be fortifying too much the lands possessed, but we are slow on invasion and conquest of all the world for Jesus.

The prophet Haggai asks the people to consider their ways in allowing the house of God "to lie in waste", while they lived in ceiled houses. He then tells them of the blasting and mildew, the drouths and floods in their time of negligence. Then he told them what to do, how to build the house, which they did with diligence.

Then he told them to mark the day of the month, from which God's blessings would come. He prophesied that the glory of that temple would be greater than the first (because Jesus would come to it).

Now are not many Christians of today laying up treasure on earth, each vying with the other to see which can build the most beautiful house or buy the best automobile, while the nations about us are perishing for lack of the gospel? The Greeks built the finest pagan temples the world ever saw, but the nation perished. The Catholics and other false religions today are spending millions on majestic cathedrals and their people are perishing for lack of the gospel.

Are not many of our churches spending unnecessary

thousands on fine buildings while the millions go down to Christless graves? Let us consider our ways. It is a fact that the nation declined in righteousness from the building of the temple of Solomon, and it is a fact that where Catholics have built their most sumptuous cathedrals the morals and ignorance of the masses have gone down to the lowest limit.

We have done something toward the evangelization of the world - a few missionaries here and there. But Baptists as a people have not undertaken seriously the giving of the gospel to all the world. We do not teach "the all things" too much, but the main work lags. Christ traveled all over Palestine several times, but did not limit himself to one place long. Paul traveled all over the Roman empire; the people got the good news, yet he did not forget "the care of all the churches".

We have failed to get the gospel to the people. There are not enough workers to supply the needs. What is the sign of the blasts and mildew, the storms, drouths and floods through which we have passed as a nation? The people need instruction as that of Haggai. When we undertake with a whole heart the giving of this gospel "to all the world", we can do it as easily as the few Israelites

built the temple. From the date we determine to spend our all to at once give the gospel to all the world, let us expect blessings in unprecedented degree.

And let us rejoice at the fact that as soon as we proclaim the gospel to all the world Jesus will come the second time for the Restoration of all things.

I make this appeal for volunteers for Latin America. Not that I desire one less for China, Africa or the mongol religions of Europe and near Asia, but I plead for a host of missionaries for the hundred millions of people right here at our doors.

There are twenty-one republics on or about the Western Continent. Take out the U.S. and all the others are Latin: Cuba, Hayti, San Domingos, islands, then Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Paraguay, Uruguay, Argentina, Brazil. All professed republics, but the Jesuits were powerful enough to hold 12 of them in monarchical chains with the Catholic as the state religion. Strange medley, monarchical republics, with the Jesuits as the monarchs, to teach the people what to think, say and do!

We were slow in evangelizing, so God sent the

millions of immigrants to this country. We must evangelize them, or they will wreck our civilization with their sabbath desecration, gambling, dancing, worldliness, anarchy and monarchy.

Again, if it seems far away to Africa and Asia, God has placed here at our doors millions of people without the Bible and without Christ. In all these Latin nations idols and idolatry abound. Romanism is a reproduction of the old Latin mythology. It is also a counterfeit of the Christian religion, having plastered the world over with Christian names, as the ancient Latins did with their gods, rivers, lakes, harbors, hills and valleys what not, cities, springs and even the people.

Romanism is a religion of coercion. All her millions were brought in by capture, or coercion in the dark ages and kept isolated, by ignorance and prohibition of the Bible and everything that could enlighten them. Then it is a religion adapted to human nature. A Catholic can do anything he pleases, so he is subservient to the priest - he is a good Catholic.

Romanism, bedecked and bedrabbled with crowns and gowns and dog collars, cathedrals and bells, holding the mass of her followers in rags and ignorance is a shallow

counterfeit of Christianity, worthless so far as salvation is concerned, good only for this world, but a disgrace to real Christianity.

As Jesus ignored and brushed away the Pharisees and Saducees as false representatives of a holy cause, so let us ignore the priests as having any claim to recognition. Let us give them the same treatment as Jesus did the Pharisees. They have not given the gospel to the people, rather, having the key of knowledge they "shut up the kingdom of heaven; neither going in themselves, nor allowing others to enter".

The people, when they hear the gospel, respond nobly. Thousands are being saved and when saved are as active as we are in its favor. Rome uses all the force and coercion she can to hold them and persecute them afterward. But, oh, the joys and enlightenment of a saved soul. Good old Sr. Dorea said one night at a public meeting: "I worshipped the idols with all my heart, thinking that was God's way of salvation, but now I know if I had died in that state I had been lost." And he was one, if not the best Catholic I ever knew.

Listen not to the pretensions and threats of Romanists, but to the rejoicings of those who are saved



out of Romish darkness. I often wondered at the number of old people converted among the Brazilians. Perhaps, like the Magi, they had reasoned and discovered the foolishness of idolatry. The young do not reason, but are swept on with the orgies and glosses of Rome, which has been called "the patron of vice". Catholics may organize and train all their children in the catechism, but the gospel is the dynamo, "power of God" to burst the chains of tradition and set the people free.

I plead for more workers for Brazil, with its 25 millions in a territory as large as the U.S. I have sometimes thought that if a sufficient number of missionaries, say one or two thousand, should go down there, the people would turn in a mass to the gospel, and like in the Reformation, they would come bringing their temples. The priests have taught the people to depend on them for the main necessities of life, christening the children at the beginning of life, then marriage, then burial. This is rubbish which often takes time to erase.

A man in high position in Bahia had sent his daughter to our school till she was too advanced in age to walk longer on the streets and so had to put her in a convent. He said to me one day: "Mr. Taylor, why do not your people

send out more teachers? Do you not see we want to educate our children in your schools?" What could I say?

Dr. Chamberlain was preaching far interior. An old man fastened his eyes upon him, getting closer and closer as he told of Jesus, who had come to this world to save sinners free, here and now. When he closed the old man asked him: "Young man, was your father a Christian?" "Yes", was the reply. "Then why did not he come and tell us this good news?" As much as to say, many have already gone and I am now going - too late, too late!

Many of those people are surprised to know we have possessed the blessings of salvation so long, and have not already given it out to the whole world. What is our excuse before God?

Many are held back by the obstacles to overcome. Every day or year they are disappearing. The forward march of Christian democracy now shines bright over against pope and Kaiser and Sultan monarchy. For the immense size of our country the population was small, also we were poor and few. Now we have grown mighty in numbers and wealth. We stand today the largest, richest, most powerful nation on the earth. The reason is, under God: "Righteousness exalteth a nation", according to Scripture. Our laws have

been copied by republics all over the world.

Then the justice in the execution of those laws and by our national wealth having succored many nations in the hour of calamity, made for us a great name. Rome in the day of her power was known around the world to be feared; the U.S. in this day of her power is known the world around with gratitude and respect. And while our statesmen are making this world safe for democracy it is also becoming a safe place for the church of God which has been crushed, and bled, and burnt down through the ages.

Facilities for getting the gospel to the people have increased many fold. An English officer, many years ago said, if his king gave him a message to proclaim in all the earth, he could do it in six months. Our scheme of evangelizing partakes more of the nature of colonizing than of evangelization, in the sense that Christ gave the command. We are not caring too much perhaps for the churches, but we have not made the extension of the gospel the ruling passion. The telegraph, railroads and steam ships now girdle the earth; the missionary's life is now worth more by the increased amount of labor he can do, and the hardships are diminished by half. The Bible has already been translated into 600 languages, or all the

principal languages and dialects among the nations. Hand books, dictionaries and grammars in all these languages have been prepared by the missionaries.

Imagine Paul nearly 2,000 years ago going from some port in Asia Minor to Spain, a distance of 2,000 miles. About 1845, when Drs. Crawford and Yates went to China, it took them four or five months by sail ship. Thirty days now on a S.S. will accomplish the same journey, and the missionary has saved four months on the study of the language. There is now railroad connection from Lisbon to Vladivostok. Over the Andes there now runs a railroad from the Pacific coast into Bolivia. Another from Buenos Aires across the continent and the Andes to Valparaiso in Chile.

However, and notwithstanding, all the facilities of travel and preparation for the missionary of today, there still remain hardships and many dangers and enemies and obstacles to overcome. The long years of preparation, patience and suffering are in the past. But the work is ready now for a man's job. The main work is now on. One stage of the work is passed. Everything is now ready for the one final conquest.

We have Satan cornered. But let us not think he

will be overthrown without a great struggle. "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." The power of the enemy is still great. The work is still trying and will test the best that is in a man. Only men of strong faith can stand the wear and tear, and make it "over the top". You, who would go to the front need to arm yourself with "the whole armour of God", and fight sometimes when the ship seems burning up under your feet. And though some of our soldier comrades are falling in battle, God expects every man to do his whole duty.

Angels no doubt would join us in this conquest if they were permitted. The consciousness of having given the gospel to the world or a part of it, gives greater joy than riches stored away in banks. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever, and ever."

To you fathers and mothers, who are living for your children, storing up for their future, remember God's curse will fall upon them. They may fight and hate each other for life over that inheritance. Far better never to have had any inheritance and maintain their love for each other. Holding your ears open to Jesus and pouring your riches into his treasuries, your example will be the greatest

asset for your children - the lofty example of the father and mother. Have faith. God will care for them. "He that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me." God knew the needs of children when He, by his Son, commanded you to give the gospel to all the world.

Of all that Christ commanded us to do we have most neglected - giving the gospel to every creature. The apostles and first Christians did actually attempt it, without money, organization or boards. They seemed in a fair way to accomplish it, when in the year 250 there was a division in the church over the relapsed - origin of the Catholic church; again in 325 on the fall of the pagan throne Constantine adopted the Catholic party. In 606 the bishop of Rome declared himself ruler of the world and the church of Christ went into the dark ages, up to the middle of the 16th century, at the opening of the Reformation.

At this distance we cannot judge why God permitted satan to intervene and put a stop to the evangelization of the world, but we know He did, and that is enough for us. The Reformation failed to evangelize, being content with a state church, and on went the world for 300 years more in religious stagnation. In this period the pope created the Inquisition to torture, force or kill the saints of God, to

destroy His Law and he tried to exterminate true Christianity from the face of the earth.

But again the gates of hell did not prevail. Christians multiplied faster than they killed them. For every saint tortured or burned a dozen arose to fill his place. For every Bible destroyed they multiplied as the leaves on the trees. Satan with all his agencies, power and advantage, could not impede the march of the gospel: and Dr. B. H. Carroll in his book on Revelation says that popery is the "masterpiece of satan".(sic)

Men here and there begin to say to the churches, "Here am I, send me out to preach the gospel to the heathen." Organization began. The churches were drawn together, and today missionaries are in every land, even under the shadow of the Vatican, and though the pope shakes his fist at them he confesses himself a prisoner and cannot stop the inundation of the gospel into all Catholic countries, as well as into older pagan lands.

While the messengers have been daring, their numbers are still insignificant and insufficient to cover the great open field. Quite all heathen nations have been open to the gospel and the recent war has jostled the gates of the mongol religions of Europe, the last to oppose the

spread of the gospel. Now the fulfillment of Revelation 14:6 is at hand, when John saw "the angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth and to every nation, and kindred and people and tongue" which heretofore has been impeded. And the angel cried: "Thrust in thy sickle and reap for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe." The world never witnessed such an opening for the gospel as now. The ages past were as the seed sowing and waiting time; now the harvest time.

After pagan and papal occupation of S.A., entered the patriots and masons, then the Protestants. These last are all on the side of liberty and evangelical progress. Antedating the arrival of the Protestants the Bible Societies entered with their colporters distributing the Law of God in all those countries. God has gone on ahead and prepared the way for a ready and welcome entrance of the gospel.

I not only plead for Brazil, but for all Latin America, 80% of which lies within the tropics; but due to trade winds and elevated table lands one half of the population enjoy tempered, if not temperate climatic conditions. As to sanitation, the cities, once hot beds for plagues, are made safe for foreigners. To maintain long life one cannot



do the amount of work there as in the temperate zone. Longevity there will compare favorably with that in other climates.

As to language - there are only two, the Spanish and Portuguese, this last spoken only in Brazil by about one fourth of all the people in S.A., say 25 millions; Spanish by the remaining three fourths, not to mention the ten million Indians. Portuguese and Spanish are daughters of the Latin language, the easiest of all languages for Americans to learn. Missionaries need not specially study these languages here, but take a thorough course in Latin.

While these people are without the gospel, they are descendents of a race that has governed the world for centuries. For politeness and gentleness of manners they excel Anglo-Saxons. Any assumption of racial superiority will destroy the usefulness of the missionary.

Too many missionaries cannot go to Cuba, Puerto Rico, Mexico, Brazil, Argentina and Chile, where Baptists have made good beginnings. I appeal especially for those countries where Baptists have no work; Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay, Hayti and San Domingos. If the Lord should come to these countries today he would not find a Baptist home where to lay his head. Nor in any

of the Central American countries, except Panama and Salvador.

This is the hour for Christian statesmanship. In our great assemblies God can lead our people to adopt plans for the immediate evangelization of the world. Fifty millions of dollars could be raised by the Baptists of the South within ten years. With this amount we can send out during that time 5,000 missionaries and literally cover the world and fulfill Christ's command. Neither this amount nor the number of men will accomplish the whole work, but it would be an attempt and a beginning of the end of all that is in Christ's command. "Attempt great things for God; expect great things from God."

Other denominations have done much toward evangelization, but the Baptist program should take in the whole world, to the limit of the Great Commission. Why has God in our day opened the long iron-barred gates of the nations? Why has He poured such treasures in our laps, just at this time, as no other nation? Why have our people had such advantages of school and training just at this climax? Why all these facilities of travel just now? For what has the printing press been brought to such perfection for multiplied millions of Bibles, books and tracts bearing the printed

message? Why is it that Latin America, once suspicious, has been drawn into such close friendship by the European war and subsequent developments? Christian statesmen, just before the war, appointed by a Christian president perhaps, were ready to go on a mission to Russia, to study her needs, in the hour of her calamity, so as to render the most efficient help whether industrial or economic.

Do we not see in all this the hand of God, beckoning us to the One great task? Through great signs of progress and of the times, they are insignificant, in themselves, but to tell us that now is God's time, and our last chance to give the gospel to every creature in all the world. Will we do it? The pagans, Catholics, Jesuits and Huns in the day of their power used their genius and skill in forging instruments of torture and destruction for the domination of humanity. Paganism is stagnant, the pope is crippled, the Huns defeated, now when evangelical influences have the balance of power, in the day of our power let us bless humanity, by giving them freedom of soul, mind and body. The Salvation Army is blessing the world; the Y.M.C.A. is leading the young men to heaven; the Red Cross is soothing the pains of the world and now comes the capstone, the League of Nations to crown the good work of all the others.

Paganism failed, Romanism failed, science failed - now let the gospel have free course and God will be glorified. The enemies of the gospel are all dead or so weakened that they cannot impede the march of the gospel. What is the reason we cannot give the gospel immediately to all the world? Will it be with us as the invited guests to the banquet? Each one have something more important to attend to? God will require it of you. There can be no reason to refuse an invitation of Christ, much less His commands.

Man's first business is to get saved; the next greatest is to get others saved. The wrath and fury of God will be meted out to this generation if we fail now. But we must not fail. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." And this is the day of God's power. When God wanted the temple built the people not only worked enthusiastically, but gave sums of money unexcelled in all history. Centuries after, when that first temple had been destroyed, they worked from morning till night and for weeks did not change their raiment in order to finish the walls in the face of opposition.

Then when it was needed most, right at the beginning of the gospel, on the day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit was poured out on the believers in such over-mastering power,

that not only preachers and laymen consecrated their lives but their all to proclaiming the gospel. The world never witnessed such consecration. Men and women spontaneously sold their possessions in order that all might be supplied and occupied with the proclamation of the good news. Will God withhold this power today? Are we willing to pass the ten days in united prayer? Is the whole of the Southern Baptist Convention too busy to pass ten days in prayer? For such a work, nothing less than consecration will bring success. One of the most beautiful scenes I ever witnessed at the S.B.C. at Houston, Texas was when Dr. Dodd, after the exposition of the Lord's prayer said: "I want to see the Southern Baptist Convention on its knees" and the vast assembly fell to its knees.

Will the Lord fail us now? Will we fail to seek and get this power, now in the climax of world opportunity? Oh, children of the living God, let us for once stand with God in His plans to redeem the world! What are we living for but to prepare young men and women for God's service? What is our property for but for use in His service? It takes all this combined to save the world now.

To young Christian men and women whom God is calling to this work, as to your preparation, if you are not

already decided, study all the fields and the necessity of each field and your adaptation to a certain field, in an old field beside other missionaries or an entirely new field. Perhaps there is no book which combines such an accumulation of information as The Panama Congress, in three volumes. There are many other books to be had at the different Foreign Mission Boards and at the Pan American Union, Washington, D.C., John Barrett, director.

Study each country prayerfully, asking God's direction and that one where you think you can do most good, or that one which needs you most, and seize on to it. Learn everything you can about it, then suit your plans; you may have to study for years in preparation. That has advantages, for the Board prefers to send men of some experience, tested perseverance and stamina. By that means also you grow into the work, the people and conditions.

I would advise you not to go to a climate where you fear, or to people of whom you would be ashamed; nor to spend a few years, but a whole life, and be willing to suffer and die if necessary.

There is Venezuela, just across the waters from us, with its three million inhabitants; 600 miles of railway, THIRTY millions dollars in foreign trade, rich soil, vast

timber and natural resources, great herds of cattle, abundantly watered, already a few missionaries of other denominations in Caracas and largest cities. There was never known to be built a school house either public or private in Venezuela. Before the great influx of immigrants it is bound to receive in the near future is the time to plant the gospel. Who will volunteer for Venezuela and carve out a kingdom for Christ?

There is Colombia, 1/8 the area of the U.S., with a population of six millions. The few missionaries are engaged mostly in educational work. While in the cities little attention is given the gospel, in the country districts the people are begging for teachers and preachers. Yet in most of those distant regions the people do not even know the name of Christ. The country is rich in oil, minerals, timber. Who will volunteer for Colombia?

Ecuador the most neglected and needy field. Priests are still bold to fight the gospel. Every tenth person is a nun or a priest, and every tenth person a leper and no hospitals, no hope. About 400 miles of railway, a few evangelical workers battling with difficulties and opposition. Jesus died also for Ecuador. Who will take up His cause there?

Bolivia, the land of the Llama, another Switzerland multiplied by 100. Five Canadian Baptist families are patiently trying to solve the problem there. Out of a population of two millions only 40 thousand children can read. No social standards. Catholicism is the state religion as in other eleven S. and C. American countries. Three fourths of the population is Indian, that fine old race of the Incas, now in the most pitiful state of degeneracy. Who will volunteer to bring them to Christ?

Peru with its five millions, one half Indians, where was the Inca capitol and where existed the most ancient and advanced civilization of America, all destroyed by Pizarro and his successors, rulers and priests. Some 25 evangelicals, mostly about Lima and Callau, occupy a few of the cities. Here on the central western coast is one of the greatest fields where railroads and foreign influences have been felt. How many will go to this vast field?

All these countries are easily reached through the Panama Canal.

Now let us come back to the Central American countries, beginning with Guatemala, which has a population of over two millions, the land of opportunity. The priests had misruled the country for three and one half centuries,



when the people overthrew the hierarchy, expelled the Jesuits and priests, closed the monasteries and nunneries which are still closed. One of the presidents on a visit he made to the U.S. selected a missionary and carried him back with him. Not only the fullest religious liberty, but a welcome awaits the missionary. One young lady missionary went there and in three years had prepared 150 for baptism, but no ordained missionary has been found to go baptize them. How many will go quickly to such an inviting field?

Of the five or six millions in Central America about one and one-fourth millions are Indians. The Baptist Home Mission Board has two foreigners and four natives in San Salvador. The Moravians in Nicaragua, working among creoles, ask that missionaries be sent to the Spanish speaking population. A few missions, weakly in numbers and strength, have been attempted in quite all these central countries, but with little hope of permanency. In the tropics about the rivers and lowlands it is not healthy, but on high ground, among the mountains and table lands it is almost Paradise.

All these Central American countries have a great future by their proximity to the U.S. The long talked of

railroad from Mexico City down through the Isthmus of Panama, Colombia, Ecuador and Peru to Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires is only a question of time. There are railroads in all those countries which by linking up existing lines would complete in great part the desired connection. Water facilities on the Pacific Side as well as the Gulf of Mexico on the East will provide abundant outlet for shipping and transportation. The Gulf of Mexico and the Carribean Sea will soon be the Mediterranean of the West on a much larger scale. Multiplied millions will soon have settled in these countries. Now is the time to lay their foundations with the gospel.

If Southern Baptists could put into Latin America 5,000 missionaries within the next ten years we could carry those people in the great and final attack on heathen Asia and Africa and the isles of the sea. To be sure, God's kingdom cannot be limited by numbers or dollars and cents, but the effort to carry out the command of Christ will be honored of Him. If those people were joined with the Anglo-Saxon race, heretofore separated, their countries becoming bases for mission work, we could take the world for Christ. Brazilian believers are now sustaining a mission in Europe. May God guide our Christian statesmen in our great assemblies.

Now let us come to the personal side of the matter. Young brother, young sister, God needs you and is calling you to this work. Just as in the war the nation needed every able bodied man for service. How can you know God calls you individually? You are a Christian: it is to Christians He says: "Go ye". Maybe you have not, nor ever could become a qualified soldier. Then you can go by sending your representative, joining with the older brethren and sisters, each church or a combination of churches can select a missionary and be responsible for his support.

But say you are 22 years of age. (I was 26.) You have a sound body and mind, with an ordinary education. You have ample time to fit yourself by education. Take the course in languages. Make a specialty of Latin and music for all the peoples of Mexico, Central and South America are fond of music. Good music in your meetings will insure you a crowd. Try to get a theological education, but you cannot succeed without a finished literary course.

Select as early as you can the country of your choice, or the one to which God leads you. During your time of preparation read the best books on that field and interest everyone that you can in favor of it. Study the

people from every angle; their pursuits, customs, likes and dislikes that you may best prepare yourself and adapt yourself to their conditions. Paul said he was all things to all men that he might save some of them at least.

You will lose time trying to study those languages in this country. You need to take all you can get here, which you cannot get there, so when you go there you can throw all your energies into the study of the language and get the accent and pronunciation from the people. But begin in some city or where you can get a good teacher, then study the people at first hand while pursuing your studies. This is a good part of your preparation.

You need to learn moderation in the tropics. In temperate and cold climates people are as a rule reckless in regard to health, work, etc. One cannot do the same amount of work there; in eating and drinking, in exercise one has to be careful. In exercise one is easily heated; cool off gradually. On entering a house you will always be requested to keep on your hat till you have cooled. To drink water when heated, or to take a glass of cold water after drinking hot coffee is often disastrous. This is not so noticeable till one's blood becomes assimilated to the climate, but it is well to observe this caution from

the first. Of all the dangers in Brazil this one was to me the one from which I suffered most. For any kind of exercise will bring on perspiration; after preaching often one's clothes are saturated, then the trip home often in wind, and on so many other occasions. One must be prepared for such occasions with light overcoat. Then on arrival home the exchange of clothes for dry ones in a closed room. In another part of this book I have given several cases, showing the danger to natives as well as foreigners. To maintain your usefulness you must secure your health.

When making your plans and decision consult your pastor and the secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, Richmond, Virginia, so as to avail yourself of all the help possible, for you need to make haste, slowly.

There are many qualifications necessary in a missionary, but the greatest is spirituality, without which you can neither be successful nor happy. If you walk close to God, the trials, the discouragements, the dangers and difficulties will disappear.

With a volunteer here, another there, 100 in Texas, 25 in Alabama, 50 in Kentucky and so on, soon there would be ready a host of workers. "The Lord gave the word; great was the company that published it."

Now is the time for Christianity to make the supreme effort and the crowning work of the centuries - just before Jesus comes.

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APPENDIX

Livro

das

Actas das Seccões

da

Primeira Igreja

Baptista na Bahia

Bahia, 10 de Maio de 1883.

Acta Primeira da Secção de Instalação da Primeira Igreja Baptista na Cidade da Bahia.

No dia 15 de Outubro de 1882 da era christã, estando presentes nesta cidade da Bahia, no lugar denominado Canella, às 10 horas da manhã os abaixo assignados, membros da Igreja Baptista de S.<sup>ta</sup> Barbara, na provincia de São Paulo; tendo se retirado d'aquella provincia para esta, uniram-se á Igreja Baptista fazendo a sua installação legalmente. São os seguintes:

Senr. Antonio Teixeira de Albuquerque.

" L. C. Taylor.

D.<sup>na</sup> Catharina Taylor.

Senr. W. B. Pragby.

D.<sup>na</sup> Anna L. Pragby.

Depois de installada a Igreja com os cinco Membros supra mencionados, adoptamos unanimemente a Confissão de Fé "chama-se" "The New Hampshire" Confissão de Fé, como praticada geralmente pelas Igrejas Baptistas Missionarias.

Adoptamos o seguinte pacto:

O Senr. Pragby foi eleito por unanimidade de votos — Moderador —

O Senr. Antonio Teixeira de Albuquerque — idem —

Nome da Igreja foi intitulado: 1.<sup>a</sup> Igreja Baptista na Bahia.

Por unanimidade de votos, foi designado o 2.<sup>o</sup> Domingo de Cada mês para Ceia do Senhor depois da pregação as 11 horas da manhã. Foi designado que haveria reunião da Igreja

na Igreja a qualidada e multa

na oração e negocios da Igreja.

Encerrada a sessão, tem em seguida: Culto, Pregação do Evangelho e celebração da Ceia do Senhor.

Com Secretario a escrever e assig-nar -  
Antonio Teixeira de Albuquerque

Bahia, 10 de Maio de 1885.

Acta 2<sup>a</sup>

Secção 1.<sup>a</sup> extraordinaria.

Às 11 horas da manhã -

Reuniram-se em secção extraordinaria os Mem-  
bros = W. B. Pagby, L. C. Taylor, D.<sup>na</sup> Anna  
L. Pagby, D.<sup>na</sup> Catharina Taylor e Antonio Ti-  
zeira de Albuquerque, para examina-rem e receberem  
na Igreja, a Candidata = Emilia =

Depois do exame necessario, e, dada a experiencia  
satisfatoria pela Candidata supra, foi unani-  
memente recebida na Igreja como membro e dada  
mão de fraternidade a todos os membros. Sendo dif-  
ficil encontrar agua corrente para celebração do  
Baptismo, foi elle adiado para um outro dia.

Foi designado dia seguinte, (10 de Maio) as 7 1/2  
horas da noite, para a 1.<sup>a</sup> Secção ordinaria. Foi  
Moderador d'esta Secção, o Sr. L. C. Taylor.  
Em secretario, a escrever, e, assigno-me -

Antonio Tizeira de Albuquerque

Publico, 7 de Maio de 1883.

Nada mais havendo, foi encerrada a secção.

E eu secretario a escrever e assigno-me.

Antonio Teixeira de Albuquerque.

Deixa-se a nota seguinte =

Nota 1ª Foi baptisada no dia  
11 de Maio de 1883 as 11<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> da manhã, na Gamboa, E-  
milia Maria, pelo irmão Rev. W. B. Hagby.

B. a 30 de Junho de 1883.

Antonio Teixeira de Albuquerque.



Sessão 7.<sup>a</sup> ordinária.

Às 10 de Maio de 1883, as 1/2 horas da noite, reunidos na sala da Bibliotheca da Igreja, os seguintes membros = N. B. Bagby, Senr. D. Anna L. Bagby, L. C. Taylor, Junr. e Catharina Taylor e Antonio Teixeira de Albuquerque depois da leitura das Escripturas e orações (que sempre tem sido nas outras sessões) abriu a sessão. —

Tomou a palavra o irmão mais velho levantando uma moção a fim de que fosse nomeado o Moderador.

Foi declarado um membro em favor da moção logo posta a votação, pelo que foi nomeado por unanimidade de votos o Senr. N. B. Bagby - Moderador.

Depois de lidas as actas das sessões anteriores, foram apresentadas algumas emendas, que foram unanimemente votadas; = São as seguintes: = em lugar da palavra instalação, deve ser Organisação, na pagina 1.<sup>a</sup> Outra = Teixeira foi membro da Igreja da Estação de S.<sup>ta</sup> Barbara. = Outra = A candidata Emilia foi recebida para ser baptisada, e não tendo ainda os privilegios.

Foi lembrada nesta occasião a todos os membros que devem orar em secreto por aquelles da Convenção dos Estados Unidos do Sul.

Foi feita uma moção para ser nomeada uma commissão para appresentar umas regras de ordens e regulamentos para a Igreja. Foram nomeados os

Presented to  
Library S. B. I. S.  
By the  
Translator  
April 1888.

AN INTRODUCTION TO AND CRITICAL REPRODUCTION OF  
THE Z. C. TAYLOR MANUSCRIPT:  
THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF BAPTIST MISSIONS IN BRAZIL

An Abstract of a Thesis

by

Glendon Donald Grober

May 1969

AN INTRODUCTION TO AND CRITICAL REPRODUCTION OF  
THE Z. C. TAYLOR MANUSCRIPT:  
THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF BAPTIST MISSIONS IN BRAZIL

I. STATEMENT OF THE PROBLEM

Z. C. Taylor and W. B. Bagby were sent as Baptist missionaries to Salvador, Baia, Brazil in 1882. The two men began the Baptist work together. The name of W. B. Bagby is well known, but that of Taylor was largely ignored. The histories of Baptist work in Brazil, both in English and Portuguese, made little mention of Z. C. Taylor.

The purpose of this study is twofold. First, it seeks to emphasize and illustrate the vital role of Z. C. Taylor in the earliest Baptist initiatives in Brazil. Second, it makes readily accessible his personal account of many Baptist beginnings in Brazil. This autobiography denominated "The Z. C. Taylor Manuscript" has been critically reproduced in its entirety.

II. METHODS AND PROCEDURES EMPLOYED IN GATHERING DATA

A careful study was made of the minutes of the First Baptist Church of Baia (Brazil). These minutes contain innumerable references to Z. C. Taylor's work. His role of leadership is constantly accentuated.

Dr. W. C. Taylor published an article in the Revista Teologica in 1948 about Z. C. Taylor. The article sought to delineate the vast scope of Z. C. Taylor's efforts in Brazil. It further claimed for him a place of distinction in Brazilian Baptist History. The article gives evidence of careful research in the Z. C. Taylor Manuscript.

The original document was handwritten and, apparently, sent to Brazil for publication. It remained ignored in the files of the Baptist Publishing House of Brazil for many years. The manuscript had begun to deteriorate and the decision was made to copy it. No funds were available for this task. Two typewritten copies were prepared by the director's son, George Cowsert. He was assigned the work as a project to improve his typing.

The original document is now lost or decayed. The "Cowsert text", as is to be expected, contains many typographical errors and possible "scribal additions". The marginal additions were made by hand and no effort was made to ascertain between Taylor's writing and that of others. The text has been reproduced in what was judged to be the most accurate manner possible

without destroying the style of the original author.

Further information was gleaned from personal conversations with both nationals and missionaries in Brazil. A study was also made of literature available in the libraries of The South Brazil Baptist Theological Seminary in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; The Equatorial Baptist Theological Seminary in Belem, Brazil; The Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky; the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Ft. Worth, Texas; and, Ouachita Baptist University in Arkadelphia, Arkansas.

### III. SUMMARY OF THE STUDY

The initial chapters emphasize the role of leadership which Z. C. Taylor exercised from the inception of Baptist mission work in Brazil. The broad scope of Taylor's ministry is delineated. His contributions through journalism, publishing, preaching, doctrinal orientation, teaching, pastoral care, medical aid, and the developing of a spirit of co-operation among the new Baptist churches are indicated in some detail.

The value of Taylor's ministry indicated the necessity of reproducing his personal record in its

entirety. This decision was further influenced by the paucity of written sources available to historians concerning the beginning years of Baptist work in Brazil. This material forms one of the most complete records available for the development of work in the North Brazil Mission of The Southern Baptist Convention from 1882 to 1900.

An analysis of the types of errors predominately found in the "Cowsert text" is included. Illustrations are included of these errors and how they were corrected.

It might be that this effort would stimulate similar ones in regard to the minutes of the First Baptist Church of Baia and of the First Baptist Church of Rio de Janeiro. W. B. Bagby, like Taylor, also recorded his experiences which should be collected and researched. These could form a "corpus" of original materials of Baptist beginnings in Brazil of inestimable value, if work begins while they are still extant.

For those who might wish "to sample" the manuscript, the following chapters might be read first: Capt. Egydia Pereira, John Baptist, Joaquim and Bento Pereira, The Seer of Santarem, Sr. Constantino Pacheco, Vila do Conde. Locations of these are given in the

full and detailed table of contents. Such a sampling will miss, however, some of the scintillating statements which pled for complete reproduction of the Manuscript. One example is, "Persecution brings out brave spirits, like night brings out the stars."

Copies of some original documents have been included in the Appendix.