

A Wandering Jew in Brazil

An Autobiography of Solomon L. Ginsburg



Victory Baptist Press USA

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Dedication



To Mrs. Emma Morton Ginsburg, the consecrated missionary, self-sacrificing mother, and devoted companion, who for these thirty years has shared with me all my trials and joys, this book is affectionately dedicated.

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Foreword

Just a word as to the reason for publishing this book. If there is one thing I always disliked, it was to speak or write about myself or my own personal experiences. But friends who have heard me tell the incidents that have happened to me in my life and work, have insisted upon my collecting these into book form so that they might be put to a wider use, both for the glory of God and the good of the great Cause of Missions. Acceding to their wishes, I have endeavored to satisfy them, for, if there is one thing I want to do above all others, it is to be of some use to the Master's Cause; especially to Brazil. I have not attempted to make this book one of perfect literary style. After thirty years of work in a country where the English tongue is not in general use, and striving to perfect myself in the native language, it would be almost impossible to attempt any perfection in style or even elegance of expression in English. My chief object has been to relate the incidents in a way that they might be understood by all. In placing this little book before my brethren in the faith, my heart's prayer to God is that it be used for His glory and Cause.

There are very few books that tell of the great opportunities and the urgent need of workers in that great mission field Brazil. I do pray and hope that this book will be used by the Spirit of God to draw many of our young men and women to that great field of labour where they can make their lives count a thousand-fold for the Master.

In the preparation of this book, I have been helped greatly by Dr. T. B. Ray, the Associate Secretary of our Foreign Mission Board, whose knowledge of the work and workers is almost incomparable; also, by Dr. W. O. Carver, Professor of Missions in a Baptist Theological Seminary; and by Mrs. J. R. Miller of Columbia, Missouri, proficient stenographer, who very graciously, prepared my manuscripts for the publishers, to all of whom I extend my sincere gratitude.

THE AUTHOR. Kansas City, Missouri, June, 1921.

Introduction

When some months ago Rev. S. L. Ginsburg announced to me that he was expecting to write an autobiography, I said to him jokingly, "Solomon, I suggest that you call it A Wandering Jew in Brazil." Imagine my surprise when he sent me his manuscript with this title. My jest had been taken seriously. Well, after all, it is a good title because this man of God has traveled very extensively over Brazil. He is one of the most widely known men in Brazil. He is called "Pastor Solomon," by multitudes. While he has covered much territory, his has not been a vagrant work. His longest periods of service were in Campos and Pernambuco. In both of these fields he did a monumental work. In both of these fields our cause has had a splendid development. Brother Ginsburg does not claim that he is personally responsible for all the remarkable growth in these fields. Others have labored and God has blessed their labors, but Ginsburg rendered a splendid account of himself in Campos and Pernambuco. He served a shorter period in Nictheroy and Bahia and did his work well. Then came his call to the Carroll Memorial Publishing House. His service in that great institution gave him an opportunity for doing a work to his liking and it has been a notable success. During part of the time he has been with a publishing house, he has been Secretary of the Brazilian Mission Board, which has widened his contact still more. He has done much evangelizing also. So it can be said justly that this Christian Hebrew has really wandered far in Brazil and gathered in many precious sheaves.

Brother Ginsburg has been in Brazil thirty-one of the forty years of Baptist mission work in that country. Only Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Bagby, the founders of our Brazilian mission work, and Miss Emma Morton, now Mrs. Ginsburg, have been in Brazil longer than he. Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Entzminger, Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Taylor, and Dr. J. L. Downing entered our work about the same time as did Brother Ginsburg. His time in Brazil almost spans the entire period of Baptist effort in that country. He is in the position, therefore, to give much information upon our work. This thing he does very successfully in the following pages.

The first effort of the Foreign Mission Board to establish work in Brazil was made in 1859, when Rev. T. J. Bowen was sent to that field. Mr. Bowen had explored Nigeria, Africa, and had founded our African Mission in 1849. His health would not permit him to return to Africa, so he asked to be designated to Brazil. After a little more than a year in Brazil, he was forced to return to the United States and the Mission in Brazil was abandoned. Had it not been for his poor health, Mr. Bowen would have, no doubt, won the distinction of founding two of our Board's great missions.

Mr. Bowen returned to North America in 1861, at the beginning of the War Between the States. The general demoralization of that period was such as to discourage any effort to maintain the Brazilian Mission. After our Civil War ended, a large number of families from our Southern States emigrated to Brazil, in the hope of recuperating their fortunes and with the feeling that they would find conditions more endurable in Brazil than they expected them to be in our Southland. Amongst those immigrants there were Baptists, who organized themselves into a Baptist church at Santa Barbara, in Sao Paulo State. In 1873 this small church of thirty members urged the Foreign Mission Board to consider Brazil as a mission field and asked that their church be recognized as a self-supporting mission of the Board. Action was not taken on this proposition until 1879, at which

time it was decided to accept the invitation to appoint as missionary of the Foreign Mission Board Rev. E. H. Quillin, who was then pastor of the Santa Barbara Church. Mr. Quillin did not receive a salary from the Board. He returned to the United States in 1882. His work was almost entirely in behalf of the North American emigrants.

The attempt by Bowen to start a mission in Brazil failed and the connection of the Foreign Mission Board with the Santa Barbara Church was fraternal rather than administrative. So, the work of Baptists in behalf of Brazil really began in 1881, when Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Bagby were appointed as missionaries to that country. While Dr. Bagby was acquiring a knowledge of the Portuguese language, he rendered faithful service to the American church in Santa Barbara and another small American church nearby at Station. For many years Dr. Bagby exercised a sort of superintendence over the work among the American emigrants, but he concentrated his main energies upon reaching the native Brazilians.

In 1882 the Bagbys were joined by Dr. and Mrs. Z. C. Taylor. After a short time at Santa Barbara, both of these missionary families moved to Bahia. On October 15, 1882, they organized themselves into the First Baptist Church of Bahia. After remaining a little over a year in Bahia, the Bagbys moved to Rio de Janeiro for the purpose of opening our work in that city and also of giving some attention to the churches at Santa Barbara and Station. On August 24, 1886, the First Baptist Church of Rio de Janeiro was organized. Thus came into existence the work in Bahia, which is the religious capital, and in Rio, which is the political capital of Brazil. From these two centers, the Taylors located in one and the Bagbys in the other, our cause spread gradually in the North and South to the inspiring proportions it has attained at the present time. The work grew in the country around Bahia, spread to Peniambuco, further north, and the region around about, up the seacoast, on up the mighty Amazon Valley a thousand miles even to Mariaus. From Rio it took root in Nictheroy, Campos,

and the States of Minas, Sao Paulo and, of late, it has widened until we have Baptist churches in every State in the southern part of the country and Baptist State Conventions in a half-dozen of them.

By and by, reinforcements were sent and institutions came into existence. There are now three leading schools of learning: the College and Seminary in Rio, the College and Seminary in Pernambuco, and the College for Women in Sao Paulo. These schools are flanked and supported by a growing number of academies and day schools. Another most potential institution is our publishing house known as the Carroll Memorial Publishing House, whose headquarters are in Rio. It has a fine printing plant and is rendering valiant service in sending Baptist literature all over the land.

The native churches have so developed that a National Baptist Convention has been formed, which functions after the fashion of the Southern Baptist Convention. It has its Home, Sunday School, Education, and Foreign Mission Boards. It supports foreign missions in Portugal. There are 221 Baptist churches in Brazil, with 20,135 members. One-half of these churches are self-supporting and own their church buildings. The South Brazil Mission has the distinction of being the largest mission fostered by the Foreign Mission Board. Certainly, our cause in Brazil has experienced great progress. The growth of our membership through these forty years has shown an average net gain of five hundred a year.

It should be borne in mind that the author is not attempting to write a history of Southern Baptist endeavor in Brazil, nor is he trying to give even a full survey of it. He has written an autobiography of more than usual interest and has woven into it much about our work. His profound devotion to Brazil makes him feel that a knowledge of the successes and of the needs of our work will draw others into this field. He also hopes that the material about Brazil will make the book more useful to Mission Study Classes than an unmixed

autobiography might do. This combination plan has given us a volume of absorbing interest. The reader will come through the first two chapters, which describe the triumph of Christ in the author's Jewish heart and his thrilling experiences in London as a mission worker, prepared to find narrated in the following chapters stirring adventures in Brazil. The reader will not be disappointed. The remarkable fund of stories about his own missionary experiences and those of others give colorful vividness to the personal story. The human interest is intense. The testimony to the presence of Divine power is most inspiring. The book should have a wide reading and study. It contains a throbbing, uplifting message.

T. B. RAY. Richmond, Virginia, July 1, 1921.

Chapter 1

Preparation for Service

Birth and Education. I was born near Suwalki, Poland, on the 6th day of August, 1867, of Jewish parents, my father being a Jewish rabbi. All that I remember about my early life is that when I was about four years old, I was taken to the home of my father's people who lived in that town and was sent to school. When I was six years old, my good mother, who was a devout Jewess, born and reared in Germany, prevailed upon my father to allow me go to her people in Koenigsberg and study in the German schools, as there was very little opportunity for a Jewish boy to obtain higher education in Russian-Poland. Though very reluctant, because of his orthodox Jewish faith and fear of the Gentile teaching, he consented on the condition that I return to him at the age of fourteen.

I remained in Germany until I was fourteen, having completed not only the grammar school but also the lyceum. My mother's father was a wheat merchant and owned several sailing vessels. He was a very learned, widely traveled, and liberal minded man. During my holidays he would take me with him on his trips to various parts of Europe.

Returning to Orthodoxy. When I had finished my studies at the lyceum, my father insisted upon my returning to him, at which time I was to begin preparation for becoming a Jewish teacher. His plans were very simple. I was to marry the only daughter of a wealthy

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Jewish family who would support me and the possible future family, for at least seven years, while I was to give myself to the mastery of Hebrew and the Talmud, as well as to the Rabbinical social exigencies. It was not an easy nor congenial task and my heart revolted against it, especially against the strict Jewish, or perhaps I may say pharisaical, customs and prevailing habits. I could not accustom myself to them. For instance, no match could be lighted on a Sabbath Day, no handkerchief could be carried in one's pockets, and so on. The strict orthodoxy of the Jews in Poland and Russia becomes intolerable to one who has been trained in other circles. I wanted to get out of it all and get into the world and live my own life.

Matrimonial Speculation. Not until after much insisting was I allowed to see the girl my father, or rather the matrimonial agent, had chosen for me to marry. I found her to be a child of perhaps not more than twelve years of age. Needless to say, my whole soul revolted against the business, and I determined not to have any part in the affair. However, it was very difficult for me to escape, as my father, suspecting my determination, watched me closely. It was only after every preparation had been made for the wedding-feast that I was able to run away. I was then only about fifteen years of age, and I have never since seen the face of my father, nor did I ever learn what became of the girl.

Alone in the World. I wandered about some cities and villages in Poland, working my way from one place to another as waiter, apprentice at several trades, and finally, fell in with a traveling merchant who kept me as his secretary, but really used me as an instrument for some kind of a secret political society. This brought me into many difficult situations and imprisonments, from which I was usually taken out quite readily. Finally, I had to flee from Russia to save myself from being sent to Siberia. I was near Suwalki when word came to cross the frontier, and I managed to send word to my mother to meet me in the cemetery, near the tomb of my great

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grandfather for whom I had been named. There my mother and I met for the last time. To my mother I owe my life and greater usefulness, for had it not been for her, I would have been doomed to live the circumscribed life of a Jewish recluse.

I crossed the frontier that night and reached Koenigsberg where I found letters and money enough to take me to New York City, the United States of America, the land of liberty and opportunity and where friends and relatives were ready to receive me.

Arriving in London. Unfortunately or otherwise, I spent all the money I had on the way, arriving in Hamburg with only thirty pfenigs (three nickels) in my possession. No vessel to New York would take me over, and I found a sailing boat, carrying horses to London that was willing to take me. I was to do some kind of work, but we had a very rough sea, and I suffered great agonies until we reached the Thames.

I will never forget my arrival in London on that early September morning of 1882. I at once seemed to smell the warm odors of a baker shop and entering, placed my three German nickels on the counter and pointed to a loaf of bread. How rapidly this bread disappeared can more easily be imagined than described, as I had not had any food for three days.

In London I found an uncle of mine, my mother's brother who owned a large dry goods store in the East End, who gladly took me in and gave me work in his office as assistant bookkeeper. He was a splendid man, a typical orthodox Jew, adhering strictly to all that Moses and the Holy Fathers required. I had my own room in the attic and was taking special lessons in mercantile bookkeeping as well as in the English language.

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Hearing the Gospel for the First Time. One Sabbath afternoon while passing through Whitechapel Street, I met a missionary to the Jews, a converted Jew, who invited me to hear him preach on the 53rd chapter of Isaiah to the Jews at the Mildmay Mission. Now, I was particularly interested in this certain chapter of the Bible because of an incident that had happened to me while in Poland. Most likely, had it not been for this peculiar incident, I would not have gone to this meeting. The incident as it occurred was as follows:

My father was celebrating the Feast of the Tabernacles, living in a tent that he had put up close to our home. He had a number of visitors staying with him, and as I had passed the age of thirteen and was considered a full-fledged Jew, I was allowed to stay and listen to the talks and discussions. Upon the table were several books and among them was a well-used copy of the Prophets. Accidentally, for the question had never been brought to my attention, I opened that book and was reading the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. There were some comments on the margin and one remark seemed to loom out above all the other scribblings, viz.¹

A Glimpse of Christ. That was the turning point. I went to hear him explain that marvelous prophetic chapter, and though I could not understand it all at that time, it sank into my heart. He asked me to read the New Testament, and when he called my attention to the wonders of the life of the Messiah and how every prophecy was fulfilled in Jesus, I was soon convinced that the Son of Mary, the crucified One, was the Christ of God, the Messiah of Israel, the Rejected One of my people. Oh! how I wept when I came to the Crucifixion scene and read those awful words: “His blood be on us and on our children.” It seemed to me that I had taken an active part in the murder of the Innocent One, and I realized for the first time the reason for the terrible history of the Jews, the sufferings and

¹ **viz.** (Abbreviation for *videlicet*) *adv.* That is; namely. Used to introduce examples, lists, or items.

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persecutions they had gone through and even were still enduring. It was not long after this that I realized I must cast in my lot with Jesus and plead for forgiveness for the part I had in that great crime of Calvary.

But if I did this, I knew the consequences, for I had heard my uncle condemn and curse the Jews who had abandoned their faith. They were imposters, according to his opinion; persons who had sold their souls for money. I knew that my lot would be hard. I knew I would be driven away from his home where I had spent so many happy days.

Struggling against the Light. I struggled hard for nearly three months, against my own convictions and against the light. My soul yearned for a complete surrender to Him who died for me but who, as risen Lord, was seated at the right hand of the Father, patiently waiting to receive and forgive. My head reasoned but my heart trembled for the future. I could not eat nor sleep, and my uncle was contemplating sending me to some health resort, as I was beginning to look very haggard. Personally, I was fearing that I would lose complete control of myself or even my mind. I was in a dreadful dilemma.

Finally, the Lord had pity on me and gave me peace. It happened this way: As was my custom, I went to the Wellclose Square Mission, and on this particular Saturday afternoon the Reverend John Wilkinson had been announced to preach. He took as his text Matthew 10:37: "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me." He emphasized especially the last phrase "not worthy of me;" not worthy of Jesus. All that the preacher said seemed to touch my soul, and when he asked for testimonies, I could not help standing up and tremblingly saying, "I want to be worthy of Jesus!"

Decision and Happiness. I went to my room and paced the floor until past midnight. When at last I surrendered my all to Jesus, all I could say was, "Lord, make me worthy of Thee!" I felt my load lifted.

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I knew that I was forgiven and accepted and when at last, through tears of joy and happy communion with Him, I stretched myself on my bed, I slept the most refreshing sleep I had had for a long time. Happiness and joy filled my soul.

Testifying. Early the next morning (it was Sunday morning), I appeared in due time for breakfast. My uncle was at the table and no doubt noticed my happy and satisfied look. As I sat down to the table, he asked me why I looked so happy, and I told him frankly:

“Uncle, for the last three months I have been going through a great struggle.” I told him of my going to the Mission and the reading of the New Testament and finished by saying, “Last night I decided and have accepted Jesus as my Saviour, and from now on, Uncle, I want you to know that I too am a Christian.”

It would be difficult to describe how the good man received this bit of information. He left the table unable to touch the food, pale and sad as if his heart would break. I, however, was able to eat and enjoyed my breakfast as I had not done for a long time.

Going into the store, I found my uncle pacing the floor furiously angry. I went into the office, and when I had an opportunity, I related to the senior bookkeeper my happy experience of the previous night. He cautioned me not to tell it to my uncle if I wanted to keep my place. Imagine his surprise when I informed him that my uncle was the first person to whom I had given the information. Later in the day, the bookkeeper informed me that my uncle had told him that as long as I was not baptized it did not matter.

“These boys,” he had said, “one day believe one thing and the next day another. These notions will soon disappear and as long as he does not submit to that rite and publicly deny the faith of his fathers, it does not matter.” The Jews think that Jewish candidates for baptism

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pass through a special ceremony where they are forced to curse their God and the religion of their Fathers.

Profession of Faith. I then and there determined to make my profession of faith and immediately spoke to Mr. Wilkinson about it. After due inquiries, we agreed to have it done at the Wellclose Square Mission, in the East End of London, one Saturday afternoon. I invited my uncle and a great many Jewish friends to be present. He came and during the whole time did his utmost to get me out of the meeting. However, I remained firm, and after hearing my testimony on behalf of Christ, he and his group of friends walked out boisterously, slamming the door after them. After that never-to-be-forgotten meeting, Mr. Wilkinson and the staff of missionaries met in the Home of Inquiries, situated in the North of London, at Mildmay Park, where we had a delightful time of prayer and consecration. It was almost midnight when I returned to my home, and when I opened the door, a shower of curses, broomsticks, and hot water met me. After being cruelly insulted and beaten, I was driven away from that door and home.

My heart, however, was so full of joy and happiness that I did not notice the cold of that October night. My tired body did not feel the hard stones as I walked those streets the whole night, awaiting the arrival of the first day of my new life.

Expelled from Home. Early Monday morning, after walking all the night through the streets of London, I went into my uncle's store ready to continue my work. At the door I met him, as if he was expecting me.

“What do you wish, Sir?” he said.

I told him, “Uncle, I have come to work.”

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“Don’t call me Uncle anymore,” he exclaimed. “I do not know you anymore, and you have absolutely nothing more to do here, and the sooner you get out of this place the better it will be for you.”

“All right,” I said, “but I would like to go to my room and get my clothes.”

“You have absolutely nothing here,” he shouted at the top of his voice, and pushing me to the door, shoved me out.

I had expected to be asked to resign from my work, but to be expelled like that, without a piece of clothing except what I had on, was quite a surprise. It left me in bad shape. I only had a few shillings in my pocket, and with these I tried to begin my new life. I felt sad, but in my heart I was happy for being permitted to suffer for my faith in my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The first few days passed along smoothly. I made the pennies I had go a long way. I ate as little as possible and slept in what is known as “the thieves’ kitchens” where for a few pennies one can get a clean bed. I tried to get work, but as all my acquaintances were Jews, after I told them the reason why I lost my job, they refused to give me work. When at last my limited funds gave out, I had a very trying time. I could have informed the missionaries about my trouble, and they, no doubt, would have been glad to find some work for me; but I was ashamed to do so, as I did not wish them to think that I was after their money. Finally, one of them noticed some difference in my appearance and inquired as to my way of living, and I informed him of my predicament. He found me a place in the Home of Jewish Converts where I was accepted and taught the art of printing which has been of such great use to me in my work in Brazil. Soon after entering the Home, I was baptized by the Rev. John Wilkinson at the Central Hall, Mildmay Mission, before a crowd of over three thousand people.

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Learning a Trade. I spent about three years in that home, and the manager, Mr. McClure, a godly Christian gentleman who seemed to realize that my work would not be that of setting up type, but something of much more value to the Kingdom of God, had me pass through all the departments of that printing plant. My allowance was very meager; only a shilling a week; but we received good food, good sleeping quarters, good clothes, and everything necessary to existence. Again and again dear Mr. McClure would let me do a little work overtime, which would put an extra shilling into my pocket at the end of the week.

A Godly Teacher. We had excellent teachers. One of the best and most consecrated men of God was Mr. J. Clancy, a retired officer of the English army, who had seen service in India. His life and his words helped me wonderfully and saved me many times from spiritual disaster. The spiritual life of that man of God, to whom I took all my difficulties and trials and who taught me how to lay it all at the feet of the Master in prayer, was an inspiration to me.

Street Preaching. Sunday was always my best day and was begun by attending a men's Bible class, under the direction of a layman, Mr. Badenoch, of the Mildmay Mission. We were fifty or more men and had an excellent program prepared for the whole year, studying some book of the New Testament. That was a real spiritual uplift which I experienced every Sunday morning before breakfast, and it was there that I also received my first lesson in winning souls for my Master. This Bible class did not content itself with the study of the word of God, but after breakfast we would meet again and go into the highways and by-ways of London and call the wanderers in. Several of the members of this class are now at work in the Lord's vineyard, some in far-away distant lands.

Thrown into a Dust Bin. During one of those street meetings, I almost met my Waterloo. Anxious to tell my own people, the Jews,

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what the Lord had done for me, I asked a few of the members of that Bible class to go with me to the East End of London and help me in an open-air meeting to be held in a district thickly settled with Jews. They readily consented, and we chose a corner of the street where four buildings, almost entirely occupied by Hebrews, fronted. The meeting began as usual, with singing of hymns and prayer, and as the crowds gathered I was pointed out as the Jewish renegade. As long as my companions addressed them, nothing happened, but as soon as I got up and began telling them of Jesus, the Jews, whose number had constantly increased, attacked us. My companions were driven away, and I was caught by the persecutors, who threw me to the ground and kicked me about until I was almost dead. When I came to myself, I was told that I had been found by the police in a garbage box more dead than alive, with my skull cracked and my body all covered with bruises. Oh, but those were glorious times, and I praise my heavenly Father for having been permitted to suffer for Him and His Holy Cause; even from the hand of my brethren according to the flesh!

Excommunicated. It was a year after I had been living my new and happy life, enjoying the fellowship of Christian men and women and preparing myself for a life of more usefulness to my Master and Lord, that one day, like a bolt of thunder from the clear sky, I received a note from another uncle of mine, a brother of my father. He had come to London “on business,” said the note, “but wished to see me before returning to Russia.” Obtaining permission, I ran with all haste and fell into the arms of this dear uncle who had always treated me with special affection, even while I was studying in Germany, and who, being childless, had given me to understand that I would one day inherit his wealth. I need not tell here all the particulars of our meeting and how he made my heart yearn for home as he gave me all the news about everyone that I loved and from whom I had not heard since my conversion.

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He had news from my mother and father, and especially from my only sister, with whom I had spent most of my time at grandmother's home in Germany and to whom I was greatly attached as only a brother can be to a sister when they are living under a strange roof. He gave me all the news and ended by asking, "Do you know what I came to London for?"

"On business," I said. "That is what you wrote me."

"Yes," he said. "I had some business to do, but my special business is to take you back home."

"That is great," I exclaimed, "and I am ready to go with you any time you may wish to go."

"I know," he replied, "that you are ready to go, but there is one condition and that is that you leave your apostasy behind."

It was then that my eyes were opened, and I realized that my greatest trial was at hand. Confused as it left me for a moment, with a clear and distinct note, I told him that such a thing was impossible, as I had given my heart to the Lord Jesus, and to abandon my religion, I would have to tear out my heart also. He smiled sarcastically and informed me that he had full power from my father to have me excommunicated, disinherited, disowned by the family, and considered as dead. The reason that it had not been done before was because he himself had interceded for me, hoping to get in touch with me and have me realize the consequences. I told him again that before accepting the Lord Jesus as my Saviour I had struggled for three full months and had counted the cost. I was prepared for everything and every loss and if it only depended on me, I was decided to leave all there and then. He gently pushed me out of the door and told me to return a week after that and then give him my final answer.

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Oh, the horror of that long, seemingly never-ending week! The devil tried his very best to get a new hold on me. Due, no doubt, to my state of nervousness and sleepless nights, everything seemed to go wrong. I fell out with some of my companions in the home, and one day, provoked to anger by one of the inmates, I broke a chair over his head. The manager thought it best to expel me from the home. No one knew of the great trial I was passing through except dear Mr. Clancy, and he asked the manager to overlook my fault. It was a terrible week of trial and temptation, and had it not been for the Lord Himself, I would have surely failed. What frightened me most was the terrible Jewish excommunication. I remembered, how on my return to Russia from Germany, I attended upon one such scene where a poor fellow was excommunicated for some foolish little fault; I think it was for kissing his wife too soon after childbirth (a thing forbidden by the Rabbis). It was a harrowing scene, and the curses as they were read out by the rabbi, made me shiver. My soul revolted, and I did not want to see it any more, much less be the protagonist himself in such a ceremony.

Cursed and Disinherited. The week ended and I went out fortified by the prayers of that man of God, Mr. Clancy, ready to give my testimony concerning my Saviour and Lord. I found my uncle, or rather both of my uncles, and several elderly Jews, whose flowing white beards inspired great respect and attention. All received me gladly and gave me a hearty welcome. We had a long talk about the greatness of the God of Israel: the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. I was finally asked for my decision, and I gave it to them in a few very simple and plain statements. I told them of my struggles before accepting Jesus as the Messiah. I gave them my experience when I first went to hear the explanation of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. I told them of my life and happiness since then and of my desire to serve Him, my Saviour and Lord, even as a printer; helping to spread the knowledge of Him whom to know, is life eternal. Sadness came upon all their faces, especially upon those of my uncles. One of the

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elderly Jews, with tears in his eyes, informed me of the consequences and of his awful duty to proceed with my excommunication and disinheritance. I told him that I had counted the cost, that I was ready to go to the limit and if necessary, give my life for the Messiah.

He then began to read the excommunication ceremony: “Cursed be he by day, cursed by night; cursed when standing and cursed when lying down; cursed when eating and cursed when drinking;” and so on for a long time.

At first my heart fell within me, and it seemed to me as if the ground upon which I stood opened and that I was being hurled into a bottomless pit. Oh, the horror of that moment! Thank God, it was only a moment! Then my heart cried unto my Lord, and it seemed to me as if I saw Him upon the Cross with outstretched arms, and over the Cross I saw written in plain and shining letters that wonderful text, “CHRIST HATH REDEEMED US FROM THE CURSE OF THE LAW, BEING MADE A CURSE FOR US:” (Galatians 3:13).

I heard the good, old man finish the reading of those curses. Tears were streaming down the faces of my uncles, and they wept as if their hearts would break, but my own soul was filled with a peace that passeth all understanding. I felt myself filled with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. When the good man had finished reading those curses, and he gave me to understand that from that moment on I was an outcast and dead to the family, I merely said in answer, “Gentlemen, is that all?” They nodded their heads in assent. I then said, “Well, good-bye, and may the Lord have mercy upon your souls.”

I left that room with my heart rejoicing. I was so happy that I did not know what I was doing. I walked into the arms of a big policeman. He asked me if I was drunk, and I told him, “No, sir, but I am very happy!”

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Regions Beyond Mission College. I spent three wonderful years in that Home for Jewish Converts. There I not only learned a trade, but also how to work for my Master.

One other great joy to me was the Sunday School and work among the little children. It was at one of these meetings that my attention was called to the need of preparation for better service. I was having two weeks' vacation at the seashore in Brighton, helping in the meetings for the children on the seashore. It was there I met Miss C. Bishop, a young English woman, a trained nurse and a volunteer for foreign mission work. We had long talks together about the Master's service, and she convinced me of the necessity of consecrating my life to the great work of saving souls in the foreign field.

On my return to the city, I applied to the China Inland Mission for work. I was called before the Board and was informed that they would be glad to send me out, but that I needed more instruction in Christianity. I was advised to apply to some seminary. I wrote to the great London preacher, Charles H. Spurgeon, stating my need and desire. I received a very kind and helpful letter, telling me that all vacancies in his seminary were taken and even if they had a vacancy, there were a great many of their own denomination waiting for an opening and that it would be better for me to apply to the Regions Beyond Missionary Training School, where cases like mine would be immediately taken up. Desirous of a preparation for my Master's service, I wrote immediately to Dr. Grattan-Guinness, and it was not long until I received the welcome letter advising me that I could report to the school: Harley College, Bow Street, London. I suppose there was no happier man on the face of the earth than the writer when, with the few pieces of baggage I possessed, I entered the gates of that great school. I passed three years of my life there; never-to-be forgotten years; learning not only how to rightly divide the Word of God, but also how to work acceptably for my Master and Lord.

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Training for Work. After a few months of trial, I was sent to Cliff College, Derbyshire (a branch of the Regions Beyond Missionary Training College), where the great man of God, Professor Rutcliff, wielded a singular influence. It was there that I received the world vision of work to be done. It was in this institution that I began to realize the possibilities of a life for Him who gave His life for me. The visits of Dr. Gordon, Joseph Parker, F. B. Meyer, Grattan-Guinness (the great Bible expositor), and that of his son Harry (the great evangelist), and the coming and going of missionaries and their stories of heroism in the faraway foreign fields; all these made my heart yearn to do and dare something also, and when the three years were finished and I received an invitation to the Neglected Continent, I did not hesitate. Although I had no guarantee for my support, I went, fully realizing that I was in His service and was ready to give my life and my all to Him who had done so much for me.

First Attempts in Service. During my three years stay at the Regions Beyond Mission College, both at Cliff and Harley College, I took active parts in mission work, especially during the holidays. I had a permanent work at the Industrial Home situated in the London slums and still possess a beautiful Bible given to me by the lady superintendent, Miss Annie Macpherson, in the name of the coworkers in recognition of services rendered.

Most of my time was given to work among the Jews, and during the holidays I was employed by the Mildmay Mission to the Jews as visitor and Bible distributor. I cannot narrate all that happened to me during those days; however, I give one or two incidents which will show the difficulties of working among the Jews.

Beaten by White-Slavers. On one of my furloughs, I was employed for the purpose of visiting the incoming boats from Europe and watching for girls that were smuggled into England for white-slavery.

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My work was to meet the boats before they touched the docks and find out the destination of the Jewish girls.

As a rule, the white-slavers consigned the girls, either married or to be married, to some rascal in London, and from there they were transferred to some other country for exploitation. It was easy for me, after conversations with some of the girls, to find out where they were going and then call their attention to what was awaiting them. Some would listen to me and would accept the offer of help and gladly follow the lady to whom I would direct them and thus be saved from a life of shame and disgrace. Others would refuse to listen to reason, and these I had to turn over to the proper authorities. Soon, however, these white-slavers learned of my work; and so it was not long after, that they waylaid me and gave me a beating from which it took me a long while to recover. Why they did not kill me, I cannot imagine, except that the Lord had some other work for me to do.

Thrown Down a Spiral Staircase. At another time, I was visiting the Jewish district with a young Jewish convert, who was at the same college preparing himself for work as a medical missionary (a Mr. Davidson by name). We were accosted by a young Jewish fellow who told us that at a certain building on the fifth floor was a shoe factory where all the employees were Jews and where the subject of Christianity was being discussed daily. He asked us to visit the place and bring New Testaments, as they were very anxious to possess a copy. He spoke so earnestly that we did not suspect the trap that had been set for us. When we appeared there later in the afternoon, we knocked at the first door, and as soon as they recognized us they asked us to go to the next door. When we reached the next door, all the men working in the first room came out with their implements of work: hammers, stones, and knives, and attacked us from behind, barring the way to the staircase (the only way of escape), while those of the second room attacked us in the front. As soon as I discovered the situation, my first thought was to save Davidson, who was a

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frail, weak young fellow. Covering him with my body, I pushed him to the stairs and made him run down telling him to call the police. Meanwhile, the group of Jews, numbering about thirty or forty, after belabouring² me the best they knew how with their hammers and lasts,³ got hold of my limbs, and turning me head downwards, placed me in the middle of the spiral stair-case and deliberately dropped me down with the intention, of course, of having me break my neck. Fortunately I had had excellent training while in Germany, and I had not gone far down the space when I managed to lay hold of the spiral stair-case, and getting astride the banister, I slid down and made good my escape, which was a very narrow one indeed.

The Call to Service. The above experiences, as well as a great many other factors, convinced me that my call for work was not to be among the Jews, but among the Gentiles. Today I am more than ever convinced that the mission of the converted Jew is not to the lost tribes of Israel, but to those who know not God: the true God and his Saviour Jesus Christ. I was in the College studying and biding my time, as well as awaiting my call. I knew that in due time my Lord would open a way for me. Meanwhile, I was preparing myself the best way possible for whatsoever He would think me fit to do.

While in college, I received several invitations. A missionary from India came to see me, and we talked and prayed long and earnestly about the great opportunities for work in that great field, especially in the line of the translation of the Scriptures, but that work did not appeal to me. Another appeal came to me for work in Jamaica, among the needy Negro churches, but I passed that by. One day young Dr. Harry Guinness called me to his office and told me that a lady, just returned from Brazil where she and her deceased husband had spent a great many years, was anxious to send out a missionary to that

2 **belabouring.** *tr. v.* To beat, hit, or whip; to attack with blows.

3 **last.** *n.* A block or form shaped like a human foot, used by shoemakers in making or repairing shoes.

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country on the following plan: Pay his passage and outfit and one hundred pounds sterling, on condition that he learn the language and work for a year as a self-supporting, independent missionary. Dr. Guinness thought that I was the man for that work, and I asked for time to think and pray about it.

That offer appealed to me. Once there had come to our Bible class in the Mildmay Hall, a Mr. VanOrden, a converted Jew and Presbyterian missionary in Brazil, who told us about the opportunities in that great, neglected field. I was greatly stirred by his message and remember having contributed something to his printing outfit, though my salary then was only one shilling a week. Then also, when a child, while studying in the schools of Germany, I used to read all the books I could secure about Brazil, its vast prairies, its wonderful gold mines and diamond fields, its wild Indians, and its unexplored regions. Now, while I prayed for light, all those facts came back to me, and the neglected Indians seemed to loom up with outstretched hands and appeal to me to come over and help them. The next day I gave Dr. Guinness my decision. I accepted the offer. Though I did not know it then, I found out later that the lady in question was no other than Mrs. Kalley, the wife of the founder of the Congregational Mission in Brazil. I was invited to spend a week with that good lady at her home in Edinburgh, where I suppose I was duly inspected and must have given satisfaction, as it was not long after that I was told to prepare for my trip to Brazil, by way of Portugal, where I was to stay in the home of a Brazilian family and learn the intricacies of the Portuguese language, the language used in Brazil.

Ordination Service and Farewell. My farewell and ordination service took place at the Conference Hall, Mildmay Park, London, and the following ministers took part: Rev. John Wilkinson, Episcopal minister and director of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews; Rev. H. Grattan-Guinness, D. D., Baptist minister and director of the Regions Beyond Mission; Rev. Hudson Taylor, of the China

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Inland Mission; Mr. P. S. Badenoch, my Bible teacher; Honorable James Mathieson, director of the Mildmay Mission; and another minister of the Wesleyans, whose name I cannot recall. It was a very impressive service, and I will never forget the advice and counsels given to me during that solemn hour.

My farewells did not take long. I had no relatives in England to whom I cared to say good-bye. My uncle would not receive me. In the Home of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, I had several friends that had endeared themselves to me and so also those of Harley College and some of the companions in the different mission stations where I had been working while studying. But the only person that really cared for me, in some sort of a personal way, was Miss Carrie Bishop, a trained nurse of the Royal Hospital, to whom I was then engaged and who was the last one to leave the boat on which I was leaving London. We prayed together for a long time and consecrated our lives anew to the Master and to the work in that great and neglected continent, to which I was then going and to which she was to come after a year or so.

I left London on January 21, 1890, on a small vessel with capacity for only eight passengers for Oporto, Portugal. We had a very rough voyage. We encountered bad weather from the start and had to take refuge several times in ports on the southern coast of England. It took us twelve days to make a trip that usually only took two or two and a half days. Finally, we reached Vigo, on the coast of Spain, in a very dilapidated state, and after a little trimming and repairing, we continued our voyage reaching Oporto, situated on one of the most beautiful bays one could possibly imagine. It seemed as if nature was compensating us for the many days of suffering.

Learning the Language. I reached Oporto, Portugal, on February 2, 1890, and was received into the home of Senor Fernandes Braga, a rich Brazilian merchant and consecrated believer, a Portuguese

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by birth, who was spending a few months in his native country, recuperating from effects of the tropical heat. In the home of this good Christian family, I began the study of the Portuguese tongue. I was very anxious to learn the language as soon as possible, and to facilitate my object, I gave myself to the task of learning at least a hundred words per day out of the dictionary. The family had a young English, though Portuguese-born, governess, who helped me wonderfully in the way of pronouncing the words. At the end of the first month, I had a fairly good number of words to begin on and so resolved to write a tract first in English, translate it into Portuguese and then go into the country to sell it to the people.

I prepared the tract giving it the following title: “Sao Pedro Nunca Foi Papa!” (“Saint Peter Was Never a Pope”). The study of this subject helped me to grasp the questions that always arise when you talk to a priest, as well as illustrate to the public one of the most debatable questions among them. Mr. Jones, an independent Baptist merchant, member of Spurgeon’s Tabernacle, helped me, not only in correcting the final proofs, but also in certain important historical data.

After printing the tract, I stuffed my hand-bag full of them and put my dictionary into my pocket and boarded a train for my first venture into foreign mission work. I had been only a month in Portugal, and though I could read Portuguese, I was not able to speak it nor understand it very easily.

It is surprising to me even today the number of tracts I sold. I really did not meet with any difficulties except once when I offered the tract to a Catholic priest. He read the title and began to gesticulate very excitedly. Not understanding him at all, I just smiled my most captivating smile, which seemed to anger him more than ever. Finally, he began shaking his fist at me, which, of course, I understood perfectly and got out of his way, but the Portuguese passengers took the matter up for me and made the place so uncomfortable for the

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poor priest that he had to leave the car at the next stopping place, and I was able to sell every tract I had with me.

Portuguese University Students. Another time I was in the city of Coimbra, where the celebrated University is situated, and sold a good many of those tracts. In the afternoon, the University students saw me and suspected that I was English. There was some political trouble between England and Portugal then, and I had purposely published on the title page, under my name, that I was Russian. A group of the students soon gathered and followed me as I went from house to house offering that tract. Finally, I saw that one was being sent to look into the matter. Upon reaching me, he brutally snatched a tract out of my hand and asked me what I was doing. I told him that I was trying to sell my tracts. Then he began a tirade against the English, of which I could not understand much, except what I had been told to expect. I gently called his attention to the fact that I was Russian and not English. As soon as he was convinced of the fact, he beckoned to his companions and informed them that I was Russian and therefore an enemy to the English, and they cheered me for all I was worth. Of course, I sold every tract that I had brought with me and was indeed sorry that I had not brought thousands, instead of a few hundred.

Fleeing From Portugal. Having sold some three thousand of this my first tract, I set myself to write another, this time a stronger and more impertinent one about Roman Catholic teachings. As was my habit, I had visited and examined most of the native churches. I found a great many relics and superstitious rags that the Roman priesthood was exploiting and against which my heart revolted. The worship of relics, of rags and bones of the saints, the idolatry, the overbearing domination of the priests, the ignorance concerning God among the people; all these things stirred me powerfully. I then wrote the second tract entitled, "The Religion of Rags, Bones and Flour" ("A Religiao De Trapos, Ossos E. Farinha"). After getting this tract in

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shape and selling a few hundred copies, I received warning that the best thing I could do would be to leave the country immediately, as the Ultramontane element (Jesuits) were working up a case against me to put me in prison, a place I was not very anxious to go just then. So packing into my trunk the few articles of my possessions and taking advantage of the company of Mr. Maxwell Wright, a celebrated English-Portuguese evangelist, who was then going to Brazil to hold evangelistic services, I left Portugal. I reached Rio de Janeiro on June 10, 1890.

My stay in Portugal had, however, been very helpful to me, not only because of my learning the language in the land where it is spoken, but also because it had given me a splendid insight into the working of the Roman Catholic Church. Brazil was originally a colony of Portugal, and the majority of the inhabitants of Brazil are descendants of Portuguese stock. What I appreciated most was the study of the Catholic religion in Portugal from whence it was transplanted into the colony, and which today, with very little modification, is the religion that prevails in Brazil. Most of the priests in Brazil are Portuguese by birth whose only object seems to be to make a fortune and then return to the homeland and live in prosperity ever after. The same superstitions and the same ignorance and thoughtlessness about personal responsibility toward God and toward one another prevail. Rome ruined Portugal and made it the laughingstock of other nations. Rome is doing the same in Brazil today. Brazil, although the richest in natural products among the countries of the world, is today being degraded by the craftiness and intrigues of the Roman Catholic Church, just as has been the case with all peoples, nations and tribes that have come under its baneful influence.

Chapter 2

Getting My Bearings

Among Congregationalists. I had no definite convictions nor settled ideas as to denominations. I really had never studied the question of denominations since my conversion took place in an undenominational mission.

Arriving in Brazil, I naturally looked for a church of an undenominational character. I found that the Fluminense Church, of which Dr. Kalley was the founder and to which the Braga family belonged, was more to my liking, being a kind of a Congregational church with a Presbyterian directorate. One thing especially that I liked about it was the fact that they did not practice infant baptism, a practice that my conscience repelled as soon as I accepted Christianity. It always seemed to me like a shadow of Judaism and ceremonialism, which I abhorred.

The pastor of this church was the Rev. John M. G. dos Santos, a native Brazilian educated at C. H. Spurgeon's College. He was a good man, but extremely conservative. It took me quite a while to convince him that I had no intentions of substituting him and that my only desire was to help him in his ministry. As an illustration, let me tell what he did when I was beginning open-air services in Brazil.

A temporary Constitution had been adopted by the new Republic and was then being discussed. In it, complete liberty was given

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to all faiths and creeds and separation of church from the State recommended. I thought it an excellent time to try the worth of such a law. I asked the pastor to announce an open-air service for a certain Sunday afternoon, to take place on the same square on which the Republic was proclaimed. Having to preach that morning in Nictheroy across the bay, I was not present at the announcement. I was informed that he had made the following statement:

“Brother Ginsburg asked me to tell you that he intends to hold an open-air meeting on the Square of the Republic. My advice to you is not to go, as the Constitution has not been approved, and we may thus endanger the adoption of such a law.”

At three o'clock I was on the Square and looking around for helpers, I only found four women a mother with her two daughters and one sister. Asking for the loan of a stool from the keeper of the Public Garden situated on one side of the square, I climbed upon it and started singing a hymn. Not more than a minute passed before a great multitude stood around us listening attentively to the message I gave them in the name of Jesus. As the meeting continued more listeners came until there must have been more than five thousand standing around us. I told them of Jesus and His power to save and nothing else happened than a man shouting:

“Why don't you tell us something about the Virgin Mary? You speak only of Jesus, Jesus; tell us something about Mary.”

I did not pay any attention to that and continued to preach Christ and Him crucified. It was a glorious beginning. When I finished my discourse a group of about a hundred members of the church were near me and said, “What a fine meeting that was!” I said, “Yes, but not with your help.”

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Work in Nictheroy. During my first few months in Brazil I worked across the bay in the Nictheroy church, or rather congregation. I found a small group of believers that had preaching in the home of a family about once a month. We soon changed that to full-time preaching. We rented a house on one of the principal streets of the city right in front of the bay, and I began a series of meetings that grew in interest and power. The open-air services helped wonderfully, and I began to hold them regularly all over the town. In one of the districts, known as the toughest, the people tried to topple over the chair on which I was standing with the object of falling on me and stabbing or wounding me. The believers, however, stood around the chair that was serving as my platform, and when any of the ruffians attempted to get in between them they closed up shoulder to shoulder and kept them away.

Kicked Out of a Store. At that time, I received my financial support from selling Bibles and books. It was a work that helped me to get better acquainted with the people. The work, however, was very difficult, especially with what I tried to do in the church, but it gave me excellent experience and helped wonderfully in the acquisition of the language.

One day I went into a store in one of the suburbs of Rio de Janerio and offered a Bible for sale. The man refused to buy; but as I thought that the man ought to buy one, I insisted until he lost his temper and laying hold of me and the books deliberately kicked me out of his store.

I calmly picked up the books, wiped the dirt off their covers and returned to the store again. I informed the man, in the best Portuguese I knew, that he had committed a crime because having a public store, with an open door, he naturally had to have people coming in to buy or to sell, and that his way of treating me was altogether inhuman. If I had committed any crime the police were there to protect him, but

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that he had no right to throw me out like he did and injure the goods I had for sale. The best thing, I suggested, for him to do was to buy the book I offered, or else I would call the police and tell them what he had done. The man bought the Bible.

One day I was in a very great need of money. I did not have a cent of my own and was very hungry. I went to the agency of the British and Foreign Bible Society and asked for 100 Gospels of John. I took them to the most frequented public Square in Rio, right at the head of the celebrated Ouvidor Street. Climbing up the steps of the Catholic Church situated on that Square, I offered to the worshippers coming and going, to and from the church, the Gospel of John, and in less than a half hour I had the hundred copies sold. When I returned with another hundred, I found a priest watching. I suppose someone must have called his attention to it. Though there is no difference between our edition and the one published by the Catholics, yet the priest does not want his people to read the Bible, and I thought it best to leave the place.

Evangelizing in the Interior. Mr. Maxwell Wright, who had crossed the ocean on the same steamer with me in 1890, was holding evangelistic services in the various evangelical churches of Rio. My knowledge of the Portuguese language at that time was rather imperfect and, being unable to preach, I did my best to fill the churches for the preacher, inviting the public and sometimes rather forcing them to go in. I know that in many places, were it not for such efforts he would have preached to empty benches. At least that was what he himself told me.

After a period of work in the great city of Rio de Janeiro, we went into the interior and had wonderful times together. Mr. Wright was a good Gospel preacher and knew the language well, though his pronunciation was markedly continental and not Brazilian. The people liked it though, as it sounded like he was a native Portuguese

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instead of an English man. We usually managed to obtain the largest hall in the town, as a rule the Public Theatre, and the crowds would come to listen to the Gospel message. During the day I would visit the homes and sell all the Bibles and books I could. I certainly enjoyed that kind of work.

In my seminary days I was taught that the best way to evangelize people was to visit certain places, preach for a few days or a week, visit during the day and then go to another city. There is nothing like experience and keeping your eyes open. I found the following to be the case: After preaching for a few days in a place with good results apparently, selling books, and having a good many people stand up and manifest a desire to follow the Lord Jesus and His teaching, we would find on our return trip, that most of these we left interested would refuse to receive us. The reason for it was apparent.

After we left the city the priest would go from home to home and take the books and burn or destroy them and would then fill the hearts and minds of those people with intense prejudice against us.

This experimental knowledge was a great blessing to me, for it helped me wonderfully in my work for the future. I realized then that the Apostolic plan of evangelizing a place was to stay in the place until a church was organized. That is the only way to do the Master's work effectively. The sufferings the native converts have to undergo is almost impossible to describe. Especially is this the case in the smaller villages where the priest is feared and where everybody knows everybody else. For a man or a woman to face the opposition of his own people or of the priest and of the leading men of the place necessitates great courage. It is only the power of the blood of Jesus that enables a person to do this. Even then, the missionary has to stand by the convert and help him to overcome those trying days until the young convert is able to stand alone.

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Using the Printed Page. One other way of evangelizing that I tried during those early days was through the printed page. With the help of Senor Fernandes Braga, I published a little monthly paper on the style of “The Christian,” of London. The title of that paper was “O Biblia” (The Bible-Man), because the believers in Rio de Janeiro were known by that name on account of always carrying a copy of the Bible with them. Up to the present time, the believers in Rio and its neighborhood are known by that name. In other States they are known as Protestants or Baptists. The value of that paper as an evangelizing agency was proved by the fact that nearly all the believers received and supported it and up until today the paper is read, though now it has the title of “O Christao” (The Christian).

Visiting Pernambuco. Unable to accomplish and carry out my plans of work in Rio de Janeiro on account of the opposition from the native pastor, I gladly welcomed an invitation from Mr. Fanstone, a Canadian Baptist, who was doing excellent mission work in the great city of Pernambuco, to substitute for him while he was on his furlough to England. I left Rio for Pernambuco in the beginning of 1891 and took charge of Mr. Fanstone’s work as substitute pastor. The church in Pernambuco had about one hundred godly and consecrated members with whom I had a blessed time. During the eight months I spent with them I had some of the most glorious experiences of my life. I will mention a few of them.

Utilizing Market Day in Cabo. For my support I was, as usual, selling books. Putting into use my Jewish instinct, I made quite a success of it, selling many Bibles and much other literature and making enough for myself and many of the poor of the church.

In the neighboring cities and villages, Saturday was weekly market day. All I had to do was to buy a license, costing about 500 reis (10 cents), and then I had permission to sell my Bibles and literature during the entire day.

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About forty miles from the city Pernambuco was a place called Cabo. It was a prosperous little village to which a great many farmers would come from all over the neighborhood to sell their goods. I sold Bibles and books there for four Saturdays in succession and every time I went I would sell every book I had taken with me.

On the fifth Saturday, however, when I reached the place I saw that my steps were being closely watched. As soon as I got my stand on the marketplace, a great crowd of buyers gathered around me. Looking up I saw that the priest was coming with a crowd of his faithful flock, and every one was carrying a club. It so happened that the priest was the political boss of the town. An illegitimate son of a rich sugar farmer, with a brother, or rather half brother, in a prominent political position, he had everything in his favor, including judge, justice and all. I realized soon that any stand I took would be useless and to avoid disagreeable handling by a hundred or more fanatical and infuriated men, incited by an all-powerful mulatto priest, I decided to leave the field to him. Gathering up the books that the would-be buyers were then handling I mingled in among the crowd of people, passed on to the other side of my persecutors and took to the sugar cane fields.

I walked for over three hours and finally reached the nearest railroad station, where I took a train back to Pernambuco, which I was glad to reach with my skin unscathed. I may state, however, that my time was not lost, as I sold Bibles all along the road and arrived home with my satchel empty, as usual.

I very seldom ran away from a persecuting crowd, but there is no valour in resisting a mad crowd of over one hundred fanatics led by a good-for-nothing priest. However, the precious seed sown was not lost for it brought forth in its own time abundant fruits, leading many to Christ. Today we have a splendidly organized Baptist church in that city that is doing excellent work for the Master.

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In Prison for the First Time. Another interesting experience I had at that time in Pernambuco was at an open-air service. We used to hold those meetings every Sunday afternoon. A good many souls were converted through these efforts.

One of my best helpers was a self-supporting Methodist missionary, the Rev. George B. Nind, a very excellent man of God. He supported himself by teaching music in some of the best schools and colleges. Every Sunday afternoon he would come to our open-air service dressed in his tall hat and Prince Albert coat and lead the singing of our hymns. One Sunday a group of drunken men came to the open-air service and began provoking this good Methodist brother by striking his tall hat with a switch. He suffered this as long as he possibly could resist. Presently he lost his patience and fell upon one man and tried to drag him to the police station.

The companions of this wretch, however, came to his rescue and a fight ensued which ended in my good brother instead of the ruffian being lead to the police station. I protested and, dismissing the meeting, went up to the two policemen that were leading my Methodist brother and demanded his release; but they would not pay any attention to what I had to say. Without great difficulty I wrenched the brother out of their hands.

Then, of course, they laid hands on me also and took me to the police station, which was really what I wanted. Our imprisonment caused a great commotion at police headquarters and the Lieutenant-Governor himself came to make apologies and to give us back our freedom. While we were in custody the church was praying and when we were freed we found the hall crowded. That night the Lord gave us many souls. It certainly was a great reward for the little we suffered.

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Anxious to Read the Word of God. Just another illustration about the power of God and the heart-hunger of the Brazilian converts. A poor mail carrier was converted. During his life as a slave, his legs had been hurt and he walked knock-kneed. To deliver the mail he walked a distance of about seventy-five miles. Soon after his conversion he asked me to teach him to read. He was about fifty years old.

“Why do you want to learn to read?” I asked him.

He replied, “First, because I want to read with my own eyes the letter of my Father in Heaven; then also, as I walk along the road delivering mail from farm to farm, I should like to be able to deliver my Father’s letter to all that do not know him yet.”

I bought him a copy of an A B C book and taught him the letters. When he returned from his first trip, a fortnight afterwards, he knew the whole book.

I then gave him a copy of a New Testament, printed in large black type and taught him how to read and use it. He took it with him, and on his return from the next trip he told me of the remarkable things he was able to do. As soon as he reached a farm, especially where he had to stay all night, after delivering the mail, he would sit down in some corner of the kitchen and take out his Testament and stammeringly start reading a verse or so. Soon everybody with eyes and ears open would come and listen and give their comments. Interesting talks would start, lasting through a great part of the night.

The seed sown by that good man has brought forth abundant results. Many souls were brought into the kingdom of God through the testimony and labors of this good man of God, who is now enjoying his reward.

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Herculano: A Miracle of Grace. “Lord, have compassion on a poor sinner!” was the continual wail and cry of a big giant of a Brazilian, as he lay rolling on the floor of his adobe cabin, in an agony of tears, touched by the Spirit of God, realizing, for the first time in his life, the awful, sinful state of his soul in the presence of God.

A day before he had climbed the stairs leading to our preaching hall in Pernambuco. I was preaching about the “Blood of Jesus, the Son of God, cleansing from all sin.” Herculano had listened with eyes riveted on me. One could easily perceive that never before had such teaching reached his ears nor his hungry heart.

The preaching over, I went to where the newcomer stood, and as was my custom, inquired as to his appreciation of what he had heard. He expressed himself highly satisfied, and when asked if he would like a visit to his home, where these truths could be gone over with more care and calmness, he readily assented and a meeting was arranged for next day

Little did I realize, being new in the field, the danger which I would encounter. I was soon informed that the place where this Brazilian was living was one of the most dangerous in Pernambuco, a veritable den of thieves and murderers which even the police feared to enter alone, and strangers that had ventured there were never heard from again. Imagine my feelings when told about these things; but as I had given my word to meet the man I resolved, after prayer and a renewed consecration of my life to the Master, to go and meet him even at the risk of my life.

At the appointed place and hour I was by the side of this great Hercules of a Brazilian, walking from the street car across a small rickety old bridge made of a few planks, into that dangerous district. People who saw me pass watched with curiosity, and some with pity, imagining the speedy end.

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When we reached the small adobe hut, the home of Herculano, everybody inside seemed to disappear; his wife, his children, the dog, and the cats all seemed to fear his presence and fly for their lives.

Nothing had been said as yet concerning religion, and as I was invited to enter the house and to be seated upon an old kerosene box, I could not help but notice the blood-shot eyes and murderous features of him whose home I had entered for the first time.

Realizing my position and that perhaps this was my last opportunity to speak of Christ and His power to save, I made up my mind to speak plainly and clearly and, after sitting down on that dirty, old, rickety box, I expressed myself as follows: "My dear friend, I really do not know who you are and what you intend doing with me. After arranging for our meeting here I was informed of the danger of coming to this place, of the kind of people that live here, and of what has happened to many a stranger who ventured into this district. But as I noticed last night your hunger for something better and your desire to learn more about Jesus and his power to save, I resolved to keep my promise and come and tell you these facts even at the risk of my life. Personally, I may tell you, that I am not afraid to die, because my soul is safe and sure in the keeping of Jesus, my Saviour and Lord. I am more concerned about your soul than about my own life."

The countenance of that man can be more easily imagined than described. He turned pale and his big body trembled to such an extent that I feared that something was going to happen to him. He afterwards confessed to me that he was struggling with himself not to fall on me and strangle me but that something, some invisible power, withheld him and would not let him move.

"Tell me more about Jesus and how he saves," he then exclaimed. "What you spoke about last night in that hall disturbed my sleep. I

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have been thinking and wondering if what you affirmed last night was really the truth. I never heard anything like it.”

In simple, plain language I explained to him the Gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ: how God gave his only begotten Son to die in our stead on the cruel cross and how we can obtain a full pardon if we repent and forsake sin and accept this blessed offer.

The words did not seem to reach the heart and mind of the poor man, and I was almost despairing of ever being able to reach him when I bethought myself of calling to my aid the Spirit of God, and turning to the poor fellow who was sitting and staring in a most helpless condition of despair, I said to him, “My dear friend, I can perceive that my words do not reach your understanding; let us ask God to make these things plain to you. Now, if you really desire to know these blessed truths, let us kneel down and ask God, who is here with us ready to bless you—let us ask Him to pity and save you.”

I then slipped to my knees and the big giant who, very likely, had never previously bent his knees before his Maker, knelt down beside me. Then, with a trembling voice and eyes overflowing with tears, I began pleading with God on behalf of this poor soul.

The answer was not delayed!

Soon I heard a body fall prostrate to the floor and a choked voice, which seemed to come from the bottom of a heart touched by sorrow and despair, pleading for mercy and forgiveness. “Oh, God! Save a poor, degraded, miserable lost sinner!” was the piteous, continual cry of this poor man as he was rolling in agony on the floor.

With tears of repentance, of shame and sorrow, he told of his terrible and miserable life: that he was the hired assassin of one of the most influential politicians of the State; that only a few days before he

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had returned from the convict island to which he had been sent, sentenced to thirty years imprisonment, but had been pardoned after seventeen years; and that the day after his arrival on shore he had received orders to do away with a person and had done it.

Herculano, by the power of God, became a new man and a powerful instrument in the Master's Cause. He was afterwards baptized by Dr. W. E. Entzinger. His home became a center of spiritual influences which slowly transformed the whole district, not only into a place of safety, but also prosperity. Every time I went to preach in that district, Herculano would stand by me and none dared to throw a stone at me for fear of the great, big giant whose fame was known to all and who, though converted, was still feared by everybody.

In all of his difficulties, trials and temptations—and these, after his conversion, seemed to multiply—especially with his own family, who would insult and call him a coward because he had given up making a living by murder—in all these trials, he would come to me and open his heart and then both of us would kneel down and put it all into the hands of God, feeling secure in His power.

One day, very early in the morning, while I was in my study, Herculano came in all upset, with his eyes full of blood and his features speaking plainly of murder.

“What is the matter, Herculano? What is troubling you now?”

“Oh, Pastor, I want to kill a man. My heart just tells me to go and kill him,” and tears came rolling down his cheeks.

“But why? What has happened, Herculano?”

And then he told a pitiful tale of how he had given hospitality to a former companion of his who had just been freed from the prison

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island and while he was away, very early, and his wife had gone to the market, this criminal had outraged his little daughter, a child of only eight years old.

“Pastor, my heart tells me to go and kill that man. . . . I know where I can lay my hands on him.”

“Let us ask the Lord about it, Herculano,” I said. “Let us see what the Lord will tell you to do.” With a troubled heart and a bleeding soul, in pity and sympathy for the poor father, I laid the whole affair before the Lord, pleading for wisdom and comfort and peace on behalf of this poor brother.

The answer came! We arose from our knees comforted and strengthened. We both went to the chief of police who took the matter in hand and brought the criminal to justice.

Herculano continued firm and faithful to the end. A few days before his death he came again and told me that he had come to say “adeus” for good.

“Why, what is the matter now?”

“Well, you see, pastor, my wife will not look after me, and I am going to the hospital to be treated and am sure that I will not come back alive.”

“Do not say that,” I exclaimed, “you are strong and quite able to survive an operation, and we expect a great deal from you yet. Do not be so discouraged. Go and get well and let us know how you are doing.”

Not a word came from him and when a week afterwards I made inquiries, I was informed that Herculano had died a few days after his entrance and that up to the last moment he had spoken of Christ

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and His love and His power to save. To the priest, who wanted him to confess, he replied, "I have already confessed myself to Christ."

What a Stereopticon Slide Did. It is really remarkable how the Lord uses little things, unthought-of incidents, to call people to His truth as well as to greater service. While I was in England I would not listen to any denominational discussion. Even in the seminary, where all kinds of denominational differences were tabooed, but where I was approached several times on the question of baptism, I refused to consider it, thinking that such questions were not necessary to the development of the kingdom of God on earth. I always thought such questions were detrimental to its growth and development.

However, I was not long on the field and in active service, until I discovered that such questions were vital to the stability and continual growth of the work and that definite positions had to be taken by leaders and workers if they desired to be true guides to the believers and make them firm in the faith once given to the saints.

One of the questions that forced itself upon my attention very early in my work was that of baptism. The Baptists in Rio de Janeiro were very active in propagating their distinctive principles and consequently many of the converts of other evangelical churches were drawn into the Baptist fold. No pastor likes to see his people disturbed and much less led away by divers doctrines. The Apostle teaches us to look out for such and admonish them. Some of the deacons of the church with which I was then working called my attention to these things and urged me to attack the enemy with all my might. I was editing a monthly paper, and I determined to study the question thoroughly and publish an article or tract that would answer all the arguments of those Baptists. As they appealed to the Scriptures for the justification of their belief and conduct, I began studying the Scriptures preparatory to answering these arguments.

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One incident incited me to do that immediately and that was the loan of a set of slides by the Rev. W. B. Bagby, the resident Baptist missionary in Rio de Janeiro. Among those slides was one representing the Baptism of Jesus by John in the river Jordan. As I threw the slides on the screen, I purposely made the following remark: "You have no doubt heard of spoken lies, and also of written lies, but never perhaps of painted lies; but if you will look upon the picture before you, you will no doubt see one."

This statement was reported to Dr. Bagby and he immediately wrote me a scathing letter which made me angry and more than ever determined to study the question of baptism and proclaim the errors of the Baptists and their evil doings to the whole world.

Discussions and Discoveries. To say a thing is easy; to do it is quite another, especially when you appeal to the Bible on a question where you discover that you are wrong. The reason why so many do not see the right side of the baptismal question is no doubt because they do not study it from the standpoint of the Bible. I had no other book to examine. Sometimes I did wish that I had studied the question in England, and on the other hand I was glad that I had not done so as this gave me an opportunity to study the question at first hand. I took it up very seriously. I knew that the Baptists based their arguments on the Bible, and the Bible was the best book to decide this question and so to the Bible I appealed.

It was not long until I discovered that the word "baptism" meant immersion in the Old Testament, as in the case of Naaman who was told to dip himself in the river Jordan (2 Kings 5:14). I found the same word used by the great Hebrew-Greek scholar, Dr. David C. Ginsburg, in his translation of the Greek Testament into the Hebrew tongue. I also remembered that in the synagogue where my father often taught and preached existed a baptistery in which I myself and

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many others had been immersed many a time. That question was soon settled.

The question that troubled me most was the following: Was immersion the only form of baptism? If it was the only form mentioned in the Bible and practiced by the Lord and His disciples, then the position of the Baptists on restricted communion, the great bone of contention against the Baptists, was perfectly justified. This question of various forms of baptism troubled me for a while. I had a good many discussions with several of the brother missionaries, notably with the Rev. George W. Nind, the Methodist missionary stationed in Pernambuco, and with Dr. Z. C. Taylor, the Baptist missionary stationed in Bahia, who while visiting the Pernambuco field, I invited to my rooms. I verily believe that I did not let him have much rest, asking him all sorts of questions until, to obtain some relief, he hastened his return to Bahia.

The result of these studies soon became manifest. I recognized that the Baptists were right in their contention and that I was wrong. I also realized that the converts I had sprinkled in my ignorance had to be taught the right way. As supply pastor in the Pernambuco Evangelical Church, I felt that I could not conscientiously continue. Having two candidates to sprinkle, my conscience refused to allow me to practice a thing which I began to consider as blasphemous. I was in a very trying position. I was without any society to look after my support and without other friends but those that sent me out from England. To take a position in favour of the Baptists I knew would mean to sever all friendly relations with my good friends in England. Just at that time friends were organizing an interdenominational missionary society in England and Pernambuco was to be the first place to be taken under the wings of that Society. But I considered the following: If for the sake of Jesus I had already left all and yet nothing had failed me, I could be certain that by following the truth, as it was taught and practiced by Jesus, His favor would continue as

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before. Blessed be His name, He has never failed me, in spite of great and bitter opposition.

Just in passing let me say this: A great many have thought that I became a Baptist on account of marrying Miss Emma Morton, who was then the missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Suffice it to say that my baptism took place in November, 1891, and I married Miss Emma Morton in 1893. When I decided the baptism question, I was engaged to be married to a young lady I had left in London, England, who afterwards became my first wife.

Decision and Baptism. Having decided to throw in my lot with the Baptists, I gave notice to the church in Pernambuco informing the brethren as to the reasons that led me to take that step. I had several candidates to baptize the following Sunday, and I asked the Rev. W. C. Porter, a Presbyterian missionary, to perform the ceremony for me. I told the church that I was going to Bahia to be baptized and that I would not return to Pernambuco until the pastor of the church was back from his furlough. I would then visit every candidate I had sprinkled and teach him the right way of being baptized.

When I arrived in Bahia I found that Dr. Taylor was expecting me. Though I had not informed him of my decision, he knew and had told the brethren that they should expect me. He had been praying about me and knew that I would decide aright. In Bahia I also met the newly arrived couple of missionaries, Dr. and Mrs. Entzminger.

Soon after my arrival I informed the missionaries of my conversion to the Baptist position and, before the church, made my public confession of the faith. I was baptized by dear Dr. Taylor before a great crowd of interested brethren and friends. The following Sunday Drs. Taylor and Entzminger and two native pastors formed a council, and I was ordained into the regular Baptist ministry. It was the most

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memorable day of my life. There were not many present, and the congregation was not the most select, but the presence and power of the Spirit of God was there. With a heart full of joy I consecrated myself anew to the task of saving souls for my Master and Lord in the great neglected continent.

New Persecutions, Trials, and Victory. One of the first results of my decision in favor of the Baptists was the enmity of those who were helping me financially and especially of those who were organizing the new interdenominational missionary society for Brazil. The person, however, who seemed to be most upset over the step I had taken, was the good sister who paid my passage and outfit to Brazil. But since I had fulfilled my contract, having worked as a self-supporting missionary, she could do nothing more than criticize my step.

I was engaged to a sweet, English young lady, a professional nurse, who was completing her training. I had saved sufficient money to send her money for her passage to Brazil, and we were to be united in marriage. She had written to me to expect her on a certain boat, and you can imagine my excitement when the boat finally appeared. I dressed myself in the best I had and having secured an excellent row boat, went to meet the large steamer to welcome my beloved. Imagine my disappointment when I did not find her on board. In my mail I found a letter telling me that she had heard so many contradictory things about the step I had taken and the denomination I had joined that she had hesitated to come until I could explain it all satisfactorily to her.

My answer was brief. I knew more or less from whence the trouble had come, and I wrote telling her that if she had no faith in me, but believed in what others had told her about me, it would be best for her not to come. I also insisted that if she did not come by the next vessel, I would take it as an answer that our engagement had been dissolved.

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She came, and in due time we were married, and it was not long after that I had the privilege of baptizing her into the same faith and doctrine. Though her life in Brazil was short—very, very short—as she only lived five months after reaching Brazil, dying of the dreadful scourge that then prevailed in Bahia, yellow fever; her sweet spirit, gentle disposition and wonderful missionary enthusiasm helped me marvelously in the beginning of my ministry in Bahia among the Baptists.

Baptizing Those I Had Sprinkled. It was about Easter of 1892 that I returned to Pernambuco to hold a series of meetings with the local Baptist church. The pastor of the Congregational church had not returned, but another man was in charge. I was then able to fulfill my promise to visit all those that I had inadvertently sprinkled, thinking that it was what Christ had taught. The Lord was very good to me in that He permitted me to baptize nearly all those that had accepted Christ through my instrumentality. Only one I did not baptize, because he had moved away from Pernambuco, and I have not been able to meet him, though I hope to do so yet. This brought me the epithet of “proselyter,” though I do not think I deserved it. I have always respected other people’s convictions and am ready to condemn those that persecute others for not agreeing with their ideas. But this case was different. Here were about twenty-five people that I had led to Christ, but had misled on the question of baptism. I considered it my incontestable duty to at least explain to them that I had led them into error through ignorance. The fact of their accepting the truth and submitting to be baptized was independent of the question of my discharging my duty in explaining my mistake.

The same thing was repeated in Nictheroy. Several families that I had been instrumental in leading to Christ, as soon as they heard that I had joined the Baptists, began to study the question of baptism in a new light and with an open Bible. Later, I had the privilege of visiting that city, and it was my great joy to present a good many of them to

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Dr. W. B. Bagby, who taking advantage of the opportunity, moved to that city and organized the first Baptist Church of Nichteroy. The experience I had in becoming a Baptist always gives me an opportunity to give a word of testimony concerning why I became a Baptist and perhaps for that very same reason a good many have left the Pedo-baptist ranks and become staunch Baptists. Still, that does not mean that I am a “proselyter” unless giving your testimony to the truth is proselyting.

Chapter 3

In Bahia

Baptists in Bahia in 1892. Dr. Z. C. Taylor had soon after my baptism and ordination, gone to the United States not only for a needed rest and change of climate but also to have a very delicate operation performed on his wife, one of the most cultured and consecrated lady missionaries I ever met. She was suffering from a malignant sarcoma on one of her limbs and was unable to obtain adequate treatment in Brazil.

The church in Bahia was then in a very precarious condition. Dr. Z. C. Taylor, one of the most consecrated and self-sacrificing missionaries Brazil ever had, held some peculiar views about marriage and divorce. He believed that the local church had a right to grant divorces to innocent parties and once granted the divorce he believed the church could legitimately celebrate a new marriage ceremony. The laws of the country, however, were against divorce and no such marriage was recognized as legal.

Due to such proceedings, the church had gotten into bad repute, and when Dr. Taylor left for the States I found myself confronting a grave problem. Young and inexperienced in mission, or even church work, I realized the terrible situation in which the church found itself and after much prayer determined to drop out the element that was injuring the work.

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We had to exclude about a dozen members. To the honor of the Brazilian believers, be it said that the best element of the church stood by me and realized the need of such drastic measures. Most of the members excluded, also recognized the justice of the step taken and returned to the church humbled and changed.

Dr. Entzminger, though barely escaping death by yellow fever, was a tower of strength to me in those days, and I was very sorry when he decided to move to the Pernambuco field, where he developed a wonderful work, building up a flourishing enterprise for Christ and the Baptists. He and his wife accomplished great things in that field, one of the most difficult in all Brazil.

Early History of Work in Bahia. The early history of the Baptist work in Bahia would make one of the most interesting chapters of modern missionary endeavour. It was in this city that the first native Baptist church was organized in the year 1882. It was there that the first native worker was won, baptized, and afterwards ordained to the ministry, and (a curious coincidence) his name was John the Baptist. It was there also that the first attempts at a Brazilian Baptist Publishing House were made and the first Baptist books were published in the Portuguese language. The first piece of property bought for the Baptist denomination in Brazil was purchased in this city; the old Jesuit prison in which many men of God had suffered for conscience sake. This place was transformed into a great center of spiritual light and liberty. In this city also met the first Brazilian Baptist General Convention in 1907 in which plans were laid out and methods of work adopted that are telling upon the country mightily and transforming the Baptists in Brazil into a great spiritual conquering host. In Bahia, the first Brazilian Home Mission Board had its headquarters, as well as the first Brazilian Foreign Mission Board. The Brazilian B. Y. P. U. work was initiated in this city and from it went forth the literature that organized the Baptist young people of Brazil into a great force for Christ. To the Baptists, therefore,

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Bahia is a great, historical center and to describe the first attempts at evangelization is impossible here. A better understanding will be had when there appears soon an autobiography of Dr. Z. C. Taylor, the first missionary who gave himself to the building up of the Kingdom of Christ in that great metropolis and who for twenty-seven years labored and toiled in that field almost alone.

I can only mention a few of the results of the marvelous seed-sowing done by Dr. Taylor:

1. Fields Visited by Dr. Taylor. The work was inaugurated in 1882. When I reached Bahia for the first time, it was in November of 1891. In that decade Brother Taylor had managed to visit and sow the good seed in almost every part of that great State of Bahia. Few realize what this means. The State of Bahia is larger than the State of Texas with the additional inconvenience of not having good transportation facilities. In spite of bad roads, lack of railways, rivers full of malaria and swamps full of deadly diseases, Brother Taylor, in the short space of ten years, managed to spread the good tidings of great joy all over that great State.

Not content with the work in Bahia, he extended his usefulness into the neighboring State of Alagoas. The ex-Priest Teixeira, a charter member of the first church in Brazil, was a native of this State. Dr. Taylor sent him on a visit to that field and soon followed him with the message of life and light.

2. Churches Organized. In 1891 I found the following churches organized and in fairly good working conditions:

- (a) The First Baptist Church that was worshipping in the old Jesuit prison building transformed into an excellent spiritual center.

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The membership was not very large but, notwithstanding the difficulties mentioned above, full of zeal and anxious to spread the good news of salvation.

(b) Another church existed in the city of Valenca, a small but very industrious little place situated about fifty miles down the coast. The membership was not large but composed of some of the better class of people. They also were spreading the good tidings all around.

(c) Another church existed in the city of Maceio, capital of the State of Alagoas. The membership was very small and the persecutions the believers suffered were severe, but this no doubt caused every member to become a strong and stalwart soldier for Christ. The church that still continues faithful is a strong spiritual center for God.

3. Literature Published. Dr. Taylor believed in the printed page and consequently used it to great advantage in laying the foundations for the future. It is impossible to give the whole list of books and tracts he published, but I will mention a few, especially those that had, and still have, a mighty influence upon the work in Brazil.

(a) One of the first books he published was a translation of Dr. S. H. Ford's Origin and History of the Baptists. In the same book he included a translation of the "Philadelphia Confession of Faith" as well as a few "Rules of Order as to Church Government." Next to the Bible this book has been a main stay in almost all of the Brazilian churches. The translation is not one of the best and the historical arguments may not be up-to-date, but the book has been a means of building up the young churches in the Faith once delivered

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to the saints and has developed a Baptist brotherhood proud of its history and jealous for its privileges and opportunities.

(b) Amongst the other books that have helped to form the Baptist character in Brazil might be mentioned Dr. Harvey's *The Church and State*, Tertulian's *Apologetics*, Broadus' *Harmony of the Gospels*, etc., etc., all translated and published by Brother Taylor in his small printing plant.

(c) The greatest amount of literary work was done, however, in the publication of leaflets and small tracts which Brother Taylor used to an almost unlimited extent. He had the knack of issuing leaflets and tracts that would tell upon the people and bring forth results. One of these was entitled "Three Reasons Why I Left the Church of Rome," written by the ex-Priest Teixeira. That tract has had a most creditable history, having been instrumental in the opening of blind eyes of many a sincere Catholic.

Another tract that caused a great commotion amongst the Catholic clergy was one entitled "A Photograph of the Virgin Mary in Heaven." Brother Taylor published that tract first in the daily press and then issued it in leaflet form and spread it all over the country. It accomplished wonders and is still doing the work for which it was prepared.

Two small tracts that have helped to organize a good many churches in Brazil have the titles "How to Pray" and "The New Birth." Both of these subjects are entirely unknown to the Catholics.

And so I could go on mentioning the good things I found when I made my appearance among the Baptists in 1891. What it was when I returned to that field in 1909 can more easily be imagined than

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described. The number of churches had grown to that of about thirty-five with hundreds of preaching places. In the capital of the State, instead of one little church, there were four; all prospering and on the good road to self-support. Best of all, I found established and in good working order an educational institution that was exercising a powerful influence upon the field and the workers. The good Lord was abundantly blessing the faithful and self-sacrificing work done by his servant who, in that very year, had to leave the field on account of his health, and to which he never returned, being swept into glory on the occasion of the great Corpus Christi, Texas, catastrophe in 1919.

A Public Debate. I had not returned to Rio de Janeiro since becoming a Baptist, so taking advantage of a meeting of the missionaries at the home of Dr. W. B. Bagby, I went; not only because of my desire to know all the Baptist missionaries, but also to meet some of my old friends and converts in the Congregational church and tell them of the change that had taken place in my doctrinal beliefs.

Several families in Nictheroy had become greatly interested in the teaching of the Baptists and through these a public discussion had been arranged between the pastor of the Congregational church and myself. I consented to the discussion being held in the Congregational church under certain conditions to which both parties subscribed, but to which I alone was obliged to adhere. At the last moment the Brazilian pastor thought it best to change the program calling to his help other speakers hoping, I suppose, that I would desist and thus give them an easy victory. I stuck to the opportunity, and when the time for the discussion arrived, I enjoyed it immensely. Mr. Tucker, of the American Bible Society, presided over the session and instead of my discussing with the native pastor alone, I had to answer about a half dozen of them. The outcome of it all was that each party claimed victory, but the families that had arranged for the discussion, soon after joined the Baptist church and became very zealous workers in the kingdom, some of them continuing faithful up until today.

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First Visit to Victoria. While in Nictheroy, the Baptist missionaries thought it opportune to begin work in the neighboring State of Espirito Santo, and I was asked to visit that field. Taking a small coasting vessel I sailed for Victoria, the capital of that State, asking the Lord to guide and direct me. On board the vessel I became acquainted with the Chief of Police of that place who was a Brazilian of German descent and who spoke German fluently. Before leaving the boat he urged me to be very careful about the work I was going to do as the fanatical element in that city was very bitter against the Protestants. However, if I should be in need he promised to stand by me.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning when I landed in that enchanting city of about 10,000 inhabitants, and it happened to be Carnival Sunday, a day given over to sin, vice, and crime. I was wondering whether it would be wise to do anything in such a time, but, asking the Lord about it, I thought that it would be well to take advantage of the Carnival season and distribute the tracts I had brought to the multitudes that were crowding the streets.

The people must have taken my work as a carnival joke, for I had not gone far with my tract distribution when a crowd began to follow me asking for more. I distributed all I had, and when I saw the multitude begging for something else, my heart began to yearn to tell them the story of salvation. Climbing upon a rock that was lying at the corner of one of the public squares I began to tell them of Jesus and His power to save. I was having the best time of my life. I suppose more than two thousand people stood around me listening attentively to the message of love and salvation.

Soon, however, I noticed a change coming over the multitude. Someone was poisoning their minds. I began to notice hatred and anger and then protests. I continued to preach, however, without paying much attention to those things. Then someone threw mud at

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me which struck me right on my cheek. This act provoked laughter in the crowd and pandemonium broke loose. It was fortunate that the chief of police was present and managed to get close to me. Taking my arm he led me, covered by a protecting guard, to my hotel, where I was kept closely guarded during the night.

The next day I visited many of the citizens of the place and sold a good many Bibles and books. The better class of people deplored the scene that had taken place the day before and promised to help when the work was to be started. I returned to Nictheroy and reported favorably about the opening of a mission station if competent help could be found. I was sure that the work would prosper and it certainly did when a few years afterwards the Lord led Brother Reno to give his life to that field and work. It is now the general observation of the missionaries that in every place where the Cause of the Master is persecuted, the work prospers. Also, in every place where the Cause is received by the people with indifference, the work seems to lag and, in spite of every effort, does not seem to go forward.

The Power of God's Word. Returning to Bahia, I one day received the visit of two gentlemen, one a retired officer of the army and the other a lawyer. They had come from the city of Amargosa, a small interior town of about five thousand inhabitants. They brought two little tracts with them on which was printed the address of the mission. One was entitled "Como Orar!" (How to Pray), and the other "O Novo Nascimento!" (The New Birth). These tracts had done a great work in the heart of these two men. They had come as a delegation from the town to ask the missionary to visit that city and explain in the town theater the meaning of such teachings. They informed me that not long before the people had expelled the local priest on account of his immoral life and that the best elements in the town were anxious to learn about the teachings of the Protestants. Of course, I accepted the invitation and on the day set was on my

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way to the place, never dreaming of the great things the Lord was calling me to.

To reach the place I had to cross the bay, sleep in a city on the other side of the bay, and take a train the next day to that place. I filled my satchel with Bibles and books and utilized my time both on board the small vessel as well as in the hotel and trains selling books and talking to a great many about Jesus and His power to save.

In the train I noticed a nice young man sitting in a second-class carriage, and I felt the Spirit of God move me to sell him a Bible. I had sold almost all my books, but had kept one good looking copy of a Bible for a present to one of the higher officials of the town. But I felt impelled to go and get that young fellow to buy that book. I went up to him and sitting down by his side I asked him to buy that Bible. I told him plainly what kind of a book it was and how the priests hated and abused the Bible. I opened up several pages and read different passages to him. He at first seemed to hesitate, but at last bought the book. I then asked him to come to the meeting that I was going to hold in the theater in the city to which both of us were traveling, and he promised to come. We both went to the same hotel.

The meeting was a great success. It began about seven in the evening, and we got through with it about three o'clock in the morning. After explaining the two tracts and the position of the Baptist churches and their beliefs on several topics, the lawyer who had come to see me presented a series of questions to be answered right before the crowd. It was very interesting and instructive, though it does tax the knowledge of a fellow greatly. I was glad that in the Seminary I had gained a medal on the study of Popery, since Dr. Grattan-Guinness, the director of our college, who was a great authority on the Romish question, had drilled me so well on such discussions. Of course, I did not talk all that night. We also had singing of hymns and with my little bullhorn I managed to teach the crowd some of our beautiful

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Gospel songs. One little verse captured the crowd. It was sung with a Salvation Army tune and ran as follows in Portuguese:

“O sangue de Jesus me lavou, me lavou,
O sangue de Jesus me lavou, me lavou;
Alegre cantarei, louvores ao meu Rei,
Ao meu Senhor Jesus, que me salvou!”

Translation:

“Oh, the blood of Jesus cleansed me,
Oh, the blood of Jesus cleansed me,
Happily will I sing praises to my King,
To my Lord Jesus, who saved me!”

As I left the theater for a little sleep, the young man who had bought the Bible came along and asked me to teach him that song and those words as he was very anxious to take that song to his people. We sat up the rest of the night singing and talking, and then I saw him off to the station, asking the Lord to use him as a messenger of God to some needy soul, little thinking how wonderfully the Lord would answer that prayer, for though this young man was never converted (in spite of having made a public confession of faith), the Lord used him to take the message to many that were hungering for the light of life.

It was a few years afterwards that Dr. Taylor told me of the effect of that Bible. The work in Amargosa was moving along nicely. A church had been organized as a direct result of that visit, but what interested me most was what that Bible accomplished. This is what had happened. The young fellow on reaching home and thinking about the danger of having a book prohibited by the priest in his possession, went to a brother of his who was the baker of the town and a very devout Catholic. He took the Bible to him and told him, “Marcellino, an American, a foreigner, made me buy this book. He

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told me that the priests prohibited the reading of such books, and I want you to throw it into the fire.”

The baker looked at the book and asked him all about it. The man told him of the meeting in the theater and the singing of hymns and, as an illustration, sang that Salvation Army song about the “Blood of Jesus cleansing from all sin.” It was like a live coal from the altar of God. The baker was hungering and thirsting for salvation and that message of song stirred his heart and soul as nothing else had done.

There was living in the village an old believer who had told the baker about Jesus and His power to save and had been praying for his salvation. The Bible sent to him through the instrumentality of his unbelieving brother brought him to the saving knowledge of Christ. He asked the brother to let him look through the Bible before throwing it into the fire. He opened it and finding several of the pages turned down began reading therein.

The first passage he read was Exodus 20, the Ten Commandments. He read the chapter through once, twice and several times more until, stirred by the Spirit of God, he called for his wife and asked her to listen to the words of God. He read the passage to her, laying stress on the second commandment, where it is plainly prohibited to have idols to worship. He called her attention to it and also to many idols that adorned the walls of their home. He had a great many of them, and with tears in his eyes, he said, “Wife, what shall we do about it?”

“Why,” she said, “the only thing to do is to burn them.” He did not wait for further instructions, but gathering up the whole outfit he threw them all into the oven. That was a glorious beginning. The baker became a burning torch for God. He gave his all, his life, his time, and his means to the work of the Kingdom of God.

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He also had a brother who was a rich land and cattle owner, as well as a leading politician in a neighboring county. This brother came to see him and to argue with him about his change of religion. Unable to convince him, he brought a priest along to drive the devil out of him, but both returned unable to destroy the work of the Spirit of God.

It was not long after that until this brother also saw the light and became a veritable Evangel for Christ in that vast interior of Brazil. As a result of that Bible there are today dozens of churches and preaching places proving once more the reality of that glorious promise of God about His word: "... it shall not return unto me void."

A Narrow Escape. Dr. Taylor had returned from the States, and we had decided to divide the work. He was to stay in town and build up the local church, and I was to take up the interior work. Soon I left in the city of Bahia, my young wife, and started on a trip of about 1,000 miles inland to a city called Jacobina, one of the oldest in the State, a great gold mining center, and where we had several persons interested in the Gospel.

The train took me as far as Queimadas, the terminal of the railroad. I reached the place on a Saturday, the great market day, and found the town crowded with thousands of people that had come from all over that region to sell their goods. It was considered one of the greatest market centers of the State. Gambling and drinking, as well as every other crime, were the order of the day. I had with me an old colporteur, a well-known and highly-respected character of that region, who was a great help to me, especially through his knowledge of the road and of the medicinal value of herbs and plants.

I set up my little organ in the most public place of the market and began playing some of our hymns. If there is one thing a Brazilian appreciates, it certainly is music, and it did not take much time to collect an enormous crowd.

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Having their attention I began singing a hymn, and the crowd continued to grow and to listen. They had never seen nor heard such a thing. Then someone thought that I was singing for money, and the crowd began to place nickels and dimes on the little organ. This, of course, gave me my text. Standing upon a stool I began to explain to them my object and mission, telling them that I had not come for their gifts, but to tell them of the great gift of God—of a Saviour whose gifts were free and whose blessings were to be had for the asking. Oh, the joy of preaching the Gospel to hungry multitudes! My heart was overflowing with joy at the opportunity to tell those thousands of souls that had never heard of the love of a loving God, of a Saviour mighty to save. And how they listened! With ears and eyes and mouths wide open they seemed to drink in every word of my message.

Just as I was reaching the climax of my speech, the good colporteur called my attention to a commotion that was taking place on the outskirts of the immense crowd, informing me in frightened tones, that the relatives of the local priest were stirring up the fanatics against me, telling them that I was the long expected anti-christ. It so happened that the priest who had charge of that town had a great number of children. Though not supposed to have children, almost all the priests (especially in the interior) live in sin, having one or more women, and consequently a good many descendants. As the income of a priest in a place like the one mentioned is large, he finds no difficulty in marrying off his illegitimate children, since the marriage is always accompanied by a good dowry. This, of course, enhances his hold upon the people. These descendants watch carefully over the interests that affect the income of the priest and will naturally oppose any movement that might injure his business which is also theirs.

These innumerable descendants of the priest were stirring up the fanatical elements in that great vast throng, and it did not take me

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long to see the danger I was in. I kept on preaching fearing that as soon as I stopped they would fall on me and destroy not only my organ and books but also myself and the good colporteur. While I preached, I also prayed and asked the Lord to come to my rescue. I was alone in the place. I did not know anyone and had not even visited the Chief of Police to tell him of my work and stopover in the town. My intention had been to pass through the place and go on the next day to Jacobina. How to escape this great crowd, growing every minute more threatening and dangerous, I really could not imagine. Several were taking out their daggers and passing the edge over the palms of their hands and were pointing them at me as if to say, "This will do you all right."

Oh, how I prayed, asking the Lord to show me a way out, not so much for my own sake as for the sake of the man who had so willingly left his wife and children and come with me to help me in my work. He looked up to me several times with eyes full of tears as if to say, "We are lost." In a flash, a thought came to me to make a secret sign of distress. Could it be possible that in that out-of-the-way place I would meet with those who knew the sign? I tried it, and it seemed to me as if someone was just waiting for that sign, for in less than five minutes about a half a dozen men came to me and surrounded the stool upon which I was standing and told me that they had come to take me to their homes. It certainly was a great surprise! Soon I was safely installed in one of the best parlors of the town, protected by soldiers with loaded guns. I thanked my Heavenly Father for delivering me so wonderfully from that infuriated crowd.

Near Death's Door. The next day I continued my trip, this time on horseback. It being my first trip into the interior, I was not very careful about the food I ate nor the kind of water I drank. Consequently, the third day out I began to suffer with a very high fever. The colporteur was distressed. He was afraid to take me back to the place I had left, as he did not have much confidence in the medical help which I

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would get. So after preparing a concoction of tea with the bark of the quinine tree which he gave me to drink, he tied me on my horse and after two days of hot and burning sun and violent fever he brought me into Jacobina and turned me over to a Jewish merchant who happened to be the local physician.

What happened to me after that was told to me by this Jew. For two days I had a high fever and was very delirious. The colporteur had found in one of my pockets a letter I had received from the lodge of which I was a member recommending me to this Jewish brother. Of course, my name was Jewish enough, but he could not make out my business, and when the colporteur told him that I was a Baptist preacher, he of course knew that I was, according to his ideas, a Jewish apostate. Just a few weeks before my arrival, he had driven out of his home his only daughter because she was resolved to marry a Gentile, and one can imagine his feelings when right to his door was brought, in a most helpless condition, a Jewish renegade. His desire was to let me die, as I, in his opinion, surely deserved. But there was that letter from the lodge calling him to the fulfillment of his duty as a member to a needy brother, and forgetting his own personal resentment, he began to treat me as a father would his own child. Someone must have been interceding for me, for I was not only saved from death, but before leaving, I was able to reconcile that father to his daughter and leave them with their ideas completely changed about Christ.

Death of Mrs. Carrie Bishop Ginsburg. When I reached home from this interior trip, I found my wife sick with yellow fever. The salary I was receiving was so meager, that to be able to live, I had to move into the Mission property, the old Jesuit prison. It was no doubt there that Mrs. Ginsburg had contracted the dreadful disease. The day I discovered that she was sick with fever I searched the town for a physician, and though Bahia boasts of a medical faculty, on that day not one decent or capable physician could be found. It was Memorial Day or All Saints Day and everybody seemed to be away

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from home. The only English physician in town was sick in bed. Finally, I managed to get one who, misunderstanding the malady, applied leeches, which I have no doubt hastened her death.

That was a sad day for me when she breathed her last. For ten long days I watched by her bedside, doing all that was in my power to save her precious life. We had known each other for more than three years and had been married only about four months. A portion of those few months I was away in the interior. We had planned to do a great work and were on the way to accomplish something for our Master in Brazil and, lo, here she was being taken away from me before we really had begun to live. When her last moments came and she realized that she was dying she called me to her side and whispered in my ear, "Do not weep for me, I am happy, for I am going home." While the believers, who had learned to love her sweet and sunny smile and the great help she gave them as a trained nurse, stood around weeping, she breathed her last, the same sweet smile hovering over her face.

No one was allowed to follow her last remains on account of the yellow fever, and my heart felt sad and lonely when I saw her lowered into the grave in the English cemetery to await the great and glorious resurrection morn.

Thus ended a short but sweet life, consecrated and used by the Master. Little did she do herself, though she was preparing herself for a great work; but she did one thing and that was to guide my steps into the mission field. It was under God, due to her, that I was led to think of the foreign mission field as my sphere of labor. Had it not been for her and her enthusiasm for the work in foreign fields, I very likely would have never thought of it and would have no doubt continued setting up type until the present time.

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I will never forget the first time we met on the seashore off the south of England where I was passing my holidays. She was taking an active part in the meetings for children. We talked together for hours about the Master's work and, oh, how she opened my eyes to the possibilities of one's life in the foreign field where millions were dying without the knowledge of God and the blessed Saviour. It was she who introduced me to the China Inland Mission and it was also she who helped me to get through the Regions Beyond Mission College. She had accomplished her purpose, and the Lord took her to her reward.

The Lord gave; the Lord took her away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord!

Chapter 4

In Campos (1893–1900)

Return to Nictheroy. After the death of my first wife in 1892, I thought it best to leave Bahia. Dr. W. B. Bagby happened to pass by the city of Bahia about that time on his way to New York. He had left Dr. J. J. Taylor, one of the new missionaries lately arrived in Brazil, to look after the mission affairs as well as care for the work in the great city of Rio de Janeiro. Dr. Bagby asked me to move to Rio and help in the work in that great metropolis of Brazil. I gladly accepted the call seeing in this a call from God. I moved to Rio and across the bay to Nictheroy. There I took charge of the local church in the same community in which I first began to work for my Master in Brazil and where the Lord had been so good to me.

Nictheroy is the capital of the State of Rio de Janeiro. Rio de Janeiro proper is the name given to the Federal District. Nictheroy lies just across the bay from the Federal District and has a government of its own. It is a city of about 50,000 inhabitants. Though many of its inhabitants work in Rio, just across the bay, it has a life of its own and industries that flourish. It is a great evangelistic center and a very important field to be occupied for Christ.

Moving to this field was a real delight, as it brought me back to my former friends and brethren. We were greatly blessed, the small church growing apace in number as well as in good works, so much so that we had to enlarge our rented hall and in less than

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six months tear down two walls. Most of our work was done in the open air. Every Sunday I held two or more open-air meetings and our preaching place was always crowded. The number of members grew from twenty to over sixty, and the believers were beginning to lay aside means for building a chapel and entering into self-support.

Suddenly, the whole work had to be laid aside on account of a revolution that broke out. The Brazilian Navy and the Army transformed the great city of Nictheroy into a military camp, stopping all traffic between the Federal Capital and Nictheroy, separating families and scattering our believers. After struggling for a month, helping to unite the families that had been separated on account of this revolution, I was finally obliged to leave Nictheroy also. Storing my furniture in a convenient place, I moved to the city of Campos, a city about 150 miles to the north of Nictheroy, hoping to be able as soon as the revolution should end to return to Nictheroy and continue the work there. But the Lord had other plans for me.

Marriage to Miss Emma Morton. After the death of my first wife, my chief desire was to return to the United States and take a special theological course in a seminary. My knowledge of Baptist principles, customs, and usages was very meager. But dear Dr. R. J. Willingham asked me to stay in Brazil, as labourers were very few, and the work was in great need of help. To remain in Brazil, I could not remain single, as the work of a single missionary is greatly hampered. God in His marvelous providence seemed to have raised up a qualified and competent helper for me, one who also single, was hampered in her usefulness in the Master's service.

The person mentioned was Miss Emma P. Morton, missionary of our Foreign Mission Board, who had arrived in Brazil in 1889. We were married on the 1st of August, 1893, in the First Baptist Church of Rio de Janeiro by Dr. J. J. Taylor. It was a very quiet and unostentatious marriage.

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What this good woman has been to me and to my work, it is impossible to state. Had it not been for her: her courage and counsel and prayers, I would never have been able to do the work the Lord has enabled me to do. Quiet and unassuming, never uttering a discouraging note, though only God knows the trials and sufferings we have had to go through, she has stood by my side like a strong tower upon which I have been able to lean and rest. She is known on the mission field as one who has never been heard to utter a disparaging word about any other missionary. Never a complaint could be heard from her lips. What a wonderful blessing the Lord had in store for me! How glorious are his dealings with us and for us! Who would have thought that the ends of the earth should meet in faraway Brazil and together we would live and work for the Master these many years. And the children He has given us; what a joy and what a treasure! He certainly has been gracious to us, and we praise and magnify His Holy Name for all His goodness to us during all these years of labor and blessings untold.

Driven to Campos. The city of Campos, situated in the northeastern part of the State of Rio, is the largest, richest, and most progressive city of that State; larger and more important commercially than the capital of the State. Surrounding the city are wonderful plains and rich low-lands, filled with the best of sugar cane, corn, and rice fields. Three hundred sugar cane mills are situated in that section of the county, some of these being the largest in Brazil. The Sugar King of Brazil lives in Campos. Though situated about fifty miles inland, it has an outlet to the Atlantic Ocean via the port of San John da Barra and has a small fleet of vessels that ply between Campos and the Federal Capital, taking down its own merchandise and bringing back to Campos most of the necessities of life.

In Campos was living an American Southern gentleman who after the Civil War, in which he lost everything, had moved to this city in an effort to start a new fortune. Though not a religious man, every

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American found in him a great friend and his home an open house. Having spent over thirty years in that city and gained the good will and confidence of the people, he thought it time to take a furlough and return to his own country and find out how things were going in the land of Dixie since he had left it. Before leaving he informed me that any time I was in Campos he would consider it a personal favor for me to stay in his home, which he had left in the care of a Brazilian who would treat me with his usual, gracious hospitality.

When the revolution compelled me to abandon Nictheroy we moved to Campos and into the home of this American gentleman whose name was Beale. Having to leave all our furniture in Nictheroy and expecting to return to it as soon as the revolution was over, we thought it a real God-send to have a palatial home like that to go to and where we found everything necessary for our comfort.

Our work in Campos had been started one year previously by Dr. Bagby. Religious work had been carried on for several years before by the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, but they had abandoned it. Dr. Bagby was invited to visit that city and, realizing its importance for the future, remained there long enough to organize a church, leaving a native helper to look after it in his absence.

In 1892, the Minas missionary couples, Downing and Soper, moved to Campos and did good work. Unfortunately they were unable to stay on account of sickness, and both missionary couples had to leave. When I moved into Campos the work had dwindled down to a minimum.

I found a group of about thirty members, and from that little handful of seed there has come forth the greatest mission field in Brazil. At the present time, the Campos Mission reports over sixty organized churches, most of them self-supporting, with a membership of over eight thousand, and preaching places to the number of about 150,

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which in the next five or ten years will be self-supporting churches. In baptisms, this field is now reporting every year about a thousand. We thank God for the privilege of having been permitted to lay the foundations that have stood the test of time.

I do not intimate that all the success is due to my labours because I know that those who followed, Dunstan, Crosland, Christie, and the native preachers, like Joaquim Lessa and others, did the greatest part of the work. But I do thank God for having given me the opportunity and privilege of being on the field just at the beginning and of having had some part in the laying of the foundations of the great edifice that is now glorifying God and our Saviour Jesus Christ so wonderfully.

I had glorious experiences in Campos and great struggles and difficulties. Of these experiences I can only relate a few. These, however, will prove to the reader that our God is still doing wonders and that in the great enterprise of missions it is He and He alone that does the work. “Not unto us, O LORD, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory . . .” Psalm 115:1.

Building My First House of Worship. One of the first things I attempted was the building of a good house of worship. The believers were few, and all were very poor. We fortunately had the good will of the people of the city. After some struggle, we obtained for a reasonable price an excellent piece of property right in front of the public market place.

Then I began to pray for means to put up the building. I went to the Board in Richmond, but Dr. Willingham informed me that there were no funds available. The church had about \$100 in the treasury, and we decided to start the building. One of my maxims, learned from dear Dr. John Wilkinson, of the Mildmay Mission to the Jews, was to ask the Lord and tell the people about our needs.

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One day I thought I would let the citizens of the place know what the church was trying to do and of what benefit it would be to a city like Campos. I did not make an appeal, but let them know that we would welcome any help if anyone felt disposed to give. The next day the Vicar of the town, a bitter, Jesuit priest, published an article in which he denounced the Protestant religion, calling it all the vile names imaginable and closed his tirade with the following admonition: "Anyone daring to help, in any or whatever shape or form the building of a Protestant chapel will be ipso facto, by that very act, excommunicated." That article helped me to finish the building of that beautiful chapel, one of the best in Brazil.

Every day after that article appeared, the mail brought me letters containing cheques or money orders from ten to fifty or more dollars, which almost always concluded with the following statement: "Mr. Ginsburg, please publish my name and that I have sent you some money for I do want to be excommunicated." Most of the Brazilians believe that the greatest blessing that could come into their lives is an excommunication from the Pope or priest. Many also truly believe that the greatest disaster that could come into their lives or homes is a blessing from the Pope.

Starting in San Fidelis. After establishing the work in Campos, I turned to the next important center of the State, viz.: the city of San Fidelis, in a rich coffee district, a city of about 10,000 inhabitants and where there were a few interested people.

I rented a house in the heart of the town and furnished it with a few benches and a table. Taking with me the inseparable folding organ, I went to that city to commence the work for the Master. Mrs. Ginsburg went along and also one of our native helpers who brought one of his daughters with him to help us with the singing of the hymns. The interested persons in that place were only three: a man, his wife, and his servant girl. Altogether, we were seven and we began the

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work. At about seven in the evening, I began the meeting by singing a few hymns, and soon a crowd of about a thousand people came and stood before the house. The preaching hall was a front room with three windows and a door opening into the street. Leading this crowd was a small stout elderly looking man who, I was informed later, was the political boss of the place or county, which is quite an important political position in Brazil. He had one son as Chief of Police and another as Registrar of Deeds. All three had a great political pull in the city, and county, and State, and as such were able to cover up a good deal of their rascality.

As long as hymns were sung, no opposition developed except the throwing of stones, grass, and rubbish. As soon as I began to speak, however, pandemonium would break loose. Indecent and insulting words were launched at us. Unable to make myself heard, I resolved to sing hymns. It is still surprising to me why they did not enter the room and attack us directly and break up everything and everybody. However, the Lord seemed to have restrained them. Once I said to the political boss as he was standing in the door, “Why don’t you come in?”

The only answer he gave was to lift up a thick club that he had in his hand and say, using a very insulting term, “If I go in it will be to break your head.”

I said, “All right, come in and break my head; but first listen to what I have to say.” Finally, a stone struck the temple of the daughter of the native helper, and I had to close the meeting, announcing another one for the following day.

In Prison Again. The next day, quite early, an emissary of the Chief of Police came to the hotel where I was staying and invited me to appear at his office. I suspected that I would not be allowed to come back. Having some money with me, I turned it over to my wife and

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told her not to fear and that if I should not be allowed to return to her, to telegraph to Rio de Janeiro and get the brethren to take up the matter.

Reaching the office of the Chief, I found him sitting at the head of a long table, having on one hand his secretary and at the other his brother, the Registrar of Deeds, and walking up and down the floor was the political boss, his father.

“What is your name and profession?” he asked. I took out my card and gave it to him.

“You are prohibited to preach your damnable religion,” he shouted in a very angry voice. “You are prohibited to preach your damnable doctrines in this whole county.”

I was standing in front of him and answered him in a calm voice and with a broad smile on my face, “Sr. Delegado (Mr. Chief), I am very sorry not to be able to accommodate you in this particular case. You see,” I said, “I am a Baptist, and we Baptists do not accept orders in matters of religion from any civil authority, neither from you, nor the governor of the State, nor even from the President of the Republic. We have orders from One who is superior to all of you.”

The poor fellow must have thought that I had orders from the President of the United States, for he asked in a furious voice and with a fiery, indignant expression, “And who is superior to the President of my country?”

I happened to have my New Testament with me and opening it at Matthew 28:18 and 19, I read to him the following words: “All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:”

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“This is my authority, and I am here to fulfill the orders of my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. I am here obeying this order,” I informed him and sat down.

He certainly did not expect such an answer, for a profound silence settled over them all. After a few minutes he, more furiously than ever, began to insult me, using abusive language on account of a baptism I had celebrated in the river that malicious tongues had twisted into a kind of indecent ceremony, as he expressed it. I told him, that in matters of religion, I had absolutely no desire to justify my actions. “If I have committed a crime or practiced something unlawful, I am ready to appear before the competent judge and answer for myself, but as to what I did or practiced in my religious work, you had nothing to do with it.” Losing his temper, not expecting such plain, outspoken, Baptist principles, he told me that I was a prisoner at the disposal of the Governor of the State, and calling a soldier with a loaded gun, he told him to keep his eye on me and that he would be responsible with his life for my person.

That day and night I passed as a prisoner in a large spacious hall. He would not allow anyone to see me, and I barely managed to obtain some food, as it was sent to me by my wife. I passed the night sleeping on a hard bench, though I did not sleep much on account of the abundance of rats that infested that place.

The next morning before the train left for Nictheroy, the capital of the State, the Chief came to see me. He allowed my wife to come also. I suppose he thought that I would sue for mercy, but as we walked along that hall chatting and laughing for the very joy of being permitted to suffer for the Master, he called to me and said in a very gentle and kind voice, “Ora, Sr. Salomao (Ginsburg was too difficult a name for the natives to pronounce so they would call me Solomon).

Now, Mr. Solomon, you could easily avoid this inconvenience.”

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“Well, what must I do to avoid it?” I asked.

“You promise me that you will not return to this city to preach your religion, and I will let you go back to Campos.” I just smiled in his face and told him that I did not preach the day before because I was a prisoner, but should I get out, he could be sure that I would preach. As soon as I was released, he might expect me to return and continue the services announced.

Disgusted I suppose at my obstinacy, he called four more soldiers with loaded guns and told me to march to the train station. Mrs. Ginsburg came along also. Though not knowing what might happen to me or to her, never for one moment did she advise me to give in to the authorities. I begged her to return to Campos, but she would not listen to that. She stood by me like a real American wife and seemed perfectly happy and satisfied at the privilege of suffering for the Master. The rabble had a good time then, yelling all kinds of insults and throwing stones at us, but we really did not mind it, for we were just happy.

Surrounded by the five soldiers, we left the city for the capital of the State where we arrived in the evening. The soldiers, though they were supposed to look after us, left us entirely to ourselves. They certainly treated us better than the chief.

When the train reached Nictheroy, the sailors who were fighting the soldiers there, began firing at the squad that was with us as soon as they saw their uniforms. The squad had to run for their lives and we ran after them.

Before the Lieutenant-Governor of the State. Reaching the police headquarters, we were presented to the Lieutenant-Governor of the State. He, after reading the documents, told one of his officers to take me to the “xadrez.” (This name is given to the hold or place where

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the common prisoners, drunkards, thieves, or even murderers are kept until transferred to the jail.) My heart failed me when I heard what he said, and I inquired of him. “Tell me, Sir, what is my crime?”

“Why,” said he, “Don’t you know that you were disrespectful to the authorities and disturbed the public peace!”

I meekly answered, “Sir, I was the pastor of a church here in Nictheroy for a long time and have preached the Gospel in almost every part of this city, and you can ask any of your officials if I ever disturbed the public peace or was disrespectful to the authorities in any way.”

“Do you mean to say then,” he asked, “that the Chief of San Fidelis lied to me in these official documents?”

I answered him quite innocently, “Whether he lies to you officially or unofficially, I cannot say, but I will tell you what happened.” He listened patiently to what I had to say, but when I had finished he told the officer to take me to the “xadrex.” Then I asked him, “What about my wife? I would like to send her to some friend, as this city is now a military camp. I do not know where to take her.” He called a common soldier and told him to take charge of her, but I was to go to the “xadrex.” I thanked him for his offer, but told him that my wife preferred to go alone.

We parted not knowing whether or not we would be permitted to see each other again; and commending each other to the Lord, we separated.

I was taken to the “xadrex.” That xadrex was a horrible place. Imagine a small room, two by five yards, with windows barred and opening out upon a dirty yard, with only one door and no other ventilation. In that room there must have been huddled together at least forty or more criminals. The stench that assailed my nostrils, when the jailor

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took me to that place, was awful and nearly prostrated me. I hesitated somewhat and was about to pass in the door when the Lord sent me one of his angels in the person of a soldier who was a believer. Recognizing, me he said, "Pastor, if you will promise me that you will not run away, we will let you stay in the hall with the soldiers." You can imagine how readily I accepted that offer and how grateful I was for that favor, thanking my heavenly Father for that kindness.

The next day while I was standing at the gate of the police station, I saw the Portuguese Consul, a personal friend of mine. Calling him, I explained my predicament and asked him to see what he could do to help me. He promised to try his best, but warned me that he might not be successful, as the Portuguese were suspected of helping the navy in its fight against the Brazilian Republic.

He went to the authorities, and when he left them, the Lieutenant-Governor sent an officer to take me to the penitentiary, where I was to be kept incommunicable as a dangerous political criminal. Why they did not treat me as they did a great many political antagonists, I can only attribute to the good mercy of our heavenly Father. The way they got rid of those political antagonists was to place a soldier's uniform on them and put them on the beach where the sailors would snip them off as fast as they made their appearance. I suppose that was the idea the Chief of Police of San Fidelis had when he sent me to headquarters as a disrespecter of authorities and disturber of the public peace.

Released after Ten Days. But the Lord had some work for me yet. My good wife, brave as a lion, full of faith and courage, walked through the streets of Nictheroy while the bombs were exploding over her head, and worked until she reached the ear of the Governor of the State. After midnight on the tenth night of my imprisonment, he sent for me and apologized for what had taken place, declaring that it was all a mistake and asked me to overlook the affair as it was entirely

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due to the revolution that was then raging in that part of the land, promising to look after me as soon as things became normal again.

I told the Governor that as far as I was concerned, I had nothing to say and personally would not consider the matter any further; but what I wished to know was whether I could return to San Fidelis and continue the preaching of the Gospel.

He then said to me, “That is exactly why I sent for you. We want you to do us a favor. Just now the State is under martial law and every Chief of Police has full power in his hands. Should you go back to San Fidelis before this revolution is over, we would have to change a good many things which we are just now unable to do. If you will do us the favor not to return to that city until the revolution is over, we will then stand by you and see that you receive the protection you need.”

I answered the Governor, “All right, Sir. Since it is a favor you ask, I cannot refuse. But were it an order, my dear Sir, I would have to tell you what I told that Chief of Police, viz.: That as a Baptist I do not accept orders in matters of religion from any civil authority.”

Starting again in San Fidelis. On March 13, 1894, the revolution ended with the surrender of the fleet, and on the 20th of the same month, I returned to San Fidelis. Persecutions continued as the same authority was still in power.

One day while in Rio de Janeiro, I received a letter from my native helper telling me of a great persecution that had taken place in San Fidelis the previous Sunday. Looking up, I saw the Lieutenant-Governor of that State. I asked him if he remembered me. He said, “Yes!”

“Do you remember the promise you made to me about San Fidelis?”

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“Yes!”

“Well, then read this letter.” He read it and asked me when I was expecting to be in that city, and I told him, “Next Sunday.”

“Very well,” he said, “You go and I will see that you are fully protected in your mission.”

As I was taking the train on Saturday morning, I saw a group of about fifty soldiers ready to embark for San Fidelis. I spoke to the officer in charge and was informed that they were going to defend a Protestant pastor who was being persecuted by a Catholic politician. All those soldiers, he told me, were either Protestants or friendly to that cause. I informed him that I was the pastor and begged him not to let the Chief know why they were sent and to await developments. What I asked him especially was to avoid the shedding of blood.

Arriving in San Fidelis, the soldiers presented themselves to the Chief, who thought that they were sent to him to finish up the Protestants. On Sunday we had our usual meeting. At the evening service, a large group of persecutors were brought into town by the political boss to finish up the job, now that they had the soldiers to help them, as they thought. You can perhaps imagine their surprise when they realized that the soldiers were there to preserve the peace. And to better understand that fact, some of them returned to their homes with bad bruises and cuts and some even with broken limbs. After that we never again were disturbed.

A Missionary’s Revenge. Before finishing this story, I wish to tell how I got my revenge upon that Chief of Police. I suppose few of my readers would think that a missionary would think of revenge, but I do and I practice it pretty often. Just read it and see how we do it and how greatly we enjoy that part of our game.

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Not so long after the late persecution, the political party, led by the father of that Chief, lost its power, and he and his family lost their prestige. The opposition boss was a personal friend of mine and a daughter of his was a member of our church. When the new party assumed the political power, I asked them for only one favor and that was this: “If ever that Chief of Police gets in trouble or prison, let me know.” It turned out that during the elections, frauds were discovered and a shooting took place in the very hall where I had been kept a prisoner for twenty-four hours, and three were left dead. The chief, the one who had me imprisoned, was caught.

The day following, I received a telegram advising me of the fact, and I hastened to San Fidelis and asked the political boss (the new one) to turn the prisoner over to me and let me do to him what I had in mind. The man was afraid that I might take justice into my own hands, but I assured him that I had no intention of doing that man any harm, and if he wished he could come along and see what I intended to do. With a permit of release in my hand, I went to the prison and told the man that the time of my revenge had arrived and that it gave me great pleasure to restore him to his wife and children. He certainly was dumbfounded and even forgot to thank me. He went home and the next day he disappeared, fearing the vengeance of others worse than myself.

Today San Fidelis is proudly glorying in a very prosperous church. One well-to-do merchant was converted and made a present of a choice piece of property in the heart of the city on which to build a church. A brother of this merchant, a rich coffee farmer, gave me the necessary means to build a chapel that stands today as a monument to the power of God in keeping his servants and in glorifying Himself in the spreading of the Good News. In spite of all the opposition of the power of darkness, “. . . the gates of hell shall not prevail. . .”

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The Work of a Little Bible. “My father has a book just like yours, and he has been reading it to his family almost every day; would you not like to meet him?” This was put up to me by a young lady after she had listened to my Sunday evening sermon in our rented hall in the city of Campos.

I had noticed her and her close attention. As soon as the meeting was over, I hurried to the door and asked her if she had enjoyed the meeting and if she would like to have a talk with me about the subject. She came into the hall and we had a good long chat about her father who was living about fifty miles away from the city, on a large farm, and who she said would be glad to see me and talk about the book out of which I was preaching.

Upon reaching the farm a few weeks afterwards, I found an elderly man awaiting my arrival on the steps of his farm house, reading out of a well-worn little Bible, of the cheap kind, copies of which we used to sell for about ten cents. He received me with open arms, embracing me in a real Brazilian fashion.

The farm was very extensive in land, but greatly neglected and dilapidated. Although the members of the family were very numerous (there being about a dozen children, exclusive of sons-in-law, daughters-in-law and grandchildren), yet due to slavery that had been abolished only a few years previous, the family had not learned how to take care of themselves or even look after their own welfare. The old man practiced real Brazilian hospitality and treated me royally.

One of the first things I asked him soon after my arrival was, “How did that little Bible come into your possession?” and he told me the following wonderful story. I will give it to you just as he told it to me, though it will be impossible for me to describe the way he told it and

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the tears that coursed down his cheek as he related some of the most touching incidents.

Faithfulness of a Young Colporteur. “One evening,” he said, “as I was sitting on the steps of this, my home, cooling off after a hot and hard day of labor, a young man walked up, carrying a satchel on his shoulder that seemed to be very heavy. He looked tired and hungry and in a very humble way asked me for a night’s lodging. I immediately told him that he was very welcome and that he could relieve himself of the heavy load he was carrying and make himself at home. But the young man came up a little closer and said, ‘Before I accept your offer I want you to understand that I have asked this same favor of some of your neighbors, and they all refused, some of them even threatening me with their dogs.’”

Astonished, the old man asked, “What can be your crime?” (The Brazilians are a very hospitable people and only a great criminal is refused a night’s lodging.)

But the young man answered me quite sincerely, “I am not a criminal, but I am a Protestant, and for that reason I have been refused hospitality.”

The old man saw the point immediately and repented having offered his home, for he, too, had been warned not to have anything to do with the Protestants; not to take them into his home; not even to give them a glass of water when in need. But he did not like to go back on his word, and looking at the young man and realizing that there was no other farm nearby, he had pity on him and told him, “All right; I am not going to go back on my word, and you can find yourself a sleeping place in one of the barns. But tomorrow, real early; before sunrise, you just get out as quietly as possible and let no one see you. I do not want anyone to know that I have harbored a Protestant in my place and get me in trouble with the priest.” The young man thanked

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him heartily and finding himself a corner in one of the many barns that were about the house he retired, or, as the farmer put it, “made himself scarce.”

Supper time came, however, and while the farmer was supping his hot cup of coffee, the hungry and haggard face of the poor traveler came to his mind. Thinking that the young man very likely had not had anything to eat that day, he told one of his sons to invite him into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. The man came in and enjoyed immensely the hot cup of coffee and bowl of farinha (a vegetable substance made out of the mandioca root that, after proper grinding and roasting, it is used as food).

Turning to the old man he said, “I am very grateful to you for your kindness and would like to show you my appreciation for what you have done, for you have, no doubt, saved my life; but I am poor and unable to do anything. But, if you have no objection, I will ask our heavenly Father, who is Almighty, to bless and reward you.”

The Power of Prayer. The old man did not know what he wanted to do and curious to know what was going to happen he told him to go ahead. The colporteur, kneeling down and lifting his eyes and hands to heaven, invoked a touching blessing upon the man, upon his loved ones, and upon all that were near and dear to him. Every time the farmer told that story, tears would stream down his face. He had never heard a man pray.

No Catholic knows real heart-to-heart prayers. Usually, he goes to mass and hears the priest repeat phrases in Latin, like the Lord's Prayer or Hail Mary, without understanding a word. Whenever the priest stands up; he stands up. If the priest smites his breast or makes the sign of the cross; he imitates him. That was as far as the old man's religious experience would go. But when he heard this young man

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talk with God and speak to him, as a son speaking to his father, it was something wonderful to him.

The colporteur went to his barn to sleep, and the farmer went to his room, but could not sleep. That prayer penetrated his heart and made him wonder if, after all, the Protestants did not have something that he had never dreamed of. Early before sunrise, he stood watching the entrance to that barn. When, at last, the young man came forth ready for his journey, the farmer asked him to come into the dining hall for another cup of coffee before his leaving.

As soon as he had finished his cup of coffee, the farmer asked him to teach him that prayer of the previous day. The colporteur informed him that those prayers were not printed but offered extempore, just as a child would speak to his own father.

“Well, then,” said the farmer, “please pray again and ask the heavenly Father for a blessing upon me and my loved ones.”

The colporteur readily acceded to that request. In the presence of all, kneeling down, he offered a very touching prayer asking the Lord to bless and open the eyes of all present to the truth, as it is in Jesus. When he had finished there were very few dry eyes, and the old man begged him to write that prayer down and let him learn it by heart. But the young man told him that he had something better for him and that was a book that would teach him how to speak to his Father in Heaven. He gave him that little Bible, marking several chapters for him to read.

As soon as the old man got a hold of that book, he began reading it. First, he read the parts marked by the colporteur; then the whole book from cover to cover. First, he read it by himself; then called his wife and children. Then, I arrived on that farm and after spending a few weeks teaching and preaching, I baptized and organized a

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church of over fifty believers. Oh, the zeal of those converts! There were young girls of not more than twelve or thirteen years of age who would walk ten, fifteen, and even as many as thirty miles, to invite some friend or relative to the meeting. Today, we have in that district a chain of churches, self-supporting, spiritual, and powerful centers for God and righteousness.

Persecution in Macahe. About fifty miles south of Campos, along the railroad and near the Atlantic Coast, is the city of Macahe, a strong business center with a population of about fifteen or perhaps twenty thousand persons. It is a pretty little town, the principal one of the county, and is one of the richest in the State, boasting of sugar cane fields, as well as rice fields and other valuable products. The political boss of that section was a scion of an old aristocratic family, an owner of extensive tracts of lands, as well as of a beautiful castle, right opposite the railroad station, which commanded a view of the whole town. One of the sons of that family was the Federal Senator and another was the owner and chief editor of the local paper. Every political position of importance was occupied by one or another relative of that family; old aristocrats whose religion was Catholicism and no other faith had been allowed to enter the town or community.

After much prayer, I decided to move a family of believers from Campos to Macahe, whose relatives lived in Macahe. That man was Brother Antonio Maia, who was a cooper by trade, and now a good preacher of the Gospel. He had been tried and proved a strong believer and faithful Christian. We rented a place for him in Macahe where he not only could work at his trade but also could have a home for his rather large family and furnish us with a hall to preach in. His place was not in the heart of the city, nor very attractive, but it gave us a beginning, an entering wedge.

Persecutions began immediately. The politicians, though not in person like those in San Fidelis, but nevertheless with their approval,

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began the attack. I was subjected to all kinds of persecutions. The articles published against me and against the cause of Christ were so vile and so low that I had to call the editor to the courts, asking the judge to make him produce the original so that a suit of slander could be brought against him. The editor, however, had the article signed by one of the vilest characters in town, and when it was presented to me, I informed the judge that I was perfectly satisfied, as insults coming from such a source were an honor. I paid the cost and left the court.

Conversion of Sr. Curindyba. But the greater the persecution, the more abundant usually are the results. Souls were being saved, and it was not long until a very live, spiritual church was organized and an excellent hall rented in one of the principal streets of the town. Means were being gathered also for a building in which the church was to establish its working center.

One thing that helped wonderfully was the conversion of one of the most dangerous characters of the district, a man used by the politicians to terrorize the people, especially on election days; a man whom the police were afraid to oppose as he was protected by the political faction or rather, family.

This man lived near our preaching hall and was the father of two beautiful little girls. His wife and the two children began coming to the meetings, and the two girls became very fond of our hymns and became great friends of mine. When the preaching place was moved into the larger hall, they also came, though the father would not enter on any condition.

One day he found out that the Catholics had resolved to break up our meeting. The plan was for some of the persecutors to enter the hall and in the midst of the service begin a disturbance, then break the lamps and destroy everything and everybody they could lay their

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hands on. He did not tell me a word about it, but asked some of his companions to be on hand. When the persecutors arrived he just told them, "You may go in, but remember my wife and children are in there, and woe betide you if anything should happen to them. You can go in, but I do not guarantee that you will come out alive."

Of course, that frightened most of them away, and not one of the persecuting group entered. One, however, a tall, strong looking fellow, stood at the door waiting for an opportunity to do something. I happened to be giving a simple and plain Gospel message when this fellow began shouting, "I protest! I protest!" But he could say very little more, for before he really knew what had happened to him, he was lying in the middle of the street with his throat scratched, enough to make him realize the danger he was in. Whoever did it has not been known to this day, but it was after this incident that the father of those girls began to come into our meetings and before long surrendered to the Lord, and it was my privilege to baptize him, as well as his wife. Today this man is a great worker for the Master.

Starting All Over Again. With the conversion of this man, persecutions more or less ceased, and after locating a competent native helper in this place, I began looking around for another important center to open up for the Master. Then I was suddenly called back to Macahe on account of a new, and this time a more dangerous, persecution. The cause of it was a very simple thing.

The native pastor, a young but very zealous preacher, had been found on his knees praying in a bedroom with the wife and daughter of a man who was very bitter against the Gospel. This man, taking advantage of the occasion, immediately went into the street shouting at the top of his voice, "Come, and see where I found the Protestant preacher; in my bedroom with my wife." Though everyone knew that the native pastor would be incapable of committing anything immoral, yet it was taken up by the enemies, and a new persecution

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broke out that threatened to annihilate the whole work. This obliged my return to the city where I had to start the work almost anew.

The Catholics hired the man who had signed that vile article against the cause, to which I referred to previously, to persecute us. A more brutal, vile, and degraded creature could not be found anywhere. He was paid to do all that his low and degraded mind could imagine, and he certainly did invent some of the most devilish tricks against us.

One thing that I was determined to do was to keep up our open air meetings and thus, reach the people. It was this very thing that the Catholic group was resolved to oppose at any cost. Every time I would hold a meeting in the public square, this vile character and his drunken companions would come and howl in favor of the other religion. Of course, as long as he howled I could not preach, I had to keep quiet and would ask the believers to sing a hymn. Then he would come very close to my face and, with a tobacco and alcoholic stench coming from his toothless mouth, would begin to yell. Often I was tempted to try my knuckles on his face, but instead I asked the Lord to keep my fist quiet, for it was just that that they wanted. It would then give them the opportunity they were looking for to justify their attacks upon us.

Prohibited to Preach. However, some brothers could not tolerate this persecution. Not being obliged to respect the Catholic group as we were obliged to, they resolved to teach them a lesson and one night had a good fist fight, breaking some Catholic noses and heads. I was very sorry when I heard what had happened, for I knew that it would stir the Catholics up to yet greater persecutions.

The Sunday following, I was about to hold my regular open-air meeting in the Public Square when I received notice from the Chief of Police prohibiting me from holding the meeting. I asked him why, and he informed me that it was to prevent the shedding of blood. I

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asked him who gave him the right to prohibit me from shedding my blood for the cause I represented, or at least to show me one clause of the Constitution or Civil Law that prohibits it, if he could.

I knew that he could not, and I protested that I would take the cause to the Governor of the State and that if he approved of his action, to expect me back, and be ready to take me to prison, for I was determined to preach the Gospel on the Public Square as the Brazilian Constitution gave me the right to do.

The fact was that the Catholics had arranged for a group of about 150 bandits from the surrounding district, to come on horseback to finish once and for all the Protestant propaganda in Macahe. The Chief of Police, unable to protect me, had resolved to prohibit both meetings: mine and the Catholics, but I did not like to be classified in the same category as the law-breaking element and naturally protested. I told the Chief that he ought to stop the persecutors but not the preacher.

I asked Dr. Bagby to accompany me, and we went to the capital of the State to see the Governor. He was one of the pioneer Republicans, a signer of the Republican Constitution, and a thorough gentleman. He received us cordially and went over all the details of the disturbance as I presented them to him and he assured me that he would stand by us and that we could return to Macahe and hold our meetings according to the dictates of our conscience.

On my way back to Campos, I stopped over at Macahe and asked the Chief of Police if the prohibition against my meetings continued, and he answered in the affirmative. I told him that I had seen the Governor and that he should be ready to take me to prison on the next Sunday, as I would be back then, determined to hold the meeting.

When I reached Campos, I telegraphed to the Governor, more or less in the following words: "Passing through Macahe, I saw the Chief

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of Police, who affirms that my meetings are still prohibited, but I, trusting in your promises, will be in Macahe next Sunday to hold my meeting in the Public Square. Please look into this affair.”

Complete Victory. Sunday I reached the town about two o'clock in the afternoon, and I brought bills with me announcing a meeting for four o'clock in the Public Square. The Governor had sent a very severe telegram to the Chief that was published in all the daily papers and contained the following:

“You cannot prohibit the meetings of the Rev. Solomon L. Ginsburg on any, or whatever, pretext. If you have not enough forces to protect him in the exercise of the right that our Constitution gives him, you can call upon us, and we will place at your disposal all the military forces of the State; and if, peradventure, those are not sufficient, I will see to it that all the Federal forces are placed at your disposal, but the Constitution must be upheld.”

That was a bitter pill for the Chief to swallow, but it taught him to do his duty. At four o'clock the Square was crowded with over 5,000 people. Our believers numbered only about twenty-five. As soon as I stood up to speak, the Catholic group began its usual howling process close to where our group stood. Then the Chief appeared with only a dozen soldiers, but all had loaded guns. He spoke to the leader of the opposition group and told him to move to another part of the square, alleging that he was disturbing our meeting. The leader began to harangue and to call upon his companions to protest.

The Chief only said, “Soldiers, prepare arms!”

That was enough. The group cleared the square, and we were left in peace. I preached for over an hour and ever afterwards the meetings were held in comparative peace. Today we have in Macahe a strong, self-supporting spiritual church, a center for many other churches in

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the rich, surrounding district. Had we given in at Macahe, we could not have done anything more in that part of the State.

Rumours of Assassination. A very comical thing happened in connection with this persecution. One daily paper in Campos received information that I had been assassinated and placed the rumour on the blackboard in front of its offices. Some brethren saw it and wondered if my wife knew anything about it. So they resolved to send one man to inquire. It was late in the evening, and he found Mrs. Ginsburg ready to retire, and he very delicately inquired if she had received any news from me. She thought it rather strange that he should come out at such a late hour, but she encouraged him by saying that she was sure I was all right.

This man, not a believer, though a very honest and well-meaning friend, resolved to telegraph to me, and he did it in the following terms:

“It is rumored here that you are assassinated; please inform me if it is true.” I telegraphed to him that the rumor was rather exaggerated; that it was true I had gone through a very trying time, but that the Lord had delivered me from the hands of the assassin, and that soon I would be there to tell him all about it.

The Power of the Printed Page. Almost as soon as I established myself in Campos, I tried to make the best possible use of the printed page. Dr. Z. C. Taylor maintained a small press in Bahia, publishing a monthly eight-page paper. In Baptist literature we had almost nothing, except for Dr. S. H. Ford’s *Origin and History of Baptists*, in a very poorly, translated edition.

I had no available means for that kind of work, but saving some from my meager salary, exchange being rather favorable, I managed to buy a few cases of type and a small press and began the publication of a paper called “The Good News.” At first it was published monthly,

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but soon it became fortnightly, and for one year it was published every week. Later, the Lord enabled me to buy, at an auction, a large French cylinder press for very little money, which, after being cleaned and properly oiled became an excellent help to the work as well as a means of income, as I rented it out for night work. That brought me in money enough to pay the printers and enabled me to run the paper for a good while at almost no expense. With this press I was able to publish a series of doctrinal and evangelistic tracts and keep up a discussion through the daily press, both with the Jesuits and Spiritualists.

I had a very simple way of utilizing the printed page. To teachers, judges, police authorities, priests, etc., etc., I would send the paper, asking them not only to read it, but, if they so desired, to send for other literature, especially for a copy of the Bible. It was wonderful how the people availed themselves of this offer. From the priests alone, would come all kinds of insults. Some of them would return the paper all covered with insulting terms. Others would write begging me not to send the paper to them, but out of the 2,500 copies distributed every week, few would come back. The results were really beyond expectations. The seed sown brought forth abundant harvest.

One source of good results was our own hymn book called *Cantor Christao*. I started that book while in Pernambuco, even before becoming a Baptist. The first edition was a small leaflet containing 16 hymns. The first one I ever translated into the Portuguese language was that inspiring one, “Showers of Blessings.” The native believers took to my hymns gladly, which encouraged me greatly. It did me good to hear them sing those beautiful Gospel songs in their homes, in the work-shops, and even as they were walking along the streets. Today we have a hymn book containing about 600 hymns.

Organizing the First Church in the Amazon Valley. Through the little paper, “The Good News,” I got in touch with Brother E. A.

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Nelson, who was working heroically in the Amazon Valley, trying to preach and support himself and family by the sale of books. Several times he urged me to make him a visit and help him organize the First Baptist Church in that region, as he himself was not an ordained minister then.

Needing a change and a little rest, I resolved, with the permission and help of our Board, to make a visit to that region. At that time, from Rio de Janeiro to Para, we spent about seventeen days on the sea. Today the voyage can be made in about twelve days or less. The change of air and the absolute rest on board the vessel did me a great deal of good, and when I reached Para, I was ready for work again.

I found Brother Nelson and his good wife in great difficulties. He was living in a basement, having transformed the front part into a preaching hall. The benches were made of boxes in which had been shipped the Bibles from the Bible Society. Next to the front room was a dark room with no windows which was Brother Nelson's bedroom, where he, his wife, and his children slept. No wonder that both he and his wife had suffered a double siege of yellow fever, and the surprise to me was that they had not died. Behind that room was the kitchen transformed into a dining and guest sleeping room, where I passed the days I spent with him. Fortunately, I passed most of the time in a neighboring park. It is a mystery to me how I escaped yellow fever and yet slept those eleven nights in that place. Of course, it was the Lord's doing, for He took care of me.

Every night we had blessed meetings. Brother Nelson possesses a voice that can be heard for miles. He was once upon a time a cowboy, and when he lets his lungs function he can make himself heard far away. At a convention in Rio, I once suggested that to evangelize South America all that was needed was to place Brother Nelson on top of the Andes and let him preach. He drew the crowds; especially when he played his fiddle and sang some of his hymns, composed

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by himself, or rather translated by him. We had several conversions, and it was my privilege to baptize for the first time in history, some converts in the great Amazon River and then organize the First Baptist Church of that region. After the organization of the church, Brother Nelson was called to the pastorate, and the nearest Baptist church, which was then in Pernambuco, a distance of about 2,000 miles, was asked to ordain him to the ministry.

Ordination of Brother E. A. Nelson. A few weeks afterwards, while passing through Pernambuco, I found Brother Nelson awaiting my arrival. The church in Pernambuco had called a Council of which Dr. W. E. Entzminger, the missionary in charge of the field, was moderator. Brother Nelson was examined in the doctrine and found to be correct, and the church voted in favor of his ordination. That was a never-to-be-forgotten occasion and a blessed privilege.

Brother Nelson was sent back to the Amazon Valley rejoicing. The work he has done ever since in that extensive field, attests to the correctness of our action and recommendation. The Board accepted our request, and Brother Nelson was appointed missionary of our Board. Today his name as the “Apostle of the Amazon Valley” is known all over our Southland, and truly, no one that knows him and the great work he has accomplished in that vast region can deny him that title.

Another Attempt at Assassination. On my return from the Amazon Valley, I stopped over with Brother Entzminger and held special meetings both at the Recife and the Nazareth Churches. In Nazareth the meetings were well attended every night, but the majority of the people, intimidated by the local priest, were afraid to come into our spacious hall. To be able to reach those, I thought it best to hold an open-air meeting and announced one for the following Sunday afternoon in the public street. Here began our troubles.

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We had a very active church and some of the members belonged to the best families of the town. The city, though not very large, was considered one of the most important in the State, both intellectually as well as financially. The county, of which Nazareth was the seat, was considered the richest and most important. Unfortunately, the spiritual life of the church was not then at the very highest. Some difficulties had arisen and some of the best members had been found wanting.

My object in holding the open-air meeting was to get the ear of the people and to tell them something of the power of God to save, as well as to hold those who were really saved.

The priest found it a good occasion to show his power and, in combination with the leading authorities of the place, arranged with a bandit to assassinate me while I was preaching in the open air. On the day I was to preach, the priest and all the police authorities, even the soldiers, left the city; the public prosecutor and all the judges went away so that I would have no one to appeal to, and the assassin could accomplish his job without being hindered.

I was warned, and relatives of some of the better class members, begged me not to hold the meeting, as it might endanger our lives and the lives of some of the families. But I would not desist. I knew perfectly well what it would mean to desist after announcing such a meeting. The enemy would think that we were afraid, and the news of our fear would spread far and wide and would make it very difficult to hold open-air meetings in other places. I preferred dying to running away. Then also, I knew that my heavenly Father was able to take care of me, and if He thought it best for me to lay down my life then and there, who was I to run away? I was determined to hold the meeting even if I had to go alone.

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At the appointed time, I was at the place and, I may add, very few of the believers were absent, though most of them knew that they were risking their lives. Brother Entzminger was there and with his strong and splendid voice, sang those beautiful Gospel hymns of Zion, filling the street with the blessed Gospel news. All the windows, however, around about the place, were closely fastened, although we knew that ears were pressed to every one of them, awaiting the beginning of the fight.

I began my sermon and preached about the various doctrines the Baptists believe. I spoke for about an hour, expecting every minute for someone to start the persecution, but nothing happened. I was beginning to get disappointed. After speaking for about an hour, I asked the brethren to sing another hymn and then started anew, this time attacking the Church of Rome in all of its teachings. I explained about Purgatory, attacked the confessional, showed the results of Celibacy, and so on. But nothing happened, and I finished the meeting cruelly disappointed.

What had happened? A very simple thing. The priest, in withdrawing every civil authority from the place, had forgotten to remove King Alcohol, one of his best allies. The poor fellow who was bought to accomplish the job, needed courage, and to obtain that, he went to drinking and once started on that track he overdid it, for drink over-powered him and put him to sleep. Here is one good job King Alcohol accomplished, saving my life. When the man awoke from his sleep, the open-air meeting was over, and he had missed his opportunity. The poor fellow was so impressed with that happening, that he began to frequent the meetings, and two months afterwards made his public profession of faith and, with tears streaming down his face, told the church what had happened on that memorable day.

Several years afterwards, this same man, having joined the State militia, was sent to Limoeiro to protect my life, which was then

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being threatened by a band of eighty assassins, and how wonderfully he gave an account of himself, looking after me day and night, not allowing any suspicious character to get near me.

Yes, our Lord still reigns and is able to care for those who trust in Him. Blessed be His name!

Chapter 5

In Pernambuco (1900–1909)

Conditions of Work in 1900. Baptist work in the Pernambuco field was really organized in 1892. A small church had been organized by Dr. Z. C. Taylor and C. D. Daniel in that city before that time, but its spiritual condition was so low that it was practically dead. When Dr. Entzminger and I went there to see what could be done to place the work in order, the organization was dissolved and out of a group of sixty or more, only eleven were kept and the present First Church organized.

Brother Entzminger took hold of this small but valiant group of believers and built up a great and lasting work. He spread the truth far and wide and established churches and preaching places that have stood the test of time. One of the things that helped the Baptist cause in that State more than any other during Brother Entzminger's period, was a discussion in the daily press with one of the leading Catholic priests. The discussion was about the Apocryphal Books, and Brother Entzminger gained a signal¹ victory. He not only proved to the satisfaction of all, that the Apocryphal books were not canonical, but also established the fact that the Baptist ministry was not ignorant and backward.

Another characteristic of Dr. Entzminger's ministry was the evangelistic spirit he infused into the believers. Due to that, Baptist

1 **signal.** *adj.* Out of the ordinary; remarkable; conspicuous.

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principles and ideals spread rapidly into a good many new places, villages, and districts. Every believer was like a torch-bearer and the Gospel was entering into places where the Lord's name and saving power were completely unknown. It was this fact that stirred up bitter and unheard of persecutions. Church edifices were burned, believers were flogged, and their homes burned over their heads.

In some places the persecutors would break into the home of the believer and turn every one out of their beds and into the yard. These masked ruffians, each one with a leather whip, would stand in line. The believer; man, woman, or child, would be forced to pass through the lines while each ruffian would strike at the poor victim who many a time would fall almost lifeless at their feet. In one farm house they found the lady of the house in bed just a week after child birth. They had cut the hammock in which the innocent baby was asleep and let it drop to the ground, killing it, and the poor mother was forced into the yard and made to pass through a double row of bandits, each one striking as hard as he could on her almost naked body.

These persecutions, instead of diminishing the growth of the Kingdom, helped it on. Many of the persecutors who took part in these crimes could not help admiring the testimony and marvelous faith of the Christians. Today, some of the worst or those persecutors are leading members in some of our Baptist churches in that great field.

Unfortunately, however, the health of the missionaries gave way under the strain of such trying times. Mrs. Entzminger was almost given up by the physician who ordered her to leave the State and seek a better and cooler climate. Hearing of their need, I invited Brother Entzminger to come to the hills of Nova Friburgo where Mrs. Ginsburg had been also wonderfully renewed in health.

They had not been with us more than a week, when a telegram reached them about a new persecution, one of the most terrible that

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had ever happened. That they might be able to enjoy their much needed rest and change, I offered to go to Pernambuco and help the believers, or rather stand by them during those terrible hours of danger. It was that persecution that took me to Pernambuco again, after eight years of absence.

Bom Jardim Persecution. Bom Jardim (Good Garden) is a small interior city about twenty miles from the railroad. Nestled among the hills and mountains in the northern part of the State, it is known as one of the most enchanting places. Surrounded by rich sugar cane and cattle plantations, it is a wealthy center and has a great future, especially if the plan for a railroad should materialize.

On several of the farms located in that district, the Gospel had had an entrance and was also being preached in one of the homes of one of the leading citizens of that city. As it often happens, the young converts, full of zeal and lack of prudence, began to laugh and scoff at the Catholics and their priest.

Nothing would have happened had it not been that the leading convert and some of the believing farmers, who were allowing the Gospel to be preached on their farms, belonged to the opposing political party. The politician who was then in the lead, resolved to stop not only the propaganda of the Gospel, but also to teach his political opponents a lesson. I really believe that this man never imagined that his plan would go to the extreme that it went to, but it turned out to be one of the most awful catastrophes in the annals of crime in the State of Pernambuco. What happened was as follows: The political boss, a physician, had combined with the Catholic farmers to send a detachment of their hired help, most of them ignorant bandits, into town on the eve of Easter Sunday of the year 1900, for the purpose of attacking the group of believers as they were gathered in the home of the leading convert. The object was to punish and, if necessary, kill every one present, especially the preacher. Rumors of this reached

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the believers, and though they did not think it possible for such a thing to happen, they nevertheless prevailed upon the women to hide in the forest that night, while they, the men (fifteen in number), took themselves to prayer.

Meanwhile, in the outskirts of the city, the bandits were assembled, and after much drinking and shouting, they decided to divide forces, one group to enter the city and attack the house from the front and the other group to attack the house from behind. Over eight hundred bandits had come together to attack a group of fifteen harmless and helpless believers. The signal for the attack for the group that was coming from behind was a gun shot in the air.

The night was very dark. Very few in town knew what was going to take place. The public theater, situated close by the meeting place, was crowded with men, women, and children from nearly all homes.

It was about eight o'clock at night that the bandits made their entrance into the town with wild shouts. The people, not knowing the object of their coming, thought that the bandits had come to rob and kill everyone, as had lately happened in many other places. The news reached the theater, and then pandemonium broke loose. Women and children screamed and fainted and men begged the political boss to stop the entrance of those bandits into the city.

But the bandits were already in town and were coming down the street where the theater and meeting place were situated. However, the political boss, urged by the mayor of the town and seeing what was taking place in the theater, met the group and managed to make himself heard by the leader of the bandits telling him to return, as it was causing great consternation and alarm among the women of the town. The leader of the bandits apparently consented to withdraw, but whether purposely or not, he raised a gun and gave the agreed

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upon signal, shooting in the air and shouting, “Long live our Lady Saint Ann.”

The group that was coming from behind, not knowing what was taking place, as soon as they heard the shot came rushing into the street and began firing, thinking that they were attacking the Protestants. The group in the streets, seeing that they were being attacked, thought it must be the Protestants that were making the attack and began to fire into the other group. Before the mistake was discovered, more than twenty-five were killed and over a hundred wounded. Oh, it was a terrible night! While this killing was going on, the believers were on their knees praying and asking the Lord to deliver them from the hands of their cruel enemies.

All the night the Catholics were working hard to hide the results of their fight, burying the dead and removing the wounded. Some of the families, however, could not hide their sorrow, especially the political boss who had lost one of his own nephews, a promising young man, who was killed cold-blooded as he was watching the scene. Were it not for this fact, the political boss would have kept very quiet, but he lost his head at the sight of the dead body of his sister’s only child, and he resolved to avenge himself on the hated, now more than ever, Protestants.

And the way he did it was to make out a case of willful murder against the Protestants, obliging the judge, a silly young rascal, who was a tool in his hands, to accept false testimony and order the arrest of the few men who were present at the meeting and on their knees praying. Not one bit of evidence could be found against the believers. They did not even have a gun in the house, but the politician had his false witnesses who swore to having seen the Protestants attack the Catholics, and the judge ordered the imprisonment of eight of the believers, while the others were obliged to hide until justice could be obtained.

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Standing by Persecuted Converts. It was at this juncture that I arrived in Pernambuco. My first visit was to Bom Jardim, to see what could be done to release the believers from the awful accusation and imprisonment. I visited, before leaving Pernambuco, the Governor of the State, asking him for a safe conduct. I had brought with me a strong recommendation from some of the leading men of Brazil, and when the Governor heard my request, he asked me if I was not afraid to go to such a place. I answered him, "Afraid of what?"

"Why, of the people that did such an awful deed not long ago."

I frankly stated, "If you can guarantee me the authorities, I am not afraid of the people." He did not seem to like my answer, but gave me the necessary safe conduct, and I went to Bom Jardim. Brother Jefthe E. Hamilton, now deceased, was my companion. On the road to Bom Jardim, just as we were about to pass through the district from whence came the bandits that had been enlisted for the persecution, I met a detachment of soldiers who were to accompany me to the city; but after taking their picture, I told them to look after Brother Hamilton, and I, putting the spurs into my horse, crossed the hills and entered the city alone.

I was royally entertained in the home of the new political leader since another party had come into power. The leader of this new party was of Portuguese descent, a baker by trade, and anxious to be in power to be able to make his pile of money. The position of political leader in the interior of Brazil is one of the most remunerative ones. To be able to get the believers freed, I had to make liberal presents both to the children of the political boss as well as to those of the judge, who happened to be the father of eight girls. Then I had to pay for the entertainment of all the farmers who were to serve on the jury. To make a long story short, it took me about four years to obtain the acquittal of the nineteen men that were dragged into the case, and I spent over \$2,500 in gold. And even then, were it not for the political

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boss, the poor innocent believers would have been condemned as murderers. His power over the judge and jurors was so great that he would enter the court and, in the very presence of the judge, open the urn containing the names of the jurors and place the names of those he thought might not vote according to his own view where there would be no possibility of their being called.

It was a great fight but the results were wonderful for today the Gospel is spreading over that vast district in a most marvelous way. Churches and preaching places are springing up everywhere and some of our best native preachers have come from that very city. The pastor of the First Baptist Church in Pernambuco, Rev. Orlando Falcao, is a son of the lawyer who was the first one to defend the persecuted believers in Bom Jardim.

Discussions in the Daily Press. Making Pernambuco my new headquarters, I immediately began efforts to strengthen the Baptist position in the capital of the State. We were then worshipping in a rented hall on a second floor, into which about sixty could hardly squeeze themselves. Shortly after my arrival, I bought an excellent piece of property on which a temporary hall was put up. To this hall we transferred the meetings. The Lord blessed the work in that temporary hall. Hundreds of souls were converted and a continual revival prevailed. I organized open-air meetings in several districts of the city, and the Master's cause was spreading like a fire through every district. Though the hall was not attractive, it somehow drew the people, and even some of the better class, and the Lord converted them.

This naturally provoked the opposition of the Catholic clergy, and soon an Anti-Protestant League was organized to combat Protestantism; and especially the Baptists. Every day articles would appear in one of the dailies, written by some of the leading men of the city or State. They began attacking our doctrines which I answered

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indirectly, addressing myself to the public instead of to the clergy that wrote. As a rule, the Catholics and Jesuits in public discussions quibble and quarrel over phrases and words instead of doctrines and principles. To avoid useless discussions, I thought it best not to pay any attention to personalities, but teach and explain the truth and the simplicity of the Gospel. In my articles I never attacked parties or persons but took up the arguments presented by the opponents and addressed my answers and appeal to the public in general.

The results of this discussion, which lasted three years, were most satisfactory. The monk, who was spokesman for the league, lost his head and began insulting me in a most shameful way and, unable to stop my teachings and appeals, began to solicit my expulsion from the country as an undesirable character. It was then that the Republicans and liberal minded men took up the discussion and began to answer the priest, writing terrible articles against him.

They finally denounced him publicly, proving that most of his articles were plagiarized. They broke up the Anti-Protestant League. Two very interesting things happened during these public discussions. One was the attempt to burn copies of the Bible and the other, the meeting of a priest in a railroad carriage.

Public Burning of the Bible. In all my articles I published in the daily press during the three years of discussion, I would urge the readers to verify my statements in the Bible, no matter whether a Catholic or Protestant. If, peradventure, they did not possess a copy of the same, they were to let me know so that I would gladly furnish them one. I never distributed so many Bibles as during those three years and, as is usually the case, it accomplished its purpose, converting souls and opening the eyes of many to the truth as it is in Jesus, our Lord.

This statement of mine in the papers angered the priests more than anything else. They did everything in their power to convince the

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people that they ought not to have anything to do with Bibles; never to read, but to burn every copy that might fall into their hands. And to convince them not only that our Bibles were false and that they ought to be burned, they organized a public Bible burning affair. This insult to Protestantism, I thought, ought to be prevented, as the Constitution of Brazil, as well as the Civil Law, prohibited public insults against any religious symbol of whatever creed. I, therefore, sent a cablegram to all the papers published in the Federal Capital and another to one of the Senators of the District, as well as to the President of the Republic and the Secretary of State, protesting against this outrage in the name of the Brazilian Baptists, as well as that of the millions of Baptists in the world.

That telegram accomplished wonders. The question was taken up by one of the leading representatives who were from the State of Rio Grande do Sul, where there are more than 250,000 German Lutherans, and in their name, as well as in ours, he attacked the bishop of Pernambuco for allowing such an outrage to take place in his city, making him responsible for it. The President of the Republic was asked to stop that Bible burning, and he immediately telegraphed to the Governor of Pernambuco to that effect, and it was stopped. That was a great victory for the cause of righteousness.

I was returning from a trip to the interior when an evening paper was handed to me. The paper brought extensive telegrams from Rio de Janeiro giving full accounts of the epoch-making speech delivered in the Senate by the representative of Rio Grande do Sul. As soon as I read it, I just had to shout and throw my cap as high as the railroad carriage would permit. It was a glorious victory, and I was grateful for having been permitted to have had a part in it. That evening, while visiting the editors of the paper that published my articles, I met one of the leading politicians of the State who told me, “Sr. Solomao, you have killed the bishop and gained a great victory. I congratulate you and wish you continued success. Just go on as you have been doing.

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You have many friends in town who are waiting for the opportunity to come out openly and stand by you.” Soon after that these friends came out, and many of them helped substantially in the building up of the Kingdom of God in that great center and today stand valiantly on our side.

Meeting a Catholic Priest on a Train. During the time of my discussions with the Anti-Protestant League, there was no name more hated and denounced than mine, especially by the Catholic clergy. One day while traveling to the city of Nazareth, an old priest came into the railroad carriage in which I was traveling. As the only available place to sit down was next to me, he sat down by me, and ere long I began to chat with him. I had heard about him a good deal, especially of his eccentricities. A good many interesting stories were told about him and it was generally rumored that he had about eighty children, of as many women, who were living all over his parish. He was a clever and witty man, and I had a good long talk with him. I ventured finally to ask him about the discussion that was going on in the public press, and to my surprise learned that he did not know me personally. He began attacking my name and person, telling some terrible yarns about me. He talked loudly, and as most of the people in the railroad carriage knew me, they had a good laugh to themselves, which the priest interpreted to mean he was making a good impression on the hearers in his attack on the hated “Solomao.” Finally, I asked him if he personally knew that hated “Solomao.”

“Oh, yes,” said he, “I know him well.”

“What does he look like,” I asked.

“Oh,” said he, “he is an ugly looking man, his face is eaten up by smallpox and by a bad disease. Nobody can be near him for he suffers from a disease that drives people away. He cannot eat pork, for it aggravates his sickness.” The poor priest went on like that

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telling some of the vilest lies, which made me laugh so much that tears came to my eyes.

At last, I said, “Look here, Senor Padre, I also know this Solomao, and I have seen him eat pork, and he really is not so ugly looking as you make out.”

“Oh, no,” he insisted, “I know him and what I tell you is the truth.”

This conversation brought us to the station where he was getting off, and in wishing him good-bye, I told him that for a long time I had desired to meet and know him personally, as I had heard so many interesting stories about him and that now I was perfectly satisfied.

“And with whom have I had the honor to speak,” he asked, and you should have seen his face when I told him I was that hated “Solomao.”

“No, no!” he exclaimed excitedly, “that cannot be; Solomao is not such a cultured person as you are.” But when I assured him that I was the very one, and everyone else confirmed my assertion, he left without saying another word, no doubt terribly chagrined at the ludicrous mistake he had made.

Soon after that, I moved into the district where this priest was vicar. Right opposite the house where we stayed, one of his sons was living, whose children, the grandchildren of that priest, became great friends of my children. When my daughter, Arvilla, organized a Children’s Society, one of the priest’s grandchildren became the Secretary of the Society and the other grandchildren charter members. Every time he would meet me on the street, the priest would hide his face in shame because of what had happened on the train.

Growth and Development. Never did the Cause of the Master prosper so wonderfully as during those years of persecution and

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public discussions. Every step we took was watched by the members of the League. Spies were sent to our meeting places to watch and see if any prominent persons came to our preaching services, and if so, the following day that person would receive warning not to continue if he wished to keep well with society. A good many physicians, lawyers, merchants, etc., were driven away from our meetings by those threats, but the Cause continued to prosper nevertheless.

A Beautiful Church Edifice. One of the great attractions was the new church edifice that the natives themselves built. The W. M. S. of South Carolina helped with the amount of \$1,500 in response to appeals from Mrs. W. E. Entzinger, but this sum was not sufficient to pay even for the lot on which the building is standing. Every Sunday morning the church would be crowded with believers and after the meeting, I would ask them not to return to the night service, but preach to their neighbors in the suburbs where they were living and thus leave room for the many outsiders that were anxious to hear the Gospel. At five o'clock we would have our Young People's meeting, and at six we would go out and invite outsiders, using handbills as well as open-air preaching. The hall every Sunday night would be crowded to overflowing. I very seldom had congregations of less than eight hundred or a thousand, especially on the nights when we would baptize our candidates.

The plans for the church and the supervision of the work was done by an American, a Baptist deacon from Alexander City, AL, Bro. W. W. Robinson, who was then working for an American company in Pernambuco. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, who stayed with us for about two years, were a great help and blessing both to the Cause and to us personally.

Training Native Helpers. While in the Campos Mission between 1893–1900, I noticed the lack of competent native help, and in correspondence with dear Dr. Willingham, the then corresponding

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secretary of our Board in Richmond, I suggested the setting apart of a sum of money for the purpose of preparing a few young men for the ministry. I also suggested that, as Dr. J. J. Taylor was then living in Sao Paulo, he could easily undertake that kind of work for which he was so well prepared, and the students could also take advantage of the MacKenzie College for the study of other subjects than theology. That suggestion was accepted by the Board, and Dr. J. J. Taylor was given a fund for the purpose of preparing, if I am not mistaken, four young men. I know that some young men were sent to Sao Paulo with that object in view. The final result of that attempt I am unable to tell since soon after that, I was transferred to the North, and there I asked for the same favor from our Board for our Northern field.

Brother Jeffrey Hamilton, realizing the same great need, promised to help. Mrs. Ginsburg was anxious to do her part and several young men, some of them with a fairly good education, were ready to teach as well as study in this theological class. The class was organized with ten students. Some good work was done, but Brother Hamilton moved to Para, and I was so occupied by the evangelistic work that I could not look after the class. It was, therefore, disbanded.

Soon after that Brother W. H. Cannada arrived on the field and before long organized a theological class into which a few of the students in the former class entered. I rendered some assistance by lecturing to this class. A little later Brother Cannada also organized a day school. This day school and theological class developed eventually into the Colegio Americano Baptista, with its magnificent buildings and over 900 pupils.

When on my furlough in the United States between 1904 and 1905, I urged upon two young men the great need of taking up the Seminary work in Brazil. One was Dr. J. W. Shepard, who soon after came to Pernambuco and, after obtaining a knowledge of the language, moved to Rio de Janeiro, where he organized and established the great Rio

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College and Seminary. The other one was the Rev. H. H. Muirhead, the present director of the Pernambuco College and Seminary. What a difference from the days of struggle and persecution! Praised be the Lord for the little part He permitted me to have in that work. The seed sown has certainly brought forth abundant results.

Growth in the Suburbs. Due to the testimony of the believers in their respective neighborhoods, the work began to spread into every nook and corner of that great city of 200,000 inhabitants. Mission stations were organized in different sections where now we have strong and prosperous churches. In some of them the work was not greatly hindered, though we had to contend with the enemy in almost every one of them. The place where the persecution was severest was in Uptinga. Very few believers lived in that suburb. One was a black brother, deacon of our church, who had a large family and who was highly respected by everybody for his honesty and excellent behavior. Renting a front room near the suburban station, we began preaching services to which the neighbors came en masse.

The first two nights everything went along very smoothly, but the third night brought a disagreement. Just as I was teaching the people a Portuguese version of that beautiful hymn "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus!" a group of assassins boldly entered. The first one had a scythe in his hand and struck the man that was standing at the door and felled him to the ground. Fortunately, he did not kill him. The second came in on horseback having a revolver in his hand. We found the revolver case afterwards, and why he did not shoot, I cannot explain even now. The third wore a mask. I was told afterwards that he was the station-master himself. He had a long sword in his hand and was making his way straight for my head.

I was sitting behind the little organ and close to my face was a very large lamp that a neighbor had loaned to us. The bandit either mistook my head for the lamp or really wished to put the light out

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of commission. The fact was, he struck the lamp with his sword and complete darkness ensued. I was wondering what would happen next, but as quietness seemed to prevail, I struck a match and found that the room was deserted, everybody having disappeared except the poor man lying at the entrance with a bad wound on his head. That, however, was the last persecution that we suffered in that neighborhood. After that the police gave us the necessary protection, and today we have a splendid self-supporting church there, with a well-organized Sunday school.

Great persecutions took place in some of the interior districts, but these would be too innumerable to relate. I will only refer here to the two outstanding ones and to the wonderful way the good Lord delivered me out of the hands of the assassin, due no doubt to the prayers of the Lord's people. One is about my encounter with the most notorious bandit then roaming about the State, Antonio Silvino by name, and the other is about the opening up of our work in Limoeiro.

My Encounter with a Bandit, or the Wonderful Power of Prayer.

After a prolonged three years' discussion through the daily press with the organized forces of the Catholic Priesthood in Pernambuco and after every effort had been made to expel me from Brazil, especially from the Pernambuco field where the Lord was blessing us, a reactionary Italian monk, whose name was Celestino, resolved to eliminate me by assassination.

In the Northern part of the State of Pernambuco there was a band of bandits roving about, committing all kinds of atrocities. The chief was one of the most daring men that ever appeared in Brazil. His name was Antonio Silvino. A great many crimes were attributed to this band, and the Government had offered a sum of \$10,000 (40,000 milreis) for his apprehension, dead or alive. The capture of this man, however, was very difficult. He had a disconcerting gift of

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shooting and hitting the mark, usually killing the one who dared to attack him. He was also very good to the poor and would share with them much of the spoil he would obtain from the rich or even from the government.

It was to this man that the Italian monk appealed. He worked upon his credulity and superstition and obtained his consent to have me killed for the sum of 250 milreis (about fifty dollars). They found out the exact day I was expected to visit the small village of Moganga and had the man ready to waylay me.

I left the city of Nazareth at about 2 o'clock in the morning. I had one companion with me, Brother Amaro, a native convert who went as my guide. At about 5 o'clock I saw a small, slender, but wiry looking man standing in a field close by the road I had to pass. In his hands he held a double-barreled gun and across his chest was a long chain of cartridges. My first thought was that he was out hunting and, as is my usual custom, I stopped the horse and greeted him, wishing him a good morning and asking if he was out for a hunt. He did not seem to care to reply, so I asked him if he had caught anything that morning, but he continued silent. So, putting the spurs to my horse, I was about to follow my companion who had ridden ahead of me, when a negro jumped out of a tree right in front of my horse and was trying to lay hold of the bridle. The man behind me shouted something to him that I could not understand, but evidently the negro did, for he jumped out of the way and let me continue my journey.

Soon after that I passed through a small village, called Sape, and there I met Cocada, a heavy white man whose flushed face bespoke him a member of that celebrated bandit band. This one was sitting on the ground receiving presents or goods from the inhabitants of the place. He did not even look up to see who was passing. At eight

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o'clock I reached the village of Moganga where I was to pass that day, preaching and teaching.

As soon as I arrived, however, I could see surprise stamped on the faces of everyone I met. The political boss of the village, in whose home I was to stay during my sojourn in the village, received me with evident joy and embraced me repeatedly, asking all the while, "Did you meet Antonio Silvino?" I told him that I did not know him personally so could not say whether I had met him or not. However, I told him whom I had met, and he informed me that the first one, with the double-barreled gun in his hands, was the person in question.

He then gave me the information that he had been informed that this bandit had received money to have me removed from the land of the living. As soon as he had learned that news, he had been trying to get in touch with me, but I had already left the place where they expected to reach me and therefore did not know what to do, but to leave it to Providence, as the good man put it. (He was not a believer.)

I had a very busy day. Rejoicing because of my escape from the hands of the bandit, I had a glorious time with the believers. Our public meeting began about 7:00 P.M. and lasted until nearly midnight. We had singing of hymns, preaching, praying, and a testimony meeting, as well as acceptance of candidates for baptism. Tired and almost exhausted, as I had not slept the previous night, I asked the native brother to continue the meeting, and I went to a small room in back of the front room in the home of the political boss and was about ready to crawl into my hammock, when a knock came at the front door. There was a demand to open immediately. The owner of the house went to inquire who it was disturbing the midnight hour, and he was told, to his consternation, that it was Antonio Silvino and that he wished to speak to Sr. Solomao.

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You can imagine how my heart fell within me as I realized that those were very likely my last moments. I had congratulated myself on having escaped the bandit, and here he was in the very home of the political boss and right across from the police station! I fell on my knees asking the Lord for just one thing and that was to give me the necessary strength to give a good testimony. The Lord has given me the gift of not fearing anybody or anything, but He also gave me a very sensitive nature. I cannot bear the sight of blood, and all my courage flees from me when I see anyone suffering. The only thing I was afraid of was to show that fear in case he was going to torture me, and it was for that that I was asking strength. Praised be His holy Name, He did not fail me!

As soon as Antonio Silvino was seated they came and called for me. I told them that I would be out in a moment. Coming into the front room (a large, spacious room), I saw the bandit sitting with bowed head on the sofa. The political leader was pale and trembling, while his wife and sister, two slender women, were wringing their hands and weeping as if their hearts would break.

Walking up to the man, feeling my heart strong, I said, "You wished to see me; what can I do for you?"

"Do you know who I am?" he asked me after a while.

I answered, "Yes, you are Captain Antonio Silvino."

"Do you know why I came here?" he then asked.

I said, "Yes, you have been bought to kill me."

He answered, "Everdade!" ("That is true!")

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I breathed another prayer to my heavenly Father as I stood before this bandit, asking Him to help me and to take care of my wife and little ones. After a few moments had gone by without his making any move, I said, “Well, why don’t you go ahead and do it?” But he did not move, and after a few moments of silence, I noticed that he was wiping his eyes, tears streaming down his face.

Finally, he said, “No, I won’t kill you. I would much rather kill the person who asked me to kill you. I won’t kill a man like you. This morning while I was waiting for you near the Sape village, you stopped your horse and spoke to me so gentlemanly and kindly that I was surprised. I had been told that you were a dangerous person, that your doctrines and teachings were a curse to the people and to the country and that killing you would be a blessing to many. But you spoke to me so kindly that I determined to find out a little more about you. I was present while you were preaching and teaching and praying and singing, and I tell you that I am not going to kill a man that is doing such good work.”

We passed the night together, and he told me his life’s story, one of the saddest that I have ever listened to. He was not a common criminal. He belonged to a very wealthy and aristocratic family. He himself is the owner of a great tract of valuable land in the State of Parahyba. But on account of political feuds, his father, brothers, uncles, and cousins had been exterminated, and to escape the same fate he had resolved to turn bandit and destroy not only his political opponents, but all that would dare to rise up against him. Up to the time I had met him, he had killed sixty-six persons.

We talked and prayed together until daybreak. Ever after that encounter, this bandit became the defender of our cause in that region. He would not permit any persecution against the Gospel or against the preachers. I have no doubt that my life was saved several

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times from destruction at the hands of bandits on account of the strict orders received from this man.

Some time after this, I went to the Lieutenant-Governor of the State and offered to take this bandit out of the State and give him a chance of regeneration on the condition that neither I nor the bandit would be molested. His Excellency, though a great admirer of the work we were doing, did not see his way clear to grant me this request.

Soon after I left Pernambuco, this man was caught, wounded, and brought to the capital of the State, where he was tried and condemned to the penitentiary. In prison his delight was in reading the Bible and telling the people that came to see him, as well as his fellow prisoners, what the Lord had done for him. One of the editors of an evening paper went to interview him and came back quite disgusted: "All you can get out of Antonio Silvino," he wrote, "is about the Baptists and the Bible." You will always find him with his Bible in his hands, reading and praying. It is simply wonderful what the Lord can do for a poor degraded sinner. The blood of Jesus is still efficacious and saves unto the uttermost, all that come to Him by faith.

Now, the most remarkable part of this narrative: It took me about a month to return home. I visited several dangerous places and passed through great trials and difficulties, but I rejoiced because His presence was with me, and His blessings multiplied.

Opening my mail on my return home, I found a letter from the Young Women's Society of Americus, Georgia. In it the secretary, evidently a young lady, wrote me more or less the following: "Dear Brother Ginsburg, today is our missionary day, and we have been studying about you and your work and have been offering special prayers to our heavenly Father to bless you, keep you, and protect you from all danger and use you mightily in His service." Upon looking at the date

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of the letter, I noticed that it was the very day I met that celebrated bandit, Antonio Silvino.

Our God is a prayer hearing God. Blessed be His name!

Opening of the Work in Limoeiro. The city of Limoeiro is a very strategic center in the Pernambuco field, not only because of its population and railroad facilities, but also because of its rich surrounding cotton and sugar-cane farms. A few years previous to our moving to Pernambuco, Dr. Entzminger had tried to open a mission station in that city and after renting and furnishing a hall had sent one of his native helpers to inaugurate the work. The morning after the first night's service, a group of ruffians broke into the home where the native pastor was staying, tied his hands and feet, placed him on the train that was about to leave the city, and told him in very plain language, "This time we let you go this way, but don't you dare come back, for then you will be carried out in quite a different fashion." The poor man was so frightened that you could not get him to look at the place even on the map.

After our great convention in 1909, when it had been resolved that I was to move to Bahia, from whence dear Dr. Z. C. Taylor was obliged to retire on account of failing health, I determined with God's help to establish the work in Limoeiro. The Catholic element in that city had been daring us to do it and promising a very warm reception, in case we ever attempted to venture. Several times, when passing through the city, I had been taunted about it, and I had told some of the bitterest foes that the time would come when the work would be established and that they would receive due notice about it. It was a daring undertaking, and I knew perfectly well that I was risking my life, but trusting in the Lord and knowing that He was able to care and keep and protect me as He had done many a time before, I went ahead.

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We rented a house and furnished the front room with the necessary benches, pulpit, lights, etc. I also obtained, due to the brethren, the use, free of charge, of the public theater for my first lecture. I left an announcement inviting the public for the following Sunday to the first lecture on the subject: "The Objectives of the Evangelical Propaganda."

The Wednesday before that Sunday, I received a telegram from a friend advising me that the local priest and the fanatical Catholics were bringing into town eighty bandits for the sole purpose of driving out or, if necessary, exterminating every Protestant that would dare to preach his religion. I had expected a move like that, and I immediately took the telegram to the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, who was a personal friend of mine, having helped me out of several difficult situations. He told me to go ahead, and he would see to it that I had sufficient protection.

Saturday I took the train to Limoeiro. Midway, at a junction called *Entroncamento*, an officer of the State militia, accompanied by a half-dozen soldiers, met me and they placed themselves at my disposal. I thanked them and asked, "Why such haste? Why have you not waited till I reached the city?" The officer then informed me that the persecutors had witnessed the arrival of the police force and naturally had suspected that they had come to keep order and protect the Protestants. The persecutors had then instructed the bandits to board the train two stations before it reached Limoeiro and accomplish their object there. The officer was advised about that resolution and determined to frustrate it. He resolved to meet me at the junction and sit down by my side, thus saving my life and those of my companions.

Sure enough, when the train arrived at Ilheitas, just two stations on this side of Limeiro, a group of suspicious-looking men boarded the train and seemed to be anxiously looking for me. Seeing the officer close by me and two soldiers with loaded guns at one end of the

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coach and another two at the other end and several more nearby, they thought it best to await another opportunity.

Reaching the city of Limoeiro, I found lined up at the station platform sixty soldiers, all fully equipped and armed, and no one was allowed to approach the railroad carriage without my permission. I felt important for once in my life. The most surprising part of it all was the fact that the sergeant who was detailed to watch me day and night was a member of the Nazareth Baptist Church, who, a few years previous, while I was preaching at an open-air meeting in that city, had been hired to kill me. As related already in the previous chapter, to be able to carry out that intention he tried to obtain a little courage from King Alcohol, who, most naturally, put him to sleep instead. When he awoke from his drunken stupor, the meeting was over, and a few months afterwards, being converted, informed the church about that experience. How that man watched and cared for me would be impossible to describe. I know that, under God, I owe my life to him.

Sunday afternoon I gave the lecture in the theater to an enormous crowd. The priest had left the city hoping that the bandits would do the job while he was away. But nothing happened! The meeting went off splendidly, and I invited the crowd to the next meeting which was to take place in our own preaching hall.

Monday evening I met the priest at the train and invited him to the meeting, and he promised to come. I was preaching on that beautiful text, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The hall was crowded and the priest was leaning in at the window. Now and again, I would appeal to him asking him whether what I was preaching was not true. The poor fellow did not know what to do. To approve of my preaching was something he did not wish to do. To deny the truth of what I was saying he could not do, since it was a self-evident fact. He

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finally decided to withdraw from the window and turned round to the people near him exclaiming, “Vamos embora, meus filhos!” (Let us go away, my children.)

But one man shouted back to him quite indignantly, “Eu nao sou filho de padre.” (“I am not the child of a priest!”) To be called a child of a priest is a very degrading term.

I thought the priest had left for good, but when the meeting was over and I was ready to leave for my night’s rest, just as I was stepping out of the hall, I saw the priest with his group of bandits waiting for me. Fortunately, the soldiers had not left, and it was no doubt their presence that saved me from those assassins.

Suspecting that the priest was up to some mischief and anxious to know if he was armed or not, I used the Brazilian way of greeting, and stepping up to him, I greeted and embraced him and found out that he had a big revolver sticking in his belt under his cassock and a large dagger on the other side.

Taking his left arm in mine, I took him along the way I was going, and immediately he began to insult me, but I kept quiet. I could see through his plan. He, no doubt, thought that I would answer him back and thus give him an opportunity to say that I had insulted him and his religion and so justify the murder he was contemplating. You can imagine how hard I prayed, asking the Lord to keep my fist and tongue quiet.

Meanwhile, the bandits were trying to get through the wall made by the believers round about me. A bad woman came very near me, and I could see a small dagger gleaming in her right hand. I asked her what she was up to, and she told me that she belonged to the priest. Taking hold of her with my left hand, I told her that she would be safer on the other side and pushed her on to the priest’s side.

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How I escaped assassination that night, I cannot tell, except that the Lord was watching and delivering me from the hands of the assassins. No doubt many were praying for me, not only in Pernambuco and at my home, but in the great Southland of ours. Our God hears and answers prayer, and He knows how to take care of those who trust in Him.

Reaching a lamp post and realizing that the police were near, I withdrew my arm from that of the priest and told him, “You certainly tried your best to provoke me to anger, but I saw through your game. You wanted me to say something that would justify you in murdering me. But I want you to know this. When I determined to come to Limoeiro, I counted the cost and came, ready to lay down my life if necessary. The same thing can be said about all of these crentes (believers). But even if you succeeded in killing all of us, that would not stop the preaching of the Gospel in this city. There are thousands and millions of Baptists in Brazil, as well as in the United States of America, ready to take my place if I should fall here. They would gladly lay down their lives, if need be, for Christ’s Kingdom and His glory.” I then left him.

In less than a month, a church was organized. About the end of that month, the priest committed some indiscretion with a young lady in the vestry of the Catholic church, and he experienced the effect of the Gospel on a city where the citizens had been aroused by the preaching of that Gospel. The people drove him out of town like they would a leper. What he had tried to do to me, he reaped on the day he took the train, for the whole population turned out and heaped upon him the most shameful insults.

A year afterwards, Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Ray visited the same city and spoke in the same theater and a group of the best citizens offered him a special dinner at the best hotel, thus manifesting publicly their appreciation of the sending of the Gospel-light to that place.

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And today that city and the whole surrounding neighborhood is rejoicing in God-given freedom that comes from having the Gospel preached to them.

Chapter 6

In Many Places

Again in Bahia. It was in October of the year 1909 that I reached Bahia for the second time. There were about thirty organized churches and a great many mission stations. The greatest drawback to the work at that time was the lack of competent native helpers, especially trained workers, of whom there was not even one in the entire Bahia field. But the Spirit of God was working and using them wonderfully and souls were being saved.

The first task I undertook was to line up the churches and cultivate in them the spirit of self-development and self-support. To accomplish this, I organized a State Board, composed chiefly of native believers, and gave them the task of developing the churches through their own native pastors, while I gave myself to the building up of the Mission stations.

Over One Thousand Souls in One Year. Nineteen hundred and eleven will always be remembered as one of the most wonderful years in the Bahia field. Availing myself of the good-will of our Rio College and Seminary teachers who volunteered to visit our field for the purpose of holding Bible institutes with the workers, I invited Drs. J. W. Shepard and A. B. Langston for a week of special meetings in Bahia, making arrangements for the presence and entertainment of all of the native helpers of the field.

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Before the Bible Institute began we had a workers meeting and adopted as our motto for the year "One Thousand Souls for Christ." This objective gave great impulse to the meetings as well as to the Bible Institute which was a great success.

As soon as that meeting was over, we organized our forces and adopted the following program and plan of action:

1. To speak to some unsaved soul at least once every day.
2. To pray every day at mid-day for the conversion of some soul to whom we had spoken about his salvation.
3. To give a Bible or New Testament to every neighbor in whose home no Bible or New Testament was to be found.

These resolutions were printed on cards that would fit into a small Bible and sent out to all of the workers. I also took them with me on all of my missionary trips.

I never traveled so much as during that year. I visited almost every church and mission station in that great State of Bahia, holding special meetings and organizing the forces for the great campaign. It was a great and glorious year! The Lord was with us in great power, saving souls and bringing back those who had been drifting away! Thousands of Bibles were sold and many who never before had spoken a word in public for the Master were used by Him to the salvation of many.

The first three months were used for rallying the forces. The second quarter we went from place to place advising and training for the campaign. During the months of July, August and September, we began to draw in the net, holding evangelistic services all over the great field. By the end of December of that memorable year we had

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more than 850 baptisms reported and more than 150 ex-members returned to fellowship. Besides that number, we had about 250 couples who could not be accepted into our churches because of their not being legally married.

At our annual meeting held in the city of San Antonio, in January of 1912, we had great rejoicing and wonderful manifestations of the power of God. Dr. Entzrninger, editor of our denominational paper, was present and reported that he had never before witnessed such a meeting and listened to such a wonderful report.

Gun Shooting at Barra de Itabapoana. While stationed in Bahia, Bro. L. M. Reno, the missionary in charge of the Victoria Mission, asked me to look after his field while he was away on his furlough to the United States. I could not give the mission much of my time, as I had over forty churches and over one hundred outstations to look after in the Bahia field. All I did was to take care of the finances and advise the native helpers, mostly through correspondence. However, I attended the annual meeting at the Rio Novo Church, where the Lord's presence was felt and souls were converted.

From there I went to a new preaching place, called Barra de Itabapoana, situated across the border of the State of Espirito Santo. I was entertained in the home of the Chief of Police who was the father of one of the members of the Rio Novo Church, and husband of one of several converts I had the privilege of baptizing. That Sunday afternoon, about 3 P.M., the baptismal scene took place witnessed by a great crowd. The preaching service was announced for seven o'clock that evening. On the previous night, I had preached in the home of one of the converts where a persecution had been staged by a group of fanatics, but the Chief had managed to disperse this group. Rumors were afloat that a greater persecution was being organized for the Sunday night service. I never pay much attention to rumors, knowing by experience that the Lord will deliver in His own good

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way if He so desires. Awaiting the development of affairs, I prepared myself for the work on hand.

The meeting began punctually at seven with a crowded house. The native pastor began the service, and all went along smoothly until I stood up to preach. A shrill whistle was heard, and I noticed that the group standing by the window abandoned the place. One woman, a brave little soul, a married daughter of the Chief, who, though not a Christian, had warned me of the attack and begged me to leave the place before it was too late, placed herself and her two little children in front of one of the two windows and dared the assassins to shoot. Soon missiles and shots began flying all around the building, breaking every windowpane and most of the tiles on the roof. The first shot seemed to have been fired at me and struck the wall about an inch above my head. It buried itself in the wall. Only one of the converts was wounded in a limb, though the room was crowded with believers and friends.

The most remarkable happening of that evening was the following: As soon as the bandits began shooting, the Chief, an elderly man of over sixty, left the room to remonstrate with the assailants. Seeing him leave, I ran to the door, ready to stand by him and fearing that the bandits would injure him. But I had not yet reached the door, when the youngest daughter of the Chief, a young lady of about twenty or twenty-one, placed herself against the door and told me that I must not leave the room. I informed her that I could not let her father stay outside alone facing a mob of over a hundred bandits.

“They won’t do anything to my father,” she said, “they just want you.” I did not see it that way and tried my best to get by her. The door was one of those old-fashioned ones with the upper part done in lattice work. While we were struggling, she trying to keep the door closed and I doing my best to open it, a ball came tearing through the lattice work passing between our two heads. Had it gone a little

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more to the right or to the left, one of us would surely have been killed. Oh, how wonderful is God's power! He certainly knows how to protect His own.

Dr. T. B. Ray Visits Brazil. One of the greatest blessings that came to Brazil in 1910 was the visit of our Foreign Mission representative, Dr. T. B. Ray. Never before had Brazil been visited by any representative of the Foreign Mission Board. Many of our needs and appeals were not understood, for the simple reason that the members of our Board were unable to realize the vastness of the field and the importance of our opportunities. Then, there were also very important questions to be discussed with the missionaries. The missionary, like every other mortal man, has his own way of looking at certain problems and likes to have his own mode of thinking prevail, even though it does not meet with the approval of everybody else. In 1910, the Brazilian Baptists had a great many problems, some very difficult ones to solve. Though our secretaries are not infallible, nor invested with powers to frighten us into their way of thinking, and they always give us liberty to carry out our own plans and ways of working, yet every missionary realized that a visit of a representative from our Board, would be of great help. Such a representative would necessarily need a great deal of wisdom and tact, not only on account of the opposing currents that he would find, but also because of the Baptist principles of independence and self-government that he would have to uphold.

How well Dr. Ray fulfilled his mission in that great crisis, eternity alone will prove. It was certainly remarkable the way he managed to show to each and every missionary his duty and obligation, satisfying everyone, without infringing upon the individual rights of anyone else. I will not specify the subjects that were discussed and the resolutions that were adopted because it is all a matter of record. But this I must say: Had it not been for the tact and the great gift of harmonizing manifested by Dr. Ray, the great Rio de Janeiro College and Seminary would have suffered terribly and perhaps

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been crippled in its usefulness for a great many years. The Carroll Memorial Publishing House also owes, under God, its present status and worth to this man of God; for after realizing the opportunities of such an enterprise in such a great field, he has been able to counsel our Board in Richmond with the wisdom of placing it on a basis of greater usefulness.

I would to God that our brethren in the homeland could see their way clear to send men like Dr. Ray or Dr. Love to visit the mission fields that thus they might obtain a personal insight into the needs and opportunities.

It was my privilege to accompany Dr. Ray as interpreter to the various fields and note the great effect upon his great heart and soul of what he saw and heard everywhere he went. Those were never-to-be forgotten days. Not only will the Brazilian believers never forget that visit, but only eternity will reveal the great results that came from it.

In the Arroz Novo Church, of Bahia, forty-eight came forward weeping and touched by the Spirit of God after Dr. Ray gave a stirring message. In the Espirito Santo field, young Almir Goncalves, Brother Reno's right-hand man and perhaps best native helper, decided to give himself to the Lord after a talk with Dr. Ray. The visit we made to the President of the Republic will stand forth as one of the historical sign-posts in the history of our work. We were so cordially received, and it was such a wonderful blessing to the Cause of Christ in Brazil, giving to the Baptists a national standing and character,

Escaping the Titanic. In the beginning of 1912, I obtained permission from our Board to go home for a much needed rest. I made my return trip by way of Europe, touching Portugal, where I visited the work the Brazilian Baptists were carrying on their Foreign Mission Enterprise and attended to some business for the Publishing House.

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I left Bahia about the end of the month of February, reaching Portugal in safety. I preached in the cities of Lisbon and Oporto. The Lord gave us a few souls that decided to follow the Master. One of the best results of that visit to Portugal was a talk I had with dear Brother Joseph Jones, a Christian gentleman and a staunch Baptist, a member of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, who was living in Oporto. He imagined that the Baptists were of the hardshell type and was, therefore, unwilling to join in with us. It was a pleasure to be able to enlighten him on our true position and enlist his great gifts and sympathies on behalf of our work there to which he has proved himself a great power and blessing.

From Portugal I went to London to visit the Mild-may Mission to the Jews, my former home, and some old friends and colleagues. How my heart rejoices whenever I can go back to this great center of work, where so many of God's ancient people are led to the light and knowledge of the true Saviour and Christ! Though most of the old companions have disappeared (some into eternity), there are still a few that remind me of the times gone by and with whom it is a privilege to have spiritual communion.

It was while going from Lisbon to Southampton that a very remarkable thing happened to me reminding me once more of the loving, protecting power of our heavenly Father. No doubt many were praying for me, both in the homeland and in Brazil, and the good Lord, as is His custom, hears and answers the supplications of his loved ones.

Just as I was ready to embark in Lisbon on board the "Avon," telegrams were posted telling of terrific storms that were raging the dangerous Bay of Biscay. Several steamers were reported as having been lost along the coast of France. I confess that my heart failed me when the time came for me to take the boat, as I had had sufficient experience of stormy weather in that very same famous bay when I

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passed through it in 1889. I had a stop-over ticket and could easily delay my journey for a week and go on another boat. I hesitated and finally took the matter to the Lord in prayer. I used to carry with me the W. M. U. Prayer Calendar and every day would look up the subject for prayer as well as the text for the day. Soliciting light and guidance from on high, I looked up the calendar and found for that day the following text, given as if in direct answer to my inquiries.

“. . . He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness: these forty years the LORD thy God hath been with thee; thou hast lacked nothing” (Deuteronomy 2:7).

Now notice what happened. I had a fairly good voyage to Southampton, though the sea was rough and our boat was greatly harassed. On reaching London, where I had previously secured a passage to New York on one of the cheaper vessels of the White Star line, I was informed, that on account of the coal strike, the sailings of several of the steamers of the White Star line had been suppressed, and the passengers would have the privilege of changing their boats, taking either the “Majestic,” due to leave in the first week of April, or the “Titanic,” scheduled for the following week. The desire to travel on the maiden trip of the “Titanic” was great, but, having finished my business in London and being homesick for my wife and family that I had not seen for years, I resolved to take advantage of the first boat and arrived home just a day before the terrible news of the sinking of the “Titanic” horrified the world. Had I delayed in Portugal one week, I would have been forced to take the “Titanic,” and only God knows what would have happened to me. A brother to whom I related this incident told me that the Lord would have saved me on the “Titanic,” had I been on board that fated vessel. This might be very true, but I prefer not to have gone through that terrible experience.

In the Carroll Memorial Publishing Plant. One of the most interesting pages in the history of our Baptist work in Brazil is that of

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the printed page. Some day someone more capable will do it justice, for in this chapter it is impossible to describe it as it ought to be done. However, a word as to its beginnings in Brazil will not be out of place.

From the little information on hand, it may be said that the first one to establish a small printing plant in Brazil was the great missionary, Dr. Z. C. Taylor. He had help in this attempt from Mrs. Osborne, of Louisville, Kentucky, who through the "Baptist Basket" collected funds for that object. That little press established in Brazil grew to a considerable plant and printed some very valuable books and thousands upon thousands of tracts that were distributed and broadcast all over the country.

Another little press was afterwards established in Campos by me, without any help from anyone. A small paper was edited, entitled "Boas Novas" ("Good News"), which was sent free to thousands of persons, especially to those in high places, as well as priests. It did an effective work, stirring up inquiries as well as bitter opposition especially from the clerical element.

In 1900, when Dr. Entzminger moved to the South, a few missionaries met in Rio and combined upon a unified paper and publishing enterprise, selecting Brother Entzminger as its leader. Both presses, those of Bahia and Campos, were merged into one and moved to Rio de Janeiro. The *Jornal Baptista* was started and has been kept up as the denominational voice ever since.

In 1910, during the visit of Dr. T. B. Ray to Brazil, the brethren decided to enlarge the publishing enterprise, dividing it into three departments: the Editorial, the Business, and the Colportage Departments. Dr. Entzminger was chosen as head of the Editorial Department, and I was invited to take charge of the Colportage and field work.

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In 1912, was inaugurated the Judson Centennial Campaign, and the Publishing House received the great blessing of a gift of thirty thousand dollars made by Mrs. J. S. Carroll, of Troy, Alabama, in memory of her deceased husband. It was a noble gift and it has helped us to place the publishing enterprise on a solid basis for progress and usefulness.

That in brief is the historical beginning of our Baptist Press in Brazil. It was in 1913 that I was called upon to give myself to this department of our work.

On account of lack of helpers, for a good part of the time I had to do the entire work of the house. Dr. Entzminger, the head of the Editorial Department, left Brazil for his furlough. The Business Manager had not made his appearance on the field and so I had to take up all the departments of the house. For many months, I had to be Editor and Business Manager, as well as Field Worker. It was no easy job, considering the conditions we were in and the lack of machinery, as well as lack of capital.

I worked every day from early morning until late at night, rising about four and retiring at midnight. The Lord, however, helped and His presence cheered me on. One of the most agreeable things that I remember of those days is the hearty cooperation of nearly every man on the field. Dr. J. J. Taylor, Brethren D. L. Hamilton, and S. L. Watson helped on the S. S. Literature, and every one of the missionaries sent in splendid contributions to our paper. Brother and Mrs. Reno were indefatigable in their help with the literature for the children's papers. It was a great joy to work with, and for, the brotherhood.

Then came the great gift of Mrs. J. S. Carroll which enabled us to move out of the narrow quarters in which we were working and begin realizing the great dream of a Publishing House worthy of Brazil and

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the great Baptist hosts. What the final outcome of it all will be, no one can foresee. The Baptists in Brazil have the greatest opportunity of establishing one of the greatest Mission enterprises in the world. As for myself, I hope to be able to help it on to its realization.

Colportage Work. One of the branches of the work of the Field Secretary is the colportage work. It is really one of the most fruitful, as well as one of the most exciting. Whenever I had an opportunity to leave the Publishing House, I would fill my satchel full of Bibles and books and sell them as I went along: in the trains, on board the vessels, and in the villages and cities, as well as at the farms. Endowed with a natural gift for selling (due no doubt to my Jewish ancestry), I always managed to sell all the books I carried along: Bibles, books, tracts, or anything else. How heart-hungry the people in Brazil are for the Word of God. Of course, the Bible is the most difficult book to sell because the priests tell the people that our Bibles are false.

One of the first things I do when I want to sell a Bible is to tell them plainly why the priests prohibit the reading of the Bible, calling their attention to what the Bible teaches about the priests and their doings. As a general rule, the buyer will get interested and listen and, if he is sincere, will buy the precious Book and read it for his soul's salvation.

I never give away a Bible, for that would only confirm in them their idea that our Bibles are what the priests tell them. Oh, the wonderful times I have discussing the doctrines we teach and the many falsehoods the priests spread about Luther and the Protestants! But with patience and tact, as one answers all the questions and finally sees a ray of genuine inquiry appear on the face of the inquirer, what a joy it is to lead them gently to the feet of the Master and teach them how to get in touch with Him who is able to convict, convert, and save!

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I wish I could repeat some of the conversations I have had with people as we traveled together. That of course is impossible, as it would fill all the available space in this book. After thirty years experience in that kind of work, I can unhesitatingly affirm that there is nothing that satisfies so thoroughly a hungry soul as the Holy Book of God. Say what you please about Catholics, but it is the Word of God they want. The husks of ceremonialism and tradition do not satisfy them and never can satisfy. Most of time, give them the Bible and a plain, "Thus saith the Lord!" and they will open their mouths wide and their hearts also. At other times, however, one meets an enemy, or a fanatic or perhaps an interested Catholic, whose business and life is linked up with the Catholic church (and only God knows how many there are in the clutch of the Catholic machine), then you have to look out and thank God if you escape with your whole skin.

Just One Example:

Insulted by a Rich Farmer. I was in the State of Pernambuco, traveling in a railroad carriage crowded with passengers. Before offering the books for sale, I distributed a small leaflet not only to whet their reading appetites but also to see how many were able to read. A priest was in the same car, and he accepted the tract gratefully and so also did all the other passengers. As I was returning to my seat, one man, a rich landowner whose son happened to be a leading politician, tore the tract in pieces and threw them into my face, saying in a very provoking tone, "You had better go and plant sugar-cane on my farm than do this kind of work."

Not losing my calmness, I answered him very politely, but loud enough to be heard by everyone in the car: "Thank you, sir, for the offer of a job, which I will remember whenever I may need it; but just now, you see, I am pretty well occupied teaching a few necessary lessons."

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This made him angry, and he began calling me bad names and using very insulting terms. I paid no more attention to him but went on speaking to the other passengers, selling, or rather explaining to them about the Bible. However, I noticed that some of the passengers who knew me went to him and informed him that I was not such an ignorant individual as he imagined but the missionary in charge of that field and in daily discussion with the Catholic hierarchy. The poor man was greatly disturbed and could not continue his trip for very shame. At the nearest station, he left the carriage and thus left me free to sell every book I had brought with me.

The Antidote for Spiritual Blindness. A very interesting story was related to me by one of our colporters. I always tell them to be very careful how they approach a priest and never provoke him to anger, but be very polite and civil to him. Very few priests, however, know the Bible. They are taught how to answer all the arguments about the Bible, but are not allowed to read it. Rome knows the effect such reading would have upon a sincere soul and therefore the Book is not studied in the Brazilian Seminaries, except in abridged and adulterated forms. One day this colporter met the Vatican Envoy as he was passing through one of the streets of Rio de Janeiro in his carriage. He felt the impulse of the Spirit of God to offer him a copy of the Bible. Stopping the carriage in which the Envoy was reclining comfortably, he looked into the old man's face and said, "Excellency, will you allow me to offer you one of the most powerful antidotes for spiritual blindness?"

"And what can that be, my son?" asked the Envoy. Taking out of his satchel a beautiful copy of the Bible, he presented it to the man who took a hold of it, looked through its pages, and then very gently returned it to the colporter saying, "Thank you, my son; I have a copy of the same book in my home, and I can assure you that I use it very often myself and it has helped me wonderfully." The colporter left the carriage delighted with the conversation. I could naturally

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go on filling these pages with similar stories and experiences, but must hasten on.

Work among Prisoners. I believe that the Lord put me in prison for ten long days, as related previously, just to get me interested in the sad conditions of the poor prisoners in Brazil. During the ten days I was kept incommunicable, I tried my very best to obtain a book or a copy of a paper to read, but nothing could be found in the prison, though there must have been nearly five hundred prisoners in that establishment. I then and there resolved to do something for the prisoners, if ever I had an opportunity.

That opportunity came when I joined the forces of the Publishing House and a blessed experience it has been to me as well as a great source of blessing to the Publishing House. Many a hungry and sin sick soul, lying in darkness, misery, and spiritual death, has thanked God for that blessed thought. Today we are supplying, with the help of nearly every Baptist in Brazil, about seven hundred and fifty prisons with our weekly paper and S. S. Literature. We have also a special fund for sending copies of the Bible and New Testaments and Hymn books to the prisoners.

In many of the State prisons, regular Bible classes are held every Sunday where our literature is used and where the blessed results in changed lives have been a surprise to the authorities. The Director of the Bahia Penitentiary declared in his annual report to the Governor that the work done by the Baptists in his establishment is telling wonderfully upon the behaviour of the prisoners. Oh, the wonderful letters that have come to us from all over the country from these dungeons of sin and misery untold! Yes, the blood of the Lord Jesus is still powerful to save and His Word is a mighty agent that convinces and convicts, as well as heals and consoles.

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Just a Few Illustrations:

Plea of a Father in Prison. One poor father in prison who has been separated from his loved ones for a good many years for a crime that will keep him there for a good many years to come, wrote me begging me to send the paper and the Bible to his loved ones, saying, in very touching language,

“Senor Solomon, please send your paper and a copy of the Holy Book to my loved ones. I have a wife and two children, and I do not want them to come to this place.”

We sent the New Testament and a copy of our weekly paper. We have had very good news from both the prisoner and his family.

Conversion of a Farmer. A well-to-do farmer had a quarrel with a political boss of his place, and it was not long after this that a false charge was brought against this farmer, and he was taken to jail. The local congregation was supplying that jail with a copy of our paper as well as copies of the Gospels. This farmer finding his time heavy on his hands, looked about for something to read. In the waste box or can he saw a piece of white paper. He pulled it out of the can and, not having anything else to do, began reading it.

He had never heard a Gospel sermon before, though he had heard something about the Protestants. The paper he extracted from the basket was a copy of the “Jornal Baptista,” our weekly religious paper published in Rio. After reading the paper through and liking the articles, he began to search for more and found in the same can a copy of the Gospel of Saint Mark.

The Catholics are taught by the priests that Saint Mark is a very powerful saint with the devil and is capable of making the evil one obedient to his bidding. Imagine the delight of the farmer in finding

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such a valuable little book. But he was soon disillusioned. Instead of the false teachings and worthless superstitions, he found the wonderful story of the Life of Christ. He read the Gospel several times and soon the teaching of Christ gripped him.

The following Sunday the believers visiting the jail brought a new copy of the paper, and he informed them of the good that the reading had done him. Not to prolong this story, I wish to state that the man was released, and his first visit was to the house of God. Soon he made his public profession of faith, and when last I saw him, he was the deacon of the church, rejoicing not only in his Lord and Saviour, but also in the salvation of his loved ones who had joined the same church. To the building of the beautiful new house of worship in that city, he was one of the leading contributors.

A Bible Class in the Bahia Penitentiary. In the Bahia Penitentiary there is held a Sunday school and Bible class every Sunday afternoon. There are about thirty-five that come together to study the Bible, sing hymns, and pray. Every time I pass through the city of Bahia, it is one of my great privileges to preach to the prisoners in that penitentiary, of whom there are about 350. We never baptize any that profess conversion until they complete their sentence and are released, and then if they come and present themselves to the church, making a public profession of their faith, they are baptized. One of these men completed his time and presented himself to the church, where he was received, having given an excellent testimony as to his change of life. We found him a job, and the first money he made, he sent to me and wrote the following:

“Please convert this amount into New Testaments and send them to my father. I am going back home to tell my people and old chums what the Lord has done for me.”

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That man walked on foot from the city of Bahia to his home town, a distance of about one hundred leagues (three hundred miles), just to tell them of the Lord's mercy, love, and compassion for his soul.

And so I might continue through a great many pages relating such interesting incidents. The letters that come to the Publishing House from all over Brazil are numerous and very touching. It is a great work and the Lord is using it greatly to His honor and glory.

God's Blessing upon Our Press. Just a few illustrations of what the tiny leaflets, copies of our weekly paper or the promiscuous distribution of tracts, have accomplished in the regeneration of Brazil.

That is one thing our native converts love to do, viz.: distribute tracts. Some of our churches have special funds for that purpose, and every Sunday, hundreds of tracts are handed over to the members who use them in every way imaginable, as they go to their work in railroad carriages or street cars, to the workshops or the Government offices. A good many business men will slip a tract into the bundle of goods and will even wrap up bundles in copies of our weekly paper so that the Gospel message may be read by someone at home. In the Campos Mission the believers organized a tract distribution society offering as a premium a book to anyone proving to having read ten leaflets. This society was maintained through the free will offering of believers.

Saved from Suicide. Jose Domingues was a bad character. Having married money, he squandered everything he had by gambling, drinking, and with bad women. This brought him to poverty and disgrace. One day, disgusted with himself and the life he was leading, bankrupt and with a life in jail staring him in the face, he looked for his revolver in one of the drawers of his desk. A small leaflet that had been handed to him while he was passing through the street and that he had thrown into the drawer stared him in the face. Its title printed

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in bold type, “Como Orar” (How to Pray) challenged his attention. Forgetting the object of his search, he sat down and read that small, four-paged leaflet. It was a revelation to him. After reading it over several times, he fell on his knees and with tears streaming down his face he pleaded for pardon and peace. Jose became a great spiritual power in the Kingdom of God in the Bahia District. Many a soul was led to the feet of the Master through his testimony, often given with repentant tears streaming down the face of this dear man of God.

Fruit after Twenty Years. One little leaflet that has been extensively used of God was written by an ex-priest, the first native convert that came into our first Baptist organization in Brazil. Its title is “Three Reasons Why I Left the Church of Rome.” It is very popular among all denominations and has been instrumental in bringing about the conversion of many souls. Thousands, if not hundreds of thousands of these tracts have been printed and broadcast all over the country. As the missionaries go up and down the land, they come upon remarkable results from some of these tracts. Here I give one related to me by our missionary, D. F. Crosland, of the Minas field.

Brother Crosland was trying to reach a certain village one late afternoon, but providentially missed the road. Too late to return to the place he had left, he resolved to find a night’s lodging at a neighboring farm. The inhabitants in the State of Minas are known to be very fanatical and he advised his companion to be very careful as to their testimony and conversation.

Upon reaching a farm, he asked for a night’s lodging for himself and his companions, and they were heartily received. The Brazilians are very hospitable and are usually glad to receive visitors. Soon the farmer began to inquire of Brother Crosland as to his life and business. He informed the man that he was a Protestant preacher. A joyous, happy, and anxious countenance stared into Brother Crosland’s face as the farmer in a trembling voice asked, “Do you mean to say that you are

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a preacher of the Holy Book of God?” Brother Crosland, surprised and thinking the man was about ready to drive them out, answered in the affirmative.

Then the man laid hold of Brother Crosland’s shoulder and asked him in an anxious and yet yearning tone, “And have you got God’s book with you?” For an answer Brother Crosland opened his suitcase and showed him not only one Bible but a good many Bibles.

“At last, at last!” shouted the man as tears came streaming down his happy face. “For twenty years I have been seeking and longing for this book, and praised be the Name of the Lord, He has given it to me at last.”

He then ran into his bedroom, and out of a chest in which he kept locked his treasures and valuable documents, he brought forth a copy of that little tract, “Three Reasons Why I Left the Church of Rome,” and told Brother Crosland the following:

“Twenty years ago I went to Diamantina, a distance of about sixty leagues (one hundred and eighty miles), to sell some cattle. While standing in the market place, a foreigner gave me this tract. I put it in my pocket and, on my return home, began reading it. The tract stirred my heart. What troubled me most were the references to the Bible. I wanted to verify the texts, but had no copy and did not know where to obtain one. I searched everywhere and asked everybody, but no one had a copy of the Bible. Finally, I went to the priest and asked him to loan me his Bible, but he also had none. And so I have been hungering and longing for a Bible. This tract I have read to almost every person in the neighborhood, and all are anxiously awaiting the arrival of a Bible.”

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Brother Crosland remained in the home of that farmer for some time, and today a great spiritual organization exists there and Bibles enough to satisfy the hunger and thirst of hundreds of souls.

Organizing Churches and Missions. The far west of Brazil, like our own far west of former times, attracted men and women from all over Brazil. Some believers, persecuted on account of their faith, had to move into the far west. Wherever they went their life and behaviour would tell that they were believers, and ere long small groups of interested persons would gather together for the study of the Word of God.

Such a group existed in the city of Corumba, State of Matto Grosso, the most important commercial center of that great State. This group was anxious to organize themselves into a church but did not know what denomination to join. Some had come from the State of Rio Grande do Sul where the Episcopalians lead in the evangelical work. Others had been in touch with Presbyterianism. They did not know what to do. One of the Baptists present ventured to call their attention to an article published in the *Jornal Baptista*, our weekly paper printed and edited in Rio. In that article, an outline of our faith and practice was given in very simple language. They read it, prayed about it, and finally resolved to telegraph to the editor and ask him to visit them at their expense and help them organize into a Christian organization. Brother Entzminger, the editor of the paper was not able to go and called on Brother A. B. Deter to make the trip. He remained with those people for a month, taught them the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, baptized over fifty adults, organized them into a Baptist organization, and returned to his work in Sao Paulo, gloriously elated. The work has continued to grow and to prosper since then to the glory of God and is today one of the most prosperous mission fields in Brazil, with Brother Jackson as director.

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Revolutionizing Rio de Janeiro. That is what a little tract, written by an ex-priest, accomplished in 1919. It was the talk of the Metropolis and stirred the Catholic hierarchy as nothing else had done.

The priest who wrote the tract had been one of the most noted in Brazil. He belonged to the seven of the secret council working under the Vatican Envoy. His name had been sent to Rome as a candidate for a Bishopric. Suddenly he abandoned all and, marrying the young lady of his heart, gave himself to teaching for support. Persecuted by the hierarchy, he was driven to the feet of Jesus and made a wonderful public profession of his faith before an assembly of thousands of spectators. Eloquent, cultured, a profound student of the Bible, as well as of history, he stated his reasons for accepting the Lord Jesus and rejecting the Pope.

I asked his permission to publish that speech in tract form and printed fifty thousand as a first edition. I stereotyped the tract and continued to print it by the thousands.

Anxious to place it into the hands of the public, I spoke to a man whose occupation is to sell novelties in the central streets of the great city of Rio de Janeiro. He employed a group of young men to board all the street cars, meet all trains, and station themselves at all the principal public squares of the city. I told him to have his boys shout all over the town, "The Defense of an Excommunicated Priest." A few days before that, the Cardinal had published the excommunication of that priest in the daily press. The tract was the talk of the day. That man sold fifty-five thousand copies in one week.

The Cardinal tried to stop its sale and had the man come to his palace. He offered him two hundred milreis (about \$50) if he would stop the sale of those tracts. But the man told him that he was making a great deal more out of the sale of the tract. Finally, he agreed to stop selling it if he would give him two thousand milreis (\$500). I understand

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that the Cardinal gave him the sum, but more than 60,000 copies of that tract had been sold in one week, and who can tell what such an abundant seed-sowing will bring forth?

A Tract Changed His Sermon. There was a priest known nationwide who was usually called upon to give a series of sermons in places where the Catholic faith was seriously attacked. One of these lectures or sermons was against the Evangelical faith. In the struggle against the Anti-Protestant League from 1901 to 1905, the Evangelicals were getting the victory, and as a last resort, the League arranged with that priest, Julio Maria by name, to deliver his series of sermons, the last one to be the one attacking the Gospel faith.

On his way to Pernambuco the priest stopped in Maceio, where our dear Brother J. E. Hamilton was working, and while there he delivered four of his sermons. I asked Brother Hamilton to let me know the theme and the way of attack in his sermon against the Evangelicals. He informed me that in that sermon, the priest used the most violent language, declaring that the Protestants were of the lowest and most ignorant classes, etc.

As soon as I found out the exact date the priest was to give his sermon against us, I published in the daily press, an article (or rather pamphlet), written by Brother Z. C. Taylor, in which was enumerated some of the things that the Protestants had invented in the last decade or so: the printing press, the telegraph, the telephone, the automobile, and aeroplanes. It finished by calling attention to the fact that the plates out of which the priests were eating came from Protestant England, the cloth with which they covered their bodies was made in Protestant factories, and even the razor with which they shaved the crown of their heads came from a Protestant firm.

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I issued five thousand copies of that article in tract form that were distributed over the city. Five hundred of these tracts I distributed at the door of the church where the priest was to make his speech.

Availing myself of the company of the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, I went to hear the priest make his attack against the Protestants. To my surprise, a better sermon in favor of Protestantism I could not have made myself. He extolled Lincoln and Washington and drew attention to the example of the great American nation, the country of liberty, peace, and prosperity.

The tract had made him change his sermon and the effect of that little leaflet can be seen even now in the wonderful development the work of our Lord is having in that great Pernambuco field.

Thank God for the printed page and especially may the Lord's choicest blessings rest upon those who have helped with their prayers and sacrifices in establishing in Rio that great publishing enterprise, the Carroll Memorial Publishing House, for that vast and wonderful field.

Chapter 7

Recruiting for the Master

The Missionary's Joy. One of the great joys of a missionary's life is to lead many to the feet of the Master. But his joy increases when one of his boys or girls becomes a worker in the Lord's vineyard. Naturally, the missionary has to be on the lookout for such and lead them with care and caution into the road of usefulness and needed instruction.

As a rule, the Brazilian convert is a natural-born evangelist. Usually, when the gospel message enters his heart and life, he wants to tell everybody of his new found faith and blessing. Sometimes it is even difficult to hold him back and make him understand the need of study and preparation. Having been deluded by the priesthood and kept in utter darkness as regards to God and His great love, as soon as the convert has his eyes opened to the truth, he cannot keep still. He wants to proclaim it to everyone he meets, especially to his own loved ones. It is easy to see how such devotion can be used for the spreading of the Gospel throughout the field if it is well directed and cultivated.

Fortunately, we now have in Brazil institutions where young men and young women can be trained in the Master's service and prepared for greater usefulness. Every missionary on the field has had the privilege of guiding not a few into those great institutions

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from which, after a few years of study, these young people have come out prepared to accomplish much for the Master.

I want to mention a few that are today making history in our Baptist ranks in Brazil and whom it was my privilege, not only to lead to the feet of the Master, but also into the paths of usefulness and service. These cases will illustrate a good deal about the methods of work we are using, as well as encourage us to look for a marvelous future for the Baptists in that wonderful South American Republic.

Joaquim Fernandes Lessa, State Secretary. It was soon after my arrival in Campos in 1893. We were having our meetings in an upstairs hall, and it was difficult to get the people to come to the meetings, not only on account of the inconvenience of climbing up a flight of back stair-steps, but also because the priest had spread it all over town that the Protestants used a certain substance, powder, or ointment which they placed on the benches or chairs with the result that anyone sitting on them had to turn Protestant, whether he wished it or not. This report kept the people from the meetings. So I decided that the best thing to do was to hold open-air services on the public square. There we had large crowds who came and listened attentively. But as soon as the Vicar found out what was being done, he had the sexton of the church situated on the public square to ring the big brass bell whose noise literally drowned my voice and what I had to say.

One Sunday afternoon, I was in the midst of one of my addresses and had the attention of a great crowd when, lo—that big brass bell began to pour forth its metallic noise, and I had to stop. The people surrounding me showed signs of impatience, and I resolved to invite them all to the hall to hear the last part of my speech. Many came and among them was Joaquim Lessa. He interested me as soon as I laid my eyes on him, and I asked the Lord to favor him with a special blessing that day. I had a good long talk with him. He was a

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prosperous, young business man belonging to a well-known family. His heart was touched, and his soul was yearning for a better life. It was not long after that meeting that he decided for Christ, made his public profession of faith, and was ready for baptism. Then began his great struggle.

The church had no baptistery, and all candidates were baptized in the river Parahyba do Sul, one of the largest in South Brazil. Every time a baptism was to take place, I used to announce it in the paper and thousands of people, including priests, would come to the river to witness the baptismal scene. This gave me a splendid opportunity to explain the act, as well as to preach to the multitude the everlasting Gospel. To be baptized before a crowd like that required great courage and determination, especially in those who were related to the aristocracy in town. The parents and relatives, whenever knowing of the candidates intentions, would try their utmost to keep them from fulfilling their duties, and it has always been a wonder to me that no one ever turned back.

Through this great trial, Brother Lessa had to go. His father, as soon as he heard of his son's resolution, went to see him and began to argue, to threaten, to plead, and finally with tears flowing down his cheeks he begged him, "My son, do not disgrace your family; do not deny your baptism."

Young Lessa, with tears streaming down his face, answered, "Meu querido pae! My dear father, I have never disobeyed nor disrespected you, but in this matter you must have patience, for I must do the will of my Saviour first. However, the time will soon come when you will see that I did the right thing, and you will then bless and not curse me."

Brother Lessa was baptized before an audience of over three thousand witnesses, and after that his family would have nothing more to do

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with him. Soon he won the heart of a splendid Christian girl whose mother was British (from the South African white colony), a young lady Mrs. Ginsburg was training and preparing for the Master's work. The marriage ceremony took place in our own home, and one of Brother Lessa's brothers, the youngest, had the courage to come and witness the marriage scene. This act so touched the heart of this young man, that he went home and told his father that he also was a Protestant and would soon be baptized. In less than a year, Brother Lessa's life and testimony had brought to the feet of the Lord Jesus nearly all that were near and dear to him and though his father held out for a longer time, he also is today a leader in the Campos church.

Although not a college graduate, he is one of the most remarkable preachers of the Word of God and a mighty spiritual influence among his people. Gentle and sweet in spirit, hard-working, self-sacrificing, he is a wonderful example of what God can do.

I will never forget the first time I asked him to speak in public. He trembled like a leaf, and when he had spoken his few words he said to me, "Never again!" But I gave him my experience and told him that when I was converted and was asked to give my testimony I could only say one phrase. I told him that the Lord would help him if he would only submit himself to His guidance and direction.

On most of my evangelistic trips, I would have him with me and began to teach him how to study the Bible, how to analyze a text, and how to prepare for a little talk. On Fridays, in the evening, I held a Bible class, and Brother Lessa never missed one. He loved to study the Bible. Mrs. Ginsburg taught him to read the English language, and he began to read our English commentaries.

As the work in the Campos Mission developed, I pushed him forward giving him the care of one of our preaching places in that city. Gradually, he developed until he became indispensable to me,

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accompanying me on almost all of my colportage and evangelistic trips. He soon became a mighty man of God. Today, as State Secretary, elected and re-elected I do not know how many times, he is leading the churches, that have now grown to the number of sixty, into ways of self-support and self-development.

One gratifying trait of his religious life is his love for the missionaries and faithfulness to the denominational and organized work. We had a split once in that great field. The work was divided and some of the workers and churches turned against the missionary who was then on the field and, naturally, against the organized work. But Brother Lessa stood firm, and though every inducement was offered him to turn against the organized work, he stood like a rock, and the work was saved from a complete collapse. Today almost all the revolting churches and workers have come back to the organized work, and the Cause of our Master in that State is growing wonderfully.

Adrian Onesimo Bernardo. Brother Bernardo is one of Brazil's most exceptional evangelists today, and for a time he was the director of the campaign among the Baptists of Brazil to raise seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in five years. He is eloquent, spiritual, well-prepared, intelligent, and mighty in the Scriptures.

I shall always remember the day in San Antonio de Jesus (a small city in the interior of Brazil), when he held up his hand as I was preaching the Gospel, indicating his decision for Christ. The day that he and six others were led into the baptistery before a multitude of onlookers, was a red-letter day in that little country church.

Brother Bernardo was apprenticed to a tailor in that city. Every Sunday he would go to listen to the gospel message, and it drew him and satisfied his heart-hunger. The church had no pastor, but every Sunday one of the deacons or brethren would lead the meeting. They

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were a small group of Christians, but full of faith and great believers in the power of a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

When I took charge of the Bahia field in 1909, one of my first visits was to that little church, and after a few days of preaching, Brother Bernardo and a great many others decided for Christ and after instruction they were buried with Christ in baptism.

Brother Bernardo, with a heart full of joy and a burning desire to serve the Master, threw himself into the work of the little church, building it up in all its departments. His enthusiasm and zeal became irresistible, and God used him mightily. He belonged to a well-to-do family and having had a good school education, he gave himself to the cultivation of his natural talents, and before long he made himself a capable and valuable helper in that section.

On several of my visits to that part of the field, I noticed with growing pleasure the usefulness of that young man and on several occasions took him with me on my visits to the interior churches studying his character and natural gifts.

One day, I suggested to him the necessity of a better preparation for the Master's service, and he readily accepted the suggestion and manifested great eagerness to take it and to give himself—heart and soul to the work. After corresponding with the Seminary men of Pernambuco, I sent him there, and he proved himself a splendid student. After a few years of study in Pernambuco, he was sent by the missionaries to the United States where he graduated with high honors at Baylor University.

Today, Brother A. O. Bernardo is a mighty leader and, a great power for good among his own people. He is in the prime of life, has a strong physique and his heart is full of zeal for the salvation of his people and the spreading of the Baptist principles in his own country.

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He has recently accepted a call to teach in the Theological Seminary in Pernambuco.

Manoel Avelino de Souza, Pastor in Nictheroy. Having graduated with honors from our College and Seminary of Rio de Janeiro after seven years of hard work and many struggles, Brother Avelino (as he is usually called), is now the efficient pastor of the church in Nictheroy, the capital of the State of Rio, and is one of the Baptist leaders in Brazil.

I found him in the interior of the State of Bahia, serving as an employee in a Venda. (In Brazil, a Venda is considered something like a saloon in our country; though, besides alcoholic drinks, other things are sold, such as vegetables, fruits, and the like.) When I met him the first time, he had already joined the church in Arroz Novo, and his heart was anxious to do something for the Master. After his conversion, he did not like his job; especially the selling of drinks, but he was indispensable to his employer, not only on account of his untiring service and knowledge of business, but also because of his honesty and faithfulness.

To try him out I gave him the assignment of looking after the Sunday school work in the church. He accomplished the task and developed a great Sunday school in that country church.

In 1910, Dr. T. B. Ray visited that district, and Brother Avelino went along with us helping and serving in every possible way. I called Dr. Ray's attention to the boy, as well as to his excellent character and asked Dr. Ray to speak to him about deciding for the Master's service.

Dr. Ray had a good talk with the boy, and he afterwards informed me that the conversation he had with Dr. Ray helped him to decide for the Master's work.

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After proving his worth, I wrote asking him to come to our State Board meeting to obtain the approval of the brethren and to be prepared to go to Rio and enter as a ministerial student. I was sure that the State Board would recommend him once they saw and heard him.

A great struggle took place between him and his employer. This man did all he could to keep him from going. He offered the boy a larger salary and an interest in the business. He told him that the promises of the missionary were all false, that instead of studying he would be made a slave and polisher of shoes. But the boy stood his ground nobly, resisting all temptations. He had seen the vision and was ready to follow the Master, wherever He would lead. If the shining of shoes would enable him to prepare himself for the Master's work, he was willing to shine the shoes of every missionary.

He did an excellent work in the College and Seminary. Although he entered with very little preparation, he worked hard and became a very proficient student, graduating with full honors. During his studies, he helped Dr. Entzminger as pastor's assistant in the Nictheroy Church, and when Dr. Entzminger resigned he was called to the pastorate. The church now is not only self-supporting, but has recently finished building a beautiful temple, at the cost of about \$25,000. He is young and in the prime of life and will accomplish yet greater things for his people and the Baptist cause.

Manoel da Paz, Pastor in Pernambuco. Brother Da Paz has a very weak and slender body, but his heart and soul are on fire. His sermons are short, but well prepared, eloquent in language, and profoundly touching. He is a mighty preacher and a great worker. The last time I saw him he was the pastor of two of the most prosperous churches in the great city of Pernambuco, besides being the director and principal teacher of a parochial school connected with one of those churches where over one hundred and fifty children are studying.

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I remember well the first time he came into our meeting, which was being held in one of the suburbs of Pernambuco. How he listened to the message! Every word seemed like the Balm of Gilead, delighting his soul. He was soon baptized and became an active worker in the church. His greatest delight was in taking part in open-air services. One could easily locate the place where he could be found, if one inquired which meeting place was the most dangerous.

His home surroundings were not the brightest. His father had not treated his mother right, and he was brought up amidst poverty and suffering. But he was a good boy and his care of his poor mother until her end was wonderfully touching. He had the privilege of leading her to Christ and of even helping his father in times of need and difficulty.

In 1900, when it was my privilege to open a small Bible class in our home in Brazil, Brother Da Paz was one of my first Bible students. He studied hard and used every opportunity to make himself useful in the Master's work. Today he is considered one of the best preachers and workers among the Baptist host in the great northern field of Brazil. Being of a very quiet and unobtrusive disposition, he seldom forces himself to the front, but the believers love him and often have elected him as moderator of their State Conventions.

Augusto Felipe Santiago, Pastor in Parahiba. When I first met Brother Santiago, he was a cigar-maker. His mother and sister and one of his brothers were members of the church, but he did not believe in God nor anything else. He had been a student in a Catholic seminary and had seen so much hypocrisy and corruption and sin, all under the guise of religion, that he determined not to have anything to do with it.

But his mother and sister were praying, and the good Lord heard their cry. We established a preaching service in their home which

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was situated in one of the most popular suburbs of the city of Pernambuco, and it was not long after that that Brother Augusto felt the Spirit of God laying hold of his soul and forcing him to his knees where he pleaded for pardon and power.

Soon after his conversion, as it often happens with the Brazilian believer, he threw himself heartily into the work, taking an active part; especially at the preaching service held in his own home. His testimony, after so many years of opposition, was convincing, and many were brought to the feet of the Master.

As soon as the idea of a seminary in Pernambuco was brought up, he came to see me and informed me that he would give his life to the work of preaching the Gospel to his own people. I had been praying about him and had planned to speak to him at an opportune time, but the Lord answered my prayer before I expected.

He became a good student and is today one of our best preachers and workers. Every church that he has served, has grown. Just now he is serving in two States: Pernambuco and Rio Grande do Norte. He is doing a mighty work with very limited funds, since the believers are poor, and there is opposition not only from the Catholics, but also from some of our Pedo-Baptist brethren, yet he continues training the churches in self-support and self government.

Several business men in the capital of the State where he works, noticing his great gift of attracting people, have made him offers that could bring him two or three times as much money as he is receiving from the churches. But though he has a family of ten persons (including two mothers-in-law), he prefers to work for the Master.

Tertuliano Cerqueira, Pastor in Para. The Cerqueira family is one of the largest and richest in the interior of the State of Bahia. At a place called Irara, a visit by Dr. Z. C. Taylor in company of Dr.

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Otoni, a celebrated ex-priest, had brought about the conversion of a member of that family, who afterwards was ordained to the ministry and placed in charge of that district. It was at the invitation of this native preacher that I went to Irara and had splendid meetings.

The hall was too small for the crowds that came flocking to listen to the message of God, so we transferred them into the open air, the Lord's blessing following us in a most wonderful way, with many being saved.

One that never missed a meeting was young Tertuliano, then a boy only fourteen years old. The native preacher was his brother-in-law. He had heard him speak about Jesus and His love, about the Word of God, and had heard him pray. His young heart was yearning for God and His salvation. But his parents and relatives were against him. His father threatened to kill him if he should go to the meetings, and his brother, in whose shop he was employed, threatened to drive him out for the same reason.

But Tertuliano came in spite of the threats. Before the meetings would begin, he would come and hide behind the small organ that I usually took on my missionary trips. Before the series of meetings were over, he begged for baptism. He wanted to follow the Lord Jesus even at the risk of his life.

I baptized the boy before a great multitude of witnesses, and recommending him to God, I advised him to consecrate his life and his talents to the blessed Lord for His service in needy Brazil.

In the absence of the pastor, Tertuliano would take the lead and made himself very useful. Though persecuted and mistreated by his own, he continued firm and faithful giving an excellent testimony before all.

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Soon after his baptism, he expressed to me his desire to preach the Gospel to his own people. I was praying, watching him, and supplying him with books and papers until the time came when I realized that he would make good. The church recommended him heartily, and the native pastor gave his full consent, and so I brought him to the capital and presented him to the State Board. The brethren on the Board thought him very young, but after hearing him speak and pray, they also unanimously agreed to recommend him to our Seminary in Pernambuco.

Tertuliano arrived in Pernambuco, and the Dean of the Seminary, Brother D. L. Hamilton, after looking at the boy, wrote and asked me if I thought that the Seminary was a baby nursery. However, as I had recommended him so highly, they thought they would try him for at least six months.

Tertuliano proved himself an excellent student and a leader in athletics. He graduated with high honors and today is pastor of the First Baptist Church in Para, the New York of the Amazon valley, and he is doing an excellent work. To crown it all he is now studying medicine and before long will be a full-fledged medical preacher making his life count yet more for the Master's cause in that great and needy field.

Orlando Falcao, Pastor of the First Baptist Church in Pernambuco.

I cannot close this chapter without telling something of Brother Orlando and how he was brought into the Master's service. His father was practicing law in the city of Bom Jardim, where a terrible persecution had taken place which had brought much death and misery into the town. When the believers were imprisoned on false accusations, Orlando's father was the only lawyer who dared to take up their case and offer his services to the missionary. I am not saying that he did it for the love of the cause or the brethren. He no doubt had in sight some monetary compensation, but he helped the cause,

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and the good Lord made it good to him in a most remarkable way, by calling his boy to the highest and noblest service a man could be called to and making of him one of the most popular and useful servants in that service.

Orlando was living with his mother on a little farm not far from Bom Jardim. The Gospel found its way into that district, and his mother was drawn into the fold by a power she could not resist. On account of her decision, her husband abandoned her to her fate, but her boy stood by her, and though only fourteen years old, he helped his mother in her daily toils.

A preaching place was organized in the home of Orlando's mother, and when the preacher failed, Orlando, then not a member of the church would help in the services by reading portions of Scripture and sermons, or articles published in our weekly paper.

One day I visited that district and stopped over night at the home of Orlando's mother. I was drawn to the boy and his life and history touched me profoundly. He made his public profession of faith, and I baptized him together with several others before a great multitude of witnesses. His mother, with tears streaming down her face, consecrated him to the Master's service then and there, and the Lord accepted her gift.

Before leaving Pernambuco for another field, I saw that Orlando was enrolled as a student in our Seminary where he made splendid progress. After finishing his course in Pernambuco, he went to Baylor University from which he graduated with honors. He then spent some time in the Louisville Seminary. He was called heartily to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Pernambuco at a salary that he thought was above his needs and refused to accept it all.

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Today Orlando is a mighty man of God and pastor of the First Baptist Church in Pernambuco with a membership of over 500. He is also a teacher in our great College and Seminary there and is making his life count for his Master and his beloved fatherland.

And thus the life and work of the missionary unfolds and multiplies and reaches unto the end of the ages. Oh, what a privilege is ours! The responsibilities of our work are great, but the joys and blessings compensate for all.

Chapter 8

Companions and Friends

Helps and Hindrances. Every person's life is helped or hindered by his companions and friends. The missionary is no exception to the rule. In this autobiography I am not going to mention the names of those who have been a hindrance. Opposition and even unbrotherliness may, after all, be a great help in the building up of character. Had I always had my own way, I would surely have been spoiled and made overconfident.

Dr. Zacharias Clay Taylor. I have mentioned the name of this good brother several times in previous chapters, but in this one I must give him first place. I am hoping to be able to write his biography before long. His children have been kind enough to turn the manuscript of his autobiography over to me, and soon I am expecting to prepare the book for the public.

In this chapter I wish to state what his life has meant to me. We did not agree on every subject, but to be with him and in his home was a privilege and a blessing. He was the most unselfish man I ever knew. His only object in life seemed to be to preach Christ and make Him known to the Brazilians.

The first time I met him was in Pernambuco. I was then substitute pastor in a Congregational church and was studying the subject of baptism. The Baptists in Pernambuco were then in bad repute, and

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Brother Taylor had come to help them. I invited him to share the room with me at the back of the building where I was preaching, and we had great times together discussing the subjects of baptism and close communion.

What helped me most in those three days we were together were his prayers. Whenever a difficulty would appear, he would say, "Brother, let us take it to the Lord in prayer!" Who can resist the man that argues with prayer and with an open Bible? I just could not resist him and soon was drawn not only to the truth, but also to the man of God, and together we united our lives to spread the truth far and wide.

Dr. Taylor was one of the most remarkable seed-sowers I ever knew. He was untiring and unceasing in his efforts to spread the truth all over the vast territory in the North of Brazil. He did not limit his work to the State of Bahia, but whenever he had an opportunity to send a tract or make a personal visit anywhere else, he would do it. I thought that my desire to evangelize and conquer Brazil for Christ was great, but his spirit was like a burning torch that could not be extinguished. He visited almost every district in the Bahia field; a field as large as half of Europe. From Bahia he went to the North visiting and preaching in the States of Alagoas, Pernambuco and Sergipe. He visited the Victoria field and started the work there, as well as in the great inland mission of the State of Piahy where we now have the Inland Industrial School.

Not only did he sow the seed, but he was a great cultivator of the seed. Wherever a group of believers sprang up, he would visit them and encourage them until they were able to withstand the enemy and stand alone. He never shirked or feared persecutions or sufferings. Often I have seen him return from a long interior trip with his body tired and full of sores on account of the bites of insects or vampires (type of bat) but with his eyes aflame with a joy unspeakable because of the souls he had been able to lead to the Master. Every time he had

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to make a sea voyage, he would suffer very acutely from sea sickness, but that would not deter him from doing his duty. When the time came to make the voyage, he would go with gladness of heart, even though he knew that he had before him three or more days of hunger, sea sickness and even danger of perishing on the high sea.

One of the most remarkable traits in his character was his desire to work in harmony with all the brethren. Often he would give way to the opinion of others and gladly submit to the majority whenever a majority adopted a rule, though sometimes it was entirely opposite to his way of thinking. I remember how his heart was set on keeping up the work of our Brazilian Home Board in the Acre Territory, and during the Convention of 1908 held in Rio he pled and argued in its favor all the time; but when the vote was taken favoring a move in an entirely different direction, he gladly submitted and labored in favor of this policy as if his own ideas had been adopted. Very few men can do a thing like that.

Whenever Brother Taylor found himself in difficulties, he would call upon me to help him, and to me it was always a great delight to go, not only to his aid, but to spend a few weeks in his home and in his company. What blessed times we had together! Oh, how I have missed him and his loving, cheerful, Christ-like spirit! And the native believers; how they loved and trusted him! I saw his grave a few months ago, and though no monument yet marks it, it seemed to me as if I could see hosts of angels hovering around that mound of earth in that cemetery outside of Waco, Texas, close by his Alma Mater. In my fancy they praised and glorified God for the great life of that man of God, the Apostle of Brazil.

What his life and testimony and example have been to me personally, I am utterly unable to express. I thank God for ever having known and loved and worked with Brother Zacharias C. Taylor.

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Dr. W. E. Entzminger. The first time I met Brother Entzminger was in 1891 when I was telling of my conversion and was asking for baptism in the home of Dr. Z. C. Taylor in Bahia. It was his first year in Brazil, and shortly after this Dr. Taylor was obliged to go to the United States, on account of his wife's illness, and Brother Entzminger and myself were left alone in that great Bahia field. He was struggling with the difficulties of the Portuguese language, and I with trying to learn the doctrines, rules, and principles of Baptist churches. It was then that I learned to know and to love Brother Entzminger. We established a bond of friendship that has endured throughout these thirty years.

Our first united effort was in Pernambuco where we held a series of evangelistic meetings that stirred the city. We reorganized the local Baptist Church and started it on its way of usefulness and present greatness. Brother Entzminger moved his headquarters to Pernambuco and with great care and caution built up one of the finest mission fields in Brazil.

Our works for a good many years were in different sections of Brazil, but we kept in close touch with each other, and several times it was my privilege to visit his field and spend days and weeks in his lovely home where I was always received with open arms and treated with Christian grace.

It was in 1914, after moving to Rio and joining hands in the great Carroll Memorial Publishing House, that I became better and closer acquainted with Brother Entzminger.

As a worker, very few on the field can equal him, especially in his line of work, which is editing and preparing our Baptist literature. His knowledge of the Portuguese language is marvelous, and his thoughts, studies, and arguments in favor of our doctrines and principles unsurpassed. When he undertakes the study of a subject,

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he knows how to dig deep and then present it in such a way that his judgment is received as final.

In spite of numerous difficulties, he organized and established the Baptist press in Rio and for years maintained it almost alone. He had to be editor, manager, and field agent, as well as meet all of the opposition. Brother Entzinger stood the ground and fought the good fight, and today the Brazilian Baptist hosts have a publishing enterprise worthy of any denomination.

It has been my privilege to be in close touch with him in this work for the last seven years. We do not always agree, but we have learned to agree to disagree, to forget many things of minor consequence, and to stand firm for the Baptists' and the Master's cause at whatever sacrifice.

And what a great help he has been to my spiritual life for, besides being a great student of the Word of God, Brother Entzinger is also a man of prayer. Often, when we would find ourselves in difficulties that seemed to threaten the very existence of the enterprise entrusted to us, we would retire to our sanctuary and there prostrate ourselves before God and plead together until we were heard and answered.

The most notable gift of Brother Entzinger, besides that of editor and writer, is his capacity for organizing churches. Every church that he has taken hold of, in spite of his endless toil in the Publishing House, has grown and is today a strong spiritual center. As proofs of it, one has only to cite the First Baptist Church in Nictheroy, where he labored for years; the Second Baptist church in Rio, which he helped to steer through a great crisis; and the church in Meyer, organized in a popular suburb of Rio near the Publishing House, which he took hold of a few years ago and which is today a great spiritual power house. In the church work his consecrated wife helped him effectively.

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Dr. Entzminger still has many years of usefulness before him. May our heavenly Father continue to prosper and use him as He has done up to the present. These few lines but tamely reveal our mutual love and how helpful he has been to me in my life's work and struggles in Brazil.

Dr. John W. Shepard and Bro. H. H. Muirhead. During my furlough in 1904, it was my privilege to meet these two men of God and present to them the great work of preparing our Brazilian young men for the Master's service in Brazil.

I had been struggling with that problem in Brazil for years. A Bible class had been organized in my own home, and Mrs. Ginsburg, the late Brother J. K. Hamilton, and myself, with the help of a few native teachers, had been trying our best to do it justice. The Foreign Mission Board had sent Brother W. H. Cannada to our rescue and he had moved the school to a larger building and the pupils were coming in from all parts of the city, as well as from the neighboring States. The conversion of the ex-Priest, Piani, came through the efforts of Brother Cannada, and the great persecutions we had to suffer helped us wonderfully, and the cause was prospered mightily.

Someone was needed urgently to take up the special work of training the native ministerial students, and we appealed to our heavenly Father to lead us in this very important matter. Praised be His name; He did lead us and answered in a most wonderful way.

I met Brother Shepard in the home of his brother-in-law, Dr. W. O. Carver, a professor in a Baptist Theological Seminary. It was my privilege to spend a week in that lovely Christian home, a never-to-be-forgotten experience. There I was introduced to Brother Shepard who was then finishing his theological studies in a great Baptist institution. I was most favorably impressed with him, and it was my privilege to lay before him the great possibilities of a life spent for the

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Master in Brazil, especially in the training of native preachers. I saw that a deep impression had been made on his heart and mind. After we separated, I went to my room and on my knees asked the Lord, if it was His will, to send him to Brazil.

As soon as he graduated and married his help meet, the lady of his heart, he came to Pernambuco. He mastered the language rapidly and before long was also master of the situation. He worked out a program and plan that the Board in Richmond, Virginia, heartily approved, and it was not long until Brother Shepard was in the Federal capital of Brazil, the city of Rio de Janeiro, laying the foundation of Rio Baptist College and Seminary and an organized system of education that is influencing the lives, not only of our churches, but the whole nation. The college/seminary that he has developed, with the help of God, is today considered a mighty factor in Brazil. It has an extensive and finely located campus on which have been erected several splendid buildings. Its enrollment last year taxed its capacity. Almost fifty ministerial students were in attendance. It also has a promising normal school.¹ The new property acquired recently for the young women puts that department in an excellent position. Some industrial features have been introduced. Indeed, the institution is in a most flourishing condition.

I have been connected with the Board of Trustees of the Seminary and College for many years and have been glad to support to the best of my ability Brother Shepard and his plans through a great many struggles and trials.

One outstanding characteristic of his life is his persistence in the realization of his plans. Not all the members of the Board of Trustees, or even faculty, can always agree with him or realize the vastness of the plans, but they all trust him and follow him gladly. He works

¹ **normal school.** *noun.* A school that trains teachers, chiefly for the elementary grades.

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hard and builds wisely. The choice of the land on which the college is located, the plans for the future, the great objective in view; these all tend to prove that Brazil has the right man in the right place.

To me personally, Brother Shepard has been a tower of strength and continual inspiration. Although our work is on entirely different lines, yet we are often together. As president of the Board of Publications, he has stood by me in developing the plans for a greater and more efficient enterprise in the publishing line.

His life to Brazil, especially in the training of young Brazilians for the ministry, is of untold value. May our heavenly Father spare him for many years and use him as He has done for greater good in His mighty work in Brazil.

During the same furlough that I met Brother Shepard, I also met, in the home of Dr. DeMent, who was then the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Waco, Texas, Brother Muirhead. My first glimpse of his young, intelligent-looking face impressed me favorably, and after telling him of the great open door in Brazil, I urged him to consecrate his life to that field.

After special preparation for educational work, he came to Pernambuco, and it did not take Mrs. Ginsburg and me long to see that he was a natural born leader, especially in the building up of an educational institution in the great city of Pernambuco.

What his life has been worth to that field and institution which he is now directing, only eternity will tell. From a small school, harassed and persecuted, he has built up an institution that is a standing monument of what God can and will do through those who consecrate their all to Him and His cause. The Pernambuco Baptist College now has over nine hundred pupils coming from all classes of society. The Seminary has forty young men who are preparing

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themselves to serve the Master. The Girls' Training School has thirty-five or more young ladies who are being trained for the Master's service and who will, before long, be scattered all over Brazil serving the Master, whose call they have heard and obeyed.

Brother Muirhead is untiring in his efforts and has had the wonderful gift in surrounding himself with capable helpers that love and trust him. Mrs. Muirhead, too, is inimitable in her position and work. She is a full graduate of Baylor University is always on hand to fill up any gap that may occur in the teaching force, for she not only is great in the training of her family (her seven lovely children), but also is a wonderful musician and can teach higher Mathematics and Greek just as well as she can prepare a real Southern biscuit.

Brother Muirhead's life and work has been of great value to the Baptists in Brazil, and his example of consecration and spiritual life has been a stimulus to my life. It was my privilege to work with him for some time and guide his first steps in the work in Brazil. Gentlemanly, courteous, straight-forward, and clean, he attracts you to himself and conquers your affections. The need of the work in Brazil placed us in different fields of labor, but our hearts and lives are united as in the days gone by, for our objective is the same.

Soren, Theodoro, and Thomas da Costa. Further on in this chapter, the reader will find a fuller statement about Dr. W. B. Bagby, our veteran missionary to Brazil, but in connection with the three names that lead this paragraph, I must say that if Dr. Bagby had done nothing more during his long life of usefulness in Brazil than bring these men to the feet of the Master, his life's work would have been a complete success.

Just think of it: Here is Brother Soren, for about twenty years the efficient pastor of the First Baptist Church in the great Brazilian metropolis; Theodoro, whom God gave the gift of a scribe, the

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editorial secretary of the Carroll Memorial Publishing House; and Thomas da Costa, the consecrated business man, who not only contributes liberally to the cause but has given his life to the Master's service in Brazil. Was it not worthwhile to go to Brazil and win such men for Christ? Although Dr. Bagby has been separated from them for years, working in another part of Brazil, these men are doing their part in the conquest of the Brazilian nation for Christ and the Baptists.

It has also been my privilege to come in close touch with these three men, and a word about each of them will not be amiss, for every one of them has been a great help and blessing to my life and work.

The first time I met Soren was when he had just started in his Christian career. He was still working at his business, but would come almost daily to the home of Dr. J. J. Taylor to study English and the Bible. One characteristic of his impressed itself upon my mind and that was his love of cleanliness and neatness. This characteristic he has kept all through life not only in his apparel but in his home and in his life.

Ever since then I have followed his life and work and praised the Lord for such a life of consecration and usefulness. No doubt the good wife he found in dear old Kentucky has helped him wonderfully. Who, looking upon the great work that he has been able to do, does not praise God for it? In spite of the obstacles and difficulties and in spite of the almost unbearable conditions under which he has labored (in a hall unfit for any ordinary congregation, let alone the enormous crowd that fills the preaching place), he has already organized ten Baptist churches and yet still has a congregation of over five hundred. It is simply astonishing!

What is the secret of his great success? The only answer I can give is his preaching of the plain Gospel. After all, it is this that the sick soul

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longs for. Soren can be eloquent when he wants to be, but you will be disappointed along that line if you go to hear him preach, for then he forgets himself and with a heart full of love for lost souls, pleads the cause of His Master in such simple, plain, touching language that one can hardly help surrendering.

Soren is a great man of God; a power in his denomination. His love and sacrifices for our Rio College and Seminary have no limit, and though on that account he has been misinterpreted and misunderstood, yet Soren has no object in view except the glory of God, the good of his people, and the establishment of the Baptist cause.

What Soren is to the Baptist cause as a preacher; Theodoro is as a writer. God gave Soren the gift of preaching with which he has drawn thousands to the feet of Christ; to Theodoro He gave the gift of expressing his thoughts in writing, and the Lord has also used him and the gifts in winning many to Himself.

The first time I had anything to do with Theodoro was soon after my moving to Nictheroy in the early part of 1893. He was anxious to do something for the Master, and I tried him out at selling books and Bibles as a colporteur. He did not seem to be very successful in that line of business, and I lost track of him until Brother Entzminger started the editing of our denominational paper in Rio and called Theodoro as his helper. His knowledge of Portuguese cannot be matched, and his way of expressing his thoughts is so unique that one cannot help but see the point he tries to describe. Brother Soren taught him English which he can read and translate readily, though he is unable to speak it. In this particular he has been a great help in the editorial department, translating directly from our American papers and Baptist news, passages that have helped to build up the Baptist sentiment and cause. His life and his work have been wonderfully helpful to our cause in Brazil, and we thank God for having given to us such a life with such a gift.

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For the last seven years I was closely associated with him in the Publishing House, and I must say that had it not been for him, I would have found it very difficult to carry out the program of the Publishing House. Quiet, unassuming, untiring, faithful, honest and loyal, he stands today as a monument of God's power. Not content with the great amount of work he accomplishes in the Publishing House, he is untiring in his service in the First Baptist Church, where he is the Sunday School Superintendent, Treasurer, and President or Secretary of some of the church organizations.

And what shall I say about Thomas da Costa? Very little need be said, except that he is a layman that believes in giving God first place. Wherever he has been or worked, his church and his Saviour have always had the preeminence. And God has blessed him most wonderfully, giving him not only what his heart desired, a splendid Christian home, but also wealth and honors that he has laid at the feet of the Master.

I knew him first in Rio when he was working as a poor bottle-washer in a wine shop. Then I met him in the city of Para where he was the manager of a shoe shop. In spite of the heat and great amount of work, he helped to build up the local church. Afterwards, I met him in Sao Paulo, in Bahia, and in Rio de Janeiro; always hard-working; always faithful and true to his Master and His cause.

A few years ago he started in a business of his own, taking God as partner. His business grew and before long instead of having one store he had four. Today he is director of one of the largest shoe factories in Brazil.

Oh, how men of such a type (and their number in Brazil is growing rapidly) can help one to continue in the great work of preaching the Gospel! May God's richest blessing rest upon him and all others like him.

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Deacons Paranagua and Miranda Pinto. It would be impossible in this chapter to give a description of all the lives that have been a blessing and help to me in the work in Brazil, but I cannot close this chapter without writing a few words about these two laymen. One is a physician—a man of high social standing, an ex-governor and ex-senator of his own native State, whose life has been of remarkable consequence to our cause in Brazil. The other is a civil engineer, who holds one of the highest positions a man can obtain in an English railroad company, a full graduate of an American polytechnic university, who is highly related socially on his wife's side as well as his own.

It was my privilege to stay in the home of Dr. Parangua for over six months and watch his clean, pure, and wholesome life from close quarters. It was simply wonderful to witness what I saw with my own eyes daily. How a family of such high social standing, visited continually by some of the highest of the land, lived the simple and pure gospel life is still a miracle to me. Dr. Paranagua and his noble wife, a daughter of a former Swiss Ambassador to Brazil, never lost an opportunity to testify for the Master. In a masterful way, he would lead the conversation to the theme that was uppermost in his heart, and then, if I were in the house, he would call me and introduce me to the party that I might speak of Jesus.

And what he did in his home he was doing everywhere he went. Sometimes he would invite me to visit the Senate or House of Representatives and, using the privilege of the House as former Senator of the Republic, take me into the private chambers of his former colleagues and introducing me, have me speak of the Gospel and its power to save. He was untiring and unceasing in his testimony. Once I found him sitting in the chair of a shoe-black, and while the Italian was shining his shoe, he was reciting to him portions of his New Testament. After he left I took the same chair, and the Italian told me that that was almost a daily custom. When I informed the

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man who Dr. Paranagua was, he was surprised. He thought Dr. Paranagua was some kind of a religious worker.

By living in his home and noticing the great spiritual influence of such a life upon the nation, I have been encouraged to go on in the preaching of Christ to such a people, certain that the victory will be ours.

One of the most remarkable things about this man of God is his humility. I have noted with surprise, and yet with my heart overflowing with joy, when I saw Dr. Paranagua as a deacon in the First Baptist Church, work side by side with deacon Santa Anna, whose countenance is as black as one ever saw but who has a heart as white as snow. It is inspiring, and I praise God for the power of Jesus' blood which even today can work such a marvel.

The first time I saw Brother Mirando Pinto was when he was the traffic manager of a Brazilian railroad that had its headquarters in Campos, where I was then stationed. One of the boys who was a member of my church brought me the news that the traffic manager had a Bible on his desk. I made it a point to visit him and learned from him that he had been in the States where he had taken a six-year course in the Boston Polytechnic Institute, from which he had graduated with a degree in Civil Engineering.

When I moved to Pernambuco, Brother Pinto moved with his family to Nictheroy. There Dr. Entzminger had reorganized our Baptist work, which had relapsed, and was pastor of the Nictheroy Baptist Church. Through the good offices of one of the members of the church, Dr. Entzminger and Brother Pinto became acquainted, and the acquaintance soon ripened into lasting friendship. By patience and persevering effort, Brother Pinto was led step by step into acceptance of Christ as his Saviour, and despite the opposition of his own family and numerous relatives and friends, he accepted

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baptism and for many years was the most prominent member and worker in the little church in Nictheroy, serving for several years as deacon. Brother Pinto's wife, though a fervent Catholic, was soon so impressed by the remarkable change that had taken place in her husband, that she too accepted Christ and received baptism. One by one their eight children were converted and became members of the church. Today the Pinto family is one of the most model Christian homes in all Brazil, known far and wide among our Baptist brotherhood for its zeal and good works.

Wherever Brother Pinto goes, he stands four-square for the Gospel of his Master and Lord and is a tower of strength in his denomination. He takes a deep interest in every phase of church work, but if there is one thing he especially emphasizes, it is the Sunday school. To his way of thinking, the Sunday school can render the most effective service for the spreading of the Gospel in Brazil. In the church of which he is an efficient deacon, he is also Sunday school superintendent and to it he gives himself whole-heartedly. To be able to develop the Sunday school of his church in all its departments, he rented a house across the street from the church and fitted it up with every necessary article: organ, blackboards, cards, maps, charts, and so on, all at his own expense, and today he has the joy of knowing that his Sunday school is not only one of the largest, but also, by far, one of the most efficient in Brazil.

Oh, it is a joy to be with him and watch him work for the Master!

Drs. R. J. Willingham and T. B. Ray. I cannot fail to mention the names of two of our secretaries in the homeland who have wielded such a decided influence for good, not only upon my life, but upon all of the Baptist work in Brazil.

It seems to me as if it were only yesterday that I was kneeling in the office of our Foreign Mission Board together with dear Dr.

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Willingham, and with one of his hands upon my head, I heard him offer the most touching and heart-felt prayer for my welfare and work. He was a friend indeed, and his influence upon my life has been profound. Often when difficulties and trials would abound and my heart would almost fail, a letter would appear from that man of God full of encouragement and cheer, and I would continue in my task happy and satisfied.

And what shall I say about dear Dr. Ray? What his life and friendship has been to me personally it is impossible to relate. Ever since it was first my privilege to know him and for three months tour with him over some of the fields in Brazil, I have loved him and opened to him my heart's troubles and aspirations. He has been a real brother in need and a sane adviser in all of my difficulties. Oh, how often have I praised the heavenly Father for the gift of such a friend! And I do so, even now, praying God's richest and choicest blessings upon him and his great work.

Companions Innumerable. I wish that I had space to write something worthwhile about every one of my missionary companions in Brazil, especially of those with whom it has been my privilege to work, but I must be brief or else this book will be too voluminous to handle. However, a few words I must say, for every one of them has been a blessing to me personally, and I hope by enumerating them to enable the reader to see how our Baptist work is distributed in Brazil. I will cite them beginning with the field in the extreme south of Brazil.

Rio Grande do Sul. While I was the Corresponding Secretary of the Brazilian Home Board, I received an urgent call to visit a small group of Baptists in the city of Porto Alegre, capital of that great State. I was unable to leave my work so I telegraphed to Brother A. L. Dunstan, then working in Sao Paulo, and asked him to visit those brethren. I offered to pay his expenses from the Home Board fund. He went and the great opportunities, the wide-open door so impressed him

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that he resolved to move his work to that part of Brazil. This move has been signally blessed of God. Brother Dunstan, with untiring energy, has established the Baptist cause in that region. I am glad to learn that Brother R. A. Clifton and wife are to be located in Rio Grande do Sul. There are now about a dozen churches, mostly self-supporting, and a great many preaching places. The future of that field is wonderfully bright.

Parana and Santa Catharina Field. When Brother Deter was the Corresponding Secretary of the same Home Mission Board, a call came from a few independent Baptist churches situated in the State of Parana, asking him to visit them and to help them join the Brazilian Baptist Convention. Brother Deter went and, after remaining with them for about a month, left the field organized and duly affiliated with our convention. Brother Pettigrew was asked to move into that State, and later Brother Deter himself moved his headquarters to the capital of that State. Today there are a great Baptist host in that field, promising wonderful things for the near future. Lately,

Brother Deter organized a regional convention, embracing the two neighboring States, to which also joined several German and Lettish Baptist churches. It has been my privilege to be with both of these brethren, abiding in their homes and preaching in their churches, as well as pleading together in heartfelt communion before the Throne of Grace. Consecrated men of God, they are both striving earnestly to advance the Kingdom of God in that great field.

Sao Paulo Field. Here we have living and working the Bagbys, Taylors, Edwards, Ingrams, and Jacksons. How I wish that I had space enough to do justice to every one of these consecrated and faithful men, who are accomplishing, in their respective fields of labor, wonderful things for the Master. But I must be brief with only a few lines about every one of these.

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I cannot refrain from giving a more extended notice to Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Bagby, who are our oldest missionaries in Brazil. They first went to Brazil in 1881. Their forty years of service contain the thrilling experiences which come to pioneer missionaries and, of late, the satisfaction arising out of a substantially developed work. They went first to Santa Barbara, the American colony in the South. When Dr. Z. C. Taylor came in 1882, they moved to Bahia, where they remained for over a year and then moved to Rio de Janeiro and gave themselves to the establishment of our cause in that great capital city. Dr. Bagby also fostered the work in the regions round about Rio with tireless activity.

When the Bagbys returned from their furlough in 1901, they located in Sao Paulo, the capital of the State by the same name. In the following year (1902) they launched the now celebrated Sao Paulo College for Women, the headship of which Brother E. A. Ingram has recently accepted.

Their lives and work show a splendid record. After forty years of faithful toil, they can look back over the past and recall many triumphs of the Lord's cause, in which they were permitted to have a large share. No one should get the impression, however, that the work of the Bagbys is done. Even after making a record of such length, they press forward still, with the undaunted activity of youth.

Speaking of the Bagbys, I must not forget the young Bagbys. T. C. Bagby is building up a great church in the city of Santos. Fearless, and with an abounding zeal, he is preaching the Gospel and winning souls for Christ continually. Alice Bagby, the accomplished daughter of the elder Bagby, has recently been appointed to service in the Sao Paulo Girls' School, a work for which she is peculiarly well fitted.

Dr. J. J. Taylor is another veteran who can look back upon his thirty years of labor in Brazil with satisfaction and joy. The great secret of

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Brother Taylor's work is his knack of winning the confidence and love of the natives. They go to him with all their trouble, and he sends them away happy and satisfied. An excellent writer and a profound student and scholar, he is now giving to the Baptists in Brazil, as editor of our Sunday school literature, the best of his life.

F. M. Edwards is known in Brazil as the "Sledge Hammer" Evangelist. One should hear him when his heart is set on fire, and he seems to grip the audience with a power divine. He is a great worker and soul-winner, having accomplished an abiding work for Brazil. One of the greatest delights in my life was when I had the privilege of visiting his home and his people. Every morning we would spend an hour or so together in the study of the Word of God and in intercession before the Throne of Grace. Those were moments of spiritual uplift that have helped me on my life's way.

E. A. Ingram is the director of the Brazilian Baptist Women's College. "Happy Ingram" was his nickname at Baylor University, and he is certainly doing his utmost to keep up that title. I have never seen him upset. He is always bubbling over with happiness and joy. It is a great delight to spend a few days in his lovely home. He is in charge of the Women's College of Brazil, and one of the greatest marvels to me has been to see how he and his excellent wife, after only a very short period in the country, have taken hold of that great institution and are making good.

The E. A. Jacksons have been living in Sao Paulo up until recently when they moved their field of labor to the State of Matto Grosso. Full of zeal and self-sacrifice, the Jacksons are building up a great work in that faraway western State.

I must not forget my young friend Stanton, one of the young missionaries who is also stationed in this field, and who makes his headquarters in the interior city of Ribeirao Preto, a very important

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commercial center. Although new in the field, he is building up a strong Baptist church, in spite of great obstacles.

The Campos Field. There are two missionary couples in this great Mission Station: the Christies and the Bratchers. The first giving themselves to evangelistic work and the other to educational.

To describe the life and work of these men would need a volume. These men have built wisely and established a work that is now self-supporting in almost all of its departments. Sixty churches, with only two or three receiving a little help from the State Board; over one hundred mission stations that will be churches in the near future; a Baptist hospital, established and financed by the native believers, etc., etc. This is the story these men can tell. Brother Christie, the older of the two, is a great power, a real missionary statesman, a worker that need not be ashamed.

The Victoria Field. Some day someone will write the history of this Mission field, and it will be shown that the work done by the Renos has perhaps no equal in the annals of missionary work in South America. It has been my privilege to be with them several times in their lovely home and to preach for and travel with them all over that great field. Consecrated, self-sacrificing, and diligent, they have built up a work that has stood great persecutions and will stand firm until the end. The greatest asset in that field is the spiritual life of the missionaries, reflected and reproduced in the lives of the natives. Honored and respected by both converts and unbelievers, they are making the Baptist name esteemed and the name of the Master revered.

The Minas Field. Here we have four missionary couples: the Maddoxes, Crosslands, Aliens, and Morgans. The two latter couples are new in the work, having only lately arrived on the field. Both Brother Crossland and Brother Maddox have done great works in

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Brazil and are building up a very well-organized mission field in the great State of Minas, perhaps the largest in the Brazilian nation. Both men are intensely evangelistic and both are strictly orthodox, believing in a whole Gospel with a complete Baptist program. Both have wrought valiantly and accomplished great things and are destined to do even greater things for Christ and the Baptists.

The Rio de Janeiro Field. I have already mentioned some of the workers stationed in Rio de Janeiro, but I must not forget to mention the others who are toiling most effectively in that great metropolis in the heart of Brazil.

One of these men is Dr. A. B. Langston, dean of our Seminary and pastor of one of the most progressive churches. He is untiring, lovable, studious, and sincerely loved and honored by all that come to know him intimately.

In Rio we also have Brother S. L. Watson, lately elected Secretary of our Publishing Enterprise, but for the past six years he was an efficient professor in our College and Seminary. In the absence of Dr. J. W. Shepard, Brother Watson was in charge of the great Rio College and Seminary and for two terms proved himself a great administrator, gaining the confidence and admiration of everyone.

We also have the Bakers in Rio de Janeiro. Brother Baker, besides his work in the College to which he gives most of his time, is pastor of one of the city churches. These two positions would be more than enough for any man, but he is also Secretary of the South Brazil Mission, Treasurer of the Rio de Janeiro field, and member of innumerable Boards. Unceasing in his labors and full of zeal and devotion, he gives his time and his all to the Master and His cause. It has been my privilege to know him and to live in his lovely home, and often have I praised God for such men and lives as those of the Bakers.

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In Rio de Janeiro we have also the Kites. Brother Kite began preaching when he had been only two months on the field. He has a wonderfully clear mind and, although very new on the field, is already doing a great work.

I must not forget Miss Ruth Randall, the capable secretary and bookkeeper of our College and Seminary; Mrs. Soren, who, besides the great work in the church where her husband is pastor, is looking after the one hundred and fifty or more girls in our Girls' School who look to her for inspiration and help.

The latest addition to the Rio forces is Brother J. J. Cowser, who has gone there to lead in the evangelistic work.

I wish that I could also tell of the work that our missionary women are doing: Mrs. Shepard, the councilor, adviser, and untiring helper of her husband; Mrs. Watson, the corresponding secretary of the W. M. U. of Brazil; Mrs. Langston, the treasurer of our W. M. U.; and so on, but I must hasten and say a few words about the brethren in North Brazil.

The BaMa Field. Just now we have on this great field the Whites, the Stapps, and Brother Sherwood.

Brother Sherwood is new on the field, is trying hard to get a grip on the language, and is succeeding. He is the kind of a man that does not easily give way and will succeed or die in the attempt. I spent a few days with him while passing through Bahia and fell in love with him. I am sure that he will make good and will be heard from ere long.

As to the Whites, how they kept up, all by themselves, such a great field as the Bahia Mission, is a marvel. There are over forty churches in that field and more than a hundred preaching places. Traveling facilities are very poor. Just imagine one man in a State as large

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as Texas, with only a few hundred miles of railways, and you can realize the task that Brother White has on his hands. That the work in that field has not suffered, but really gone forward, is a proof of the tenacity of purpose of the man stationed there.

The Stapps have lately moved their tent into a neighboring State, the smallest in the Brazilian Union, yet the most densely populated; that of Sergipe. A flourishing work is going on in that section. Brother Stapp is gaining the love and trust, not only of the workers, but also of the converts and is helping to establish a very prosperous work for the Master in that region.

The Alagoas Field. Before choosing this field as his sphere of labor, Brother John Mein was doing excellent work in the Campos Mission. He endeared himself greatly to the natives and was anxiously expected by the believers of his new field. Active, zealous, consecrated, and spiritual, he is accomplishing great things in this new field so wonderfully ripe for the harvest.

The Pernambuco Field. I have already mentioned the work the Muirheads are doing. Besides these there are stationed in this field the Hamiltons, the W. C. Taylors, the Johnsons, and Miss Pauline White, who is in charge of the Women's Training School. There are some new missionaries sent out lately that I have not met and whose names only I can give. They are Professor and Mrs. A. E. Hayes, Professor and Mrs. R. S. Jones, Miss Essie Fuller, Miss Bertha Lee Hunt, and Rev. and Mrs. E. G. Wilcox.

I remember meeting Brother Hamilton and his good wife in Texas, soon after the death of his saintly brother, when he had offered himself to the Foreign Mission Board as a substitute for his brother.

He was then superintendent of schools in Georgetown County. I could not fail to admire his courage and determination. I have

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been in his home at various times, and my admiration for him has deepened more and more. He is a great worker and has made his life of great value to the Kingdom's work in Brazil. Capable, hard-working, and full of faith, he has made good in every position he has occupied.

Brother W. C. Taylor, as dean of the Pernambuco Seminary, is wielding a wide influence upon the work and the future manhood of the great North of Brazil. Well-prepared for the important work of training native helpers, he has given himself unstintingly to it and is making a most gratifying success. Not content with his teaching and preaching, he is also writing and translating several books of great value. Brother Taylor's coming to Brazil has been a great blessing, and we expect from him yet greater things.

I have not yet had an opportunity to be much with the Johnsons. I saw Brother Johnson only once and that was at a convention, but good reports about his life and work can be heard from all over the field. He is in charge of the evangelistic work, visiting the churches and opening up new places. All the natives speak highly of his zeal, knowledge, and spiritual life.

Miss Pauline White is doing a notable work among the thirty or forty young ladies that are sent by the churches to be trained for the Master's service. All the girls love her. Her love for the girls equals that of a mother. It was my privilege to be in the college for about two weeks and see her spiritual influence upon the girls, and I could not but praise God for such a life and such a gift to Brazil.

The Maranhao Field. Almost directly under the equator you will find the young Parkers in charge of a district that embraces three of the largest States: Ceara, Maranhao, and the North of Piauhy.

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Alone, with almost no native help, they work and struggle day and night to keep up the great work. How they do need re-enforcement! It makes one's heart ache to see them there alone, yet they are not discouraged. Happy, full of faith, and full of zeal, they continue to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to poor, lost souls, and the Lord is graciously blessing their efforts.

The Amazon Valley. I have mentioned in another chapter the great work Brother Nelson is accomplishing in the Amazon District. This is just to add that Brother Nelson lately returned to his field of labor, the happy possessor of a river launch in which he expects to live, move, and have his being, traveling up and down the mighty rivers of the great Amazon valley. Few, except those that have visited that region, can realize the courage and determination necessary for such an undertaking; but Brother Nelson is a man of faith and a man of God. He goes trusting in the One who has all power in Heaven and on earth and who has promised to be near him. In our prayers let us not forget this servant of God as he travels all through the Amazon valley and through the virgin forests of Brazil.

The Interior Mission. About a thousand miles away from the coast, in the great interior of Brazil, you will find two more missionary couples, the Downings and the Terrys. They are trying to establish an Industrial School for the benefit of the thousands upon thousands of Brazilians who have never had an opportunity to study. Brother Downing is a skillful physician and, with his surgical skill, is not only helping in the school, but is also drawing many to the knowledge of the Great Physician, who not only can cure the bodies, but also their souls. Brother Terry is an effective preacher and evangelist, having already done a great work in the North of Piauhy.

With that Industrial School established and equipped at Corrente, a great center for Christ will be organized in the very heart of Brazil, whose spiritual, moral, and social influences will affect the whole

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vast, and almost untouched interior. What an opportunity and what a future await the Baptists!

Chapter 9

Brazil As a Mission Field and What the Baptists Are Doing There

Catholicism, the Greatest Obstacle to Christianity. Why did I go to Brazil, and what led me to that part of the world instead of working among the Jews? The answer can be given in a very few words.

In the first place, as to my working among Catholics instead of Jews, my answer is that I am convinced that no converted Jew ought to work among the Jews. His mission is to the Gentiles; to those who know not the Messiah, the Saviour of the World.

Of course, there are some converted Jews that are able to do great work among their brethren according to the flesh, but their mission and usefulness is greatly limited. They could have accomplished a great deal more if they had given themselves entirely to the work among the unregenerated Gentiles.

Paul, the Apostle, the most eloquent and competent of the Lord's disciples had to turn his back upon his brethren according to the flesh and labor among the lost Gentiles. His life and work stand until this day as a monument of blessing and power.

This same result is noticeable, though not in such a wonderful degree, in the labors of each converted Hebrew who has given himself to the work of evangelization among the Gentiles. Take

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as examples Mosheim the historian, Edersheim the theologian, Saphir, Schwartz and many others in all parts of the world. It was this conviction that made me turn my back and work among my brethren according to the flesh.

Why then did I go to work among the Catholics? Why not go to the teeming millions of China? For the simple reason that I came to the conclusion that the greatest obstacle to the conversion of the Jews (and Gentiles also) and therefore, the greatest obstacle to the evangelization of the world, is the Catholic church, with its claim of being Christian and yet with its idolatry, its materialistic customs and traditions, and its degrading superstitions. If there is one thing that is drilled into a young Jewish heart, it is hatred towards the worship of idols. His very instinct and nature revolt against this practice.

Catholics Worship Idols. I will never forget an incident that happened to me once as I was walking with my father through the streets of Warsaw. We were passing a Catholic church out of which a great number of people were issuing. He took me into the building and called my attention to the multitude of persons kneeling and praying to an idol in the form of a human body that was stretched out under the altar. He asked me if I remembered the Ten Commandments. I answered in the affirmative. He then asked me to repeat to him the second commandment and I did. Then he said, "These Christians affirm that theirs is the true religion; but you have sense enough to see how far they are from the truth."

Catholicism is pure and plain idolatry. You can call the idol "Diana" or "Mary," "Jupiter" or "Peter," but it is still an idol about which the Psalmist plainly speaks in the 115th Psalm: "They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not . . . They have hands, but they handle not . . . They that make them are like unto them; so is everyone that trusteth in them."

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It was in the city of Braga, Portugal, that I visited a church edifice built by the Romans in the time of the Emperor Trajan, who lived before Christ. There I saw two idols that in the time of pagan Rome were called Janos and Jupiter, but these were worshiped at the time of my visit by the Roman Catholics under the changed titles of Saint John and Saint Peter.

To combat this idolatry that is worse than pagan because of its Christian veneer; to make known the true God and His beloved Son, the Messiah, the Saviour of Mankind, were what drew me to work among Catholics.

Brazil, the Most Neglected Mission Field. Then also, thirty years ago, and even today, Brazil was and is one of the most neglected mission fields in the world. In 1890 very few missionaries or Mission Boards were working in Brazil. The Baptists had only a few missionary couples with a small number of churches in that great and immense field, a country larger in territory than this United States of ours. And even today, with the number of missionaries greatly increased, we have only about twenty to twenty-five men who are dedicating themselves to the evangelism of twenty to twenty-five million souls, or one missionary to a million souls.

It was this fact that drew me to Brazil, the most neglected field in the Neglected Continent, and I do thank God for having led me there. I look back upon my thirty years of labors in Brazil, upon the great changes that have taken place, on the marvelous growth of the cause of the Master and feel like praising and magnifying His name for having permitted me to have some part, though really a very little part, in that work.

In a very few words, I wish to close this book with a short statement about Brazil and its people, some of our problems and plans of work, as well as the progress made by the Baptists up to the present time. I

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am sure that it will not only be interesting, but very helpful to those who wish to have a part in the evangelization of the many millions who live in Brazil, as well as help us to prepare the ground for the millions who are pouring into Brazil and who in the next few decades will take possession of this great land—"The Future Storehouse of the World."

Physical Aspects of Brazil. Take a glance at the map of Brazil and notice that the immense west with its rich, fertile lands is still unexplored. Yet hidden in those virgin forests are treasures untold. In the Amazon district you will find the Manisoba tree that yields rubber which has no equal in the entire world. Add to this, innumerable specimens of timber, whose excellency is incomparable and is just beginning to be exported to all parts of the world.

To the south of the Amazon district, you find the vast cotton areas in the States of Maranhao, Ceara, Rio Grande do Norte, and Parahyba.

In the State of Pernambuco and as far south as the San Francisco River, you will find sugar-cane, cotton, and rice in great abundance. In Bahia you will see tobacco fields producing the finest leaves in the world and cacao groves that yield the finest beans for chocolate. The rivers are full of precious diamonds and the earth is full of gold, copper, coal, and so on.

And what shall I say of Sao Paulo with its millions of coffee trees, Parana with its forests abounding in pine, Minas with its inexhaustible mines of iron and manganese, gold, and precious stones, and Matto Grosso with its cattle upon a thousand hills and prairies full of horses of the finest breed.

Brazil is no doubt, a veritable land of Goshen, a land flowing with milk and honey, destined by the Creator to play a great role in the history of the world.

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The People of Brazil. Four traits, among many other characteristics, are predominant among the Brazilian people, due no doubt to their historical make up or sociological formation, and these are intelligence, courage, refinement, and sacrifice.

The Brazilians, as a rule, are exceptionally intelligent. I am not saying that they are learned, for unfortunately, on account of their leaders, especially the priests who fear education and knowledge, there are only, according to the latest census, about 15 per cent of the people who can read and write. But when given an opportunity, they manifest a quickness of perception, a clearness of mind, and a readiness to learn that is surprising indeed.

Among the better classes, there are very few that do not speak more than one language. They have physicians, lawyers, and engineers that rank with the greatest in the world. Few will have forgotten the masterful way the Brazilian lawyer and senator, Ruy Barbosa, surprised the world at the Hague Conference with his profound knowledge of, and courageous stand for, the principles of justice and right. He fought and victoriously obtained equal rights for the smaller nations.

To realize the extraordinary capacity of its civil engineers, all you have to do is to visit some of their engineering feats in Brazil, like the Central Railway with its thirteen double tunnels or the railroad that climbs up the hills from Paranagua to Curityba, in the State of Parana.

One of the most encouraging things in our missionary work is to see the transformation that takes place in the youth that are sent from the Brazilian lands to our colleges and seminaries. They learn readily and rapidly and, after finishing their courses, they become powers for good in the great work of building up the Kingdom of God in Brazil.

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Then, also, the Brazilians are very courageous. Brazilian history tells us of many instances of bravery and courage in peace as well as in war, both of men and women. It would occupy too much space to cite them here; but, as I look back upon my own experiences with the native converts and helpers and remember the many occasions when, for the sake of their faith and love for the Master, they would risk their lives and their all, I cannot fail to testify that they are a wonderfully courageous and brave people; a people that when occasion requires are ready to stand firm and, if need be, sacrifice their lives for the cause they love.

When ready to open the work in Limoeiro, Perhambuco, I asked the boys in the Pernambuco Seminary for volunteers. Notifying them of the danger and that, very likely, we might have to lay down our lives, all the boys stood ready to go. They were ready to die for the Master.

Before leaving for the homeland in 1920, I spent few weeks in Pernambuco, and as Corresponding Secretary of the Brazilian Home Board, I had the opportunity of laying before the Seminary boys and girls, the need of the Native Indians in the far west of Brazil. I had photos of men and women in their naked and savage states and described, in plain language, the present state of things in the virgin forests of the Far West: the hardships, the dangers, the difficulties. When I made my appeal for volunteers, more than a dozen young men and women, with tears streaming down their faces, consecrated themselves to that work and are even now preparing themselves to go and live for Christ among those savage and neglected tribes.

The Brazilians are also a refined people. What I mean by refined is a natural disposition of gentleness and culture. The educated classes treat you with great attention and respect; especially those that live in the interior. If you are in need, they will share with you their last bowl of farinha. They are never rude, bold, or provoking. They will

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always listen to your side of the argument before they answer. They never laugh at your mistakes.

I was once preaching in San Fidelis about the Prodigal Son. There were present a great many of the better class that listened attentively to my poor efforts. Now, there are two words in Portuguese very much alike: Bezerro, which means a “calf,” and Besouro, which signifies a “beetle.” Imagine my horror when instead of using the word that signifies a calf as I spoke of the Father’s joy in having his younger boy back home, I said that he ordered a “fatted beetle.” But to my great surprise, not a muscle could be seen to move in any of the countenances. If they laughed they did not let me see it.

As you walk through the streets, as you visit public places, when you enter their homes everywhere, you will be treated with politeness and refinement.

Then also the Brazilians are a people ready for sacrifice.

The sacrificial spirit, especially in the Brazilian believers, surpasses description. Just think of a body of twenty thousand young converts, half of them not getting any salary and the other half not averaging more than fifty dollars per month, contributing over \$170,000 a year for their own work! They love to give and to give abundantly to the work of the Master.

The above facts should teach us at least one great lesson, viz.: that the Brazilians are a strategical people.

To gain this nation for Christ and His cause will mean wonderful things in the near future. Brazil, with its open doors, will before long, have a population of 100,000,000 souls. To be on the ground now, to have places of worship from the extreme North to the South, from the Atlantic to the borders of Bolivia and Peru, will spell success

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in the next twenty-five to fifty years. Instead of having to overcome customs and usages of hundreds and thousands of years, as our missionaries have to contend with in China and Japan, we in Brazil will be able to teach and mold the generations to come for Christ and His Truth.

A great people and a great future are before the Baptists of the world, and with God's help we ought to make this people and this nation the greatest Baptist Commonwealth of the world.

Hindrances. The chief problem in our work in Brazil is the universal problem of sin, in all its manifestations, aggravated by four hundred years of Tropical Roman Catholicism. Notice that I especially mention "Tropical Roman Catholicism," for I believe that Roman Catholicism in the tropical climate is much worse than in temperate or colder climates, though only God knows how bad it is even in these regions.

What terrible havoc Rome has wrought upon a people, naturally religious and God-fearing, with four hundred years of ceremonialism, of cultivating and teaching superstitions and traditions of men, and of prohibiting independence of investigation and inquiry!

Here are some of the results:

1. The Word of God is an unknown book. The better classes think it is worthless and useless. The poorer classes do not know it at all.
2. Prayer or intimate communion with God, the Father in Heaven, is unknown. Those that do pray only repeat phrases, counting the beads. Heart-to-heart communion with God is entirely unknown.

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3. God Himself is an unknown Being to most of them. They have images, crucifixes, statues, idols of all colors, shapes, and forms, but the God of heaven and earth, all-powerful, omniscient and omnipresent is not known.

4. Consequently spiritual life, spiritual ideals and spiritual power are unknown, except in those who have accepted Christ as their personal Saviour. The power that changes life, that creates a new being, that does away with sin and corruption is unknown. The priests themselves will tell the people, "Do as I say, but don't do as I do." The corruption of the confessional is not easily removed from the heart and life of a nation.

5. The saddest thing of all is the fact that Christ's love and free offer of pardon is not known. Oh, how they strive to save themselves and to pacify their troubled consciences! But all to no avail, for only Jesus pardons and forgives and saves! Jesus is not preached, His Gospel is not published, and the people die in their sins for lack of knowledge.

These are the problems that confront the worker in Brazil and their natural results can easily be imagined. Praised be His name, these problems are being solved! Slowly, but steadily, the workers, with the help of Him who has promised to be with us even unto the end, are solving all these problems in a most remarkable way.

What Baptists Are Doing in Brazil. It has been my privilege to witness the growth of the Baptist cause in Brazil for the last thirty years, and it seems to me that it will encourage our brethren, who so willingly and gladly contribute to the cause of Foreign Missions for me to recount here briefly what Baptists are doing in Brazil.

The first missionaries sent to Brazil were great seed-sowers. They spread the Good News far and wide and laid the foundation for the

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present growth and development. Just as it happened in the time of the Apostles, so today: "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase."

Z. C. Taylor, W. B. Bagby, E. A. Nelson, W. E. Entzminger, A. B. Christie, F. M. Edwards, O. P. Maddox, A. B. Deter, and others, many others, planted the good seed. J. W. Shepard, H. H. Muirhead, A. B. Langston, Miss Voorheis, Mrs. Bagby, and others, many others, watered, and God has given the increase; the wonderful, marvelous increase. Who can estimate what the future will yet bring forth?

To my mind the miracle of the five loaves and fishes repeats itself continually on the Mission Field. The money that we give, the sacrifices we make for Him, He accepts and blesses and then uses, multiplying it a thousandfold and satisfying the multitudes.

The Book of the Acts of the Apostles has never been finished, for the doings of the missionaries in the Mission Fields are the continuation of the same acts. The same God is with them; the same spirit inspires them; the same power upholds them. Our monthly magazine, the "Home and Foreign Fields" ought to change its title to the following: "The Acts of the Apostles in Modern Times." As you read the letters from the workers stationed in China or Africa; Oklahoma or Mexico; Italy or South America; does it not strike you that you are reading new editions of the happenings related to Paul and Barnabas?

Mission work is usually divided into three branches: Evangelistic, Educational, and Social. I am going to show you, dear reader, what the Baptists in Brazil have done and are doing in these three lines of work as I have witnessed it during my thirty years.

I. Evangelistic. If there is one characteristic that distinguishes the Brazilian convert more than any other, it is his desire to tell the Good News to others. Having been kept in ignorance and superstition,

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harassed by priest and politician, oppressed and downtrodden, his heart overflows as soon as he grasps the meaning of the Gospel. He just bubbles over with joy, and he cannot keep quiet. He must go out and tell others.

On account of this spirit of evangelism, the cause has spread and prospered in a most remarkable degree. The first church was organized in Bahia, October 15, 1882, with five members (only one of these was a native convert). In 1891 when I joined the Baptists, we had two flourishing churches in the two principal cities of Brazil and several smaller churches and outstations in the interior of Bahia, Alagoas, and Minas. Ten years after that, in 1900, we had work in the Amazon valley; in the Pernambuco district in which were included the States of Parahyba, Rio Grande do Norte, and Alagoas; in Bahia, which had extended its operations as far west as the San Francisco valley and as far south as the Victoria field. The Rio de Janeiro mission had developed and was operating in the Campos field and was just entering into the great State of Sao Paulo.

In 1910, when Dr. T. B. Ray made us that memorable visit, Brazil reported the following progress, as can be seen in his book *Brazilian Sketches*.

1910

Churches	142
Membership	9,939
Church buildings	44
Outstations	497
Sunday schools	138

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Sunday school pupils	4,438
Missionaries	44
Native Helpers	117

That was excellent progress. Now have a look at the statistics ten years after as presented to our Foreign Mission Board for the year ending 1920.

1920

Churches	221
Outstations	820
Baptisms	2,627
Membership	20,135
Houses of worship	143
Sunday schools	322
Sunday school pupils	14,957
Native contribution	\$176,721
Missionaries	86
Native helpers	197

Truly the Lord is doing wonders and looking at the results, we cannot but praise Him and magnify His blessed name!

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And yet, how much there still remains to be done! The chief employment of the missionary who gives himself to evangelistic work is the opening up of new centers. Although in some places a competent native could do it, as a rule, it has to be done by the missionary, who in a certain way can demand, if necessary, the protection of the authorities. Our schools and seminaries are preparing excellent men for the ministry. As soon as a church is organized and the work is running smoothly, it is turned over to a competent native minister who usually carries it forward.

Now, according to information received from the government, there are about 2,228 county seats in Brazil; cities with a population ranging from 2,500 to more than 50,000. Some of these counties are larger than some of our States. The county of Jacobina in the interior of the State of Bahia is larger than the Republic of Portugal.

Now, look at the statistics and make your own calculations. We have 221 organized churches. Suppose one hundred of these were situated in those important centers (county seats); that leaves over 2,000 yet to be occupied. Now, for that work we have eighty-six missionaries of which forty-one are men. Out of these forty-one, about fifteen are occupied in educational work and you will realize that we have only twenty-five who are able to give themselves to the great work of evangelization.

Oh, the need of workers, especially evangelists, men full of zeal and courage and above all full of the Holy Ghost!

Two great evangelistic agencies are helping to conquer Brazil for Christ: the Sunday school and the Bible institutes. I do not mean to say by this that those are the only agencies. Thank God for our schools and colleges that are doing so much, as I will be able to prove before long. But I am mentioning these two because of their direct connection with our evangelistic work.

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Every Sunday school class in Brazil is an evangelistic agency. We not only train our young converts there, but have special classes for outsiders. As it is in the homeland, so also on the foreign field, the Sunday school supplies the church with most of its candidates for baptism.

The same can be said of the Bible institutes held in almost all of the mission fields. They are carefully organized with special, well-arranged programs, and the evangelistic note is upheld. Christ is lifted high, and souls are brought to the Master's feet in a most remarkable way.

II. Educational. The first school started by the Baptists in Brazil was in Rio de Janeiro in 1888 by Miss Maggy Rice. Unfortunately, yellow fever robbed Brazil of the precious life of that young missionary and with her died the first attempt in educational work.

In 1895 Mrs. Ginsburg opened a school in the city of Campos that was making rapid progress, patronized by the best families of the town, but failing health and a great epidemic of smallpox destroyed that effort.

Two Baptist ladies from the United States came to Brazil in 1898 with a small capital of their own and started a school in the new capital of the State of Minas, the city of Bello Horizonte. It prospered considerably, as long as the city was prospering; but as soon as the city quieted down and most of the workmen occupied in government buildings had to leave town, the school waned and was finally closed down.

The year 1898 also witnessed the organization of the school in Bahia by Mrs. Z. C. Taylor. This school was opened under most auspicious circumstances. A wealthy coffee planter, who was a devoted Baptist and was anxious to see his own girls as well as the girls of other

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people educated, gave Mrs. Taylor \$5,000 for the equipment of her school; \$2,000 was added to this sum by other members of our churches, and the school assumed at once the leading place in our school work in Brazil. This school made a splendid record. After Mrs. Taylor gave it up on account of the necessity of her returning to the United States, Brother C. F. Stapp conducted it down to about three years ago, when it was discontinued with a view to reorganizing it in the interior of the State, after the fashion of our mountain schools.

It was in 1901, while stationed in Pernambuco, that Mrs. Ginsburg and myself were able to realize our dreams of starting a school for the children of believers, and a Bible class to train those who were anxious to preach the Word of God. The primary school we opened in the temporary hall situated on the property that the First Church had acquired. The Bible class we started in our own home with Mrs. Ginsburg, Mr. J. E. Hamilton, and others helping. That was our first attempt. Now see what the Lord has done.

Looking over the report for 1920, you will find that we now have fifty-one Primary or Elementary Schools in Brazil. These are usually connected with the local churches and supervised either by the local pastors or a committee appointed by the churches. They are almost all self-supporting.

The reason for the existence of such schools is very simple. While most of the public schools are supposed to be free from religious teaching, yet the Catholic priest has such a grip upon the politicians that very few teachers are appointed unless they have the approval of the priest. As a result, the teachers, especially in the smaller towns, are more or less subject to the priest and Romanism is taught and practiced openly. In some of the interior cities, where the priest rules with a strong hand, I have seen the children of Baptist families forced to bow down to idols and to accompany public processions.

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Now, if there is one thing that believers in Brazil hate with a holy hatred, it is idolatry—Roman Catholic idols, and they will make any sacrifice to keep their children away from idol worship. Hence is this sacrifice for primary schools in connection with the local churches. I have seen small churches of one hundred or one hundred and fifty members pay their pastor's salary, in addition to paying all current expenses of rent, etc., and also pay the salary of three or more teachers in order that their children be educated without being contaminated with this baneful Roman Catholic idol-worship.

Besides these elementary schools, we have academies and high schools for both boys and girls in the following mission centers:

Victoria. This school is under the competent management of Brother and Mrs. L. M. Reno, who are preparing more than a hundred young men and as many young ladies for a great future, not only for their own people, but also for Christ.

Campos, Directed by Dr. and Mrs. Bratcher. A great school whose influence upon the community is powerful. There are about two hundred pupils in this school coming from the best families of the district all under the influence of the Gospel and of the spiritual lives of this godly couple.

Bello Horizonte, the Capital of the State of Minas. This school was opened a few years ago by Brother and Mrs. O. P. Maddox. It is now under the direction of Brother and Mrs. Morgan. It is a great blessing not only to the children of the believers, but is also drawing the youth of the outsiders and is exercising a mighty influence for good in the whole community.

Paranagua, the Most Important Commercial City of the State of Parana. This school is under the direct supervision of Brother Deter and is making a most encouraging progress.

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Brother Dunstan in Porto Alegre, and Brother Jackson in Campo Grande, Matto Grosso, have flourishing schools. The latter opened only lately. Both are exercising tremendous influence for good in their respective communities.

Altogether we have eleven academies or high schools under the direct supervision of our Baptist forces. Their influence is powerful, yet their number in comparison with our need is so limited that it is really pitiful.

Every Mission Station ought to have a well-organized and well-equipped academy in the charge of a couple of missionaries specially prepared to do that kind of work. It is only thus that we will be able to meet our educational opportunities.

The greatest blessing that has come to Brazil along with the preaching of the Gospel was the gift of our great colleges and seminaries, whose spiritual influences are exercised effectively not only upon our churches and believers, but also upon the whole Brazilian nation. I refer to the College and Seminary in Rio with its 600 pupils, the College and Seminary and Training School in Pernambuco with its 900 pupils, and the Women's College and Training School in Sao Paulo with its 250 pupils.

Just a Few Lines about Each:

The College and Seminary established February, 1908, in the Federal Capital of Brazil under the direction of Dr. J. W. Shepard, is considered to be one of the best colleges in Brazil. It has a splendid body of teachers and is attracting pupils from the leading families of the land. It occupies an excellent piece of property, situated in the best residential section of the great metropolis. It naturally has a promising future before it. According to the plans of the director and the Board of Trustees, that college will soon be transformed into a

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great Baptist University. Worship is held in the chapel every morning and special evangelistic services once every week and the Lord is converting many. The influence of this institution is felt not only in the great city with its 125,000,000 souls, but all over the county, for Rio de Janeiro is the heart of Brazil and whatever happens in Rio is felt all over the country.

The same might be said about our College, Seminary and Training School of Pernambuco, under the direction of Brother H. H. Muirhead. Pernambuco, being a smaller city with a population of only 250,000, the influences of an institution like that are naturally greater in the local community than in a city like Rio with a million and a quarter population. Then also the opposition of the iconographic¹ element in Pernambuco is greater than in Rio and consequently the blessings are more signal, for wherever persecution is wielded, the work prospers far more than where indifference prevails. The college in Pernambuco is certainly destined to do a great work for our Master and Lord. The preparation of forty young men for the ministry and about forty young women for the service of the King is a great asset for the future of our churches and mission fields.

The Women's College of Brazil, located in Sao Paulo, was started by the Bagbys in 1902. For many years they struggled and toiled, and now its future is guaranteed. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Ingram are directing this great institution with great skill and good results. Lately, an excellent piece of property was bought on which a new modern building will be put, and the numerous young women that are anxious to enter can be accommodated. One of the greatest delights in my missionary journeys is to pass a few days in this great institution, look into the faces of these beautiful young women coming from the best people in the land, and preach Christ to them. Just imagine the future of Brazil with these young ladies, touched by the lives of such women

1 **iconographic.** *adj.* Of or relating to iconography.

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as Mrs. Bagby, Mrs. Edwards, and Mrs. Ingram! It is sure to tell, and the future looks to me wonderfully hopeful and bright.

III. Socially. What effect do the Baptists produce upon the social life of the Brazilian people? This is a great question, and I want to give you a plain answer.

1. Every Baptist church raises the standard of morals in the community. When the Baptist church is first organized it is combated and ostracized, but once the people realize the principles we stand for, they admire and uphold it. To become a member in a Baptist Church in Brazil, one has to prove he has real and true regeneration. A committee is appointed to investigate the life and behavior of a candidate before he is accepted into the church. The Baptist church is looked up to as a standard of morality in its community and can be depended upon to stand for all righteousness. The influence of over two hundred Baptist churches and about eight hundred mission stations spreads over the whole territory and tells wonderfully upon a people whose standard of morals used to be that of the priest with his immoral dictum: "Do as I tell you, but don't do as I do."

2. Then the life of the convert is exercising a powerful influence for good everywhere. At first the people will laugh and scoff at him but will finally receive him with open arms and admire him for his moral courage and behavior. I have found this to be the case all over Brazil, in every class of society.

Dr. Paranagua, ex-governor and ex-senator, moving in the highest circles of society, was at first ridiculed by his former colleagues. Today all this has changed, and when he enters the Senate everyone is anxious to wish him "God-speed" in his efforts to witness for Christ. It has been my privilege to visit the Senate and House of Congress in his company and distribute

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books and papers to his former colleagues and enjoy the respect with which all listened to the message we brought them. What Dr. Paranagua is doing is being done by practically every convert in Brazil. Such lives and living testimonies tell and will bring forth inevitable results.

3. Our convention with its various Boards is making a fine impression upon the natives. Our annual meetings, together with the annual reports of our Boards, receive wide publicity through the daily press. Our Home Mission Board with its program of work among the many tribes of uncivilized Indians is stirring up not only our own Baptist folk, but also the general public. Our Foreign Mission Board with a progressive work in Portugal and a great program of evangelizing all Portuguese speaking people is attracting much attention. The whole work of the convention is laid out upon the plan of our Southern Baptist Convention; so simple, so democratic, yet so aggressive and unified, it is drawing the attention of the leaders of the nation and is having its effect not only upon their public speeches but also upon their deliberations and laws.

Just one illustration will suffice. There was a certain piece of property in Rio that belonged to the government that was going to be sold at auction. We desired to have this property to use for school, as well as church, purposes. When we made an appeal to Congress to let us have it at a reasonable price, they passed an act giving us the property at a fifty per cent discount off its price. The adjoining properties might also be sold but they applied certain stipulations that inhibited us, on account of our principles, from obtaining that property. Imagine the surprise of the government leaders when we informed them that we could not accept that property on account of the conditions. We were not willing to even appear to establish a union between the church and the

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State, a principle that we as Baptists opposed. This incident gave us a tremendous opportunity for making our principles known.

4. The Publishing House is exercising a powerful influence upon the nation. Our weekly paper penetrates into all parts of the land. We issue an edition of over 5,000 copies, and its editorials and valuable articles are read by thousands upon thousands of the people. In some places, it is the only paper that is received, and when it arrives it is read and discussed in the public square. Then also, several of the books that have been published are exercising a great influence upon the people.

Yes, the Baptists are making a powerful impression upon the Brazilian people. The seed sown is bringing forth its fruit, and in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Thirty years, or even forty or fifty, is not a long time for showing actual results in the Lord's work; but even in this short time we have seen results, and what we have seen is an earnest of what is to come. Our Lord's arm has not been shortened, and His power has not diminished. Today, He is as He was yesterday, and as He will be forever. He is the same.

And now, in bringing this book to a close, let me tell the following story, as being typical of the power of the Gospel in Brazil and of the cry of all Christian Brazilians on behalf of themselves and their people.

A Bible Organizing a Baptist Church. A Bible had been given to the Registrar of Deeds in the city of Conquista, which is situated in the extreme south of the State of Bahia. He began reading it and read it to his neighbors. A group of about ninety persons gathered about him, anxious to follow the leadings of the Word of God. They began to study the Holy Book, trying to accommodate their lives to its teachings. Soon they had organized themselves into a New Testament church. The only thing that troubled them was the question

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of who should baptize them, since they had come to the conclusion that only the baptism by a believer was valid. Finally, they heard of the missionary in the capital of the State. The Registrar of Deeds, Theophilo de Queiroz by name, spent a month in the home of the missionary, Dr. Z. C. Taylor; he was instructed, baptized, ordained, and on his return to Conquista, he in turn baptized about ninety believers and organized a church, a complete Baptist organization.

In 1911, I visited that city, preached there for two weeks, and had over sixty conversions and baptisms. As I was returning to the capital, more than fifty ladies and gentlemen, the aristocracy of the district, followed me on horseback for about five miles, and when the time came for separation, one of the most touching incidents of my missionary life happened. If you will read Acts 20:36–38, you will understand it better. We all knelt by the roadside and prayed and wept. The men fell on my neck and kissed me and begged me not to forget them. As I was soon to leave for the homeland, they asked me to tell the brotherhood in the States of their gratitude for sending them the Good News of salvation and to please not to forget them in their prayers.

In our prayers before the Throne of Grace, in our love and sympathy, in our gifts and sacrifices let us not forget Brazil with its millions of needy, hungry souls.

As for myself, I can truthfully repeat the words of the Apostle Paul given to the elders of Ephesus: “But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God” (Acts 20:24).