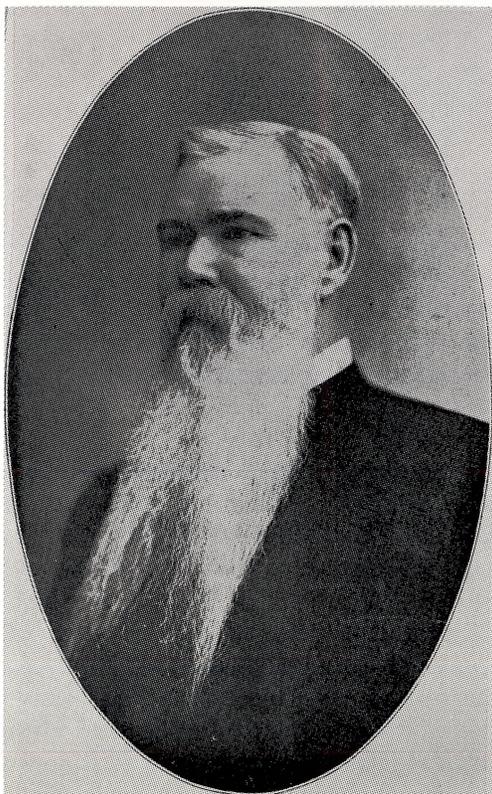
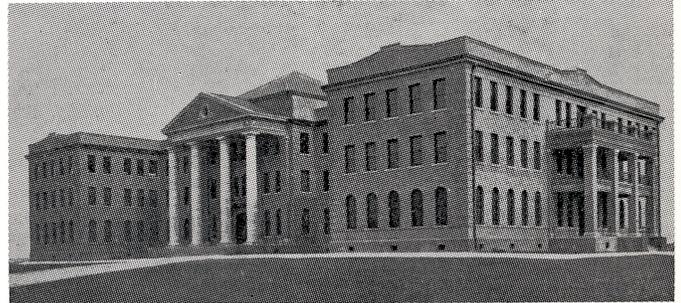


## MY SEMINARY DAYS

(This is Chapter V of my autobiography. Don't ask for a copy of any of the other chapters. The supply is exhausted.) When I was a Junior in Bethel College, Dr. B. H. Carroll made a tour of the colleges of the South. That changed my life for all the succeeding years. I was battling within over a call to preach. And it came over me, with an unchangeable finality, that, if I ever did preach, Carroll would be the man who could best teach me the Bible. This, after a fifteen minutes chapel address on "Remember not against me the sins of my youth," that I remember as well today as I did then. And the sermon he preached that night I have forgotten, but shall never forget the effects of it. So after graduation, a year's teaching in the Bardstown Baptist Institute, and a little over five years in my first pastorate, at Arlington, Ky., I carried out that purpose and made the long trip by Illinois Central and Rock Island trains into Fort Worth, inquired on the streets there how to get out to distant Seminary Hill, the almost bare prairie on which the one building of the Seminary stood and a few professors' homes, and finally landed there. How lonesome and dismal I felt!



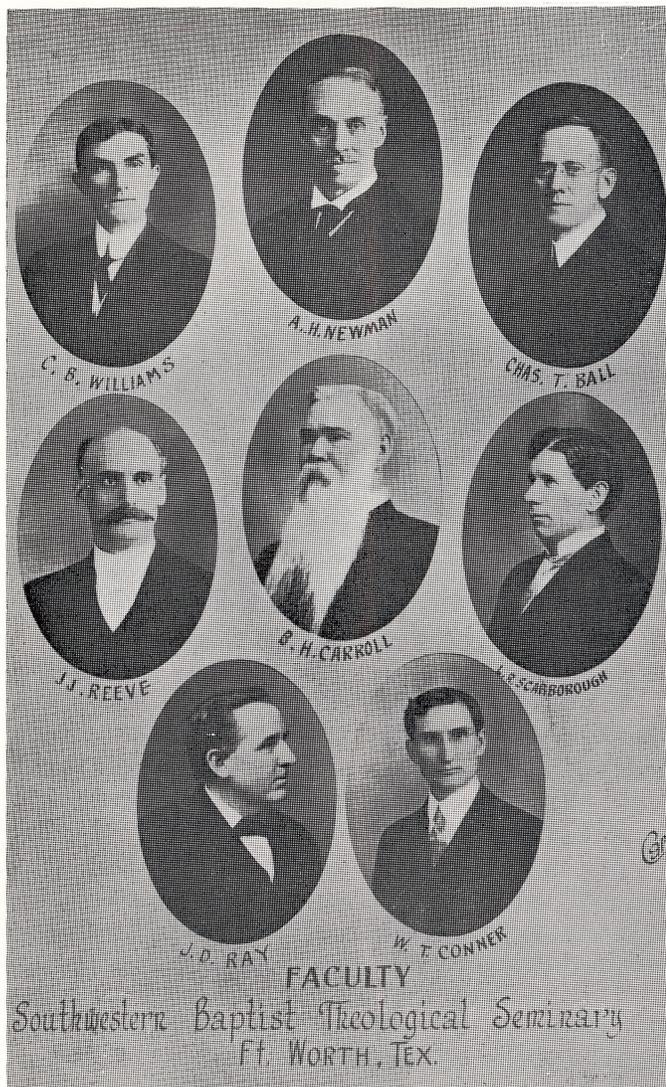
DR. B. H. CARROLL, D. D., L. L. D.



FORT WORTH HALL

In the one building here shown was everything, class rooms, chapel, library, dining room and kitchen, and our boarding rooms upstairs. The single ladies had a part of one side of the upstairs, the single men, by pairs, the other side, where also were the married couples in their rooms. The roof was not all on this one building when I arrived a bit early for the 1911-1912 session. In the picture of the student group, you see me in the center of the front row, seated on a step, with a little boy between me and John Inzer, my chum. In the picture of the Adelpian Theological Society, you see, to the right of the banner, my beloved roommate, T. C. Jester, and myself. Note the abundant, curly, black hair I then had. Alas! for the ravages of time! On the other side of the banner you see the white hair of Carroll and tall Dr. Conner.

Behold the faculty! What a marvelous group of teaching men, living all they taught in very busy ministerial lives. First is C. B. Williams, my Greek teacher, whose translation of the New Testament you probably have. We never disagreed on anything. I was a Greek teacher myself, years before coming to the Seminary and taught prep Greek in Dr. Carroll's lecture room then. So I took all the Seminary course in Greek (two years) my first year, and thus had more time the second year to take Dr. Carroll's full course of Bible study, which was a course in itself and did not, most of it, fall in the Th. M. course of study. That was the year they found a court stenographer who could take Dr. Carroll. (Most stenographers got utterly confused with the little known vocabulary of long, Bible words he constantly used.) But this rather irreverent guy got it down. I often didn't agree with Dr. Carroll, but I loved to tell him my appreciation of him and the lecturing, for he was deeply grateful for his stu-



Faculty Of The Southwestern Seminary In 1911

dents' appreciation and gratitude. So I unwound his telephone from around his neck (for he was deaf and could only hear thus) and told him of my gratitude and appreciation, now and then.

Once that ear phone got me in bad — almost. I married in the midst of my course, for I felt my wife ought to share the training for our work together in the years ahead. We chanced to discover that our recreation period was the same time as that of the Carrolls, just after supper. So we strolled over that way every evening we were free and often spent a happy hour with them. Of course, Dr. Carroll just talked, part of the time, and we listened. His lovely, jolly wife kept all four of us busy and chatting. One evening, he handed his earphone to me and said: "Now I want to hear you give me an exegesis of the reply of Jesus to John the Baptist when he hesitated to baptize Jesus: **"Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."** I was horrified. I did not share his interpretation (and that of Dr. Carver) that this was a sort of preview of his whole messianic program, and of all he would accomplish for God and man by his life, death, resurrec-



Mr. W. C. Taylor



Mrs. W. C. Taylor

tion and heavenly life, and work through the Holy Spirit in this age. I knew the Greek did not have the article with the word "all," so I felt its meaning, in such cases, was "every," not "all." Jesus was simply stating, in effect. "Baptism I recognize as a duty on entering the Christian community. So I am submitting to it obediently, just as I do every righteous act commanded." But I didn't want to preach into his phone what would be to him a denial of his teaching and of the generally accepted meaning of that Scripture. Mrs. Carroll detected my embarrassment and laughingly took away from him his ear phone and wound it again around his neck, saying: "No! You are not going to torment him!". Blessed woman!

Having preached and taught the Bible myself every week for five years, I already had my ideas of its meaning in countless passages. I did not agree with the faculty in their post-millennialism, expectancy of the conversion of the whole world, its con-

tinuance then a thousand years in righteousness, and missions subsequently in a new and subsequent period of testing by Satan. I don't believe a lot I hear and read from theologians. Yet to every one of the men whose fine faces you see in the faculty picture I am a debtor forevermore. Dr. Jeff D. Ray was away, and I had less under him than the rest. Dr. Williams taught us his courses. On his return from his Sabbatic Year, Dr. Scarborough, to the immense delight of the laughing students, remarked: "Dr. Ray has been away, in Chicago, studying the COUNTRY CHURCH in a special course." Mrs. Ray soon died, and he married a very dear friend of us students, one of us. She has recently passed away, a brilliant woman and a devoted Christian.

I have had the habit all my life of awaking at 4 A. M. During these hard studying and teaching years, and on out through similar hard work of 41 years on the mission field, where I also taught in Seminaries and did a lot of studying and writing in another tongue, I achieved most of my knowledge, and the writing of it, in those early hours before day. I had two eight hour work days every twenty four hours, one till noon, a nap after dinner, then another till after preaching, teaching or study that night.

However, I retired around ten. I was not like Dr. Carroll in that. He read on ceaselessly. One morning the rising sun shocked him with its bright blaze over the Texas plains and he sprang to his feet, thinking

the house was afire! Then he realized he had read all night and didn't know it. What a brain!

Dr. Carroll died in 1914, before I was called to be a missionary in Brazil. He invited me twice to join the faculty of the Southwestern, but I refused. I was even then a home missionary in my student pastorate in Oklahoma, and I had promised Miss Sullenger, a teacher in Fruitland Institute, one of our Home Board Mountain Schools in North Carolina, that I would go there and teach after finishing my Seminary course. When he heard that, he launched into a panegyric of praise of our Home Board Mountain Schools such as I never heard before or since. His first invitation to me to join the faculty was because of his dream of helping preachers who are not college graduates. Texas had so many then! He wanted to create, as an adjunct to the Seminary, a combined College and Seminary course, especially in Classical and New Testament Greek combined, for country preachers. I did not approve of the idea. It seems to me our colleges are most considerate of such preachers and help them graciously in their preparation. So I did not want to help create what seemed to me a probable monstrosity. Of course, however, I appreciated his invitations to join so beloved and honored a group.

Blessed faculty! I played tennis, with Williams as my partner, against Weatherspoon and Conner. (Young Weatherspoon and Barnes came to the faculty while I was a student teacher.) I continued the beloved fellowship with Carroll till he lay on his



ADELPHIAN THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY



A GROUP ON MISSION DAY

death bed, then watched over his dead body all night in his library and accompanied it to Waco, to the funeral, preached by George Truett in the old First Church, Waco. His brilliant son, B. H. Carroll, Jr., wrote as his thesis, here in Louisville a classic on mission methods, and the origin of Hardshellism. I heard the second son, preach. He was pastor in Owensboro for a while. I knew Miss Kate Carroll also, in Brazil. She married a Canadian, was a missionary in San Paulo when I first went to Brazil, though unmarried then. When she married this man, she retired with him to Canada.

My brother, Boyce, and my mother visited me in the Seminary at Fort Worth once. Dr. Carroll served a special feast for them in his lovely home. He was a master host, great at the old fashioned art of carving, at the table. The immense helpings of roast turkey he gave made me fear the meat would give out, but it did not. Socially, as well as mentally, what a man!

Dr. Newman writes the Introduction to "**The Genesis of American Antimissionism**", by B. H. Carroll, Jr. The book is dedicated to B. H. Carroll III, "With the eternal prayer that by the Grace of God and the calling of the Holy Spirit, he may some day be, either at home or abroad, a Consecrated Missionary of the Gospel of our Lord JESUS CHRIST." I wonder what became of the baby of such a vow! But the father became backslidden and I never knew that baby. Dr. Newman, in his introduction, summed up the revolt against missions that arose in Kentucky, Tennessee and other Southern States, of which this book was a thorough and brilliant study.

It looked like I would have to leave the Seminary, the winter after I came. I did not know that students lived almost entirely of the student-help funds, in some cases. I had planned my support, while at Arlington, by savings deposited in an Owensboro bank, widely advertised in *THE PATHFINDER* and teachers' magazines over the nation. A multitude

of us lost all we had saved. The funds of the bank were squandered and we depositors finally got four cents on the dollar. So I had little left to pay for my Seminary expenses. When Dr. Carroll heard I was about to leave, penniless, he took a deep interest in getting me work, and succeeded in doing so, in Ponder, Texas. It was a village church of farmers from the rich, black-land farms all about town. The village teacher rose later to the presidency of one of our Southern Universities. I loved being in their homes. My pastorate was brief, however. Brother W. W. Melton was a student at the same time I was, and student-pastor at Duncan, Oklahoma. He recommended me to the nearby church of Comanche. I went up as supply. That section of Oklahoma had been in what, in a later drouth, came to be called **THE DUST BOWL**. All the preachers had left, but those who lived on their farms and had no where to go. The men of the church wanted to disband the church and quit. A church session of thirteen women met and called me. I accepted and you see a picture of the contract I signed with Dr. Stalcup, the State Secretary. I thus became a State Missionary, and a Home Missionary, of the Oklahoma Baptist Convention, the Home Board of the Southern Baptist Convention and the Home Mission Society of Northern Baptists. I was a Home Missionary before I was ever a Foreign Missionary. The church grew very rapidly, first to half-time, then to full time. I loved the people beyond words to express, and it seemed to be mutual. I rode up Friday night or Saturday morning, in the long trip, spent Saturday, Sunday and the early hours of Monday morning with my people, taking turn about staying in their homes. Long before dawn Mondays I would walk through the red dust or mud of Main Street and catch the Rock Island train, flagged down, and get back to my study and teaching. There were many fruits of our work there together. Perhaps the best known is Dr. Othal Feather, of the Seminary fac-

ulty in Fort Worth, whom I baptized as a little boy, a convert from his farm home. Finally, I strode through that red dust one final time, with my tears falling in it as I turned my face away toward Brazil. Blessed people!

Look at those fine faces in the faculty! After Carroll and Williams, my favorite was Conner. My early morning hours made me sleepy in class. So Dr. Conner would ask some student to "**recite softly, please, so as not to wake Brother Taylor up.**" Then I was wide awake! I also went to sleep on Dr. Newman, who taught in a monotone. But when he got over the routine part of his lesson, he would take up a big book and read from some of the originals, in Greek, Hebrew, Latin, German, French or Italian. Ah! That was something very extra. I waked up then and took notes. That was the most learned teacher I ever saw, in the wide, general reaches of history, languages and theology. We became friends, and I turned over some of our correspondence to the Southwestern Seminary, in after years. With Ball and Scarborough I had little work, but did a wide reading in missions and, as a result of Scarborough's influence, I firmly resolved never to preach without making it clear to my audience how people are saved. And, as a result, I have had many people saved while I was preaching and some of them are among the most wonderful Christians on earth. I have seen their faces change as I preached and knew they were saved before they came forward to tell me. This debt to Scarborough I confess.

Dr. J. J. Reeve, my Hebrew teacher, was a learned, earnest and competent teacher, with a lovely, elegant wife. They would entertain the students occasionally in their home. She sent him for more sugar one evening, and he came back from the kitchen with a paper sack full. She hurried him back out of sight to bring a sugar bowl. I later specialized in Hebrew and Old Testament Theology for my minor in my postgraduate study, under Dr. Weatherspoon.

Twice I despaired, in my student days. Once the entire class studied our Systematic Theology course, the night before the exam. I begged them all to agree we would not take the exam, for I saw no possibility of passing. But they refused the counsel of despair and I was simply astounded when my grade on the exam proved to be 100, the first time Dr. Conner ever gave anyone 100! Then, in my oral exam for the doctorate, before a Committee of the Faculty, I thought they would never come back to report. Finally, Dr. Weatherspoon came and said: "We have delayed so because we thought that your general knowledge of the field deserves the grade **summa cum laude**. But your stumbling in the translating of both Greek and Hebrew, made us feel you would think it was a present from us if we gave you what you deserve, so we made it **magna cum laude**." The

thing is, my memory is my weak point. I had reviewed the whole vast Greek and Hebrew Scriptures that formed the basis of the course. But it so happened that both the Greek and Hebrew passages which they chose, for me to translate, and give an exposition of, had words in them I had forgotten, for they were the **first** passages I had reviewed. So I had to ask the meaning of several words. What a relief, when my long wait was over.

I married Nov. 13, 1913. We lived on the second floor of the one building, where also the W. M. U. Training School functioned. We sat together under Carroll. Our lives have been at harmony in the truth. I had never dreamt of being a missionary. At Ponder, one Saturday afternoon, I wandered over to the public school and looked at some wall maps and pondered within: "I wonder why I have never had the slightest impression to be a missionary, given my interest in Missions and mission studies." Not yet, though! One evening we two took a stroll over beautiful Seminary Hill, and got in late for prayer meeting. We had just gotten seated, when our dear friend, Dr. H. H. Muirhead, from Recife, stood up and read (translated) a letter from a great planter in interior Brazil, begging Brother Muirhead to bring back a missionary for his zone. As he described its needs, Brother Muirhead said: "I want to ask you to get down on your knees and pray with me that this old man's prayers may be answered." Accordingly, I knelt, still thinking more of the girl by my side than of Brazil or its missionary needs. But you say to yourself, when there has been a call for prayer: "Now what is it we are praying for?" And the answer came within: "Oh! Yes. We are praying for that need in Brazil. Oh! God. Please send back with Brother Muirhead some man to supply that need." Then to my astounded amazement there came to me, as clearly as if I had heard a voice speak the words: "You go!". I was so dumfounded and amazed that I inwardly said in reply: "Yes! I'LL GO! I'll be glad to go." Then I felt as we got up and occupied our seats again: "But what a pity! My wife is one of six girls, daughters of Mayor John W. Sisco, of Bardstown. What a shame to separate her from them." And so resistance sprang up within. We soon went around to our room. When we went in and the door closed, we turned at once to look into each other's eyes. Then we knew that the same God who had called one, had called the other in the same instant. We sat and thought, then talked it briefly over. My way of deciding things is to wait till in the morning and come to a decision in that early morning watch. But when I asked: "Shall we go and tell Brother Muirhead now or wait till in the morning?" she replied: "Let's go NOW." And we went. Two others had reached him before we did. And the four of us went out to Brazil to join him in work there, before the year was ended.

I learned, the day we were appointed mission-

# The Baptist General Convention of Oklahoma

TO Rev W. B. Taylor

1. This certifies that the Executive Board of THE BAPTIST GENERAL CONVENTION OF OKLAHOMA, reposing confidence in you as a devoted servant of Jesus Christ, of good reputation, and in full accord with the commonly accepted views and practices of Baptist Churches, has appointed you to follow:

Missy Pastor at Comanche

2. Your appointment is for 12 months, from the first day of Nov 1912

3. The amount appropriated towards your salary is \$ 130 for the time named, the Field to add \$ 170 The amount appropriated above to be paid by the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention; the Home Mission Society of New York, and the Baptist General Convention of Oklahoma.

If at any time it shall appear to you or to the Board that the interests of the field which you are appointed to cultivate demand a change, you may return, or the Board may recall this Commission, and upon written notice terminate your appointment; or by mutual consent you may be transferred to another field, but you cannot, without the consent of the Board, change your field of labor, and retain this Commission, nor can the Board assign you to another field without your consent. If at any time you decide to change any part of your work, please to notify the Corresponding Secretary at once.

By order of the Executive Board

H. H. Holtz Chairman of the Executive Board.

J. D. Taloup Cor. Secretary.

Oklahoma City, Okla., 11/22 - 1912.

## My Contract With the Mission Boards

aries by the Foreign Board, that one of the members voted against it, because, according to his theory, no man can be called instantly. It has to be a long, drawn-out, psychological process! He soon left the South and went to Chicago. Really, no two calls are ever alike, in details. They don't obey any man's theory.

Now the odds were then very heavy against my ever being appointed by the Foreign Board. It seemed impossible. I wrote at the time, to my mother: "It was the happiest hour of our lives until today when we made it known and found the same issue foremost in the hearts of many of our dearest friends. We called Muirhead down and talked it over with him until late in the night . . . Our only chance to be sent out next year is for the expense of the passage and two years salary to be raised by a few individual subscriptions in addition to regular contributions. To our almost utter undoing emotionally, this morning Muirhead referred to our surrender to this work just before Scarborough's speech, and said that one of our teachers, who is giving back

a tenth of his salary to keep the Seminary going and is giving another tenth to his church, said he and his wife would give \$200.00 a year to our support". I add that this meant that before we could sail there must be raised privately \$500.00 for passage, rent the same amount, and the salary of \$1,500.00 or a total of \$4,500.00 cash, before our appointment could even be considered by the Foreign Board, and all this in extra gifts.

But Muirhead was to speak at the annual February Bible Institute of the Murray, Ky. Church, where my brother, Boyce, was pastor. He had himself been called to be a missionary to Brazil during his Seminary days here in Louisville. He wrote my mother: "Ma, I am called to go to Brazil as a missionary, and I should like to go with your approval." I was a child then, as he was sixteen years older than I. My mother was deeply shocked. She took that letter to the parlor and knelt before a chair on which she had spread it open before God. Then she prayed: "No!, God, No! Not my firstborn. I need him. I am new in my widowhood and cannot get along without

him. I need him to help me raise the baby. Not my firstborn. You can have the baby as a missionary, if you want him, when we have raised him, but not my firstborn!" He who is the God of the widow and the father of the orphan, heard that prayer of the little figure in black, as she knelt before him, and canceled the call of my brother. When he came home, she asked him: "Boyce, are you going to Brazil?" He replied: "No, Ma. I was called. I know I was called. Then my call went away. I would not run ahead of the will of God. So I am not going." She told her pastor, John S. Cheek, and he told me long after that.

When Muirhead told of my call, the Murray church at once volunteered my salary, on for the years ahead, above and beyond what they were then giving, and the First Church, Mayfield, as readily agreed to pay my wife's salary, above their annual

giving then. My brother joyfully paid my salary, out of his own salary, as long as he lived and had a salary. He came to visit us in Brazil, long years afterward, and rejoiced in what he saw in all our work. When F. F. Soren introduced him to the Brazilian Baptist Convention, meeting in his church in Rio, Dr. J. F. Love, our Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Board, then also a visitor, sprang to his feet and said: "I want you to know that this man is pastor of the greatest missionary church in the world!"

Muirhead left for Brazil, three months later, and we followed him with joy six months later that same year and began our missionary service of forty one years. How grateful we are. Blessed experience!

Sincerely yours,

William Carey Taylor

W. C. T.