The foundation of the Temple of the holy Evangelist in Farina's kingdom, and the glorious death of Father Baltasar Barreira, first ambassador of the Gospel to this Province.

Chapter 26

Discussion of the progress of Christianity and the most remarkable events connected with it.

So far in this treatise I have not devoted a whole chapter to the circumstances of the creation of the new church of the Serra, since I considered this a matter outside my plan, my intention having been, as it remains, merely to describe, not those matters of grace which would be more appropriate in another work, but only the natives of the land and their characteristics, together with those of the (Fortunato) residents. But seeing that it involves little more labour, and since I have been solicited by my dearest friends, who are curious to /f.116/ have the whole story in one piece, it has seemed good to me, in order to oblige them on this point, that I should insert into the subsequent chapters of this History some of the information they seek from me, so that they may seek consolation in the Lord. I will not discuss here the works which the Lord performed between 1606 and 1610, but will limit myself to the years that have followed, and will refer those who are especially interested in the earlier period to the Relação anual prepared by Father Fernão Guerreiro of our Society, in which can be seen the information which the religious of our order sent back from these parts concerning what the inquirers wish to know about.

To come now to chapter 26 I have followed exactly the form of the annual report, and I repeat the text of the one entitled, "Annual letter for 1611 and 1612, about the building up of the mission station at Serra Leoa, which Manuel Álvares sent to Father Jerónimo Dias, Provincial of the Society of Jesus".

Although I very much desired last year to write to Your Reverence about the state of the new church, in order to fulfil my obligation and to conform to the practice of recounting the good news of our mission journeys, I was so indisposed most of the year that, each time I prepared to write, relapses made my pen fall from my hand. Today, putting my trust in the Lord that I may be able to complete at least a large part of what I intend to write, if not all, and even though my strength is not very great, I return to the task, which is to reveal what is most edifying of that which by his
grace the Lord has allowed to be accomplished in the midst of the countravailing excesses of the devil. Although the enemy has the advantage arising from the failure to furnish supplies to this conquista, one of his most powerful weapons in his scheme to bring the new tower of the Lord in ruins, he has still not been able to do enough to bring about its downfall and prevail against its fine soldiers, despite all his fury. I attribute all his attacks to the pride of this hellish Goliath, and to envy of this evil spirit directed against the Lord's honour, which arose when he saw the new edifice of faith which has been gradually built up the most powerful kingdom of this Province. That is my first point.

King Farma had a great desire to see his lands enjoy the same (spiritual) authority as he was told neighbouring kingdoms enjoyed. He let me know this many times, in words and latterly by deeds. For he sent one of his most cherished daughters to our house in the Serra, the house dedicated to the Saviour, so that she might be baptised and might serve me, as a token of the sincerity of his heart. She was brought by a Portuguese gentleman who came for the Easter services, and who acted as intermediary in view of the holy desire of the king for better acquaintance, in order that Farma might, as he himself stated, maintain his cause with the padre. When the procession and mass had come to an end on the feast day, the Portuguese gave me the message which the king had fervently entrusted to him regarding the preaching of the Gospel in his land, and regarding the spiritual interest and deep concern of his whole kingdom respect of Christ. I replied with a smile that I was a labourer with many fields and such delicate crops that any wind might harm them. Who will dwell here and in the other residences, each of which calls for a priest and a lay-brother, men who are holy and humble and true friends of self-mortification? To all of this he replied: "Father, it is so." "Then, I continued, "let us see what is written of the kingdom which had enough contend with in respect of its lords and their slaves, let alone in respect of the Christians of the land to which I am already in debt."
Farina was not convinced by this reply. He continued to press, and to importune me, with such persistence and such affectionate longing that I did not know how to decide the matter or find arguments (a) to refute the force of his own. I wrote to the Portuguese to say that I was greatly pleased by the interest of the king; and since we had a mutual interest in the foundation of a church, he should discuss the project at length with the savage, explaining to him what a church was, and what a priest was, and that once a church was established all matters pertaining to Christians, whether natives or foreigners, would have to be under the control of the church and be placed in the hands of the priest, as the true superior in things spiritual and temporal, in just the same way as in other Christian parts where there were no capitâes.

João Loucão—'this being the name of the devout intermediary'—carried my decision to the savage, and explained the matter so carefully that he was greatly impressed. To remove any misconception Farina may have had, he said to the king: "If you want the padre in your lands only so that Portuguese vessels will come here, you are acting wrongly, for the padre has no commercial contacts on earth, his business /f.117/ being only to bring heavenly goods and the chattels of divine grace. Father Baltasar Barreira, his predecessor, whom you never saw, first made this point (to you)". Then João Loucão told Farina about Christian priests, and what our intention was in coming to these lands so late in time. He asserted that it was solely through our zeal for the salvation of souls, and that all the padres of our humble Society, including the one to whom he was making his request, considered that all their labours and all the difficulties of the journey to this kingdom were well justified if they could serve him and all his people in this place. This was the business we sought, not trade in gold or silver or those other goods which are obtained in exchange for precious stones from the East. "These temporal goods are not sought by our members, as they are

(a) Syllogism
by the legates of Mohammed, who seek you out only to deceive you and remove valuables from your homes. The padres do not come for this reason. The Lord sends them in order to remove the deep darkness by means of which the devil has wrapped your understanding in obscure light, and to give you faith in the Creator. They come to enrich you with the true valuables of grace and the Lord's favour. This is what a Christian priest does."

Farma listened attentively to the harmonious utterances of his agent, and he marvelled at the novelty of what he was told about the (ascetic) poverty of the religious life and our (humble) standard of living. In reply, he ordered the man to write to me as quickly as possible, requesting that, as his eyes could not behold me, I would agree that my eyes should enjoy the sight of his lands, so that I might appreciate how wide they were. From me he expected only that I would bring to his lands the divine merchandise which his guest, João Louçã Barros, had told him about at length. He fully understood that these were the best and most valuable merchandise, and that with these nothing else here on earth below could compete, however fine and perfect. He had confidence in the true God, creator of all, (b) whom he adored with his whole heart, and who, out of pure love, had given and entrusted to him his kingdom. With God's favour, he still hoped to profit from the divine merchandise.

With these good intentions he began the building of the temple, a construction the finest and most elaborate of all the buildings we have here. The situation is especially pleasing, and is accessible to all the heathen who daily gather in this spot with their goods, since this is the chief trading-place of the whole Province. The chapel lies on the north side,

(b) Domini est terra. (The earth is the Lord's [Psalm 23:1]. Meus est orbis terrarum. Si esuriero, non dicens. (If I were hungry, I would not tell [Psalm 49:12], for the world is mine [Psalm 49:12].)
between two shady trees, and beyond these in the same direction is thick
forest and an equally wild circling stream, whose bubbling waters and
fierce currents running over boulders make it as attractive as it is
(cooling and) healthy. On the south side, a creek runs round it, in
which the rising and falling tides mingle the salt waters of the sea with
the fresh waters of the river.

Now we will describe the dedication of the temple. After I had
finished hearing the confessions of a good part of the Christian community
of the church of the Apostle St Peter, a boat reached me with letters from
the Portuguese (up-river). On reading these I took my leave (and set off)
in order to celebrate the dedication festival. Everyone was daily awaiting
my arrival with great excitement. When the boat appeared, they rushed in a
crowd down to the river to meet me, some weeping tears of joy they could
not hold back, others holding out their arms to me in expression of their
love. These gestures from all on this occasion demonstrated such real
affection for our humble Society that I was speechless. From this moment
I felt repaid for the trouble of my journey merely by the outward mani-
ifestations, while as for the more private reward from the Lord, I shall not
discuss it here.

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(c) It produces other natural fruit which here are more tasty to those
who have a care for the glory of the Creator than "Food of Christ".

(d) Sons of the wild boars of the idolaters. A rustic house, in which the
leading men also make the dish they enjoy.
With these happy thoughts in my mind, I was led by these
gentlemen to the basilica of St John the Evangelist, the sight of which
filled me with special joy. I praised the perfection of the building,
I thanked João Louçã Barros, its founder, and the other gentlemen for
this new fortress, and I told him, without disavowing any of our hopes,
that the building enabled me to assure all persons that both spiritual
and temporal peace were being preserved. I added: "Just as the King of
Poland used to say that the best warriors and the finest army to protect
his kingdom were the members of the Society of Jesus whom he had intro-
duced into his kingdom, so your honour will see that with the introduction
of membership (of this church) of the glorious Evangelist, the beloved
disciple of the Lord Jesus, you can hardly hope for less." Night fell.
I do not recall on any journey having enjoyed contentment and happiness in
a more spiritual form than I did in the course of this one. It was made
thus by the delicate melody of the sweet music of the Christian faith which
met me in this village. The master of the music was a Portuguese called
Brás da Costa, who out of his charity taught it before the foundation of
the church, with great zeal exhorting all to observe the Saviour's law.
I found this the best refreshment of all those that the gentlemen provided
for me.

The following day the decoration of the altar was finished. A
large part of the roof of the church was covered with very beautiful mats.
When all was ready, on the second Sunday /f.116/ in Lent, I said mass. In
order to share in the glory which the evangelist so greatly experienced on
Mount Tabor, I chose to consecrate the temple then, to the joy and relief
of all those who, with tears of devotion, helped me to consecrate it on
that holy day. I placed in it a Virgin and Child which I had brought with
me, to incite the adoration of the true God and of herself, from all
throughout the kingdom. The neighbouring villages were deserted as the
flagrance of Our Lady reached them. The heathen stood in wonder at the door of the temple viewing the new spectacle: they could not bring themselves to leave and had forgotten where they were. Farma did not yet know of my arrival, although the Lady had already conquered with the divine weapons of her eyes many who sought baptism. But it is as important to refrain from gathering unripe fruit as to give the tree which bears it proper care so that it may bear fruit. From amongst those (who sought baptism) I selected thirteen who were well instructed in the faith and almost all of whom gave good hope of Christian fruits, and I bathed them in the holy waters, while the others were dying of thirst for lack of them. This was the first blow struck by the holy apostle. But to date he has struck so many effective blows that the temple, though the largest of all (in this mission), needs to be enlarged because of the number of the faithful which daily keeps growing. Massa Fogoma, ruler of the nearest kingdom, and a subordinate of Farma, was present at the festival with all his people. Although a man of sober personality and careful judgement, he took note of all and kept his eye on the sacred images. To the right of the altar on a silken cloth stood an image of the Saviour holding the globe in his hand, and the savage asked João Louçano Barros: "Cassane a fo e paga da Sora?" (e) Indicating the globe, he said, "Kebinta afo?", "Is that round thing a shield?". The devout Portuguese told him what the puzzling figure was, saying it was a representation of Christ in his prime. He was satisfied; and when it was explained to him that the globe was a model of the world, he marvelled at how little his people knew apart from their knowledge of God, and how they walked in darkness. João Louçano said: "Because of this, God is sending you the padre, to teach you the way to heaven".

(e) Gracious saying.
When the dedication feast was over, an ambassador was sent to Paris to bring him news of what had happened and to tell him that I had arrived. His approval was marked; the messenger could only describe it by the phrase "Fama silo", "Fama smiled", an expression indicating great satisfaction when a person obtains something or is within sight of it (in contrast to) the Latin term desiderium which signifies the dissatisfaction caused by longings and unassuaged desires. Parma sent me a present, the best of all the presents we had been given by these kings. He confined his hand to me and declared me its true king, in order that the Lord would permit me to become king of his heart too. I accepted the gift but it was necessary to declare the spirit in which I did so. All the Portuguese and the other Christians on this occasion assembled most respectfully at the place where I was staying. The ambassador of Parma approached and I explained to him the status of the padres, so that if I accepted the king's gift I did this as a poor man, which was what the Portuguese gentlemen were accustomed to considering me; and hence I possessed and could give (in return) to the savage nothing other than what I had received from God, that is, the power to show him the road to heaven, by instructing him and his people in the ways of salvation. We practised poverty on earth with great joy because we professed it out of love for Christ our Saviour who, being rich, made him poor from love of us. The savage heard all this with marked attention, and left to inform the king, very satisfied, and promising to tell him about the obligation to the King of Glory he now bore in return for the singular favour I had shown him in being willing to be his guest, the obligation expressed through a form as extraordinary as that of the sovereign and ineffable mystery of the Holy Eucharist.

As the season when these events occurred was that of Lent, and since there was much to do here, because there were guests from the Windward Coast, and the officers of the ships were not in a position to go to other churches, while the residents were also unable to go elsewhere.
because of pirates, I resolved, now that Holy Week was so close, to carry out the offices here. The Vicar of Cacheu came to me for confessions, and he attended all the offices, showing great devotion. The number of persons present was great and the devotion on the part of all greater. On Palm Sunday an altar was set up in the crossing of the church and was beautifully decorated, and at this palms were blessed and distributed. A procession followed. A cloth which served as a curtain was drawn back and the verse, "Glory, laud and honour", was recited with much feeling; and everyone made responses with such tears of joy that I cannot declare to Your Reverence the extent of the happiness it gave me. But Your Reverence can well imagine what all were able to feel, on seeing /f.119/ a novel event, so unexpected in a kingdom so wild and backward. On Tenebrae Wednesday, the office was celebrated so perfectly that as far as devotion goes there was little for these barren parts to envy in the services of your parts of the world, where everything incites to devotion. On Holy Thursday there were many communicants. The Vicar was present to lend his authority to all done here, and in his surplice and stole was the first to receive, in complete devotion, the Sacred Body of the Lord.

After the holy sacrifice, we cleared the altar tearfully, and drew a curtain which concealed a pious crucifix standing under a purple canopy with a Calvary scene in the same silk on which are embroidered the words of the Prophets relevant to the history of this holy day. Then a number of candles and small torches were lit. After this we emerged from the chapel and came to where the infant Jesus with the cross on his shoulders stood on an altar. I cannot describe to Your Reverence the amount of devotion and the tears which all displayed at this novel sight. As for me, I can only say that, although the scene is now in the past I am still present in spirit, and this to such an extent that even as I write to Your Reverence I cannot hold back my tears. The temple was decorated throughout in mournful guise, and was circled by beautiful pictures of angels holding the symbols of martyrdom. Only the hardest hearts could have failed to be moved by the sight.
About an hour after midday I reached the Gospel. The lamentations which then occurred in the church astonished me. The heathen, on seeing this unaccustomed novelty, stopped and looked at each other. I can say that when I spoke from the sacristy for a fair space of time about the goodness of Jesus and the insults he has received, and then halted because I had completely lost my voice, those present in the sacred temple did not stop their sobbing, their tears and their violent gestures. After the office of Tenebrae, a procession was formed in which four of the leading Portuguese carried a sacred image of Christ in a litter, decorated with great care. The Lord was accompanied by many penitents, who applied discipline to themselves until they bled, some of them fixed to crosses or to pillars, others carrying a cross on their backs. At each stage they sang the Miserere and the prayer Respice. The lamentations and the signs of devotion were such that the king’s chief brothers and sons and the other lords who attended all these events were full of admiration.

At this point there arrived here a very close relative of the king’s niece /f.119v/, whom the Blessed Virgin had rescued from the claws of a crocodile, as I described in my annual letter for 1611. When she saw me, she showed especial joy arising from her great affection for our holy religion. On Good Friday we held the Stations of the Cross—{the feast of the Crucifixion and the burial of the Saviour)—with no less devotion. On Easter Saturday, when the holy sacrifice was over, we carried a beautiful cross from the place where it had been used on Good Friday to the forecourt of the church and erected it there, while we said the Litany and chanted the Laudate. We conformed to the words of St Paul: “Sicut socii estis passionum "... as ye are partakers of the sufferings (so shall ye be also of the consolation)". 2 Corinthians 1:7 and in case (the worship of) God seemed merely sorrowful and penitential to simple minds, we celebrated the Lord’s Resurrection with a feast. But
since the vulgar feasts consist of things which invoke laughter, the reverend vicar out of his goodwill made a figure of Judas which was hung up at dawn on Sunday for all to see, and our most recent Christians approached it closely to convince themselves what it was, as they did not believe it was a statue. Now we come to the procession. Everyone showed great satisfaction. Many muskets were fired. Music was not lacking, nor the sound of that instrument which sends loud expressions of joy to the King of Glory. After the feast, I returned to our House of St Peter, where I heard confessions from the residents and from the Christians of the land, as well as from the guests from the Windward Coast. Then I returned to our church of St Michael Archangel, in the Serra, where I concluded the Lenten duties. Let this also be the conclusion of the first section (of the report), since other matters now summon us.

NIGHT was about to draw the pen from my hand when, to render me sadder, there arrived a youth, who was followed by King Miguel Tora with a packet of letters which Fatema had ordered him to bring to me. Everyone waited with great excitement for news of my beloved Father Baltazar Barreira and his companions. I opened the packet and then, sad to say, a letter which has caused me and this whole Province such pain and sorrow that I cannot describe them to Your Reverence. In my little hut nothing could be heard but the weepings of the saint's friends. Everyone else was silent. Sadly they left, leaving me even sadder, with more reason, although I had to conceal my sorrow at the /f.120/ time in order to console the others. Afterwards my eyes could not be restrained, and the pain and sorrow of such a loss I cannot relate to Your Reverence. There were not lacking others to feel as I did, for the saint was the master of the wills and hearts of all. As for me, I have overwhelming reason to be sad for the rest of my life, since I have lost here on earth a very good friend. This is reason to lament, reason to make me melancholy, since I have lost Father Baltazar Barreira, that saint who mortified himself in every way;
that figure of sanctity; that spirit totally inflamed by divine love, as indifferent to all that is lower and earthly as he was in union with the Eternal, as free from the bonds of earth as he was securely attached to those of heaven; that figure of obedience, who although it was essential for him to leave the Serra in order to safeguard the progress of our affairs on Santiago Island, as our Padre-General had ordered him, dared not do this because the letters (of instruction) had not yet reached him; that very humble soul who asked me many times to tell him what I thought he should do about the journey, repeating the words of glorious St Martin, "Si adhoc populo tuo sum necessarius, non recuso laborem" - "If your people still need me, I accept the toil". All these wise cautions were employed only to show me that the doubt he entertained whether his journey would be acceptable to his superiors gave him pain and was the whole reason for his hesitation. To discover the divine will he practised not only the holy exercise of prayer but, at the age of 75, the normal penitential course with such rigour of fasting, wearing of a hairshirt and disciplining of the body that I was amazed.

The obedience of the saint was always in the context of the cross, so that in the eyes of God he might seem improved. I saw him in Angola, I saw him crossing the sea for love of the Lord, then I saw him, between about 72 and 75 living in Serra Leoa, a sterile land where confidence in God can be more faithfully practised. (g) If the Blessed Father Francisco called the Moro Islands the islands of Hope-in-God, I have no doubt that if he had come here he would have given this name to these wildernesses, perhaps with more reason. I repeat that he lived in the context of the cross.

(g) St Gregory said of Abraham that he loved his son when Isaac played the (sacrificial) role of Christ more than he did before that; and felt affection for Isaac because he pictured the Lord carrying the cross on his shoulders, represented by the bundle of firewood, even more than he did because he was his own son.
because he always offered himself for lowly occupations which he undertook with enthusiasm and signs of joy, while refusing those tasks which brought honour. But when his saintly excuses could not enable him to escape these tasks, he conformed to the will of the Lord, whom he imitated on this point as far as His Divine Grace /f.120v/ assisted him, in which grace he lived while he bowed his head before the Cross. Our superiors had long experience of this, for when they obliged him to accept the responsibility of being head of this mission, he sought by all means to pass it over to Father Manuel de Barros, his companion. When it reached his ears that the inhabitants of Santiago Island wanted him as their bishop, he said to me, (h) "I assure Your Reverence that what João Palha has said to me has caused me great pain and has produced in me the desire to undertake the journey which previously I had barely resolved to do". This statement of spiritual self-abnegation truly represented his sainthood. (i) Regarding his poverty I will say this, that when I came to the Serra from Portugal, at my first meeting with him, one of the things which brought tears to my eyes was the sight of the saint wearing such a worn cassock, covered in bright patches of various colours, that I gained a clear idea of the love he had for this holy virtue, in whose arms was born the Creator of the Universe, the Divine Word, in the cave at Bethlehem. His form of dress, outwardly and underneath, was that of a begging-friar and he sought help from no-one with the mending of any of his clothes. He made them all himself, even his shoes, in holy humility. Only very exceptionally did he employ a youth to do what he could do himself. And as he had a great affection for the Holy Queen, he similarly was a great friend of the poor, giving them even the sheets from his bed to clothe them.

(h) 28th May 1609.

(i) All the time that Christ our Lord remained alive on the cross he had above his head, and when he was dead he had below him, the inscription: JESU N.S.J. / R.I.J. / "Nazarenus Rex Iudaearum", John 19:19. Hence mankind is obliged to pay Him honours, even when these are disagreeable to Him, while at another time it is obliged to flee from Him, even when these honours are no offence to it. (?)
I have not mentioned the great expense he assumed for the sake of our Christians in this church of his. He became their tailor and cut out their breeches, and in order to do it better asked professionals for patterns just as in Angola he had sewed caps for the heathen, to gain his keep and support his companions. The Provinces he tramped through speak of his boundless charity. What journeys he made for the conversion of infidels! Our saint was a river of holy water which copiously watered many marshes stagnant with infidelity. The Congo, Angola, the Serra, Cape Verde, none of them can deny it. Joala asserts it, and Porto de Ale, where the Calvinist heretic, a man of learning, feared to argue the faith with this most firm pillar of it, who had provoked the heretic earlier to say that if the padre could convince him he would surrender and be converted to the Lord. Bena asserts it, Bena where this apostle went, at the expense of great labours, out of zeal for the salvation of souls and especially the soul of King Massacandwe who had invited him in order to bring it to the Creator. How many /f.121/ of those persecuted in the Serra did he not restore to some sort of liberty! How many did he not draw from the jaws of death, bringing them from captivity to freedom!

Here is an instance which was reported to me. A godson was about sell his godfather, for certain specific reasons, some legitimate. This great zealot in the faith leaped on the man like a lion. What things did he not say on behalf of our Christian religion! Did he fear to mention and condemn this abominable act? The wretch was so impressed that he broke the bargain and the slave regained his liberty, thanks to the saint. The padre reproached the same man for his evil way of life, which was wicked and scandalous. He did not come to confessions, and it was necessary to censure him, to make him do this and leave off his evil ways. The miserable wretch, realising his situation and that he was excluded from the number of the Lord's flock, crazily spoke words directed against the saint. He was
told about this, but said with the utmost patience, "It is in the hands of God, He will attend to it". And so it was, for fire struck the man's house and no-one knows even today where the fire came from.

I could say a great deal about his charity for it was very great, but from the little I say can be inferred how much I am silent about. His gentleness was so marked that he once happened to say to me that it was not suitable for us to have a servant in the house since (if we did) we would have to (punish and) beat him. He was so humble that he never ceased to depurate himself. Once when he spoke of God with such fervour that I was carried away, he said to me, "Padre, Your Reverence does not appreciate how little I know. I have tried to persuade myself that I am a good preacher but I have never counted for much." Thus the saint spoke, even though when he was younger he had preached before the Cardinal D.Henrique. When he wrote papers he gave them to me to look over, and he asked me to correct them as I thought fit; and this happened when he made out an official statement which he gave to Bartolomeu André. Need I say how he behaved during my illness, when the saint did everything for me? It seems to me that he never mortificed the flesh more than on that occasion. What doctor visits a sick man with such kindness? What brother would serve a sick man with more fervour than did this man of religion?

Daylight had not yet arrived when he could be seen, either in the church, or visiting his most devout friends, and shedding a thousand tears as if he considered me already dead. What can I say of his great mortifications /f.121v/ of the palate and other bodily senses? He treated himself as an enemy. He told me that Father D.Conçalo da Silveira examined him before he entered the Society and the examination went thus. "If you were ordered to go to Japan, would you go? If you were ordered to suffer hunger and thirst and death itself for the sake of Christ our Saviour, would you do this?". The saint replied, "Yes". I recall this
because I have often noted the extent to which the padre invoked his Holy Master. And in this matter of the palate, we know that in Sena, a place in Monomotapa, often he used to open his heart to God under certain trees and when he saw on them a yellow fruit with such an unpleasant smell that not even the Kaffirs could eat it, he ate it. I have seen him do the same thing here, when (he ate) food that could not be put on the table because of its bad smell and which I could not eat or at least could only eat in imitation of him, as I tried to do in other matters. But he praised it as if it were fit for a king.

I will relate what happened to the archdeacon of Cape Verde in relation to our apostle. The saint had been to visit him, to discuss with him the concord which it was right there should be between himself and the provisionary, it being enough that the archdeacon had directed against him one unjust sentence of suspension. The archdeacon would not agree with the padre or with the governor, Fernão de Mesquita, when they asked him to abandon the dispute. He would not do what they begged him to do, that is, to give another, more favourable sentence, by which the provisionary would be humbled more and the padre would gain greater honour and credit. As if Father Baltasar Barreira had known of the sentence of death which the Lord had pronounced against the archdeacon, he said to him, "Is Your Reverence sure that you will live to see this sentence (executed)?" The poor man fell sick shortly afterwards and passed into the hands of death. Similarly, for the greater glory of the Lord in the person of His saint, He chastised with a speedy death a citizen of the island who murmured against the saint, saying, "The island is doomed with the coming of this greedy order!". After saying this, this man became our great friend and sent to the padre a fine present, which he was not willing to accept, just as he also refused generous alms which at this date were left to the Society.
One could not expect less from a person who had the strength of vocation possessed by the padre. He fell ill in the Sierra two months before leaving for (Santiago) Island and as he was very fond of me, he told me various things and spoke of his vocation /f.122/ in these terms. "A gentleman leaving for Peru visited my father. Because I longed to see these lands I decided to go with him, and off I set. When I reached Seville, Our Lord sent me an inward illumination of a kind beyond explanation. In it he revealed to me the illusions of the world and showed me that my true Peru was not the material one I was seeking but a religious vocation in which I could serve Him. Immediately I resolved to serve Him in the strictest order that existed. I had previously made my confession to one of our padres whom I had told about my journey, and he answered me, "My son, how badly you are spending your life! But when you go, do not fail to take with you two companions, Contemptus mundi (Contempt of the World) and a book called "Despise yourself". I replied that I would. From there I set out for Portugal. At Aldeia Calega my mule-driver absconded because he feared that his mule would be seized by a certain lord. Here I met a young man who told me a thousand good things about the Society, but this religious vocation did not seem to me a suitable one because it forbade intercourse with relatives, and I told the young man this. He replied in the words of the Gospel, "Qui non odio patrem, etc" (If any man come to me and) hate not his father...(he cannot be my disciple)", Luke 14:26. Then I decided to approach the Franciscans and the Society, and whichever order received me first it would be the will of God that I should serve. Thus it was that when I sought out the Franciscans God willed that I could not see the Commissary for several days. And I was received into the Society, the Proposer being Father Miguel de Torres. Father D. Conçalo examined me in the way I have described."
During his illness he fully accepted the will of the Lord and said to me that when it was ordained he should go to Him, he would trust only in the sacred wounds and the blood of Christ Our Redeemer. Only one thing he would wish to raise before God, the progress of his work here and the new Christianity of the Serra. The Serra did not deserve the sacred treasure of his corpse. While here he said to me, that in the Cape Verde Islands he had reformed two monasteries at Vila da Praia and done other services for the Lord, but that it all amounted to little and that he had not been a profitable servant.

Everyone gathered fruits from this holy tree of life. Oh Serra, you have reason to bewail the loss of your Pastor, you have reason to be sad after losing the torch which lit up your darkness! I wish to pass on from this event /f.122v/, but his memory is engraved in my heart so that I can never forget it. After I received the sad news I commended myself during the holy exercise of prayer to his pure soul, seeking that it would intercede (for me) before the Lord, in whose blessed sight he today rejoices, since to a life so perfect the copious mercy of the Lord in Glory could not be denied. I could continue at length about his holy man since the Lord permitted me to learn much from him, but information on saints should be sought from saints. For I am not worthy to say anything about such a great saint without first admitting, as I do, to a boldness in humility, in that what I do is necessary for our consolation and our edification in the Lord.

To return to our Serra and the progress of its Christianity. This has been as is normal in lands which have just been converted to our holy faith, or in others which have been seized with holy yearnings and have been bathed in the sacred waters (of baptism). That is, the devil is greatly resentful. This we experienced in a notable happening some two or three years ago, which I wish to recall at the same time as certain other happenings, greatly to the glory of the Lord, through which
the heathen came to believe in the truth of the sacred Gospel and to
discover the mysterious advantages to those who receive it.

The king of the Serra fell sick and asked me to hear his
confession, sending a message to an island where I had gone, for the greater
 glory of the Lord, to confess a man who was dangerously ill.\(^{(j)}\) On this
occasion some Portuguese had taken me in a boat. On our return journey
I asked the one who steered the boat to take us alongside Camassono
Island,\(^{(k)}\) the former seminary of Tora's idolatry. They all rejoiced
to have the opportunity to see it and thanked me for what I had arranged,
since it also gave them a chance to gather fruit from the trees which
fringe its beaches, for while their natural fruit is worthless, the sea
rewards the island with coolness which makes it the more delightful, by
loading the branches of the trees with a great number of oysters, the
most common shellfish here in the Serra. The sun was sinking and we were
still a long way from our village. We travelled on a little way, and then
the sea was covered with canoes containing devils who all wailed in great
pain, repeating the words, "Padre a pom su eno", meaning "The Padre
is killing us here". One devil appeared in the form of an old man
shouting from the shore of the island and calling to those moving on
the sea. The accursed spirits made a show of mocking him and then
disappeared. /f.123/ The neighbouring islands were terrified by this
happening and not understanding what it was, believed that these were
war canoes, bringing war in a form which could not be more dangerous for
them. But they were not long kept in suspense. The evil spirit entered
into a female heathen, afflicting and tormenting her and speaking in
far-away languages. One of their false priests asked the woman what
people were those on Camassono. The vain-glorious spirit replied,
"We are they. And we have decided to leave you, since the padres

\(^{(j)}\) Notable instance, Camassono.

\(^{(k)}\) Camassono. An Idol, a rock, the Island is like a temple dedicated
to it.
attack us and press so close to where we live that there is no place for us in this land". A happy state of affairs when this is so!

Confused by these deceitful tricks (1) and ingenious wiles, the people now attempt by sacrifice and gifts to calm the spirits, even trying to make peace and be reconciled with the true enemy (of mankind). All this is what the jealous spirit yearns for, when he sees so many innocent souls intending as his prey being drawn away from his claws.

Two or three days later, a chief from the island where the woman lived in whom the devil entered, came to our village of S.Pedro. In great sorrow and affliction he recounted to the Christian king what had happened, just as I have told it here. "Pai Papa obei muna xarafe corofica Camassono coga su achen gane chico Padre a sa peco". "Oh father, oh king, you do not realise that the devils of Camassono treat us as their enemies because the padres attack them." The king smiled and replied to the savage after he had heard him out, "The padres have now good reason to say that (the spirits) are feeble and their power limited and dependent on divine permission. Let us follow the padres since they are stronger than these."

The chief left distressed to see that God had won. This story seemed so novel to me that I did not easily accept it, even though persons worthy of credit told me it. Since the king knew about it, I asked him to have the goodness to repeat it to me, which he did to the letter as I have stated it above. I praised him highly for the Christian response he gave the chief, and told him that God was not the creator of evil things and had not created such devils, who were beings that hated and wished ill to the Lord, in the same way as good spirits adored Him.

"Et adorant eum omnes Angeli ejus". \( \int \) "And all his angels adore Him", \( J (m) \) In similar happenings we can reasonably discern the

(1) This is not the first time that the devils, leaving their places they formerly possessed, have taken flight to avoid encirclement.
(m) At the first moment of the creation of the angels, the Eternal Father placed before it the sacred humanity of Christ that they might recognise it and that the good angels might adore, whose captain was St Michael; Lucifer adored but his followers denied this respect which was the cause of his fall, etc (?)
hand of the All-Powerful, whose Holy Gospel after it has begun to shed its rays of light into sterile wastes of infidelity such as this, will little by little dissipate the thickest and darkest clouds of hell with which they are filled and covered.

Here I wish to report another remarkable happening /f.123 v/ in this island of Camassono. As a Portuguese passed by in a canoe, he approached the land because of a storm and he heard these words spoken on the island, "Neoneo, neoneo", meaning, "Come away". Those who were in the canoe could see no sign of anyone. Another time, marks and traces of the enemy in the shape of an enormous animal were seen on the beach. These malignant spirits make some of the heathen so scared and anxious that out of fear of them they are not willing to be baptised. But many of them have given to God their children and other relatives who cannot help but come forward; and the reason they give is this: "Padre mitafe confi a sapemi rasopo recoifi", that is, "Padre, I am afraid of the devils who will persecute me when I die".

Quite different was (the reaction of) a heathen woman who, as she was on her way to work, near a spring, received a great beating from the devil and was so badly treated that she could not get up from her bed for several days. This event made the heathen murmur. The woman said that the corință hated the church and were disgusted because those who went to church no longer paid them the accustomed tribute. She asked the Christians for medicine to protect her from the enemy and was given that of the Most Holy Name of Jesus accompanied by the divine weapon of the cross. She was satisfied and lost her fear, and with these efficacious remedies was wholly protected against the evil spirit. Today we hear many heathen invoke the Most Holy Name.

The credit and good opinion of our religion is much enhanced among the infidels by the miracles which the Lord effects among them. A malign spirit entered into a heathen woman of noble standing, the
mother of D.Cristovão de Fatema. She made contortions and grimaces so unpleasant that she scared those around her, and none could hold her when possessed by the fury of the enemy. The devil left her alone when a reliquary was hung around her neck, to the great glory of the Lord and the veneration of the holy Evangelist.

As extraordinary was the benefit the King of the Serra received from the hand of the Creator on the feast of the Archangel Michael in 1611. For more than a year the poor man had been paralysed by a dangerous disorder. He was very frail when he attended mass on this holy day. (But) he left the house of the archangel with such strength and so improved that not only were we all astonished by the remarkable benefit but he himself announced it, saying, "I have seen God, I have seen the padre, and straightway I regained my health". He continues thus today. A week later he begged me to allow the ornaments and sacred images to be taken to our Casa de Jesus where he was staying, in order that a son of the Grand Baba, to whom D.Felipe is subordinate, who with other Manes had come to visit him at this time, might see the holy objects, the most precious treasure in his kingdom. I allowed this and was accompanied by the Portuguese in two boats. I said mass there, and the most splendid festivals we had seen in this land took place, since these were festivals of the Manes, a warrior people, and worthy of much note. D.Felipe emerged with the best (garb) he possessed in order to see the Lord of Glory in the holy sacrifice.

This he did in the afternoon, in the open space of the village, where, in the presence of the Portuguese and of other heathen natives, he gave proof of his strength of mind, together with all his qualities as a good captain. Here as daggers and swords were flashing, the Manes flourished their spears and protected their bodies with large shields made of reeds; their bows were drawn tight and their arrows soaked (? in poison); and they performed other military drill of the kind done by this warrior people. The shouts and battlecries of the soldiers

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(n) Baba
provided much diversion for the senses and aroused the spirit mightily.

The prince had arrived in a ship whose captain was José Baptista, who had been a novice with me under the supervision of Father Gonçalo Simões. The emotion and tears of the poor man upset me to an extent which I cannot describe to Your Reverence. He did not tire of praising our Society, and he spoke of Father Pedro Lopes, who was rector at that time, and of Father Simão de Sousa. He made his confession here, and received communion with great devotion. He is a true friend of the Lord. He did me many acts of kindness, earning the gratitude for them which it is appropriate to be given by a religious.

During this meeting I had a lengthy argument with a Calvinist heretic about the second person of the Most Holy Trinity, in which I stated a case drawn from chapter 66 [v.9] of Isaiah: "Numquid ego qui alios parere facio, ipse non pariam? Si ego qui generationem caeteris tribuo, sterilis ero?". ["Shall I bring to the birth and not cause to bring forth? ... shall I cause to bring forth and shut the womb?"] All this from my ignorant self, but I relied on the word of the Lord, "Dabitur enim vobis in illa hora quid loquamini, etc" [version of "For the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say", Luke 12:12]. He conquered, He who said "Dedit voci suae vocem virtutia". [Isaac]

The ignorant man was overcome, and two others asked me (to allow them to receive) holy baptism from the hands of José Baptista, who is like a lily among thorns among these Lutherites. I prepared for any eventuality, and gave him appropriate instructions, so that he could administer to them the divine remedy if they persevered in their holy intentions, or could give them it if anything happened at sea.

With these things accomplished, I left D. Filipe in order to go to our house of S. Pedro, where we celebrated Christmas with all
solemnity. The temple was transformed into a garden which seemed so lifelike that my pen cannot describe it. To the Infant was brought a delightful present of fruits of the earth, among them six citrons, the largest I have ever seen, which were hung up as decorations. Crowds of people assembled to hear the mass of the holy night, and they came to a standstill when they saw the attention given to decorating and arranging the sacred house and the fresh and cool appearance throughout. And those from Lisbon who were there as guests could not find the words to commend the perfection of the whole scene.

When the holy day was over and after I had said the mass of the first day of the Octave, I left for the house of the Sacred Evangelist, to celebrate the festival of the first jubilee. This I will speak about later as I want to refer first to what happened when I met a priest, or legate of abomination, belonging to the Mohammedan sect.\[o\] These people are great wanderers, roaming everywhere, and one of them came to this settlement dedicated to the prince of the apostles. He came to visit me and showed great respect and courtesy, which I reciprocated in my treatment of him. He was so edified that he immediately drew off from his finger a ring of gold which he gave to a Christian of the land who had guided him to our house so that I could receive it from this man's hand. I smiled and said to him that the gold which I had come to these distant lands to find, took the form of souls gained for Christ, his own and those of very many infidels. If he offered me his soul for that end, I would accept it with a good will. As for gold I had put that and all worldly things behind me for the love of God; and if I accepted his gold I would break my word with the Creator.

This false priest was astonished, and as he pressed me many times and did not wish to take back his gold, I begged him to do it,

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(o) More, a legate of Mohammed, visits Padre Manuel Alvares and offers him gold, which the padre rejects.
without taking offence at me and out of friendship and since he ought not to ask me to do what was not permitted me. He was appeased. When he took leave of me I treated him with every mark of sincere affection, tactics (p) especially effective among savage infidels who, yokels though they are, are only conquered by homely behaviour; and I recommended him to seek from the Lord the illumination necessary for his own salvation. He was a wise bekerim. He told me at this time that the example of his ancestors would with reason keep him brief (?), since he saw clearly how little reason he had for failing to adore the Creator on whose hand depended the course of the whole Universe. Then we made an agreement to close friends /f.125/ until he decided to become my brother by professing the same religion. In all this he gave me great hopes, and I do not doubt that he will fulfill them when the affairs of this residencia achieve the orderly state which other Christian communities had in the beginning and have continued to maintain, and after there has reached here the aid for this kingdom so long and so loudly sought.

Before discussing the jubilee as I promised, I will mention a circumstance which happened in this country about three months ago, involving two Christians who were disobedient to the yoke of the Lord; and together with that, some other instances of the same thing closely related to the first, since each was wholly the result of disobedience of the law of the Saviour. A poor woman, a Christian, worked on a day dedicated to the worship of the Creator. She left home with the intention of sowing crops, foolish woman, forgetting the respect due to the holy day. The Lord pretended (to see nothing) so that the sinner might be the more overcome with shame. On the earth she threw the seed, in which she trusted more than in Divine Providence it seems. In a little while the

(p) Weapons for the conquest of heathen peoples.
seed began to sprout and to appear above the ground in an extraordinary fashion. But the confused creature, not recognising the offence to the Lord, denied Him her humble submission. So the sun also denied her a modest temperature and the crop shrivelled up and died, to the great perplexity of the sinner and the alarm of all, who, when they saw the neighbouring crops increase in size and flourish, understood that it was a chastisement from the Lord. It is not greatly surprising, they all said, that the land shows itself ungrateful and unfaithful to those who are the same to the Creator.

Here is the place to mention what happened, at the hand of our Christians, to a man who had been excommunicated. (q) A local man spoke to him when he appeared (approaching from) the sea, without knowing that he was an excommunicate. (But) the children learning the holy catechism noticed him and ran to the village to say that the man had come, and one of them had so much presence of mind that he encouraged his mother to seize certain objects which were in the house where the man was to be entertained, and he persuaded her to throw them away. Everyone fled from the wretched man as if he had been struck down by an infectious disease, and no-one would look at him as long as he remained without absolution. This lesson was of use in making him today a keen servant of the Lord, as he shows (in his behaviour). In this simple way all would continue here if the devil had not an excessive number of his false priests in this place, who are real hypocrites, or perhaps I use the wrong term, for here no disguise is necessary and force is tolerated and finds itself feared. And these are the ruination of the spiritual edifice of the new church of the Lord.

But divine justice, slow yet always sure, took care to come home to these evil men. It did this in the case of two of them, by the /f.125v/

(q) Innocence of the Serra Christians.
Lord chastising them severely with an unexpected death on 25 September 1612. They went to sea, intending to make their way through a strait, the weather being calm; when they had sailed half way, suddenly there rose up a great storm, the sea was covered with raging waves, and all was fury. The winds blew with extreme force and challenged the enemies of the Creator in this disastrous strait where He, acting on His secret judgements, so decisively tightened the reins of life on the men that neither these wretches nor their canoe have been seen again to this day. One of these Christians was baptised in Santiago Island, and a little before I had absolved him from censure and given him a severe reprimand concerning his way of life. But the wretch was so intimate with the heathen and so forgetful of the burden and cost of being called a Christian a common vice of these outlaws who, like the more obscure paintings, need a label or caption to indicate what they are, to such an extent is the image of God erased in these false monks of this place — that it seems that the Lord was distressed by it. His wicked way of behaving as a Christian spoke (for him) in our view; and because of these legates a latere despatched by the evil spirit, I have many times repeated what one of our padres used to say, "It grieves me to see how many offences against the Lord I cannot put right".

To discuss now the holy jubilee and the festival of the day sacred to the beloved disciple. All I can say is that everything was as might be desired. The temple was decorated with all the good things of the Lord, but made more resplendent by the spiritual ornament of so many souls who in complete devotion received the Holy Body of the Lord, by this supernatural means thanking heaven for the singular mercy it had bestowed

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(r) Luis Mendes, of Vila Real, relative of Pedr'Alvares Ebritais, died in the sea 23 June 1613. The angel of Luis Nunes da Serra, 23. Alexandre on 18 June.
on them by giving them a new tower of strength and protection in the Holy Apostle. Apart from the true feasts, there were others which the vulgar preferred, involving jousts, music and dancing in the style of the country. The day sacred to Jesus was solemnized with the same state. When the holy catechism was completed, a very striking altar was erected in the porch of the church, where our Infant was placed on his throne, it being His day. When night came, and shortly after the Angelus, torches and other illuminations were lit. Then a curtain was drawn and the circumcised King of Glory appeared.

As well as the normal festivities with which the holy day had been solemnized, it was made especially pleasant by a pastoral dance which was very enjoyable to see. The Portuguese organised it, in company with all the other sorts of Christians, and they later came, one after the other, dressed /f.126/ as herdsmen, to worship Him and to bring Him presents of the products of the land. The captain, João Louçã, a gentleman of a good age, dressed in Moorish style, came singly and he threw himself on his knees before the desire of the eternal hills with such feeling and made his address with such devotion that I marvelled. When he had finished he gave his gift to the Infant, two birds of the sort we call wood-fowl, whose plumage is marked with white eyes. Then followed Brás da Costa, a Portuguese of considerable gentility and a special friend of the poor, who did the same, with such spirit, shedding tears most indicative (s) of his innermost love for the Infant (and) with such kindly feeling that I could not retain my own.

The devotion of the others was no less. When the act of adoration was over, João Louçã Barros came forward with all the various rarities he knew, to thank the Creator, with all the products of nature and art, for His favours to that kingdom (of Serra Leoa) in giving it, as its

(s) Rewarding the gifts of the divine rubies of his precious blood which Christ had pledged since the beginning of the world in the person of Abel the innocent.
father, and as standard-bearer of His most holy name before all, among these savage and backwoods nations, one so close to Him as the Beloved Disciple was.

Such is the account of this first anniversary of the House of Sacred Evangelist which I promised, and so it concludes. Many baptisms took place, to the great glory of the Lord; a hauling in of the net appropriate to the apostle St John, not from the Sea of Galilee but from the sea of infidelity. But I distinguished some from others, even though the catechumens were disturbed that I refused them baptism. I consider this less a cause for scandal than the alternative, which would be - grant Heaven may not allow it! - if tomorrow we were to see this new edifice of faith cast down. However I have great confidence in the Lord that the blessed soul of Baltazar Barreira will speak for this cause before the complete and Most Holy Trinity, so that it may have the success that he, while imprisoned in this life, desired for it, a success Your Reverence, to whose holy sacrifices and prayers I sincerely commend myself, has the obligation to procure.

From this Sorra Leoa and from the House of St John Evangelist.

Manuel Álvares.