

**2nd Edition
Revised & Expanded**

Adventist

The Autobiography of Joseph Pyram King

of

Wilmington, North Carolina

&

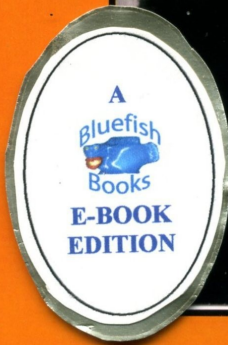
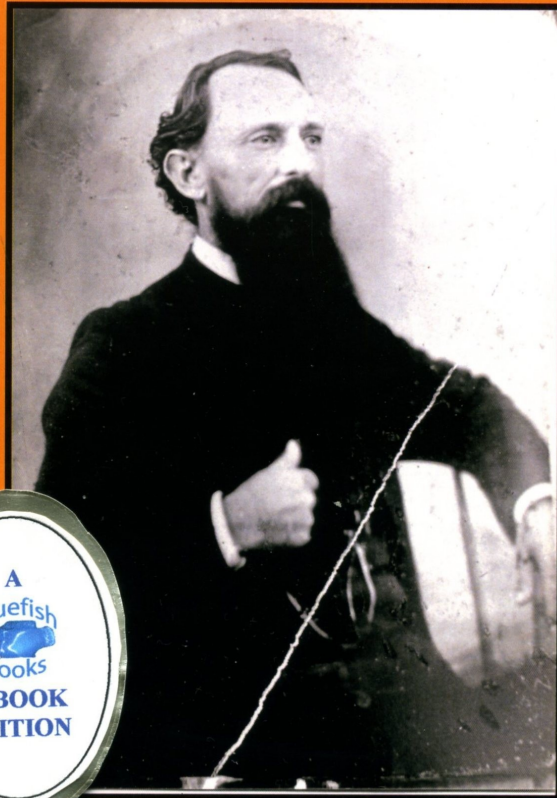
Jacksonville, Florida

With His

Heresy Or No Heresy?

Being His

1880 Defense Against Heresy Charges



Edited by
Wesley E. Bassett

**ADVENTIST:
The Autobiography Of Joseph Pyram
King**

1848 — 1948

of
**Wilmington, North Carolina
&
Jacksonville, Florida**

Together With His
Heresy Or No Heresy?
being his
1880 Defense Against Heresy Charges,

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Bluefish Books



**Cowart Communications
Jacksonville, Florida**

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This publication is dedicated to my son
Trevor James Dennis,
The Next Link In The Chain

*Stand up, Son,
and be the right kind of man!*

— Pappy

And to my late granddaughter,
Sande Dawn Jordan, My little China Doll

— Paw Paw



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Introduction

by
Wesley E. Bassett

J

Joseph P. King, "Grandpa" to me, has been one of my principal heroes and mentors. He died five years before I was born. I only know him through my adopted grandmother, who was one of his older granddaughters. For several years during my adolescence, I spent at least hundreds of hours sitting at my grandmother's kitchen table talking about Jesus Christ, the Bible, and Grandpa. It was my grandmother's genuine Christianity, the result of Grandpa's teaching and preaching that convinced me that I needed to believe on Christ. Grandpa was *the* defining influence on her and on most of those in her generation of the family, the generation before, and at least one generation after. He was also enormously influential on his townsmen, parishioners, and patients. He was also the defining influence on my adolescent development, and, through all my life to this point, influences me still. I found a reference to him in a local history of the North Carolina Piedmont area, written in 1902. There he is called, "The almost legendary Joseph P. King."

It amazes me that one man could affect so many people for so long. And, almost sixty years after his death, he has become a principal influence on my sixteen-year-old son, Trevor.

This autobiography was dictated to Grandpa's daughter, Theodosia Grant, in about 1926. My grandmother told me that Grandpa was lying on the bed in his room taking his customary afternoon rest, and he called Theodosia and told her to bring some paper and something to write with. Grandpa dictated this account during several of these sessions, and Theodosia wrote it out in pencil in two school composition books. These books were loaned to me in the 1970s and I typed them out in manuscript form. The text is as nearly an exact representation of the manuscript as

possible. The grammar is mostly unedited. This is the way Grandpa talked. I left it that way.

My thanks to John Cowart of Bluefish Books for his assistance with this book.

I hope you, the reader, draw inspiration and courage from the uncommon life of this common man.

— Wesley Bassett
E-Mail: firstsmoofy@gmail.com

PHOTO SECTION:



J.P. & Eliza King's 50th Anniversary Photo, 1916



Presented in commemoration of the 78th anniversary of the old Sixth Street Advent Christian Church Oct. 30, 1949
MEMORIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF PRECIOUS MEMORY

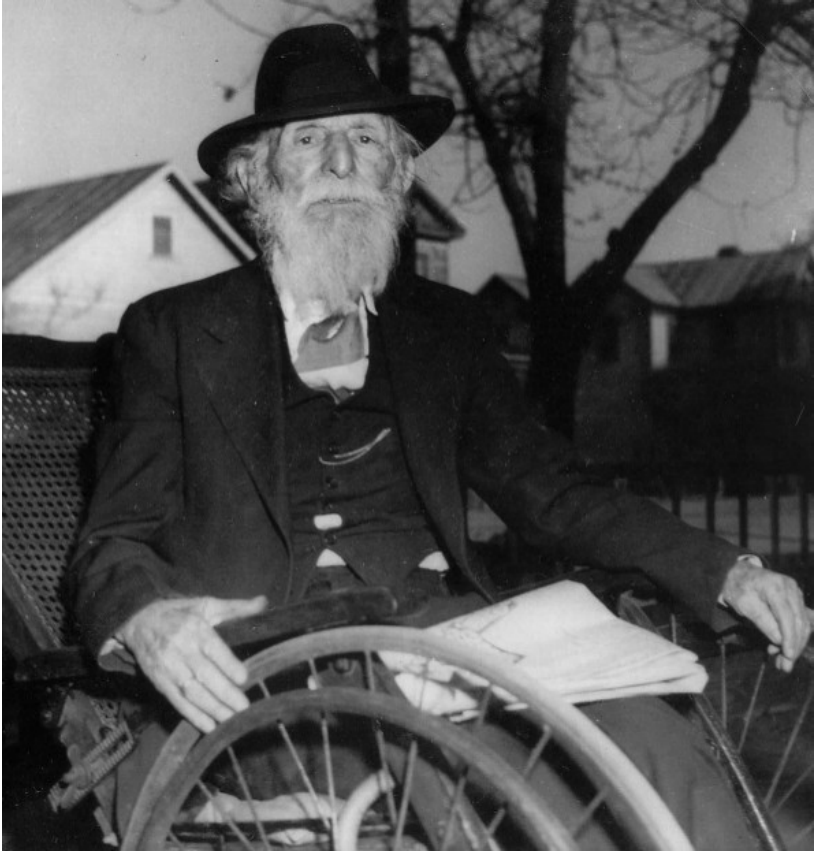
The old Sixth Street Advent Christian Church of Wilmington, N. C. and its deceased pastor, Joseph Pyram King, and his wife Eliza Jane King, who in loyalty stood by his side and back of the young organization through the early years of sorrow, wherein Elder King suffered much persecution for embracing and preaching the great truths that have made us a people, namely the doctrines of Conditio Immortality, "Life only in Christ" (Romans 6:23) with all its kind truths. His faithful companion fell asleep Jan. 21, 1926. This church was first organized as the Sixth Street Baptist Church in the year 1870. Soon after it was changed to Second Advent Baptist Church and later to the name we hold today. Elder King was ordained July 2, 1876 and called as pastor in 1877 while yet in his twenties. He served almost continuously over a period of 60 years, retiring in 1938, when he became Pastor Emeritus. He preached his last sermon on Father's Day, June 16, 1947, just four days before his 99th birthday. Elder King was born June 20, 1848, and had he lived till June 20 of 1948 would have been one hundred years old. It may truly be said of him that he fought a good fight, he finished his course, kept the faith. These precious saints died as they lived "looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and saviour Jesus Christ", Titus 2: 13. Two of his favorite Scriptures were 2 Tim. 2: 15 and Job 19: 23-27.

1949 newspaper article

Presented in commemoration of the 78th anniversary of the old Sixth Street Advent Christian Church Oct. 30, 1949

MEMORIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF PRECIOUS MEMORY

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Joseph Pyram King in his 90s



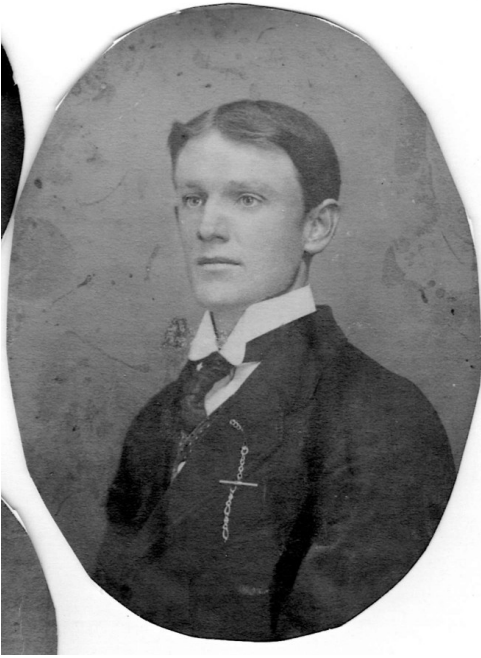
Eliza Jane King



Eliza Jane King, circa 1925



Dr. King and Eliza circa 1920



Harry Lee Walker



Grace Gloria King Walker

Grandparents of Larry Walker and Cheryl McClellan



Back row l. to r. Joseph Piram, John Edward, Ben, Wash
Front row l. to r. "Baltimore" Joe, Charles Clifton, Isaac Watts, James Madison

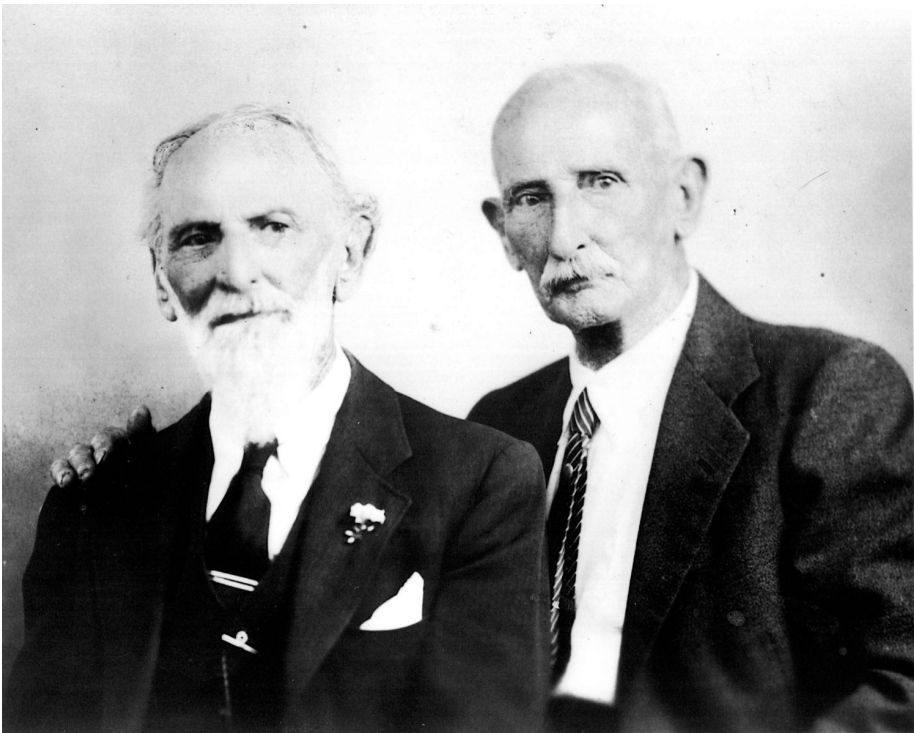
The Eight King Brothers



**Theodosia King Grant,
who took down her father's dictation to produce his
autobiography**



Confederate Memorial Marker for Isaac King



Joseph P. King (left) with his brother Benjamin Reuben. King, circa 1925



Elder H. Van Skipper (left) of Brunswick, Ga., and J.P. King, circa 1885



Dr. Joseph Pyram King, circa 1890



Dr. King circa 1920



J.P King and his children, circa 1940

From left to right: Grace King Walker, J.P. King, Sallie King Baldwin, Rosa Jane King James, Theodosia King Grant, & "Uncle Buddy"



Archie & Laura King with their children c. 1912 in Jacksonville.

Second child on left is Lauris Eliza King, my Nanny.

Observe the beautiful clothes the children are wearing.

Nanny told me her mother, Laura, made all the children's clothes.



SURROUNDED BY HIS FLOCK — The Rev. J. P. King is shown centered in this photo, surrounded by members of his congregation of the St. Advent Christian Church in Wilmington. Date and names of others in the photo are unknown.

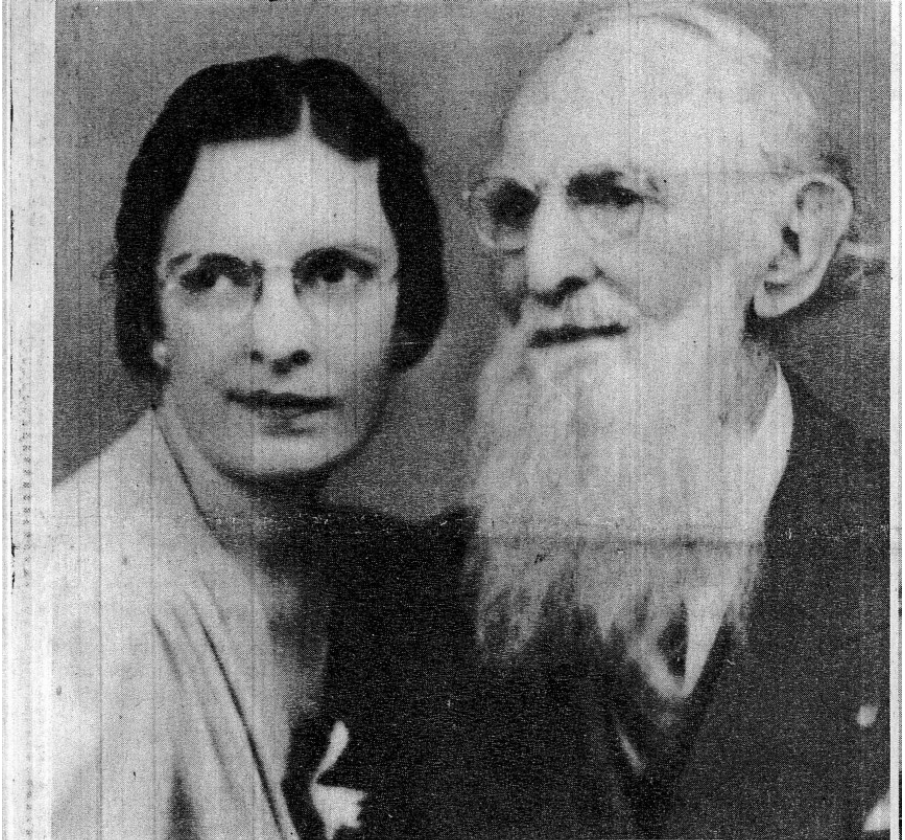
Photo from a 1971 newspaper article



The church building King and his flock constructed as viewed today



Wilmington home of Joseph & Eliza King,



LOVE KNOWS NO BOUNDARIES
— The bride, Mrs Lucille Boney was 28 years old and her goom, the former

Rev. Joseph P. King, was 91 years old when the two were married in Georgetown, S. C.

From a 1971 newspaper article



The Kings' tombstone at Belleview Cemetery, Wilmington, N.C.



An open Bible in stone tops J.P. King's grave marker

FAMILY VIGNETTES

Compiled by Wes Bassett

I wanted to preserve stories about Grandpa that were related to me by my adopted Grandmother, Lauris King Middleton, my Nanny, and others of his descendants. Thanks to Cheryl McClellan, Larry Walker, Annell Brown, and John P. King for adding to my collection.

I remember Nanny telling me that Grandpa got up early in the morning to prepare medications for his patients. She said he sat at the table with his pocket knife and his medicine jars and a roll of waxed paper. He measured and mixed the medications for each patient, measuring on the end of his pocket knife, and putting the doses into waxed paper squares that he had cut with the knife. He folded them up and put them in little boxes, then put them in his bag and went out on his rounds to visit his patients.

He only took patients who could not afford to pay him. So all of his apothecary and his medical services, were rendered free of charge.

This is a poem sent to me by Cheryl McClellan, the granddaughter of the author, and Grandpa and Grandma's great granddaughter.

The Glasses

Grandpa's spectacles can not be found.
He's searched all the rooms high and low,
round and round.
Now he calls to the young ones and what
does he say?

Family Vignettes

“Ten cents for the child who can find them today.”

Then Sheldon and Annell and Jobie all run
And a most thorough hunt for the glasses begun.

But dear little Shelly in her generous way
Says, “I’ll look for them, Grandpa, without any pay.”

All through the big Bible she searches with care

That lies on the table behind Grandpa’s chair.

They feel in his pockets, they peep in his hat,

They pull out the sofa and shake out the mat.

Then down on all fours like good natured bears

Go Jimmie and Jobie under table and chairs
Till quite out of breath Joe is heard to declare

He believes that those glasses are not anywhere.

But Shelly who is leaning on Grandpa’s knee
Was thinking most earnestly where could they be.

Looking suddenly up in those kind, faded eyes

While her own shining brown ones grew big with surprise.

She clapped both her hands; all her dimples came out

As she turned to the boys with a bright roguish shout,

“You may leave off your looking,” to all she

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH PYRAM KING

said,
“For there are the glasses on Grandpa’s
head.”

— Grace King Walker, 1930

In the autobiography, Grandpa talks about driving cattle to Fort Fisher and butchering them for the soldiers there. What is not stated is that Fort Fisher is twenty or twenty-one miles down a dirt and sand road that runs along the Cape Fear River. He make this trip on foot for a long time until he got his pony, which he named *Dog*.

How I got my Jewish uncle, Uncle Morris Schulmann.

Nanny, and her sisters Aunt Sallie and Aunt Honey (Grace Ithiel), used to talk about their Jewish brother Morris. He was never referred to as anything but “our brother Morris.” He was, in fact, their adopted brother. This is the story as related to me by Nanny (Lauris) and her sisters. After Lauris and her sister, Sallie, moved to Dowling Park in Live Oak, Florida, I met Uncle Morris and talked to him about this. He confirmed the story to me.

Here it is.

Archie Samuel King, son of Rev. Joseph Pyram King, came to Jacksonville, Florida in 1910 from Wilmington, N. C. to assist with the work of the church that was established here in the late 1800s by his father and Elder H. V. Skipper. This church became Springfield Advent Christian Church.

In about 1912 - 13 he opened a rescue mission in a storefront near the Union Terminal train station on the East side of Clay Street between Adams and Forsyth Streets. He daily went around to the butchers, green

Family Vignettes

grocers and bakers and collected soup bones, day-old vegetables and bread. He had a quarter meter gas stove and some large restaurant-type pots in which he made soup every day and, with the bread, he fed men who came to the mission, gave a gospel service for them and tried to convert them to Christ. Then he allowed them to sleep on the floor to keep them out of the elements for the night.

The King Sisters, Aleve, Lauris, and Sallie (his three oldest daughters) would go the mission with their father to sing in the services. They were there along with some of their other siblings the night this happened.

This was in 1914 in the winter. A young Jewish boy showed up for supper with the other men, many of whom were hobos from the train yard. Morris was from an Orthodox family in New York City. His father was abusive. So he left home and hoboed down here on the train. He was only 14 years old. He was hungry and cold and in need of clothing. So he came to the mission for help. My grandmother said she noticed him in the crowd. She was eleven years old at the time. She said he was just a boy.

After the supper and the service were over, "Papa (Archie) gave out old news papers to the men to wrap themselves in to keep warm as they slept on the floor." Nanny said that her father prepared to go, and that he collected his children and all their things preparing walk home. But, she said, her father turned at the door and looking back over the men, saw Morris, and said, "I just cannot leave that young boy here with all these rough men." So he collected Morris with his other children and took him home. And from that time Morris was a member of the family. Morris told me that he became a Christian because of this. Did you already guess that?

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Nanny used to talk about growing up around Grandpa. She said that he got up early in the morning and prepared to go see his patients. Then he would go out on his rounds; then, most mornings he would meet with his seven brothers, all of whom were ministers in some capacity. They would discuss theology. Anell Brown, his granddaughter, told me that often the townspeople who wanted to learn would come and sit in on these discussions.

Then, in the early afternoon, he would go out and check on his farms. He was a gentleman farmer. After this, he would come home in mid-afternoon to take a nap in his chair. The children who were home would often sit around on the floor, and Grandpa would tell stories, often Bible stories. Nanny's favorite was his recitation of the Song of Solomon. She said he could quote the book from memory. (She said he spent a lot of time memorizing long passages of scripture. He would memorize chapters and books. In her words, "He could quote Scripture by the yard.")

He would sit back in his chair, lay his head back, and push his glasses up on his head, and pull the brim of his hat down on his nose. Then he would begin his dramatic recitation of the passage: "She says, 'Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine. . . . Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest . . . for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?' and the Shepherd responds, 'If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way by the footsteps of the flock' and he would talk about following Christ, like the woman followed her lover, tracing the footsteps of his flock.

Uncle Joe and the dog

Family Vignettes

Nanny used to talk about her Uncle Joe and what an interesting, eccentric person he was. This was Joseph Marion King, Grandpa's oldest son. He must have inherited his father's imaginative story-telling ability. He was an inventor and, according to John P. King, was recruited to teach chemistry and engineering at the Ford Automobile Plant in Detroit, Michigan. But he spent some winters in Jacksonville and lived in the house next door to Nanny and her family.

He was one of the first tenants in the then-new Dyal-Upchurch Building, the six-storey skyscraper built in Jacksonville by John Henry Klutho the year after the great fire of 1901. There he maintained an office and an herbal medicine business.

Nanny said he did not go out of the house much. Most of the time he went about in a nightshirt or bathrobe, although he frequently wore his hat. He often told stories to the children in order to help them settle down for a nap. She said he was imaginative, creative, and entertaining.

So one day, she and her brothers and sisters decided they wanted a dog. They went to their mother. "Mama, we want a dog." But their mother told them that they could not afford a dog with so many mouths to feed.

So, she said, "We went crying and sniffing up to Uncle Joe's bedroom. He stayed in an upstairs bedroom that looked out on the yard. We were crying to Uncle Joe about how much we wanted a dog, 'But Mama said we can't have one.'"

Uncle Joe happened to look out the window and there was dog in the yard squatting down and "leaving his calling card", as she put it. So Uncle Joe called us over to the window and, pointing to the dog, he said, "See what that dog is doing?" "Yes." "Well," he said.

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“You go down to your mother and ask her for an empty coffee can. Then you go outside and put some dirt in it, and then pick up what that dog left and plant it in the dirt in the can. Then, if you will water it every day and make sure it gets plenty of sun, you can grow your own dog.” So we went right down and got the coffee can and did as Uncle Joe told us.

“Of course,” she said, “It was only a couple of days before the coffee can was forgotten about and wound up under the edge of the house. But occasionally we would start up about having a dog and Uncle Joe would always resolve the matter by asking us if we were taking care of the dog seeds in the coffee can, which, we had to confess, we were not. So we never got a dog.”

I had a phone conversation with Annell Brown, daughter of Harry Lee Walker, and Grace Christian Gloria King Walker, and Grandpa and Grandma’s granddaughter. Grandpa lived in or near her home during the last twenty years of his life when she was young, and she knew him well. So I called her and asked her to tell her recollections of her grandfather. These are my notes from that conversation:

“Grandpa lived across the street from us, and then later he lived in our home. He was such a wonderful man. When I was a girl, I used to wash and trim his hair and beard. I would wash his feet and shine his shoes. I used to brush his hat and sponge off his suit. Back then, only very wealthy people could afford to send their clothes out to be dry-cleaned. So I would sponge his suits. He had about three of them, and they would become soiled.

“For one thing, Grandpa chewed cigars. I never saw him smoke one, but he chewed one almost continually and he would sometimes drip tobacco juice

Family Vignettes

on his coat. So it was my job to make sure Grandpa's suits were sponged clean and pressed. He was very meticulous about his appearance.

"Everyone loved him and Grandma. I remember Mama telling me about Grandma sitting up late into the night making clothes for the poor children in Wilmington and overseas. They took care of the poor people in Wilmington, and they were loved and respected because of this.

"Grandpa used to go out to the beach and buy fish from the fishermen there. He would clean them and pack them in barrels of salt. Then he would bring these back to Wilmington to provide meat for the poor.

"He also had two farms, and he would grow vegetables and bring them to town, and with these things, he and Grandma would provide food and clothing for the poor. People would just come to them with all kinds of problems.

"He was a doctor. His grandmother was a doctor from Holland named Eliza Strauss. She had earned her M. D. in Europe. She brought her medical library to Wilmington and gave it to Grandpa, and he used to go with her to take care of patients. When he was young she began to teach him medicine, and he studied from her medical library. He eventually got so good that he went and took the exam for his M.D.

"So the poor people would bring their sick children to Grandma and Grandpa. I can remember people bringing babies with colic and bleeding from the rectum. Grandpa would make them medicine to take home, and Grandma would cook rice down until it was just mush and then press it through a strainer. She would give this to the parents to take home and feed the baby. It coated their stomach and intestinal tract so that it could heal. The poor people just loved them so much.

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“They never asked anything in return.

“They did it for Christ’s sake.”

Grandpa’s expertise as a doctor was widely known. Nanny told me he was frequently called in as a consultant on difficult cases. Annell Brown told me that in later years, two college-trained doctors established their practices in Wilmington. This would have been around 1900. Grandpa practiced with one, Dr. Hall, whose office was on Castle Street.

Once, Grandpa’s daughter, Theodosia Grant (who wrote down the autobiography) was giving birth to twins, which I’m pretty sure would have been Pearl Evangeline Grant, and Ruby Kathleen Grant in 1910. The first came down the birth canal correctly and delivered with no problem, but the second was breech. Dr. Hall was having trouble delivering the second and was about to lose the baby and the mother. He told someone, “Go get Uncle Joe.” So Grandpa came and assessed the situation. He was able to manipulate the baby into the correct position and deliver her alive, also saving the mother. Dr. Hall said later if it were not for “Uncle Joe’s” skill, both the baby and the mother would have died.



**Theodosia Grant in 1940:
Dr. King dictated his autobiography to her.**

Family Vignettes

The 1886 Earthquake

In 1886 there was an earthquake centered in Charleston, South Carolina. “The August 31, 1886, quake, called the *Great Seaboard Earthquake*, was the worst ever recorded in the United States up to that time.

“A shift in the continental shelf was felt from Key West to New York and as far west as St. Louis. It began at 8:52 p.m. and lasted 11 minutes.

‘Trees were torn up by the roots, chicken coops blown down and outhouses blown over and a number of other calamities, more or less destructive were reported.” (From John Cowart’s book, *Crackers & Carpetbaggers* at www.bluefishbooks.info)

Annell told me about what happened in Wilmington during the quake:

She said, “There was an earthquake in Wilmington, which was just terrible and it scared everyone.

People went to Grandpa and Grandma’s house and crowded into the house till there was no more room. Then they filled the yard. They were pressing in to be somewhere on the property.

Later, when asked about why everyone went to Rev. and Mrs. King’s house, the general response was, “We figured that ‘Uncle Joe and Aunt Liza’ were so good that God would surely protect them. And we figured if we were in their house, or at least on their property, we would be safe too.”

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Nanny said that Grandpa always wore a black frock-tail coat, a starched white shirt, black pants, and a brushed beaver-fur hat. “He looked like a rabbi.”

Family Vignettes



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She told me that when he would meet someone on the street, or enter someone's house, he would always tip his hat slightly, look up, and mumble something. Apparently this was a habit that many noted, because more than once he was asked about it. His response was that he was asking Christ to speak through him, and to prevent him from saying anything that would not glorify Him.

Nanny told me frequently about how Grandpa immersed himself in the Holy Scriptures, and how well versed he was, not only in the Bible, but in theological literature, medical literature and literature in general. She said he was very well read. "His whole house was just full of books. The walls were lined with them."

His practice was to come home in the afternoon from his daily rounds, visits to his farms, and other errands, and, after a little nap in his chair, sit out in "the backhouse" where it was cool (I assume this was some kind of root cellar) and read the Bible aloud until it got too dark to see.

She told me that when he and Grandma would come to Jacksonville, they stayed with her family and slept in an upstairs bedroom. Grandpa was an irregular sleeper. She said, "He just slept when sleep came," and he was often up all night. He could be heard all over the house walking about in his room quoting or reading long passages of Scripture. I was told he had a rather booming voice.

"One night he came full awake at about three in the morning. Grandma said he sat up in the bed, and then roused her, saying, 'Eliza, wake up.' She said, 'What is it, Joe?' He said, 'It's three o'clock. This is the time that Judas betrayed our Lord.'"

Family Vignettes

I tell these other stories, because, otherwise, Grandpa seems to good to be true. But he was quite human as the following show.

Nanny said that Grandpa had quite a sense of humor. “ He was just full of fun,” she would tell me. She said he occasionally told stories about things he had done as a boy that were not the right thing to do as a way of admonishing the children against such behavior.

When he was in his late teens, he took up playing the fiddle and had a dance band. Some of his friends gave a barn dance and did not invite any of the members of the band to come to the party, nor was the band asked to play.

This must have been in cool weather, because Grandpa said they waited until after the barn doors were closed and the dancing began. Back then, women and girls wore long, full dresses that swept close to the floor when they danced.

So Grandpa and his buddies waited till the first dance started and they blew red pepper under the door, then hid in the bushes to watch. The red pepper was quickly swept up into the air and into everyone’s eyes and nose quickly. The doors burst open and everyone exited. The dance was over, and Grandpa and his buddies had their fun too.

Nanny said Grandma was a strict disciplinarian, but that Grandpa was much more lax. One of their little friction points was this. Grandpa had long curly hair. When he would come home in the afternoon to sit in his chair and take his nap, sometimes the little girls would gather at the back of the chair to roll Grandpa’s hair. They would bring out all Grandma’s rollers and combs and start to work. Grandpa just loved it, being the center of his children’s attention. But Grandma didn’t

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like it. Nanny said she would come into the parlor and begin to admonish the children about getting out all her stuff and disturbing Grandpa's nap. But he would say, "It's fine, Liza. Just leave them alone," and she would go back to what she was doing.

Joseph Marion King, Grandpa's oldest son, lived in Detroit where he worked for Henry Ford. But he would frequently spend the winters in the South, visiting in Jacksonville or Wilmington. Uncle Joe was one of these guys who could remember jokes and tell them one after the other for hours. So, Nanny said, when he would come to Wilmington, or in later years, come to visit in Jacksonville during the times Grandpa stayed here, Grandpa would always make time to get alone with Joe and listen to his jokes. She said they would go off in a closed room, and the only thing that could be heard through the door was Joe's muffled speech and Grandpa roaring with laughter.

Grandpa's youngest son was named Sion, who was my uncle Johnny's father (John P. King). He said Sion was the apple of his father's eye.

Family Vignettes



J. P. King and his son, Sion.

When Sion was about ten years old, he did something that got him in trouble with Grandma, and she was after him with her stick. Grandpa was waiting down at the train station for a train to Jacksonville, Florida, where he was to hold a protracted meeting for several weeks. Sion ran down to the station for protection. He had only the clothes he was wearing and no shoes. He told his father he was in trouble and his mama was after him with her stick.

So Grandpa said, "Well, just come on with me," and he took Sion to Jacksonville for about six weeks. When they got back to Wilmington, they expected that Grandma should have cooled off.

However, she was waiting on the platform with her stick for Sion — and Grandpa was in trouble too.

It was reported that, in his prayers, God actually talked to Grandpa sometimes. Sion died too young. He was only in his forties. As I was told it, he had just come from the doctor who had given him a clean bill of health. He got an EKG, which was normal. He was sitting in the parlor of his home, and got up to go to the

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phone, and somewhere between his chair and the phone he fell over dead from a massive heart attack.

It happened the day Uncle Johnny, a pilot in WW II, flew his first solo. "He went out like a light," he told me. When the news reached Wilmington, several of the children went to Grandpa to tell him the sad news. They found him sitting in his chair in the living room where he often prayed and meditated.

According to a Wilmington newspaper, "Two or three of his children came up to tell him of the death of his son, but before they could speak, he shaded his eyes and commented, 'You came to tell me Sion is dead.' "

— — — —

His Granddaughter, Annell Brown, told me my favorite story about Grandpa's humanness.

She said when grandpa was about ninety years old, the doctor prescribed a whiskey eggnog every day. "I had seen my mother make them many times and so I knew how to separate the eggs, and put in, I think, two teaspoons of whiskey and mix it all together."

Well, one night at church, Grandpa was telling about his conversion and how he used to drink heavily. Annell, who was a little girl at the time, remembers him saying how he just loved the taste of whiskey and could drink it by the bucket-full, and how, if the Lord had not saved him and called him to preach, it might have ruined his life. But, he said, God took the taste away from him when he was converted.

So a few days later, Annell said her mother, Grace, was busy ironing or something and it was time for Grandpa's eggnog. So Annell said to her mother, "Mama, why don't you let me make Grandpa's eggnog. I know how, because I have watched you do it." So her mother agreed.

Family Vignettes

Annell said she went in the kitchen and separated the eggs and so forth. When it came time to put in the whiskey, she put in the two teaspoons, and then she remembered Grandpa's sermon from last Sunday.

"Grandpa just loves this stuff," she said to herself.

"So I put in quite a bit more extra." She took it to Grandpa, who was sitting in the living room in his chair singing a hymn, as he frequently did, and she set it on his side table. In a few minutes he opened his eyes and began to drink his eggnog. He took a few sips, and, Annell said, he called out, "Grace, I want you to let Annell make my eggnog from now on. This is the best eggnog I have ever had."

He finished his eggnog and fell into a deep sleep. "Grandpa took little naps off and on throughout the day", Annell said, "but he slept and he slept. He didn't wake up for a long time. Finally, Mama came in and put her hand on his head. Then she put her fingers on his neck and felt his pulse. He was so still and quiet.

"I said to myself, 'What have I done!. I've killed my precious grandfather!'

"I couldn't hold it in any longer. I told Mama what I had done, and asked her if Grandpa was dead. She said he was just sleeping, but 'your grandfather is old and his heart is weak. He is not strong enough to take that much whiskey.'

"After a while, Grandpa began to move. It took a few minutes for him to come fully awake.

"But when he did, he looked up at Mama and said, 'Grace, now I want you to let Annell make my eggnog from now on. That was the best one I ever had.'

"But I never got to make one for him again."

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In 1939, when Grandpa was ninety-one years old, he married a twenty-eight year old woman named Lucille Carney.



It appears there was quite a scandal about this in the community.

I was told it was a happy marriage for both of them.

But Annell Brown, who lived with or near Grandpa during this time, told me the details as supplied to her by Lucille herself. She said Lucille had epilepsy and that she lived with her mother next door to Grandpa. She visited there frequently. Her mother had some kind of social standing in Wilmington, and was embarrassed by her daughter's condition. Lucille said her mother was cruel to her, and she visited Grandpa often to get out of the house. Eventually, Lucille's mother had her committed to a mental institution. She was allowed to come home to visit one month out of the year.

Near the end of a visit she told Grandpa that she would soon have to go back to the institution and what a terrible place it was. So he married her to protect her from this.

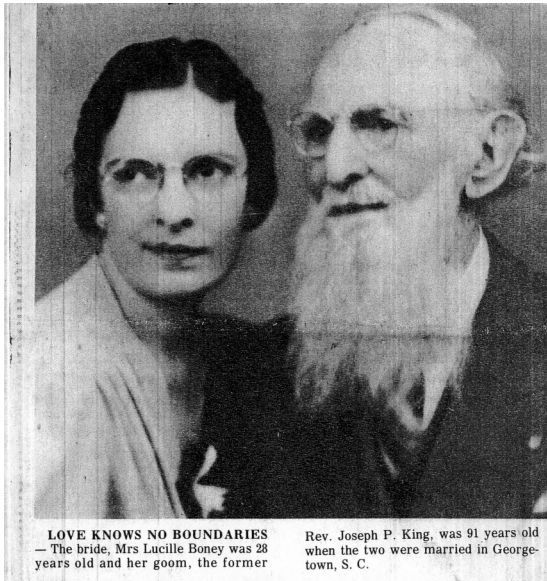
Annell said she asked her mother, Grace, about it because it created such a scandal. Her mother's reply

Family Vignettes

was, “Honey, that is just Papa’s heart. It is just the way he is.” Annell said, “He did it as a mercy to her.” Annell said, “Lucille was a lovely person. She had a wonderful mind, and a beautiful handwriting. It looked like lace. We all loved her so. After Grandpa died, we all looked after her. She was a wonderful cousin — that’s how we thought of her.”

Lucille, in a newspaper interview in the 1970s, said “He was such a compassionate man, so full of love for everyone – he loved his fellow man. . . . Those years with Mr. King were the best years of my life. No matter what happens to me, I’ll always remember him.”

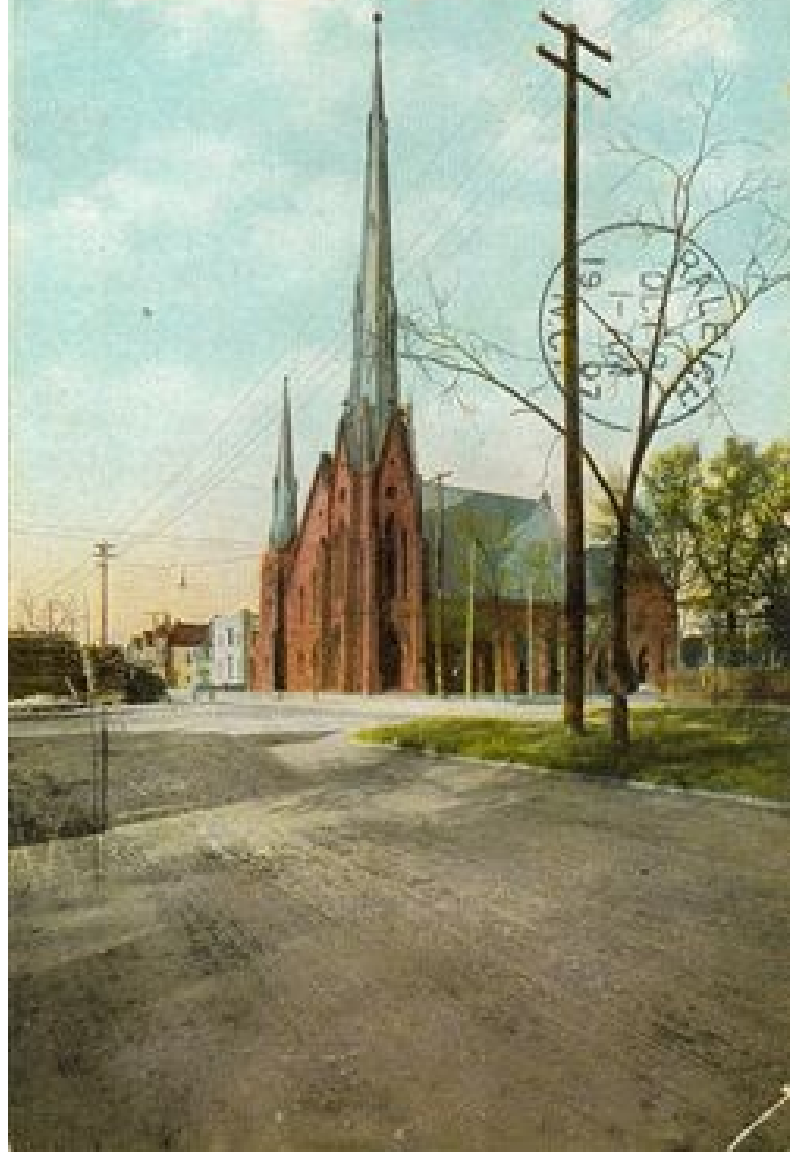
Lucille died at the Advent Christian Retirement Village in the 1980s.



LOVE KNOWS NO BOUNDARIES
— The bride, Mrs Lucille Boney was 28 years old and her goom, the former

Rev. Joseph P. King, was 91 years old when the two were married in Georgetown, S. C.

First Baptist Church, Wilmington, N. C.



THE LIFE OF JOSEPH PYRAM KING

In the city of Wilmington, North Carolina, on the West side of Sixth Street between Queen and Castle, about mid-way the block stood an old shed enclosed by shingles on sides and top. In this shed, on the twentieth day of June, 1848 about Ten O'clock in the morning, I, Joseph Pyram King was born, my mother on the day before having done her week's washing, and a few hours before I was born, hung the clothes out to dry. And about Ten O'clock I drew my first breath. My grandmother, Eliza, whose maiden name was Strouse, from Holland, in a similar shed a few yards from the one I was born in, kept her loom, spinning wheel and flax wheel. I remember playing around them many days when I think I was about two to three years old. From thence about this time, the Strouse family moved into a house of four little rooms, with a kind of an attic of one big room upstairs, on the north side of Queen between Sixth and Seventh Streets, being the last house on that side of the street going to the East, there being only two other houses on that block and they facing Castle Street, all of which belonged to a man named Huntington.

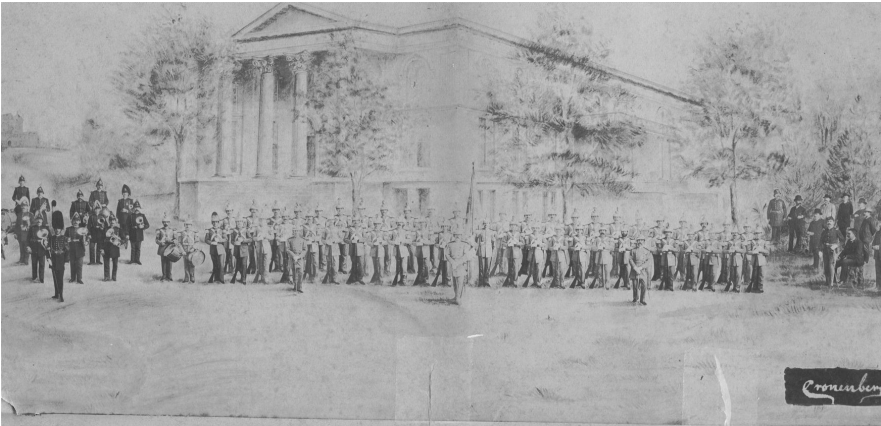
My father, Joseph King, a man of unusual stature and tremendous strength, was, by profession, a carpenter. And perhaps on account of his unusual strength and bravery, he was selected as what was then known as Town Guard for some years.

In that day policemen were unknown here, and so far as I know, there was only one Justice of the

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Peace, whose business was, as I then understood it, not to make an arrest in cases of fighting or disorderly conduct, but to command the peace, and to arrest only when nothing else would do.

And our City Hall, the Guard House as it was then called, was located on the North side of Dock between Front and Water Streets. The present City Hall was in building, I think, when I was about eight or nine years old, and my brother, William, who was about five years older than me and employed by Mr. Robert Wood, working on the present City Hall, fell in some part of the building, and in a few months died from his injuries.



Wilmington City Hall in 1858

I think when I was about seven or eight years old, I was sent to the Union School in a one room school house on Sixth between Church and Nun Streets, taught by one Mr. John Barns, whose discipline was so severe that my dread of him prevented my learning fast. However, I never remember being punished by him, and when I finally quit school I was in the fourth class as they called it. I could spell and read remarkably well. But knew comparatively nothing about mathematics or grammar, having never parsed a sentence in school.

One reason I suppose for my going no more to school was that the Civil War began about then and my father, having died

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the year before on the third day of December, 1860, and my older brothers having volunteered in the Army, I then being about twelve years old and the oldest child left in the family, it devolved upon me to help make support for my mother, sister, and two younger brothers. And this I'm proud to say I did, as will appear farther on. I began by being employed by Mr. Thomas A. Johnson in a slaughter house, who at that time had the contract to slaughter cattle for the Government, supplying the soldiers regularly with beef at Fort Fisher, Camp Wyatt, and all other camps in this vicinity.



Fort Fisher Earthworks, photo taken about 1920

Mr. Johnson, being associated with his brother Andrew and one Mr. Oliver Kelley, conducted a private butcher business of their own, having meat stalls in the old Wilmington Market, in the center of Market Street between Front and Water.

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Market Street in 1890

Upon the top of this old building was a belfry from which the alarm of fire was given for all the town. And at the head of this old market, and upon the stairs leading up to this belfry, the late Mr. Mike Cronley, partner with Wilkes Morris, as auctioneers, would stand and auction off slaves or anything else he had for sale.

My salary, as I began to work for Mr. Johnson, was fifty cents per week with all the fresh meat necessary for our family and the privilege of taking home with me every night trimmings of flesh from the slaughtered beeves and sheep —such as hearts, melts, tails of cattle, beef heads, brains and suchlike. And being more than was necessary for the consumption of our family, I made sale of a considerable amount of it to the neighbors and in this manner was able to provide for them and lay aside a little capital. I never remember foolishly spending a cent, but gave

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every penny to my mother and in a short while she had saved thirty odd dollars.

I remember one day sitting upon the slaughter pen fence. My little feet were bare and my pants rolled to my knees. It occurred to me that I could accumulate something if I tried. I got down from the fence and went to old Uncle John, one of the colored butchers, and asked him to sell me two pigs. As he had several, he did so. And I carried them home, (they) being the first animals I ever owned.

With God's blessing I raised them and when Winter came I had a barrel of fine fat pork for the family. This encouraged me to continue on, and in a little while I had two more hogs in the pen.

Now as to my work in the slaughter pen: Being about twelve years old, I was not allowed to skin the cattle or sheep, but I would carry water for the butchers, sweep out the blood, and wait on the butchers. That was my daily work through the week. And on Sunday morning I would take the sheep to pasture and in the evening would take them back in time enough to slaughter. In a few months I learned how to dress sheep and cattle.

Then my work changed as follows: About three o'clock in the afternoon we began to slaughter and some times continued until late in the night, frequently killing from ten to thirty head of cattle a day and sometimes several sheep, and returning home. And after supper I would sleep until three o'clock in the morning summer and winter no matter how cold, snow or sleet, when I'd hasten to the slaughter pen in company with my partner Jimmie Wells.

Each of us would hitch our mules to the carts, back up to the slaughter pen door, cut down the beeves in quarters, which were very often frozen hard, throw them in the carts, and drive to the old market before day would break, go to breakfast, return to the slaughter pen and, after feeding the stock, chop up heads and feet, boil the oil out, and feed the cooked flesh to the hogs, rid the tallow from the entrails, then go home to dinner, sleep an hour or two, then return back to the pen to slaughter more cattle.

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Mr. Johnson soon found it more economical to build a slaughter pen near Fort Fisher in order to furnish beef directly to the fort, which necessitated our driving cattle there on foot, usually about thirty head every week or two. I remember once walking every step of the way driving cattle there, twenty-one miles. After that, Jimmy Wells and I drove them there on horseback, returning to Wilmington the same day. I frequently would fall asleep in the saddle returning home. In 1862 Mr. Johnson had me to remain at the camp to kill cattle, assisted by the soldiers.

The Yellow Fever breaking out in Wilmington the same year, my brother Isaac, wounded and paroled from Virginia, carried his wife and one child, with my mother and her three children down to Myrtle Grove Sound, in order to escape the dreadful plague. In fact every one who was able left the city. My grandmother refused to go, and leave her several patients. She at this time was about the only doctor that this part of the city could get while the disease was raging. From my earliest recollection she spent her life in trying to relieve the suffering of men, women, and children.

I went into the fort and asked Colonel Lamb for a pass to visit Wilmington to see how my people were. And he gave me the pass. And I came up on the old steamer *Petaway*, and learning that my people had left the town, I returned back to the fort. And after many days, I becoming anxious about my grandmother, the Colonel granted me another pass, and said to me, "Young man, don't you bring the Yellow Fever back down here to these soldiers." So I came to Wilmington again, but never returned to the fort anymore.

I found my grandmother, not in our old deserted home, but living with her son, Charles' wife on Seventh and Castle Streets. While I was talking to Grandmother, a lad named Johnny Ellis came in excitedly saying, "Granny, Mama is dying. "Then I, in company with her and one Mrs. Wilder, went and found the woman dying with this dread fever. And as I stood in the front door,

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the dying woman threw up what they called the black vomit, and quickly passed away. I smelled a peculiar odor as the wind wafted through the door in which I was standing, and I said to myself, "This may be the time in which to take the Yellow Fever."

Some days elapsed. How many I do not know. But the first thing I do remember was that my brother, Isaac, having ventured into the city with horse and buggy, and having procured perhaps a gallon of new corn whiskey, found me in our old house in bed alone.

How many days I lay there unconscious I do not know. But I suppose that my grandmother attended me as often as she could; and that may have been seldom; for as I remember before being stricken, those that were able to go out on the street were either running for doctor or medicine. And the few vehicles that could be seen, were hurriedly carrying out the dead, delivering coffins, and carrying other things necessary. I heard that many bodies lay for days unburied at the cemetery.

My brother Isaac bundled me up somehow and carried me to the sound in his buggy, which has ever since appeared to me as a dream. But this I remember well, that whenever the buggy ran over a rough place in the road, it hurt my head and back very much. As we entered the field near the house where our people were, my brother left me and went to the house and procured water, soap and towels and a clean suit of clothes for me. The weather being warm, he stripped me naked and washed me thoroughly, then bathed me down in new corn whiskey and gave me some to drink, and put clean clothes on me. Then he buried the old ones that were taken off of me. I went to the house, and as I entered the door, my dear mother said to me, "Oh Joe, you have the Yellow Jaundice." The house being a story and a jump, they carried me upstairs and put me to bed. Then Mother came with a glass containing one

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teaspoon full of pulverized sulphur, the yoke of one egg, and about a wineglass full of new corn whiskey. This she repeated for nine days.

And, perhaps the second day she changed my sheets and they looked as if they had been dipped in yellow ochre, caused from the profuse perspiration from my body, which doubtless was the result of the medicine I was taking. And at the end of the ninth day I walked in the yard, and felt good enough to fly. My Mother, having never seen a case of Yellow Fever, thought she had cured me of Jaundice. But I'm sure God had charge of the whole affair, intending that I should live to preach the gospel, which I have tried to do for fifty-five years since and, by His grace, I will continue to do until the end, and hope to see Him yet without dying.

While at the sound, waiting for frost to come, which many were longing to see to put an end to this awful plague, my brother Isaac's only child at this time, a little girl about two years old, fell and broke her arm. Brother Isaac procured a doctor from the fort who splinted the member, and it was soon alright again. Then after the first heavy frost, we returned to Wilmington with many others who had fled from the plague. This was in the fall of 1862.

A short while after returning to the city, Brother Isaac procured an honorable discharge from the Confederate Army on the account of shell shock that impaired his hearing, and having received a wound on his shoulder by a bursting bomb shell. And in a few days Brother Isaac received a position as an Assistant Wagon Master at the Government Stables, located on the Southeast corner of Ninth and Market Streets, in which were kept hundreds of government horses and mules, wagons and ambulances.

Brother Isaac, being the second highest officer of the stables, procured for me the position of Food Master. My business was to superintend the vast amount of feed bought for the animals.

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I had a very fine pony that I called Dog, who had nothing else to do but to bear me upon his back to and fro. He was very tricky, and strange (and) (Original reads "to say"? in place of "and") appeared very unwilling to let anyone ride him except my little brother Wash and me. I remember lending him to Captain Patterson one day and in a short while he came back to the stables with one stirrup gone. But Captain Patterson never showed up.

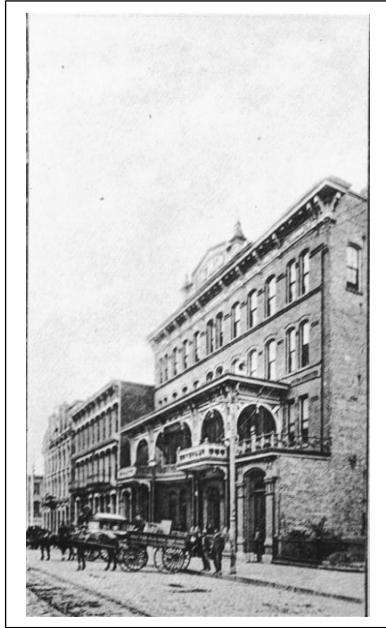
As a matter of fact there was a considerable waste of corn mixed with dirt caused by careless feeding by the many drivers. This corn I had put in bags, a bushel or so every day, and with the consent of the boss of the stables, I carried it home and, although mixed with much dirt, I fed, and fattened many fine hogs, which was another great advantage in helping me take care of Mother and the children. My brother Ben, who was next to me in age, being about twelve years old, did what little he could to help the family along.

About this time the blockade-runners were doing considerable business, between Nassau, West India, Nova-Scotia, and this port of Wilmington. And though young, I was a butcher by profession. I saw that these ships used a considerable amount of meat. I therefore resigned my position at the Government stables intending to buy up what sheep, goats, cows, and hogs I could find, knowing that I could get ready sale for them with the blockade runners. But in the meantime before entering into this idea, I concluded that I wanted to join a blockade-runner and go to Nassau. And I, having made application to General Whiting, whose headquarters was in the old Derosette building, Northwest corner Third and Market Streets, the General said to me, "You can't get it. We need you here." I then concluded that I'd go to butchering as I had previously intended.

And having a chum about my age by the name of Billy Grant, better known as Sapp, a nick name, I took him as a partner in my business. And having a little capital of my own, we began buying stock wherever we could find it. And a meat firm of Jim Hall and Sellars in a little wooden shop, in the Southwest corner of Front and Princess Streets, who was then furnishing the blockade runners, offered to give me, for every butchered animal I brought them, the

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highest retail price. We furnished them for sometime and made a considerable amount of money.



At Front and Princess streets, circa 1895

My brother Isaac, still at the government stables, seeing the success we were making, proposed to furnish money and go in partners with us. And we did so, and for a few months made money fast. Billy Grant, intending to engage in something else, withdrew from the firm. Brother Isaac and I continued on in the business which was very prosperous. This was sometime in the year 1864.

Confederate money was very plentiful. And I having a considerable amount of it, I concluded to change some of it for gold, and did so by giving thirty dollars for one in gold. And I remember taking home once a large bandana handkerchief full of gold. The value of the confederate dollar began to decrease so that a pound of coffee, if you could find it, would cost thirty dollars. We therefore substituted parched meal tea until the end of the war, food becoming so very scarce that the government

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had to establish soup houses and commissaries, to keep the women and children from suffering.

Many mothers would go and send their children with apple tarts, and other food stuff to sell to the thousands of soldiers encamped on the South Carolina outskirts of the city (of which the old batteries remain there until today). This was a great help to them in taking care of their families while all the fathers and sons who were able to take arms were in the Army.

In these last days of 1864 we could distinctly hear day and night the roar of cannons bombarding Fort Fischer.

I remember my sweetheart, Eliza J. King and I as waiters, standing on the floor at the wedding of Joe Daymon and, Sennie Hobbs. And that during the ceremony we could hear the constant booming of cannons from the fort. And the next morning Daymon was summoned to appear at the fort.



Civil War Enactors at Fort Fisher

There was at this time a good deal of confusion and consternation among the people in this city, all feeling assured that the fort would fall, as it really did about three months after in January 1865. For there were then federal gun boats shelling the fort, and fifty other federal ships with ten thousand soldiers, landing and besieging the fort, which fell. And in a few days the

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Confederate forces retreated through Wilmington. And for fear that they would take all the old men and boys away with them in their retreat, many of these old men and boys left the city and I was one among them, in company with William Bryant, Dick Steljes, Joe Kirkham, and others knowing that the war was ended, and that we could be of no service to the Confederacy.

In shade boats we went up the Alligator Creek near the bridge. This was about February nineteenth, and while lying in the swamp at night we saw the town in flames. It was the Van Bucklaus turpentine still with a vast amount of rosin and turpentine on fire, which made a most horrifying sight. In the next day perhaps, our forces had planted a cannon at the foot of Market Street to resist the oncoming of the Yankees on the Causeway coming through Brunswick.

And we were near enough that day lying in the rushes to see some of the Yankee forces advancing from Brunswick on the Causeway. We actually heard the cannon balls from Wilmington strike the mud, and we saw the Yankee soldiers retreating back across the bridge. And as near as I can remember, about two days after, which was the twenty-second of February, we rowed our boats to the mouth of the creek, having an open view of the city. We saw many ships flying the Stars and Stripes. We then knew the Yankees had the city.

We crossed the river and found the town under martial law patrolled by soldiers, among whom we passed without any molestation. The city was comparatively quiet *except* for the unloading of the vast stores from many ships to the wharves. This was the first time I ever saw condensed milk or any canned goods.

Our people in general settled down to the inevitable issue. However we were grieved at our hearts for the cause that we had lost and suffered so much to maintain.

And amidst this disorganized and confused state, nothing remained for us to do but to cast about for some way of support. I

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therefore, with many others, obtained work from the Government in handling truck, removing goods, etc., from the many vessels, flats, ships, and cars, for which we received a fair compensation.

After receiving our weekly pay, there being but few stores in operation, we were compelled to spend our wages at a commissary kept by Mr. G. Z. French and, of course, had to pay his prices. During this time in case of fighting or any minor infraction of the law the marshal of the town would send the offender to the old Jail on Second and Princess Streets to be tied up by his thumbs for his offence.

About this time my brother Isaac rented a little upper room, entered by stairs on the outside of an old wooden store on the Southeast corner of Second and Market, which had been occupied for years by a Mr. L. Muggins as a grocery store. In this little upper room my brother Isaac ran a restaurant and did a good business. At his table there I drank my first condensed milk.



My next job was at the old Roberts Foundry, corner of Queen and Surrey. The foundry burned down, but the

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old tall chimney is still standing there today. There I ran a machine making staves for barrels. In that foundry my old friend, Jimmy Wells, (before mentioned) lost his life, caught in a revolving belt, and it apparently broke every bone in his body, which was a great source of grief to me.

Soon after quitting that job, Brother Isaac and I went into the butchering and sausage making business. Being the only sausage makers in the city, we did a most prosperous business. This was in 1866.

For three years prior to this, I had begun courting my wife who was one among the best girls on earth. When she and I were about eleven and twelve years old, I judge, her father was drowned in Green's Mill Pond, leaving her mother with four little children, and Eliza, being the oldest. As I looked upon her father's dead face, she attracted my sympathy and I gave her all of my marbles and everything I had in my pockets, little thinking that someday I would give her my heart.

But I did, and have never regretted it. When she was fourteen and I fifteen, I began to visit her and loved her with an undying love, and she did me. Her mother, one of the mildest, most Christian women I ever knew, was an excellent tailoress. And, receiving much work, she made an honorable support for her family. At the time of our first courting, she lived on the Northwest corner of Fifth and Church Streets.

A Confederate battery ran in front of her house, and running diagonally across Fifth Street, almost surrounded the old Fifth Street Methodist Church. There I spent many happy hours, her mother apparently loving me as though I were her own child.

After the surrender, the family moved into what was known as the Old Fresh Water House, on the West side of Fifth between Queen and Castle Streets. There Eliza was taken with Typhoid Fever for many days and her life was despaired of. The skin on

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both of her lips was parched black and, peeling off, was removed with scissors. And, she lying unconscious many days, I concluded that whiskey would cause her to rally. And a man by the name of Watson Hall procured for me from a ship a pint bottle of French Brandy. They began giving it to her and she rallied and began immediately to improve and in a short time regained her health. When she was taken sick, her hair was black, very long and remarkably curly. And as she recovered it began falling out, and a new growth of hair began to appear. In a very short while, her head was covered with a profuse growth of short black curls.

Her Mother then was taken sick with the same disease and died in a very short time. The three small children were taken by friends and given homes. The elder brother was taken by a Mr. Joe Daymon and wife (afore mentioned) and carried to Philadelphia and Eliza went to live with a Mrs. Flowers in the Northern part of the city. And while there I never visited her. She then moved to one Mrs. Drusilla Highsmith's, on Fifth between Queen and Castle Streets, and was in the very best of health and very pretty.

For some unaccountable freak of my nature, I declined to visit her for about five or six months, not that my affections were upon any other girl. For I never went with other girls during the time, neither did she go with any other boy. Howbeit, it was rumored that she was going to marry another boy, which was only a hoax gotten up by our friends who were somewhat worried over our continued separation and very much desired to see us come together again.

Notwithstanding my indifference, my love had never wavered. For, often passing on the street, I could see her standing in the door, or drawing water at the well, her beautiful plump form, and rosy cheeks, her curly bushy black hair, had more charm for me than all the world, and could I have taken her to my arms, it would have been my supreme joy. But my stubborn nature, with no earthly reason, declined to do so.

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The Christmas Tide of 1866 drew on. The family with whom she was living (Highsmith) and other friends of ours who, seemed to be deeply interested in our love affair, decided that they would give a party in honor of Eliza on Old Christmas Night. And of course I received a written and many verbal invitations to be sure and attend without fail. Nothing could have suited me better, my heart long having panted for an occasion like this.

Having never visited that home, I began to cast about for a reason for such solicitude upon the part of the people for my presence at the party. Of course I had my thoughts concerning it all, and sure enough I was right, for they all were anxious to see Eliza and me meet again. I there made up my mind I would go to the party, and began to arrange my dress accordingly.

During the six or eight days intervening before the party, I was busy day and night either in the sausage factory or market. At last Old Christmas Night arrived, and the night of the party. Dressed in my very best, I went to the house and saw through the windows a multitude of young ladies and gentlemen promenading the parlor floor, and became faint hearted. And false timidity would not allow me to enter in. I turned and went two doors below to the house of Mrs. Mary Frost, one very much concerned in Eliza and me. I confessed to her that my bashfulness would not let me enter into the party. She then asked her brother William King, the tailor, to take me back to the party and carry me in. We got as far as the door, and with the same experience I turned away and went back to her home. She then remarked, "I'll see if I can't take you." And so she did! And she, giving me my choice, I entered the back door instead of the front and took my seat at the dining table.

The company knowing that I had arrived, many of them passed into the dining room, apparently for water, and spoke to me as they passed. And Eliza was one of the many that passed me. But neither of us spoke. In a short while several of the ladies came in the dining room and requested me to come in the parlor and play. This was not boldness upon their part. But wishing to see Eliza and me meet after so long a separation, they pursued the

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strategy in order to bring us together. Some of them jokingly took hold of me, declaring they would take me in there. I replied in the same manner, "If you do (then reaching for the table cloth) I'll pull this cloth, with all the dishes, in the floor."

But finally, after some persuasion, I consented and went in the parlor with them, and with my partner, entered the marching ranks. At the time they were singing the old fashioned song "It Snows, It Blows". At the end of the verse everyone was supposed to change his partner and take the lady in front of him and Eliza being the next one in front of me, I proposed to right about face and go the other way. And just as soon the game broke up I walked back to the door entering into the dining room and sat upon a table right at the entrance inside the dining room. And Eliza, whether conscious of her act or not, stepped back a few steps to where I was sitting and leaned upon the door within a few inches of my face, her back to me, watching others playing in the room. And as I gazed upon her pretty neck and beautiful curls, my soul filled with inexpressible ecstasy such as I had never experienced before.

My timidity disappeared and I laid my right hand upon her soft plump shoulder. She immediately turned her head and looked me squarely in the eyes, and breaking the six months silence between us she said to me, "You mean thing."

And deceitfully I replied, "You are the mean one," when at the same time I knew it was false. And leaning closer I grasped her dear hand, longing to see the party break up, that we might have the time to untangle the silken skien, which we did without breaking a thread.

The company soon retired to their homes and Mr. and Mrs. Highsmith went to their room perhaps about One or Two o'clock. Although the custom then was to break up party about daybreak, Eliza and I took our seats close together in front of a large warm fire place. Embracing and kissing each other, we buried the hatchet, handle and all, once and forever. Our inexpressible joy swept away every misunderstanding and though I had a thousand apologies to make, I knew she had none. But this one thing I know, we resolved in our minds and hearts that we would never part again, (This vow we kept

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inviolate for nearly sixty years when death took her away from me.) We agreed on that night to marry very soon, but not mentioning the day, this being the Sixth day of January, 1866.

After talking much upon the past we arose with thanksgiving and covered each other with kisses. And I departed for home with such joy as I had never experienced before. On the next day after my market hours were over, I visited the stores and purchased such things as I thought she stood in immediate need for. I bought her a beautiful wedding ring, also gold earrings, pretty shoes and hosiery, and dry goods to make such garments as she chose, I sent them to her home that evening. And when I went to see her that night she paid me for the presents with bushels of kisses and lovely embraces, each one worth a mountain of gold. As the days passed on, neither of us had any disposition to attend anymore parties or balls, but spent the time at her home in lively contemplations of preparing for the future.

The month of February came in and my brother James and Nancy Barns were to be married in a few days, and Eliza and I were to be two among the waiters. Our friends insisted that Eliza and I should not wait together with the superstitious fear that we may fall out again. So the matter was arranged that Eliza should wait with a young man by the name of Billy Griffith and I with Miss Sarah Frost, Billy's sweetheart, whom he afterward married. At this marriage, I became so enthused with the thought of my marriage to Eliza that we then and there agreed that our marriage would take place on the twenty-second of the next month which was March 1866, sixty years ago tomorrow at this writing.

My brother, I. W. King, was living then on the Southwest corner of Fifth and Queen Streets in a large house known as the Eason house. The marriage not more than three weeks off perhaps, brother Isaac's wife, Sister Charlotte, would have Eliza to move into his house the remaining days in order to prepare her dress and such like, which was perfectly agreeable with Mrs. Highsmith, as she too was deeply concerned in regards to the marriage.

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My mother and grandmother, both very fond of Eliza, agreed to the proposition. The goods for her wedding gown I had purchased six months previous, which, according to custom, required many yards. The goods being all over muss embroidery, a very stylish pattern of that day, made with long train and a bridal veil to match with a wreath of beautiful white flowers and green foliage.

After selecting groomsmen and bride's maids, sixteen in number (eight couples) the next question was, who should be invited as the guests. My sister, Charlotte, consulted me as to whom the guests should be. As I knew I tried to like everybody, and thought they all liked me, I answered Sister by saying I would suggest that you invite everybody you know, and ask them to invite everybody they know. And when the time came, it looked like they were there. For my brother's house, where the marriage was performed, had large apartments, also plenty porch and yard space, which was filled to its utmost capacity. For my brother's house, where the marriage was performed, had large apartments, also plenty porch and yard space, which was filled to its utmost capacity.

I being a little less than eighteen years of age, brother Isaac had to become my legal sponsor to obtain the marriage license. I gave him a five dollar gold piece, (the gold, in my mind, representing her purity) to purchase it, that being the price in those days. The next thing in order was to prepare for the reception. The home folks cooked thirty-six pounds of cake, beside the cake that friends presented, the number I don't know. A case of fine port wine, an imported box of lemons with sugar sufficient to make what was called Wine Sangria . The manner in which it was made was: the lemons were rolled and squeezed into a new large washtub. Sugar, water and ice were added and thoroughly stirred. Then the port wine was added, which made a most wonderful drink. All this was made ready and served immediately after the marriage ceremony.

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Now all things having been made ready at home, and in the neighborhood, for the wedding the next day, March the twenty-second, 1866, the blessed day which was to begin a new chapter in our lives, I arose early as usual and went to my work until perhaps about mid-day, spending that afternoon at home with Mother. My feelings I cannot describe. The hours would seem to drag and I frequently would lie down, but was restless and couldn't lie long.

Mother, knowing the time was very near for the marriage, said, "Get up Son and dress, for you must go to Eliza." So with feelings unpassable I arose and dressed for the marriage and somewhere near Eight o'clock, it being dark, I went to the house and entered the room where the Bride and her Bride's maids were and beheld, as I thought then, the most beautiful picture of my life. The Bride was sitting adorned with most wonderful skill for the occasion, her lovely dress of immaculate white, and flowing veil crowned with a gorgeous wreath of beautiful white flowers, earrings of gold hung pendant from her ears, with her wedding ring dazzling its splendor. And when my barber James Churchwell, had finished arranging her many long black curls, he then began dressing my hair which was black and curly also. I wore a fine little black moustache, the rest of my face being shaved clean. This barber is now living, being ninety-four years old, and was present at our Golden Fiftieth Anniversary to dress our hair. And had my wife lived until tomorrow night, March twenty-second, 1926, he would be with us again at our Sixtieth Anniversary, to perform the same service.

After sitting perhaps about half an hour in the bride's chamber admiring the beautiful white gowns of the eight Bride's maids while a few jokes were being passed, the door to the bride's chamber opened, and in stepped the eight groom's men, richly attired, and they ordered us to fall in line for the procession through the sitting room up to the parlor. The sixteen waiters proceeded at the proper places turned and faced each

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other, forming an aisle, up which Eliza and I, arm in arm, marched to where the minister stood. The Reverend Thomas, pastor of the Fifth Street Methodist Church, performed the ceremony. While the wreath upon Eliza's head trembled from excitement, the questions propounded by the minister were distinctly and audibly answered by us both, "I will."

The ceremony over, those who could found seats and refreshments in abundance were served inside and out of the house. then music and singing continued until a late hour in the night. But, before the guests had all departed, two or three of the bride's maids, who were always familiar with me as sisters and brother, proposed to have a little fun at my expense. Privately they called me to one side and said, "Joe, as waiters upon this occasion, we have put the bride to bed and now have come for you," and literally forced me into the room. And, while laughing, I somehow got them out of the room and closed the door.

Within the next few days, Eliza and I went to Mother's home to live, as I still had the responsibility of the family. We lived with Mother until after the birth of our first baby, which was a boy. And then we moved to ourselves and set up housekeeping. Very much to our sorrow and disappointment, our first two babies were still born. One Mrs. Harriet Futch (? Theodosia's handwriting is unclear here.) who had been keeping Eliza's baby brother since the death of her mother (he was about three years old and named Bryant) suggested that we take him home. And so we took him and also her little sister, Caroline, who had been living with one Mrs. Craig on the Sound. So here we were a little family of four. My business still prosperous, we were happy and comfortable.

I then began building a house of my own on Seventh between Queen and Castle Streets, this being a part of the old homestead land allotted to me in the division of the property. This land we bought from one Mr. Huntington before the Civil War closed and there was a small mortgage due on this property. But

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my brother Isaac sold his milk cow and with some thirty odd dollars that Mother had saved of my scant wages, we redeemed the mortgage. During these days the long leaf pine was very plentiful and cheap, five to ten dollars per thousand. (Original text reads "per. M.") and I had two large fine oxen, so well broken that instead of making beef of them, I put them to work in log carts. And with one colored boy by the name of Henderson Haise and a good Christian boy by the name of Charlie Flowers, we soon had enough lumber on the grounds to build a comfortable four room house. And with what little experience I obtained from my father, when I was eight to twelve years old I began to build the house myself. And the spare hours I could find I devoted in erecting the first house I ever owned. This house, after standing over fifty years, has recently been torn down to make room for another. In this house my son Joe King Jr., now of Detroit Michigan was born. The pillars and chimneys were laid by Brother James B. Allen and plastered by my brother B.R. King.

In these days, being very fond of music, I learned to play the fiddle and pick the banjo, and soon had organized a band of music. I played lead fiddle, my brother James played bass fiddle, Brother Ben picked banjo, and John Hausley and Willie Coloson also played fiddles. Balls then more fashionable than prayer meetings, we kept busy at night playing for the dancers, very much to the distress of my wife, Eliza. During these times I could be found in such places as Padies Hollow and other such resorts playing music at nights in the lowest slums of the city.

About this time in 1870 the Masonboro Baptist Church was protracting a meeting on the sound. My borhter Isaac, having attended the meeting, informed me that he and his wife, on the next Suncay, were to be baptized. My wife and I and other members of the family decided to go and witness the ordinance. And making arrangements with some of the sound folks, the following Saturday night after closing up the meat market, we boarded the sound carts and found a

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pleasant reception awaiting us. While on the way to the sound I obligated to play for a ball up there the following week. But during the Eleven o'clock service the following morning, I became very serious about my spiritual condition. and at the close of the sermon the minister, J. B. Barlow, made a proposition to the large congregation that if any one present, feeling the need of mercy and blessings from God, would bow, the church would pray for them. Feeling that I needed such blessings, I earnestly knelt on my knees. After prayer and singing the congregation dismissed and repaired to the water of Hewlet's Creek to see the candidates baptized.

The solemn scene representing the burial and resurrection of my Saviour produced in my soul such a dreadful sense of feeling that I cannot express, only I know I became very miserable. Returning to the house, I walked beside the vehicle in which my brother Isaac and his wife rode. His wife, sister Charlotte, looking upon me as I walked, said, "Joe, if you should join the church, you'd quit the fiddle, would you not?" I replied, "I would play the fiddle if I belonged to all the churches," conscience choking me.

At the night service, after preaching, the minister made the same proposition for prayer. In my distress I bowed again. As we arose from our knees, ashamed of myself for bowing, I immediately walked outdoors. Distressed as never before, I gazed to the star-lit heavens, while all nature seemed to be praising the Lord. The congregation dismissed but still lingered in the church. As I entered the church again, someone informed me that my wife, Eliza, had joined the church and was a candidate for baptism. I felt much opposed as we both were leading a worldly, frivolous life.

We returned home, and my mental trouble continued. I having returned home from work one

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evening, my wife said there was to be a surprise prayer meeting at the home of Mr. Ponce of Fifth and Church Streets and asked would I like to go. I replied, "Not to a Methodist meeting." She then asked if I was willing for her to go. With my consent, she and other ladies started. My distress increased, and I was effectually drawn there to the meeting as if some cord had been about me, and entered with them into the house. Sometime during the meeting, Mr. Ponce proposed to pray for anyone who would kneel. And, remembering my experience at the sound, I declined to kneel, while others did. But when the leader said, "Let us all pray," I, of course, knelt with the rest. During the prayer I was in agony. Every fiber of my soul seemed to have been wrought upon, and when the company got up from their knees, I had no disposition to rise, but remained, bowed until several prayers were offered. My distress was unspeakably great. And apparently something had to be done if I retained my mind. Seeing no other remedy, in a few says I concluded to profess Christ as my Savior and be baptized. But the resolution didn't relieve me.

Probably the next day going to my work to the slaughter pen I left the road and hid myself in the bay for a few moments. And looking up said, "God helping me, I'll be baptized, and if sent to hell will go as a baptized believer in Jesus Christ." And within a few hours I learned that my whole family, brothers and sisters with their wives and husbands, were deeply concerned about their own salvation. Whereupon we all decided to be baptized the next Sunday as the meetings were still in progress at the Masonboro church. And at the morning service we all presented ourselves as candidates for baptism and were accepted, and immediately after the service, we repaired to the home of old brother Jackie Hewlet in whose house we prepared for the water. Eighteen of us were led down into the waters of Hewlet's Creek and by the hands of my brother John A. King, and Brother J. B. Barlow we were buried in baptism in the likeness of the death and resurrection of Christ. My brother John as he laid his hands on me to bury me in baptism, publicly remarked, "I now baptize a preacher of the Gospel." This

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occurred on the Second day of October, 1870, and from that hour till this, 1926, by the help of God, I have been trying to preach the Gospel the very best I know how.

Notwithstanding, my baptism producing in me a clear conscience, the great joy that I heard others expressing I had not yet attained but had the satisfaction of knowing that I did what Christ had commanded. A night or two after this I was sitting up with a dead baby in company with others (in one of the old shed houses, within a few feet of the shed house in which I was born, afore mentioned) trying to comfort the parents of the baby, Mr. and Mrs. Fales. My soul was still panting for some higher attainment, I knew not what. In company with one Brother Joseph Barries, we walked out on the sidewalk and stood under one of the old oak trees that remains there until today. And in some manner the heavens above us seemed to open, and, in torrents of inexpressible joy and glory, we began to praise God, and spent the remainder of the night in tears and praises, for what I hope was the reception of the gift of the Holy Ghost.

While gathered together one night at my mother's house, to hear my brother John explain the precious truths of the bible, our thirst for knowledge kept us listening until someone said, "The day is breaking." Within a few days such interest manifested in the community that we procured the privilege of worshipping in a Presbyterian school house on Wooster between Fifth and Sixth Streets.

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Ruins of Session House, a Presbyterian Church build about 1840

The thirst for balls and parties was changed for a desire for prayer meeting and the preaching of the gospel. My brother John, a most eloquent and learned Baptist preacher, lead the gathering flocks to rich and higher ground as we never saw before. Then began the great cry for an organization and we who were members obtained letters of dismissal from the Masonboro Baptist Church. And under the leadership of my brother John, we were organized as the Second Baptist Church of Wilmington, North Carolina. And a great and grand revival ensued, and hundreds were added in a very few months.

In a short while a building lot was purchased and a commodious house was built for worship in the year 1871. Ant the same building stands today on Sixth between Castle and Church Streets. The building was accomplished mostly by volunteer work. Brother J. B. Allen laid the pillars and Brother Richard Risley framed the large roof, while other members, men and women, myself and wife Eliza, wrought with our hands until the building was enclosed. Brother John, our pastor, and I, with other volunteering preachers, continued to preach

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with all our consecrated powers, and the revival continued year in and year out. At this writing, so far as I know, only two of that vast membership are alive, my brother B. R. King, and myself, the passing fifty-five years having born them all to the tomb. The Cape Fear River and the Greenfield Mill Pond were the scene of most of the baptisms. My brother John, being called to a church in Monroe, North Carolina, and I, not yet ordained, The church called Elder J. B. Barlow, who worked during the week at the coopering business, and on Sunday preached at the church, while I conducted the mid-week service Tuesday night. The church then was paying Brother Barlow about \$10.00 a week.

This brings us as near as I can remember to about the year 1878, when my brother Isaac said to me one afternoon, "Come to my house tonight and hear a most wonderful blind preacher, that I found downtown selling tracts." And accordingly I went, and after supper, the old preacher began to talk, presenting the strangest views upon the subject of religion that I ever heard. I hadn't listened long before I concluded that he was the best informed man upon the Bible that I had ever met. And his teachings were contrary to every conception that I had ever heard upon the fundamental principals of religion. His argument began with the idea that man in death was totally unconscious, knowing neither pain nor pleasure, and would remain so until the return of Christ to judge the world both living and dead, at which time all would bodily arise that were dead, both good and bad, and that the righteous would be made immortal and live on this earth made new for ever while the wicked, having no immortality, would die the second death, and literally be burned up, after which Christ would establish his everlasting Kingdom upon the earth made new. He also affirmed that the idea of rewards and punishments at death was of heathen origin and not one (some pages have been torn out here.)

Of our church, night after night to anxious crowds deeply interested with these truths unheard of before.

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After many days with us he took his departure, promising to return, which he did several times in the space of four or five years perhaps. And after his leaving us as my time for preaching was Tuesday nights, I began to preach the truths learned of him with all my powers and confessed the errors that I had and preached in the past. Of course I met opposition from some, but great encouragement from many so that in our Tuesday night meetings the anxious crowds continued to come to hear the new doctrine. Whereupon Brother Barlow the pastor who did the preaching on Sunday resigned, which threw the whole responsibility on my hands.

About this time, the weather being very cold, the church having neither plaster nor ceiling, was very uncomfortable. And as I was still following my vocation in the meat business making enough to support my family and some to spare, I hired two good carpenters to help us to make the interior of the church comfortable. So with the help of Brother J. W. S. Harvey, Brother Charlie Newberry, and others, helping as they could, we procured material sufficient. And we did complete the work. With our own hands we labored day and night, sometimes until after midnight. I paid the carpenters Saturday nights out of my own pocket, each one of them contributing a day's work out of each week. One of the carpenters was named Shaw and the other Joe Willis, both colored men. We plastered and ceiled the building and put in new seats as it stands today.

The crowds still increased and many joined the church, while persecution still continued. We procured preachers of several Baptist churches to baptize the candidates, until their opposition to the doctrines I was preaching grew so strong, they all refused to do the baptizing for us, and after one of the candidates by the name of Smith, died without being baptized, the church with one accord insisted on me being ordained, though I still resisted, until our Senior Deacon, Brother Williamson Hurst, after one of our night meetings, stood with me on the corner of Sixth

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and Queen Streets looking me square in the face and said, "Brother Joe you see the situation, and, 'He that knoweth the Lord's will and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes,' so you had better submit to be ordained." I then for the first time replied to him, "I will if you can get a presbytery of Baptist preachers willing to ordain me."

Brother Hurst then reported to the Church, whereupon a committee was appointed, who invited J. B. Taylor pastor of the First Baptist Church, J. B. Barlow, our former pastor, and G. S. Jones to examine and, if qualified, to ordain me. They promised to do so and after waiting upon them a reasonable time each of them replied that they were willing to administer the ordination but not the examination. Whereupon the church made a request to the Eastern Baptist Association to appoint a presbytery and sent me with the request. And I meeting Brother J. B. Taylor upon association grounds, he said to me, "Brother King, I am sorry that I was not present at the First Baptist Church when your committee last came to see me. However," he said, "I will have the association to appoint a presbytery. For this matter should have been attended to before," or words to that effect. And sure enough he had them appointed, but was very careful to have himself appointed with the other preachers that previously refused. And some weeks after the association, he and the other two wrote a letter to our church saying that they must decline ordaining me for fear their churches would charge them with ministerial indiscretion. Whereupon our church wrote to my brother John E. King, then pastor of Monroe Baptist Church of Monroe, North Carolina, asking him if he could obtain a presbytery that would examine me and, if qualified, ordain me. He immediately replied, "Yes, come on." And I went with patience to Monroe and arrived at my brother's house, and found his horse and buggy tied at his gate which was to take him in a few minutes about ten miles in the country to a union

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meeting of preachers and deacons. He was glad to see me and after reading our church's request, we had dinner and started for the meeting.

The business having started, he presented the request Elder Jones, being moderator of the meeting, appointed a presbytery of five, who requested me first to preach a sermon. And entering the pulpit for the first time to preach a sermon (having before done all my preaching on the floor) I preached the best I could from Zechariah 4:7 "Who are thou, oh great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain: and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings crying Grace, grace unto it."

When through, I sat down. The old moderator being a very large man arose immediately and with his big fist came down on the Bible, saying the editor of the *Biblical Recorder* had stated in the paper (the best I can remember) "that men were not qualified to 'preach the gospel without a theological training.' But we have today seen that position refuted, and I will stop taking his paper if he doesn't quit publishing such stuff." After the presbytery had propounded many questions to me, they laid their hands on my head and ordained me.

And one of them by the name of Lotta, a Greek and Hebrew scholar, I was informed, said, "I never with more pleasure laid my hand upon the head of a young man for ordination." This of course was a great inspiration to me in my youth. They then gave me my written credentials, and Brother John and I returned to Monroe.

For several nights I preached in the Monroe Church having some reasons to hope that I had led some to Christ. My main themes being Christ and the resurrection as the only hope of a future life, being very careful not to offend them by parading what I conceived to be errors in the Baptist Church upon this subject. For my desire was to remain with the Baptist Church not knowing at this time that there was an Adventist church in existence or a

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religious organization believing in a conditional immortality. But this I knew that there was one man, Elias Haines, sent of God to lead me into the truth, and that every declaration of the Scripture supported this blessed truth.

I returned to Wilmington, North Carolina and protracted a meeting which continued, I think, for about seven weeks with a result of about a hundred and twenty new members, (as well as I can remember) added to the church. Then began opposition in earnest from various churches especially the Baptists. And some of the Baptist preachers here whose names I'll not recall, drew up charges of heresy against me, and cited me to the Association for trial. I appeared before them, whereupon the Association appointed a committee of three to examine me. And during the session, the committee demanded that I should answer their questions. I declined to do so unless they propounded them in writing. They argued that this was unnecessary.

I replied that they may misrepresent me unintentionally. But if questions and answers were in writing, the Association could make no mistake as to my views.

Finally they agreed to do so, but wanted me to answer one or two, while sitting with them there. The first question was, if I believed that God was a personal being or spirit, with form, or shape. I replied that I believed that God was a personal spiritual being with form, shape, and substance. Because the record says that he made man in his own image after his own likeness, and that Christ was the express image of his own person, that Moses saw God's back parts but his face he could not see, etc. (Read my defense on heresy).

One of the committee remarked that I was wrong. Their next verbal (? — original text actually : reads "virbable") question was, "Do you believe that heaven is a certain place or locality?" I replied, "Yes, if there is such a place it must be a locality. For Christ said, 'My Father is in heaven,' that he himself came down from heaven, and that he would return to heaven and at his second coming he would come again from heaven etc. One of them replied that I was mistaken, that heaven was a

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condition. I then stated, "Brethren, I'll answer no more until you give it to me in writing.

So in a few days after returning home from the Association I received their written questions. And for many days and nights in my leisure hours from business, was occupied in searching the scripture and writing my answers in full, to every question they had propounded, all of which may be seen in the little book of my defense, entitled "Heresy or No Heresy." And having until the sitting of the next Association, October, 1860, to present my answers, and stand my final trial for heresy, I continued with unabated effort, to preach to overflowing houses.

And being now ordained, I received, and baptized very many converts, the interest in the church, never flagging (?—original reads "faging"), while persecutions grew stronger from many sources especially from the Baptists. And some of the Baptist preachers I learned carried around petitions advising the members of the church to put me out. While others stated that I ought to be carted out of town. So in the midst of this great confusion, I continued mostly at night writing my defense, and frequently I would move my seat from the window at which I sat writing for fear of being shot from the outside.

Notwithstanding I continued to write, trusting God would let me live, to answer their questions in defense of the truth. And he did. So I finished the work and continued to preach at every service, and worked regularly with my hands for the support of my family, while the church continued to grow, and all appeared to be in perfect harmony and of one accord, without the least dissention so far as I can remember. We were still known as the Second Baptist Church.

The time now arrived for the Association to meet, and I in company with the delegates of our church were present at the first session. While sitting at breakfast the first morning, the moderator, who was a lawyer, being present, someone at the table said to me, "Brother King I suppose they are going to try you for your life today." I replied, "If they kill me I expect to die

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game." Then sitting on the porch before the hour of service the moderator said to me, "Brother King we are not to try you today to see whether you believe what the Bible teaches or not, but do you believe as the Association believes."

Brother J. J. Dixey, one of our delegates arose and said, "Well I suppose that though Brother King may believe the truth, if he doesn't believe as the Association believes he is heretic." The moderator replied, "So you have come up here to raise a fuss."

By arrangement my trial was to take place the next morning and the committee that wrote the questions to me requested me to give them the manuscript containing the questions and answers that they may read them that night and in the morning. I agreed to do so providing they would agree to have the manuscript read before the conference next morning. They refused.

I replied that this was the only way the conference would know why and what I believed better than they could state it to them. And after much parley, seeing my determination, they agreed that I could read it at the beginning of the trial next morning. I then gave them the manuscript, remarking, "Prove anything wrong in it if you can." And true to their promise at the beginning of the trial next morning, I was called upon to read it.

I arose and asked permission of the moderator to allow me to make a few introductory remarks. Some man arose and objected. I replied and said that I was on trial for my ecclesiastical life, and, having no earthly council, I had a prisoner's rights, and that right I dared to maintain. The moderator replied to me, it being objected to, he could not permit me to speak. Someone arose and made a motion that I be allowed to speak in my own defense. The moderator put the question. Many voted, yea, and were counted. But the majority voted nay which denied me the privilege of speaking. However according to agreement I

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read my answers to their questions, giving book, chapter, and verse for every position. And without any argument, against my position someone moved that the Association withdraw fellowship from me and the church also, if they continued to retain me as their pastor. According to parliamentary usage I knew that I then had a right to speak, and immediately arose and addressed the moderator, and this time another man arose to speak. The moderator not recognizing me, but the other man, I, in an audible voice, stated to the moderator that I was the first to speak and therefore had the right to the floor. He replied, "I heard the other man." Then someone moved that I be granted the privilege of speaking. The moderator addressing the conference said, "I have ruled that the other man (whose name I have forgotten) has the floor and all in favor of my ruling will say Aye," And they were counted. He then said, "All opposed say No And they were counted. He then said, "The Ayes have it," And so prevented my speaking. Someone then arose and called for the previous question (which meant my exclusion from the Baptists, and not many understood what the previous question meant.) The moderator then said, (without any explanation), "All in favor of the previous question say Aye. Any opposed say No." And in this confusion someone called for a division. The moderator then said, (without any explanation again) "All in favor of the previous question stand." I was informed that several were urged to stand. And they were counted and sat down. He then said, "All opposed stand." And they were counted and sat down. The moderator then announced that those in favor had the majority, which, of course, meant my expulsion. And just at this time Brother William Cummings stepped into the house and said, "Brother Moderator, not being present when the vote was taken, I beg to be recorded as voting in the affirmative." Then arose a very old gray-bearded man saying "Brother Moderator, I voted in the negative because I wanted Brother King to have a fair trial." These words are exact as well as I can remember.

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The conference immediately adjourned without further argument. And many on the grounds expressed their regrets to me and wanted a copy of my defense. Thousands have since been printed and distributed all over the world. Many have converted to the truth by reading it so I've learned. The delegates and I returned home and reported to the church, which rejoiced to believe that we were persecuted for the truth's sake. And being put out of the camp for Christ's sake, we doubled our diligence and thousands since have become obedient to the truth. And today these truths are being published to every nation on earth. As our membership continued to increase, the opposition from some of the Baptists continued to increase also.

Some months later I was informed that the clerk of the First Baptist Church had brought claim against our church building from the receiver of a building association and they had a deed for the church property, and intended to ask the next court to confirm the sale. Whereupon I consulted a lawyer, who informed me that we could beat them in the case, but the cost would amount to as much as we owed them and as the defunct Association's business was in the hands of certain directors, the lawyer advised me to seek a compromise with these directors, which I did at a discount of fifty percent. And the clerk of the First Church and one Dr. Nutt were the only two dissenting to the compromise to the oncoming court. The judge refused to confirm the sale of our church property to the clerk of the First Baptist Church. The Ladies' Aid Society worked both night and day and raised the money, about eighty dollars I think. And we settled the claim.

And from then until now God has been adding unto the church and we've continued to this day with only two of the charter members remaining alive so far as I know, my brother B. R. King and I.

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In a very short while after my expulsion, the editor of the *Biblical Recorder* reported the act of the Association and said that he had entertained hope of my restoration unless I and the church considered we were persecuted. If so, then we would have a new church of the Frothingham School in North Carolina. I replied then to this statement requesting him to publish my reply and I would pay for it if necessary. He declined, saying he had no ill feeling against me and what he said was based upon the report of the committee of the Association. And he having returned my manuscript, *The Morning Star* paper of Wilmington published the reply for twenty-five dollars.

In a few days after this, to my great joy and surprise, I received a letter from Reverend J. P. Pritchard, eighty years old, of Crocket- Huston County, Texas, saying "Dear Brother King, I learned through the *Biblical Recorder* of your expulsion from the Baptists of North Carolina for believing in conditional immortality and its kindred truths. You are right. Fear not. I have suffered the same at the hands of the Baptists for believing and teaching the same precious truths. I shall visit you soon. I am the father of Reverend Thomas Pritchard of Wake Forrest College, the Baptist Seminary of North Carolina."

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Dr. Thomas H. Pritchard,
Pastor of the First Baptist Church, 1883-1892

He soon came, and found his son pastor of the First Baptist of Wilmington. He preached for our church and frequently visited my home to our great joy and comfort. During his visit here he told me that his son, Thomas, assisted the Reverend Dr. Battle in a revival meeting in Charlotte, North Carolina, and during the meeting there, Dr. Battle informed him that only recently a sister of his had died and that his mother feared that she might be in hell, tormented in flames. And these thoughts almost distracted his mother as she lay upon her bed at night and that Dr. Battle requested him to offer some comfort. And that Dr. Pritchard, after talking to his mother, told her that his father was in Wilmington and that he would get him to write her a letter upon the subject that would doubtless relieve her mind. Some weeks after, a letter from Dr. Battle's mother appeared in the *World's Crisis* of Boston saying that Reverend J.P. Pritchard, father of Dr. Pritchard, had written her a letter upon the state of the dead, giving her the greatest comfort of her life, proving by the Bible, that her daughter was sleeping in death and that the dogma of going to heaven and hell at death was false from start to finish, and that no one received their rewards or punishment until the resurrection at the judgement day, and asking, "Why couldn't his son Reverend Thomas Pritchard, Pastor of the Baptist Church do this?"

My next great surprise and joy came in a few days from Elder George W. Sherrell of Lenora, North Carolina, saying, "Having seen the report of your expulsion from the Baptist Church

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upon the charge of heresy in the *Biblical Recorder*, I now write to let you know that there are hundreds of us in these mountains and that we have been excluded from the Baptist Church for believing the same precious truths for which you are now contending. And, having organized ourselves in several churches, we are now known as the Piedmont (in the original text this appears as two words, "Pied Mount") Adventist Conference of Western North Carolina, Come and unite your church with us."

Not many days after this I received another encouraging letter from Elder P. G. Bornman (?) of ———— South Carolina saying, "We have two churches here, believing and teaching the doctrines of conditional immortality, and rejoice with you in the same blessed hope. I shall come to see you in a few days." And at short intervals they all came to Wilmington and the great revival continued for many months and hundreds were added to the church. After the church here had united with the Piedmont Conference, with my wife and children I visited the mountains several times with blessed results among the churches there.

Many Adventists of the North having heard of me sent me financial aid. I attended the Adventist Conference at Lake Waldon, Massachusetts, near Concord several miles beyond Boston. I first met Brother John A. Cargile in *The World's Crisis* office in Boston and Miles Grant and H. L. Hastings at the conference. I have since visited the Virginia Conference,

In a short while after our expulsion from the Baptists two of our deacons Reiley Skipper and J.T. Potter moved to Brunswick, Georgia, and made arrangements with the Baptist Church to have me to preach for them. I did so and before leaving, I ordained Elder H.V. Skipper (then a deacon of the Baptist Church) a full fledged Adventist preacher. This was the beginning of Adventism in the state of Georgia. In about twelve months I visited them again and found that Brother Skipper had built a neat little church and a two story parsonage which they since have sold and bought the Baptist Church that I first preached in and there today they have one of the most handsome churches in the South, built anew on the sight of the old grounds

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Shortly after this, Judge Ives, of Lake City, Florida, invited me to Lake City to preach a few nights. I did so and preached in a large hall over some stores, which meetings resulted in building an Adventist church in that city. I was not the first Adventist preacher to visit there as Elder Smith had passed through there a few years before. But as yet there had been no Adventist Church throughout the whole state of Florida.

Brother H. V. Skipper, having pushed his work through Georgia into the State of Florida, invited me to meet him in Jacksonville for a nine day meeting in a large tent on the corner of Main and Adams Streets. I did so with glorious results and from that meeting the state of Florida has become one of the strongest Adventual states in the Union.

About this time my brother, J.W. King was pastor of a Free Will Baptist church near Mount Olive, North Carolina. Being very much opposed to my views at first, after having heard me on several doctrinal discourses, he gave me a cordial invitation to visit his church. I did so and found several hundred people present and preached for them Sunday morning and night, and left them under a great excitement and many rejoicing on account of the strange things they had heard. In less than a month I received another request to visit them again, to a still larger congregation than before, and in less than another month a third invitation, and for the third time I went again, and found a host of people from both Wayne and Jones county under greater excitement than ever.

The large building couldn't begin to hold the people. Five Free Will Baptist preachers were present, who before my arrival had appointed one of their number (Elder Haskel Jones) to reply to my discourse when I had finished. I agreed, highly commending them for their zeal for the truth. We entered the commodious building. The crowd outside drove their vehicles to the windows and doors in order to see and hear the issue. The five ministers filed into the stand and took their seats behind me. After singing and prayer I read and began to preach from Hebrews 9:27-28, "As

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it is appointed unto man once to die, and etc., etc., with as great liberty as I ever had. And for an hour, I think, I tried to picture the human race in death, in the resurrection in judgement, and eternity. And with all the vividness of my soul, I attempted to show the three assembling worlds, heaven, earth and hell (tartarus) and I described the supernal host from above escorting the redeemed to the secret chambers of the blessed, hiding them from the wrath to come.

I found the tears of joy rolling down my cheeks and I read from the eyes of those that were hearing me that they too were drinking deep from the same springs of unspeakable joy. I then proposed to sit down and give away to the dear old brother appointed to dispute me if he could. Whereupon he pulled my coat and said, "Go on Brother King." And for about fifteen minutes more I suppose, I continued to talk, and proposed on the second time to sit down. He again pulled my coat and insisted I should go on. And with just a few more words, I sat down. He arose and said he would not preach, but that we all would unite in prayer. He lead the prayer and said, "Oh Lord, we thank thee for that our ears have heard, our eyes have seen and our hearts have felt." etc. Then a chorus of "Amen" rolled through the house. On rising, one of the ministers, Brother Slaughter, said, "I am still a Free Will Baptist." And speaking to the church (whose membership was about one-hundred and thirty) he said, "If you agree with Brother King, you should say so." And one-hundred and five came forward and signed their names and accepted the truths I was preaching, then walked out to a near oak grove and organized the second church called Second Adventist Christian Church in Eastern North Carolina and assumed the name Salem, which means Peace. And from this church sprang all of the Second Adventist Churches of the Carolina Conference. this large neat

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building of this memorable old church stands within a mile of Mount Olive, North Carolina today.

During these many years of my ministry, I witnessed a great deal of physical suffering and privation among the people of our city with comparatively no organization for the relief of the poor except the county poor house, and one physician to administer to the sick. I therefore instituted a monthly practice of soliciting funds for the poor at every communion. And having formed the habit from my youth of waiting upon the sick, and my wife being very prolific in bearing children, and due to the scarcity of doctors to administer to the suffering, I therefore began to study medicine, and took great interest to minister both day and night to the sick. As my practice enlarged, my knowledge increased, especially in midwifery, as it was difficult for the poor to obtain the service of a doctor. And I have great reasons to believe that I accomplished much good on this line.

In company of the advent of several young doctors, I did this work for many years and when the doctors grew more plentiful and my age began to hinder by degrees, I began to abandon the practice. And now, with considerable pleasure, I can see grandparents whom I first introduced to the world, and never charged a penny for my service at any time. And the love and esteem that I have from hundreds today is more than pay in these my old days.

During these years I remember some whose parents I married and at time of birth I introduced them into the world with my own hands and by my preaching I introduced them to Christ, welcoming them into the church, and with my hands I buried them into baptism, and married many of them to their young wives and husbands, and have preached their funeral at death.

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These are incidents I think that but few preachers have experienced. And, having served the same church for about fifty-five years, and with the unspeakable joy of having my son, Elder Sion J. King, as an assistant pastor with me in the same old church, we both, in the year 1925, resigned our care of the church, and with our families, moved to Jacksonville, Florida. Having spent only a few months there, my darling wife, Eliza, with whom I had lived for sixty years, in the sweetest earthly bonds, became sick, stricken with cancer of the liver.

And after the counsel of three physicians, we returned to our home in Wilmington where three other eminent physicians informed us that within four months she would die.

And with the care of these three doctors (Harris, Green, and Hooper) who declined any pay for services, she spent fifteen days in the James Walker Memorial hospital, in the best room, graciously furnished by the Kings' daughter through the kindness of Dr Andrew Harris.

From there she was removed to the home of our daughter Dosithea Grant, 715 South Fourth Street, where, with the sweetest resignation she fell asleep in Jesus at two-fifteen A. M., January 21, 1926. And being embalmed by undertaker Mr. Walter Yopp, she lay in state several hours in the old Sixth Street Church in which she had spent fifty-five years of her untiring service for her Lord and Master and the place she loved so well. And she was lovingly laid to rest in a vault in Belview Cemetery, January 23, 1926, in which she expected to sleep until her Savior returned. An estimated 1,500 relatives and friends, both white and colored were stood around her flower covered tomb. The services were performed by Elder H.V. Skipper of Jacksonville, Florida.

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Heresy Or No Heresy?

Joseph Pyram King's 1880 Defense Against Heresy Charges

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The Rev. Joseph Pyram King, M.D., circa 1880

PREFACE

This pamphlet contains the defense made by the Rev. Jos. P. King, before the Eastern Baptist Association, Oct. 6, 1880, he having been previously charged with heresy. The association appointed a committee, who drew up and presented to him several questions, to which this pamphlet contains the answers; and we, his friends, offer as an apology for its publication, the following facts, with also a desire for the dissemination of the truth. 1st.—That this defense was read before the association by its author, in which may be seen by reading that he then and there, in a most submissive and Christian spirit, proposed to the intelligence of the association that if any man would produce evidence from the Bible, or sound argument to prove him wrong, that he would submissively yield and confess it; but, as can be proved, no doubt, by over five hundred souls then present, that, through the device of a few influential men, the Rev. J. P. King and his church were hurled with contempt from the fellowship of the association, without one particle of evidence from the Bible or any other source to establish his guilt; and even denying him the privilege of making one remark in his own defense—the act of which incurred the censure of many disinterested parties who beheld the trial. The reader may see, by careful reading, that the report of the committee in the Biblical Recorder and minutes of the association, charging the Rev. J. P. King with believing God to have blood, is not correct.

Is his sentence just or not? Judge ye.

Cheerfully submitted,

J. T. POTTER,

J. J. DICKSEY,

J. W. S. HARVEY,

W. HURST

} Pub. Com.

Heresy Or No Heresy!

The Defense of the Rev. Joseph P. King
on the Charge of Heresy

Wilmington, N. C., Sept. 2, 1880.

*To the Examining Committee Appointed to Examine Me by
the Eastern Baptist Association, Greeting:*

DEAR BRETHREN: In compliance with a covenant proposed between the chairman of your committee and myself, to the effect that I shall answer certain questions relative to my views in theology, propounded by said chairman, who, upon his part, has also covenanted that said questions, with my several answers, should be read before the association at the proper time and place. I, therefore, attempt the unprecedented task—unprecedented, I say, because I have not the remotest idea that, since the days of Christ, has a Baptist preacher ever been arraigned for his ecclesiastical life upon the issues involved in your questions; and neither do I hesitate to say that the prosecutors in the case have been actuated by the enemy of the church, who has persuaded them that gain is godliness. Howbeit, there is one trial on record in the New Testament somewhat similar to mine (Acts, ch. 23), the case of the Apostle Paul while preaching at Thessalonica.

The Thessalonians, with many other superstitious theologians like those of Corinth, had manufactured for them-

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selves a spirit world of purgatory for the dead—a place, according to their heathen mythology, where mankind, at death, received their final and unchangeable reward, and hence these, their views, supersede the necessity of a resurrection, in their minds; therefore, Paul declares their ignorance and superstition, and says to them, the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commands all men everywhere to repent, assuring them that God had appointed a day to judge the world, and not at death; and when they heard Paul preach the resurrection of the dead for this purpose of judging them, some mocked and others said, We will hear thee again of this matter. (Acts xvii. 30, 31, 32). And they which believe not the truth, what did they do? Not as Gallio, whom they carried Paul before to be judged. Gallio said to them, "If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, it would be reason to hear you," (Acts 18, 14); but as in my case, they were moved with envy, and took unto them certain lewd fellows, and gathered a company and set all the city in an uproar—(Acts xvii, 5); and when Paul stands before the Jewish Sanhedrin to be tried for his life (Acts xxiii), he says, "Men and brethren, I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day, and of the hope and resurrection I am called in question." And for this, his doctrine, he is commanded to be smitten.

And now I shall attempt in these, my answers to your questions, to shew for the same cause and faith, I am smitten and called in question before you this day—not simply for believing the resurrection, but also its sequences, or the truths that follow the doctrine as a natural consequence; that is to say, if the dead are prejudged to hell or heaven at death, then the day of judgment is unnecessary, and of no consequence at all.

Your first question to me is, Do you believe God is a

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spirit, or that he is a material being? My answer is, Yes, I believe he is a spirit, and I also believe him to be a material being. And now I will state why I thus believe: Because the Scripture teaches that God is a spirit, (John iv, 24), and I also believe him to be a material being, because the same Scripture says he is a form, image and person, having parts, face, likeness, etc. Paul tells the Philippians (ii, 6), that God has a form; Moses tells the world (Gen. i, 26), that God has an image and likeness; Paul tells the Corinthians (1st, xi, 7) not to cover their heads during service, because the male members were the image of God; he also tells them in 2d Cor., iv, 4, that Christ was the image of God; he also tells the Colossians iii, 10, that God has an image; he tells the Hebrew, i, 3, that God has an express image and person. Moses again informs the world, Exodus xxxiii, 23, that he saw God's back parts, but that God would not let him see his face. The Apostle James tells the world, iii, 9, that the very mechanism of our bodies is similar to that of God, and the like language in many other texts. What more could God say than he has said to convince the world that there is such a being as God? And now let us briefly examine these texts. Phil. ii, 5, 6, Christ Jesus being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God.

Well, then, if God has a form, as this Scripture distinctly says he has, and Christ was in that form, then God has a person so sure as Christ has, and we all admit Christ has. The next text is Gen. 1 and 26—God made man in his own image, after his likeness. It does not say that the man's morals were in the image of God.. Some Doctor of Divinity said that; but it distinctly says Man, that God made of the dust, and that dust was made like God's form or image. Well, then, if this be true, God

*Does
"image"
"form"*

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must have some shape and form; if not, the English language has no meaning whatever.

And again, it is impossible to infer the word Moral image, which is simply a principle or character, to the shaping the dust into form. This cannot be. I Cor. xi. 7: Man, indeed, ought not to cover his head, forasmuch as he is the image and glory of God. Well, if this be true, an image of God must have a head, and that head during worship must be uncovered, so as fairly to represent God himself. Can this be said of moral character, that it has a visible head that can be covered or uncovered with a hat or turban, or any such thing? Surely not. It must, therefore, mean what it says, or it has no meaning at all. The man is, therefore, the image of God. The next is Heb. i. 3—Who being the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person. There he says God has a person, and Christ is the express image of that person; and our dictionary says the word person means an individual shape of body or exterior appearance, etc., which I understand to mean that Christ is precisely like God, without one particle of difference in shape of body, appearance, etc., and this, I believe, is the reason that Christ said, in John xiv. 9: He that hath seen me hath seen the Father—that is to say, I look just like God my Father looks in form, in image and person. What, oh! what can be plainer to common sense view?

The next is Ex. xxxiii. 23: says God to Moses, I will take away mine hand, and thou shalt see my back parts, but my face shall not be seen. Now, then, did God falsely pretend to Moses that he had a hand, and face and back parts, when actually he had none? I am certain he did not, but meant what he said: and I am as certain as I have an existence that the natural eyes of Moses did see a part of the material form of his God, if the Bible be

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the truth. But once more, upon the image of God to prove it, does not mean moral image—Gen. v, 1. In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made He him. And now let us look at the 3d verse of the same chapter, and compare Scripture with Scripture. The verse reads, And Adam lived an hundred and thirty years and begat a son in his own likeness, after his image, and called his name Seth. Now, then, honest heart, does this 3d verse mean that Seth looked like Adam, morally or personally? My heart responds that it is personally; and therefore the first verse must be also; the terms in both verses must have the same meaning. If not, who can tell what they do mean? The next is Gen. ix, 6: Whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made He man. So this text positively says that God's image has got blood in it; and therefore the image of God cannot mean a moral spirit, for Christ says a spirit hath not flesh and bones, and physiology certainly teaches that flesh is the product of blood.

Well, then, says one, how can God be material, for he is a spirit? The answer is, God must not necessarily be flesh and bones to be material; he may be something unknown to us, and yet be material. So, without a doubt, it certainly must mean the man, and if so, God to look upon would look like man, without his imperfections. Daniel vii, 9, says God has a head, hair, form, etc. And now, as I have subdivided your question, I propose to tell, if I can, why I believe God to be a spirit, and how I believe him to be a spirit. Well, the reason I believe God to be a spirit is because the Bible says so—John iv, 24; and the Bible only says so one time: every other time the Bible says he has a spirit. And now I will state how I believe him to be a spirit. Well, I believe God is a spirit just as I believe God is love—1 John, iv.

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8; and this, with one more, is the only time God is called love in the Bible; in all other passages it reads, he hath, shall, or doth love, etc. Well, now, because in one place the Bible says God is a spirit, and in two more places it says he is love, it does not necessarily follow that the theory of his personality is exploded; if it does, then Christ never was born of woman, lived nor died since the world began. Why? Because the same scripture that says God is a spirit, also distinctly says that Christ is a spirit, in 2 Cor. iii. 17.

*no statue
cut*

Then Paul declares, in 1 Cor. vx, 45, that the first man, Adam, was made a living soul, and the last Adam, which is Christ, was made a quickening spirit. And we know that there is no man living, who believes in Christ, but believes him to have been and is yet a material, tangible body, with flesh and bones; and now, if calling Christ a spirit does not destroy his materiality, how can it destroy that of God, when there is not a passage of scripture in the whole Bible that says or even intimates that God is without form, parts or person. If this is not sufficient to settle the matter in our minds, we would not believe it though one rose from the dead to testify.

Heb. xi, 6, reads as follows: He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. And now, I should like to understand how a rational man can believe that God is, when at the same time he says that God is immaterial, without form, shape, body, head, hands, locality; without centre, circumference, length, breadth or thickness! Now, sirs, let us strain our imaginations, and see if an almighty Nothing can be better defined than in the above description of a God; and can we say that this, our God, is immaterial, etc. What is the meaning of immaterial? Our English dictionary says that immaterial means "incorpor-

eal, unimportant;" and the meaning of unimportant is "trifling." This is just what the Methodists believe. What's that? An unimportant, trifling God! O, God forgive me; I will believe and say so no more. Great God, to my mind the heathen know more about Thee than this enlightened people, who profess to love and serve Thee, for the heathen will have something to worship, if it be nothing but an image of wood or stone.

Sirs, to my mind this is precisely what the atheist professes to believe when he says there is no God. Let us ask him a few questions:

Critic: Atheist, do you not believe that there is, in some place, such a being as a God? Atheist: No; I believe there is no such a being, only nature; and that nature (or chance), as I sometimes call it, has no locality as a being, but is everywhere just the same. Critic: Well, this nature (or chance), as you call it, what is its shape, image or form, and what does it look like? Atheist: Oh, sir, it has no shape, image or form, and it does not look like anything. Critic: Well, what are its component parts? Atheist: I tell you it has no parts. How can anything have parts when it has no form, image or likeness, and does not look like anything? There is no material about it. Critic: You say there is no material about it. Then what upon earth or in heaven is material? Atheist: Why, sir, everything is material on earth, and in heaven, too, if there be such a place as heaven. Critic: Well, then, I understand you to say that material means something? Atheist: That's just what I mean, if there is any sense in the English language. Critic: Well, what is something? Atheist: It is the opposite of nothing. Critic: Well, then, I suppose you believe that this, our God, that you call nature (or chance), is like the wind? Atheist: Oh, no; I do not,

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for the wind is something. It is composed of oxygen and nitrogen; and your God, as you call it, which I believe to be nothing but nature (or chance), is immaterial.

Well, my brethren, if this atheistic doctrine is not precisely consistent with the idea that God is immaterial, then no man has ever learned the first lesson in the English tongue, because the English language teaches distinctly that material is something, and immaterial is nothing; so, then, if God be immaterial and nothing, the world and its contents must have been made by some one else, for that old maxim in philosophy teaches that *ex nihilo nihil lit*, that is, out of nothing nothing can arise; which is perfectly consistent with the doctrine of cause and effect. Some say they believe God to be immaterial because Paul says in Col. i, 15, that Christ is the image of the invisible God. This does not signify that God will always be invisible, for Christ says in Matt. v, 8, Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Job says, xix, 26, Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, and my eyes shall behold Him, and not another. Christ says in Matt. xviii, 10, Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. And many other passages, too numerous to mention, proving beyond contradiction that although God is invisible to men in this world, yet angels are continually looking him in the face, and the pure in heart shall see him in the world to come. And now is it possible that Christ, Apostles and Prophets have colleagued together to deceive the world upon this all-important point? No! I shall never charge them with such wicked device. And now I pray you, brethren, bear with me for being so lengthy. This is an important case to me, and I would not have you discard me, and injure

my influence for good, if I have any, for the world.

Your second question is, Do you believe that God occupies a fixed locality in heaven, as a person, or material being, with form and image? My answer is Yes; and my reason for believing that God is in heaven is because Christ says, in Matt. xviii, 10, that My Father is in heaven—and many other passages too numerous to mention here, and the above concerning his materiality and image that I have so lengthily discussed are my reasons for believing him to be there with form and image. But says some one, how can God be in heaven, with a form, and be omnipresent (everywhere) at the same time? I answer for the following simple facts: that God in person remains in heaven, while God by his spirit is everywhere. Then one may ask, how can this be true? My answer is because Christ or the Bible teaches it, where in Matt. xxviii, 50, Christ says to his disciples, just as he is going to ascend to heaven in person, Go ye therefore and teach all nations, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. And now every believer is confident that Christ is in heaven, in perfect shape, with a material body of flesh and bones, and that he in person has never left there since he last entered, and that he is present with every true preacher by his spirit; and hence God is in heaven in person, and omnipresent by proxy or spirit as much so as Christ is.

And now I will try to philosophize, or make this plain, if I can. The spirit of God, as I understand it, is not a person, nor is it so represented anywhere in the Bible; it is represented as wind, metaphorically, in John iii, 8: The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the spirit. It is also represented as wind in Acts ii, 2: when the Apos-

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ties had assembled on the day of Pentecost to receive the spirit that Christ had promised them, it reads thus: And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing, mighty wind; and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And again, I am informed that the word spirit is derived, with two exceptions, in the Old Testament, from the Hebrew term ruach, from which our word wind is also derived; and in the New Testament, with one exception, from the Greek term pneuma, from which our word wind is also derived. And never have I ever heard of the spirit assuming any shape or form but on one occasion, and that was the form of a dove at the baptism of Christ. Well, then, if this be true the spirit must be an influence that emanates from God; then this to my mind makes it plain.

And now to illustrate, if I can. The sun, a material mass, floats and remains in the firmament, while there is an influence which we call light or sunshine, that emanates it and covers the face of the earth, and thereby makes the sun present with us—so the lamp with its contents is lighted and remains in substance on the stand, while the light that genders or emanates from it is present upon the wall and all its surroundings. This, to my mind, makes the matter plain; the light in substance is on the stand; the light in effect is on its surroundings. So God and Christ remain in heaven in person, while by the spirit they are omnipresent—everywhere. If such is not the case, I am willing, by sound argument, to be convinced otherwise.

And now, so far as heaven being a locality is concerned, I have simply to say that if there is a heaven (and we all confess it) then that heaven must be somewhere, then it must be a locality, for the very word locality, according to our English language, means existence

or relation of place. If this be true, nothing can exist without a locality, from the mighty God himself to the floating atom in ether. And now I would ask the Theologian who does not thus believe, a few questions:

Critic: Theologian, has Christ got a body? Theologian: Oh, yes, of flesh and bones; just like mine. Critic: Can that body of flesh and bones be in two different places at the same time? Theo.: Oh, no, that would be impossible. Critic: Well, then, is the body of Christ on earth today? Theo.: Oh, no; if it were, all the righteous would be taken away from this earth; for Christ said when he came again he would receive us to himself; and therefore I know he has never been here since he first left. Critic: Well, then, where is Christ now? Theo.: He is sitting at the right hand of God, until He makes his enemies his footstool. Critic: Well, where is God? Theo.: He is in heaven. Critic: Well, where is heaven? Theo.: Well, I did think it was everywhere; without a locality. But I see that won't do, for this world is somewhere, and I have just acknowledged that Christ is in heaven, and not on earth; so heaven must be some certain place, or locality.

Stephen declared he saw heaven open, and Christ sitting on the right hand of God. If he told the truth, he must have seen heaven and God, too, or he could not have known whether Christ was on the right hand or the left. John, the revelator, says he saw in his epodaliptic vision the new Jerusalem, which we call heaven; and that the size of it, according to our calculation, was 1,500 miles square. In short, if heaven has no locality, where is Enoch and Elijah? They were translated, and never did die: for God took them, the Bible says. And if heaven has no locality, and God is everywhere, then it follows that when God took Enoch and Elijah, he took them

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everywhere at the same time. This would be absurd.

Your next question is, Do you believe that the existence of the devil will cease at the end of this world, or after the judgment? And your next question is, Do you believe that the wicked will finally be annihilated? That is, that they will be destroyed, so that neither root nor branch of them shall be left. And now, if you will permit me to save time, I propose to answer both questions under the same head and by the same Scriptures.

My answer is, that I firmly believe there is a period in the history of eternity, God only knowing when, when the wicked, and everything else that is offensive to God, will be finally destroyed from the presence of God and the glory of his power, so that nothing but peace, innocence and perfect righteousness, unmolested, shall live, and cover the face of God's vast empire as the waters today cover the face of the deep. And I consider that if I believe otherwise I should dishonor my God by charging him with impotence and with a lie, for he hath distinctly declared in I Cor. xv. 26, as in many other Scriptures, that the last enemy shall be destroyed; and we all agree that the devil, the wicked, and everything carnal, is the enemy of God; and therefore if God has told the truth, there will be a time when the last trail of sin and satan shall be destroyed. Then there will be no serpent to tempt and no sinner to agonize and die: for God declares in this very verse that death itself shall be destroyed. And Paul declares in Heb. ii, 14, that Christ took upon him flesh and blood, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, which is the devil.

Now, whether this means what it says or not, judge ye. He also declares to the exile on Patmos, Rev. xx, that after the devil, and the wicked and hell (or grave, as it reads in the margin of our Bibles), was cast into fire, that

this is the second death. And if it is a second death, of course there must have been a first death; and if the first death is an extinction of life, as our own dictionary says, then I believe the second death is also; and in the following chapter, Rev. xxi, he informs John that after the devil and the wicked are cast into the fire, that there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away. And now how can this be true if the wicked and the devil live eternally in hell-fire, suffering excruciating pain and agony, crying and gnawing their tongues in penal flames? Has God perjured himself by saying that there should be no more pain, sorrow, tears nor death, when at the same time millions of men and women were enduring the insufferable pangs of an endless torment? Surely the Scriptures are not so contradictive as this. If they are, who can depend upon them for instruction?

But some one says, Does not the Scripture say they are tormented forever? It does; but the word forever and ever does not mean in every case eternally. The word forever and ever frequently occurs in the Bible, with many things that have long since ended; and I am informed that all commentators agree that the words forever and ever do not necessarily mean eternally, only when spoken in connection with eternal things. For instance, the Bible informs us that the smoke of the doomed cities was to ascend upwards forever and ever. And now they have long since gone out. These I can prove to be the assertions of able Baptist preachers.

John says in his first Epistle, iii, 8, that Jesus was made manifest to destroy the works of the devil; and in Hosea, xiii, God says, Oh, death, I will be thy plague; Oh, grave, I will be thy destruction. Matt. vii, 13:

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Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. I Thess., v. 2, 3: For ye yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night; for when they (the wicked) shall say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them as travail upon a woman with child, and they shall not escape. II Pet. ii, 1, says false prophets and false teachers who bring in damnable heresies, denying the Lord that bought them, shall bring upon themselves swift destruction. Prov. x, 29, says Solomon. Destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity; and Prov. xiii, 13; Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed; Prov. xxix, 1: He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.

Psalms xxxvii, 38; David says the transgressors shall be destroyed together, the end of the wicked shall be cut off. David says again, Psalm xcii, 7, The wicked shall be destroyed forever. David also says, Psalm xxxvii, 10, 20, For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt consider his place, and it shall not be; but the wicked shall perish, and the enemies of the Lord shall be as the fat of lambs; they shall consume, into smoke shall they consume away. So, if the wicked cannot die, then David has made a mistake, for he distinctly says they shall be consumed. And Paul says that God is a consuming fire; and our dictionary says the word consume means to waste, to spend, to destroy.

The Prophet Malachi says, iv, 1-3, Behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, all that do wickedly, shall be stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch. And ye (the righteous) shall tread down the wicked, for they shall

be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this, saith the Lord of Hosts. I am aware that there are men who try to figure away this Scripture, and teach that it does not mean what it says. But there it stands, immovable, in bold relief, in the word of God, with thousands of other Scripture just like it, standing around it as body-guard to protect and shield it from the craft and ingenuity of man, and God, its inflexible author, daring the world to touch, teach or alter it.

There are hundreds of Scripture texts that I could procure to prove the same thing, but lest I should weary you I shall only quote three more on this point, and if that does not give satisfaction, we must wait till Christ comes to settle the matter. Matt. iii, 12: John the Baptist says, in speaking of the judgment and Christ the judge, Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat (the righteous) into his garner, kingdom; but he will burn up the chaff (the wicked) with unquenchable fire. If the fire was quenched, perhaps they would not be destroyed, or burned up. But he says just what David and the Prophets and Apostles all say, They shall be destroyed; and therefore the fire is not quenched. But some one may say, Do not the words unquenchable fire signify that they will eternally burn and not be destroyed? By no means; for Jude says, in the 7th verse, that the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities about them, in like manner, for their fornications and ungodliness, suffered the vengeance of eternal fire; and although they were burned up with eternal fire, yet the fire has gone out or disappeared many hundred years ago, and the cities are now destroyed and in ashes.

The last I shall now quote to prove the destruction of the wicked is II Thess. i, 7, 8, 9. Paul says, And to you who are troubled, rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall

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be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels (not saints) in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished, not with everlasting life in hell, but with everlasting destruction from the presence of God and the glory of his power. Is this the truth, or is it not? If it is the truth, where will the wicked be? Destroyed from the presence of God, where his glorious power cannot reach them. They cannot be alive in hell fire, for the presence of God is there. David says, If I make my bed in hell, God is there. And we all believe God's presence is everywhere; yet Paul says they are destroyed from God's presence and power, and God has all power everywhere; and, therefore, if anything is placed beyond God's presence and power, it must of necessity be destroyed and have no existence.

And now I, for one, am persuaded to believe that these Scriptures mean what they say; and as I have had no advantages of a theological seminary to teach me differently, I hope if I am wrong that I may be excused. Yea, I would just here make a proposition to this effect, that if the Bible does not mean what it says, then take it from the people and chain it to the pulpit, and let the doctors of divinity tell us what it does mean. Yes, if the popular teaching is true, take the Bible from the people, as it will lead them wrong.

And now I propose to examine into the feasibility and reasonableness of this doctrine. In the first place, I do not believe it to be inconsistent with the nature of a God of love and pity to exert his power in keeping teeming millions of his poor, helpless, unfortunate creatures alive in hell, enduring without a moment's cessation the insufferable, excruciating pangs of penal flames, just for the purpose of torturing them, by pouring out the vials of his

unmitigated and eternal wrath upon their defenceless, aching heads as long as God himself shall live. No! I do not believe that God's vindictive wrath is of such a nature that he cannot be satisfied with the death of the offender, but takes pleasure in keeping the poor souls eternally alive just for the purpose of tormenting them. No, indeed. God teaches us that cruelty to anything, for one moment, is vice; and is it possible that a vice in this world shall be a virtue in the world to come? Christ says, Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy; and God says, I take no pleasure in even the death of the wicked. How can He, then, take pleasure in keeping him eternally in agony? He distinctly says, I will do all my pleasure. And neither would God let them die at last, if they had not disqualified themselves for the kingdom of heaven by living ungodly in this present life; they, therefore, would be miserable in the kingdom of heaven, and God therefore destroys them, as he says he will; for the wages of sin is death (not life).

Now, for the reason why the wicked cannot live eternally in hell; and I hope you may find in these reasons an answer to your eighth question, which reads thus: Question 8—"Do you believe that immortality is a thing which God bestows on none but regenerated persons, and that they receive the gift in regeneration?" The reason the wicked cannot live eternally in hell, or any where else, is because eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord, and not through Adam. If it was through Adam, then all of Adam's race would have it; and then the wicked would live eternally in hell, and God himself could not kill them. And now we will prove that they did not receive eternal life through Adam. Gen. ii, 7, 8: the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man he had formed; and out of the

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ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil (or death). Sixteenth verse: And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil (or death) thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. So here we see among all these trees there are two particular trees that have names that tell their nature—in one tree is life, and to eat of its fruit is to never die; and in the other tree is death, and to eat of its fruit is to surely die.

And now we see Adam standing among the trees, not in possession of eternal life yet, nor is he yet vulnerable or possessing the seeds of death; he is neither mortal nor immortal, but he stands there, a blank sheet to be written upon or stamped either with eternal life from the tree of life, or death from the tree of evil (or death), having as yet eaten of neither one. Well, now, let us notice what follows. We see in the 3rd chapter the devil, or serpent, with our mother Eve, standing by the tree of death, talking to each other about the fruit, the serpent persuading her to eat of it. Then says Eve unto him, 3rd verse, God hath said ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die. Then says the serpent, in the fourth verse, Ye shall not surely die. God said she should die. Well, now, who told the truth, God or the devil? I believe God told the truth; but if some of our modern spiritualistic theories be true—holding that man does never die, why then, the devil told the truth, and God must father the lie.

But let us watch them a little further, sixth verse: She took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat. And the Lord God

called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? Eleventh verse, Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat? Twelfth verse, and the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. And now we hear the sentence pronounced in the nineteenth verse, Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.

And now we see by reference to the twenty-second verse that Adam had never eaten from the tree of life; if he had, God could never have pronounced the sentence of death upon him, because he would have been immortal, and could not have died. And now, says God, Lest he should put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat and live forever, twenty-third verse, therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden; twenty-fourth verse, So He drove out the man, and he placed at the east of the garden of Eden, cherubims and a flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life, lest he should eat and live forever.

And now if this account of Adam be the truth, he forfeited his right to eternal life by partaking of the tree of death; and unless he overcame those cherubims, and the flaming sword that God placed around the tree of life to keep him from living forever, it is certain to my mind that he never did come in possession of immortality; and if he never had immortality himself, how could he bestow it on his posterity? He could not. Well, then, the apostle Paul was right when he said, As in Adam all die; and according to the Scriptures, no man will ever be immortal until he can get to that tree from which Adam was driven; and no man shall have that glorious privilege but those who obey the commands of God.

Let us see if this is not the truth. Read Rev. xxii, 14, Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may

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have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. My God! I would ask, can anything be plainer?

Now let us look at the word immortality. Our dictionary says the word immortality means exemption from death—that is, shall never die, as the serpent told Eve. And now I shall give more Scripture to prove that man has no immortality; and if it cannot be proved by the Scriptures that man is immortal, who in the world has a right to make such an assertion? And I defy any man or doctor of divinity, if you please, to find any such doctrine between the lids of the Bible.

Well, what else does the Bible say about it? Well, sirs, the word immortal only occurs one time in the Word of God, and then it is ascribed to God; I Tim. i, 17; Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever, amen. And the word immortality only occurs five times in the word of God; Rom. ii, 7; Paul says in the day of wrath God shall render to every man according to his deeds—to them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory, honor, immortality, eternal life. So here we are instructed to ask for immortality; and if we already have it, what is the use in seeking for it?

The next is I Cor. xv, 53, 54; Paul says that in the resurrection this mortal must put on immortality; and when this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, that death is swallowed up in victory. So here we are taught that we are not immortal now, but we shall put it on in the resurrection. The next in II Tim. i, 10; Paul says Christ hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. That is, the Gospel shows how we can be immortal. The next and only other time it occurs

is in I Tim. vi. 16; where Paul declares that ^{God}~~Christ~~ alone hath immortality, dwelling in the light which no man can approach into. Well then, if this is the truth, that God alone hath immortality, then men and devils have it not. This should satisfy any unprejudiced mind. If it does not, then what can.

And now we have searched the Word of God for man's immortality, and we can find nowhere that he has it, but that God alone has it, and Christ has brought it to light and persuaded us to patiently seek for it, with the sweet assurance that we shall put it on in the resurrection. And now I hereby promise that if any man or set of men on earth can produce a passage of Scripture from the Bible that says that the wicked shall not be destroyed, shall not die, shall not consume, shall not perish, shall not be burned up, or that he is immortal, or that he hath any immortality about him, or ever will have, or that any man shall have everlasting life and live forever, either in heaven or hell, without an interest in the blood of Christ—I say then, if this can be done, then I will yield, believe and confess it. But if this cannot be done, can any man or set of men on earth, who profess to be Christians, and governed, as the Baptists profess to be, by the Word of God, without note or comment—can they presume to force and browbeat me to believe it with threats of excommunication, or anything of the kind, and yet remain consistent? No! I am certain the world says NO!

And now if I am wrong, prove it by the law and the testimony, before you slay me. I have a prisoner's right as I stand before your bar, and that right I dare to maintain—and that is, before my guilt is established you must prove it to the world by a preponderance of testimony, and if there is a doubt, give me the benefit of that doubt; for circumstantial evidence in many cases is dangerous, and

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lynch-law is contrary even to common sense.

And now let me make a remark on your eleventh question. - Your eleventh question reads thus: "Do you believe in an eternal hell, in which the wicked will be eternally punished?" I think I have answered this question in the argument above, showing that man is not immortal, and hence he cannot live eternally in hell without it. And now as I think I have proven without contradiction that the wicked will some time die and be destroyed, for want of life or immortality, yet I propose to answer this question in the affirmative. Though the word eternal punishment does not occur once in the Bible; but Christ says, in Matt. xxv, 46: And these (the wicked) shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into eternal life. And yet he does not say they eternally live in pain and misery. The fact is, although I believe the words everlasting and eternal are synonymous, and have the same derivative, and teach that the punishment of the wicked shall never end, yet this passage does not tell what the punishment is; this passage only gives the duration, and tells us that the sentence pronounced against the wicked shall never be revoked. It is everlasting punishment. I know and everybody else knows, that if this was the only passage in the Bible that tells us what God will do with the wicked, that it would be impossible for any man to tell whether God was going to whip, imprison, bleed or strangle them; for this passage does not tell the nature of the punishment, but its duration. And I reckon everybody will agree with me upon this point; therefore, we must look for another passage to find out what the punishment is, and whatever we find that punishment to be must agree, according to this Scripture, to be everlasting. Well, here it is — Romans vi, 23; it reads thus: The wages of sin is death. This should settle it forever.

Now, then, is death a punishment? Yes, says every one. Well, then, if what Christ says is true, that the punishment is everlasting, then put both words together and it is everlasting death; and if that does not mean to die, and never to live any more, then the translators ought to have been hung for translating it so, and honest men appointed to give us what it does mean.

Oh, says some one. I believe it's translated right, but it means the death that never dies. Well, sir, there is no such text in the Bible; and I have as much right to say that the righteous shall live a life that never lives, as you have to say that the shall wicked die a death that never dies. And I know if Joe King should say such a thing as that, he would be recorded with the rest of the fools. Paul tells us what everlasting death means in 2 Thess. i, 9; he says they (the wicked) shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of God and the glory of his power. And now I am willing for any theologian or doctor of divinity to make anything else out of it, if they can; and if they cannot, I should not be hung for believing the truth.

Your seventh question is, do you believe when a wicked man dies, that there will be no more of him? My answer is, Oh, no; I do not believe that. He must live again, or he cannot die the second death. Christ says in John v, 28, 29. The hour is coming in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice and shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation (death), as is the wages of sin. And many other scriptures, not necessary to mention, as we agree, no doubt, on this point.

Your fifth and sixth questions are as follows: Do you believe that the soul and body of a wicked man is one

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and the same thing? And do you believe that an unconverted man has a soul—an immortal part about him?

My answer to these two questions is, that since I came in possession of your questions I have searched everything that I could get hold of upon this subject, and the following, of which I believe, is the result of my investigation, and, if my information is not truth upon the subject, I hope you may correct me, as you are aware that I am not a Greek or Hebrew scholar.

I am informed by many Greek and Hebrew scholars, whose works I have upon the subject, that the word soul, with two exceptions in the Old Testament, is derived from the Hebrew term Nephesh, and that the same word occurs 752 times and is translated 44 different ways; and 26 times it is applied to the beasts; and Psukee, the corresponding Greek term from which the word soul is derived in the New Testament, is found 105 times, and is rendered in eight different ways; it is rendered soul 58 times, and life and lives 40 times; and if we add these to those in the Old Testament, it makes 859 times, and in not a single case is it called immortal. If it was, it would make the beast immortal, too, for the very same word Nephesh (or soul as our translation has it) is applied to the beast 26 times.

And, as I turn to Gen. i, 20, 30, I read where Moses gives an account of God's making the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea, and all creeping things and beasts of the earth; and then by examining the reference of the Bible, I there see that the publishers of the Bible declare that the proper rendering concerning these creatures would be to call them souls, or living souls. And by examining many other texts in the Bible, I find by looking at the references that the word soul is applied many times in the beast. Our common Bible Dictionary, published by

the Union Society, says that the words Nephesh and Psukee, or soul, is in the original Scriptures applied to both man and beast; but it says our translators usually render it life or breath when it refers to the animals. I am informed that Dr. Clark says Nephesh chaiyah, from which our words living soul are derived, is a general term to express all creatures endowed with animal life in any of its infinitely varied gradations.

Dr. Parkhurst, who is said to be a distinguished Hebrew lexicographer, says as a noun Nephesh has been supposed to signify the spiritual part of man, or what we commonly call his soul. "I must," says he, "for myself confess that I can find no passage where it hath undoubtedly this meaning." McCulloh says in his work on the Credibility of the Scriptures in vol. 2, page 471, "There is no word in the Hebrew language that signifies either soul or spirit, in the technical sense in which we use the terms as implying something distinct from the body." I also have in my possession comments on the New Testament, by Adiel Sherwood, a Baptist preacher, who has called to his assistance in the work such men as Albert Barnes, George Campbell, Adam Clark, Bloomfield, Lightfoot, McKnight, Ripley, Rosenmuller, Schlusner, Tyndall, Wesley and Whitby—and when commenting on Acts ii, 27, where Peter refers to the prophecy of David concerning the soul of Christ being in hell, he says that hell here means the grave, the place of burial; and soul here means the whole man, human nature or body. He says that hades, from which hell is derived, has no reality in the Bible, for no such place or region is disclosed; it is an imaginary place only. Purgatory, or limbo, was manufactured out of this fancy of early ages, and answers a most lucrative purpose for avaricious priests. This is what Sherwood, a Baptist

preacher, says.

Kitto, in his *Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature*, vol. 1, page 59, renders Gen. ii. 9, thus: And Jehovah God formed the man (Heb., the Adam) dust from the ground, and blew into his nostrils the breath of life, and the man became a living animal. And then he says we should be acting unfaithful if we were to affirm that an immortal spirit is contained or implied in this passage. The passage reads, Gen. ii. 7, And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul. It does not say the breath became a living soul, but the man did, and the man was a body of dust. So it does look like Kitto's argument is correct.

And here we have another proof that the breath is not the soul Eccl. iii. 19; it reads, For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them. As the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; so that man hath no pre-eminence above a beast, for all is vanity: all go unto one place, all are of the dust, and all return to dust again. Well then, if the man's breath is his soul, the horse's breath must be a soul also, for Solomon here says they both have one breath; and he ought to have known, being the wisest man that ever lived. But the truth must be as Moses says—the man is the soul, and not the breath. I am informed that Bishop Tillotson says the immortality of the soul is rather supposed or taken for granted, than expressly revealed in the Bible. This is his confession; but who would look for it from such a source? William Tyndall, the author of the first Bible that was ever printed in the English language, says in answer to Sir Thomas Moore, the Plantonist, "And ye, in putting them (souls) in heaven, hell and purgatory, destroy the arguments

wherewith Christ and Paul prove the resurrection. If the souls." says he "be in heaven, tell me why they be not in as good case as the angels be, and then what cause is there of the resurrection?" And again, the Apostle Paul, in I Cor. xv, proving to the Sadducees the resurrection—that the dead must rise, says, If there be no resurrection, then they that have fallen asleep in Christ are perished. And now, I ask would Paul have said that those who sleep in Christ would perish for want of resurrection, if their immortal souls were in heaven enjoying its felicities? And in the thirty-second verse he says if after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die. And does he not hereby propose that if the dead rise not, then men might as well go ahead and enjoy this world and its pleasures? And does not the inference teach conclusively that without a resurrection all his fighting for the truth at Ephesus will do him no good hereafter? Certainly it does; and would he say so if he believed that at death his immortal soul was going to heaven to get his immortal crown? Certainly not.

Listen at him talking to Timothy just before Nero cuts off his head—2 Tim. iv, 1-8: I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom (not at death). I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto them also that love his appearing. There we see he expected to get his crown when Christ came to judge the quick and dead.

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John, the beloved disciple, expected to see Christ. When? At death? No. Read I John iii, 2; But we know that when He shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is (and not until then). I see by reference to Col. iii, 4, that Paul informs the Church at Colosse that when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory. I used to think we go where Christ is when we die; these texts say when he comes.

And here are some more texts that seem to teach the same thing: John viii, 25; Christ says unto the Jews, I go away, and whither I go ye cannot come. And in xiii, 33, of the same book he says to his disciples, Little children, yet a little while I am with you, ye shall seek me; and as I said unto the Jews, Whither I go you cannot come, so now I say to you. And in the next chapter, first to third verses he says unto them, Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God—believe also in me. In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also. And again, I find in I Thess. iv, 13, where Paul seems to be very anxious on this very point, that the Church should know the condition of the dead Saints. He says to them as follows: But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him; for this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them that are asleep, for the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump

of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord: Wherefore, comfort one another with these words.

He does not say one word about their immortal souls being in heaven with Christ before he comes. I have searched both the Old and the New Testament, and I here confess that I have never found in the Word of God one text that teaches me that man or woman—no, not even the mother of Christ herself, whom Catholics are daily praying to—has ever gone to heaven to be with Christ, except Enoch and Elijah; and in their case I see it was necessary for the bodies to go in order that they might enjoy heaven and its glories. David himself, a man after God's own heart, Peter says in Acts ii, that he is not in heaven, but is dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us until this day. I had always been of the opinion that in the resurrection the soul came from heaven and re-united with the body, but I cannot find anything of the kind in the Bible; and I used to think man's breath was his soul, until I had read where Solomon says, Eccl. iii, that man and beast both have the same breath; then I knew that would not do.

Then I hear Hebrew and Greek scholars say that soul and breath are never derived from the same Hebrew and Greek terms, and are as distinct as light and darkness. Then I thought the soul must be the mind or thoughts, until I had read such passages as these—Psalm cxlvi, 4th verse: His breath goeth forth, he returns to his earth, in that very day his thoughts perish: and Job xiv, 20, 21, Thou prevailest forever against him, and he passeth, thou changeth his countenance and sendeth him away; his sons come to honor, and he knoweth it not, and they are

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brought low, but he perceiveth it not of them. And then I knew this would not do, for according to these Scriptures, with many others that I can produce, at death his thoughts, mind and knowledge are all perished and gone. So then I concluded that Moses must be right when he says that the man became a living soul, and not his breath or his thoughts—mind and knowledge are all perished and gone.

Well, now, I think this ought to be sufficient, as I do not wish to be more lengthy; but if it is not I can produce. I think, over one hundred more texts to prove the point, if necessary, and I do not believe that any man can prove by the Bible to the contrary. If any one thinks they can find one passage to the contrary, I am perfectly willing to investigate it with them, and abide by the law and its consequences: I would not be so lengthy, but the chase after me is so hot and the thirst for my religious life so great, that I must defend myself if I can: and may God help me.

However, before we leave the point I propose to introduce the almost inimitable John Calvin—the man by whose name the Baptists are called Calvinists, and in whose piety and religious knowledge the Baptists so much confide—the man who, in the face of a frowning world, in despite of fire, fagot and the French inquisition, preached, published and maintained the glorious doctrines of grace upon which the Baptist Church is towering and heaving her great, progressive superstructure. In a second volume, entitled "Characters of the Reformation," revised by Thomas Sumers, on page 29, the historian says that Calvin, a wanderer for the truth's sake, gained permission from the Queen of Navarre to return to parish; and soon after he wrote a book designed to refute the belief that the soul left the body at death, but remained dormant till the resurrection. It discovers, says the author,

like the subsequent productions of his pen, a vigorous and comprehensive intelligent and varied learning. The basis of his whole argument, says he, is scriptural and the notion he assailed had proved extensively injurious, and hence he rendered in so doing an important work. This is what history says about John Calvin, and if you wish to know what the author means by saying that Calvin did an important work by writing on this subject, that the soul remained dormant until the resurrection, you can find out by reading the facts, which show that Swedenborgism, spiritualism and Roman Catholicism has persuaded the world to believe that the soul had left the body and had gone into a spirit world or purgatory, and often returned to converse with the living, and thereby overthrew the faith of the illiterate, and caused thousands and millions of poor, deluded men and women to give all their earthly possessions to the avaricious priests to negotiate or deliver the souls of their loved ones from purgatory. Oh, that we had thousands of such men to explode the God-dishonoring theory! Then would the bottom of Catholicity and the mud-sills of superstition rot and decay, and upon its everlasting ruins would the beautiful temple of truth and righteousness arise. And now I beg to rest this question just here.

Your ninth question is, What do you believe as to the body between death and the judgment? My answer is, that it is disorganized and remains so until Christ comes.

Your last question is as follows: As far as you know, do you hold to the doctrines believed in by the Baptist Churches composing the Eastern Association? and do you, as far as you know, hold no doctrines which they reject? My answer to this question is that it is so indefinite that I do not believe any reasonable man on earth can answer it, for the simple fact that the Baptist Church has no creed

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH PYRAM KING

baptized in the name of the Trinity, yet I do not believe that we should commune with him unless he was baptized by a proper administrator. And now, my dear brethren, whom I believe I would lay down my life for, if necessary, I have to the best of my ability answered your questions, not from what I might have thought, but from what the Word of God and educated men have said. And now may the grace of God and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us all, now and ever more, for Christ's sake. Amen.

From your brother in Christ, I hope,

JOSEPH P. KING.

P. S. Brethren, if the Association rejects me, will you be so kind as to use your influence in having this my paper published in the "Biblical Recorder," so that the Baptists of the world may know for what cause I am rejected?

J. P. K.

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