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was for the church and his anxiety was for the advancement of the cause of Jesus Christ. That was certainly his attitude in his later years. He asked only one question as to his appointment, "Do you think that is the place where I can do the most good?" He told the writer on a certain occasion, "I have never sought to influence my appointments."

Modest and unassuming as he was, yet he had the courage of his convictions. He was sometimes called upon to face issues of real seriousness to the church and to the community. In such crises he was not afraid to take a stand for the right, even though to assume such a position might seriously jeopardize his own security. On such occasions he would declare himself bravely, and calmly await the outcome. I knew him to meet such an issue at a cost of more than forty per cent of his salary. Yet when the church asked him to return for another year, he was willing to go, and insisted that he be returned, if the church thought he was the best man for the task. He was returned, and the church saw to it that in the end he did not suffer the loss that before seemed inevitable.

Such men are not heard of outside the Conference in which they labor, and oftentimes even brethren in the same Conference do not know their worth. But there is this consolation, God knows. He watches over the sparrow, so that not one falls to the ground without the Father's knowledge, and we may be sure that not one of His children shall fight the battles of His kingdom without the Father's due appreciation and ultimate reward.

JOHN F. KIRK.

REVEREND THOMAS JEFFERSON OGBURN

When Rev. Thomas Jefferson Ogburn fell on sleep in Greensboro, N. C., on February 24, 1923, there went out from among us one of the princieliest champions of the truth that ever matched steel with the enemy in the militant ranks of North Carolina Methodism. More than that, there went out a kindly soul and a great Christian—a redeemed man who had walked circumspectly before God for many years and served well his generation. Affectionately we pronounce his name today as we bow to that eventuality which at once has deprived us of his bodily presence and enriched heaven with the beaten gold of his character.

Son of Edmund W. and Jane Lanier Ogburn of Guilford county, N. C., he was born December 6, 1849, growing up in the delightful

atmosphere of a Christian home. His early educational advantages were meager, but he improved every opportunity for study, often at night reading by a chip fire while others rested or spent their time in idleness. While a young boy, he was for awhile a student at Guilford College. The limited educational equipment he had was used as the basis of a life long habit of study and self-improvement. All his lifetime he read widely and thought deeply, becoming one of the best equipped and informed men among us.

Converted early in life under the preaching of an old family servant, "Uncle Lige" Ogburn, a former slave of the family who had been given his freedom, he began preaching by the time he was sixteen years of age and started his itinerant life as junior preacher under the late Rev. R. H. Wills of the Methodist Protestant church. In this beloved calling he projected himself across a ministry of fifty-seven years—busy, tense, happy years of suffering and of service. Far from strong physically at any time during his life, and drawing upon every ounce of his energy in the performance of every single task he undertook, yet he was marvellously sustained in his physical endurance, retaining almost to the end a vigor of body and clarity of mind unusual in a man of his years.

Like many of his predecessors, he too, was a prophet of the long road and a brother to many a weary traveler along the way. No man can say that he ever shirked a duty because it was hard or shunned a responsibility because it was unpleasant. He never ran away from a fight, nor failed to entertain convictions and defend them at any cost. He had a passion for work. He could not be idle. In him the elements were generously bestowed and wonderfully mixed. Terrible in invective against the wrong; he could be as tender as a child in his attitude to those who wanted to do right. Mr. S. R. Harris, of Henderson, N. C., a life-long friend, has said of him: "He was as bold as a lion and as tender as a woman. He was ready always to 'rejoice with them that do rejoice and to weep with them that weep.' A brilliant preacher; a genial friend; a high class Christian gentleman who lived a quarter of century ahead of his age; a student always, and one who was absolutely true to his convictions."

Another close friend of his, Rev. H. M. Blair, gave this testimony: "He combined in a most unusual way the spirit of the Old Testament prophet and the New Testament evangel. The passion of this man was to 'be about his Father's business.' A great preacher, unique in style, incisive and powerful in the presentation of the essential truths of the gospel, he is justly classed among the faithful prophets of the New Testament dispensation. He could

call down fire from heaven to consume the works that are evil, at the same time holding up the cross of Christ as the hope of the evil doer."

The charges served by Brother Ogburn were never allowed to forget the great doctrines of Christianity as the sufficient basis upon which to build a satisfactory Christian experience. He was a consistent defender of the faith once delivered to the saints. He hated all sham and exposed fallacy wherever he found it. He could not practice neutrality himself nor permit it to be done by another if within his power to prevent. He had the courage of his convictions and spoke boldly what he believed regardless of consequences. Had he been different in this particular he might have had an easier time, but his self-respect was at stake and he could brook no compromise. He must cry aloud and spare not. As a case in point, he engaged in many a tilt with entrenched alcoholism in behalf of temperance, back in the days when there were few to sympathize or stand with him. Early in life he became convinced of the harmful effects of the tobacco habit and was an outspoken foe to its use in any form, particularly in the form of the cigarette. In one of his earlier charges, in a community where nearly everybody used tobacco even in the church while attending worship, he preached a rousing sermon all over the circuit against the weed, which is said to have created a revolution in the habits of his members. A few old men and women were allowed to use cuspidors sparingly in the churches during service, but their expectorations were rather too closely supervised from the pulpit for comfort, and strict injunction was laid upon them to keep the spittoons clean or he would "throw them out of the window." The last year of his life he published a small booklet on the subject, "Tobacco Must Go," which embodied his mature thought upon the harmful effects of the weed.

Brother Ogburn was a true cosmopolite. He not only kept abreast of tendencies and movements within the church, but was a close student of world conditions. He was a citizen of a much larger field than he ever occupied bodily. He companioned with the people who have in every age carried the world upon their hearts, and there never was a day when he forgot the Great Commission. His duties brought him in contact with leaders in various fields. He was a member of the Ecumenical Conference of Methodism held in Washington, D. C., in 1891, and on October 9th delivered a stirring message before that body on "Christian Co-operation." He attended the one hundredth anniversary of the Haystack Meeting held in Massachusetts and made an address. As a connectional officer in

his church he had opportunity to travel and serve the cause of the church in a very broad way.

As a preacher he was concerned to have a real message. He sought accuracy of statement, and was often brilliantly epigrammatic. Coupled with a delightful originality of expression, there often bubbled from his heart some spontaneous witticism which would illuminate a truth or rebuke an error, sending him on his way to some profound truth with the unanimous attention of his hearers. So far as I know he never preached without careful preparation. It was almost an obsession with him that truth deserved to be conveyed to the mind of the hearer in the choicest possible language. He never assumed a thing to be a fact unless it was stated accurately. He detested slovenliness in thinking or in speaking, and nothing ever gave his sensitive nature a greater jolt, nor caused him more excruciating pain, than to hear his Lord's gospel carelessly handled or crudely expressed.

Brother Ogburn was twice married. First to Miss Alice Gash, of Buncombe county, who died in his early manhood. Of this marriage two children survive. On December 12, 1883, he was again married, to Miss Nannie Davidson of Alamance county. Mrs. Ogburn and five children of this marriage survive. He was devoted to his home and loved ones. Since his going, Mrs. Ogburn has said: "In all our forty years of married life I never once doubted his love and devotion; a more perfect Christian man never lived."

Brother Ogburn spent most of his life and ministry in the Methodist Protestant Church, in which he served with distinction in every position he was called upon to fill. He was early recognized as a leader of men and was entrusted from time to time with high position, filling that of President of his Annual Conference; for twelve years Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions, to which position he was elected by his General Conference held in Kansas City in May 1896; representing his church in various bodies and upon conspicuous occasions, he served the cause of Christ with splendid ability and devotion. In the fall of 1913, at the age of sixty-three, he transferred his membership to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and joined the Western North Carolina Conference in Charlotte in November of that year. In the fall of 1921 he asked for and was granted the Superannuate relation, on account of failing health and advancing age, since which time he has resided in Greensboro, where he has taken a keen interest in all the activities of the church, and preached often to the edification of all who heard him.

The record of his service is as follows: Joined M. P. Conference at its session held at Union Chapel, Granville county, in November, 1867, and was sent to Roanoke circuit as junior preacher; Roanoke Circuit, 1868-1869; Mecklenburg Circuit, 1870-1872; Buncombe Circuit, 1873-1876; in 1876 he was left without an appointment at his own request, on account of ill health, but by Conference action was requested to take charge of Henderson and Transylvania counties for the year; 1877 the minutes of the Conference are missing; Granville Circuit, 1878-1881; Haw River 1882-1883; Winston Station 1884-1885; President of Conference 1886-1888; Henderson 1889-1893; in the spring of 1893 he left Henderson and did evangelistic work for the rest of that year; Flat Rock 1894-1896; Secretary-Treasurer Board of Foreign Missions 1896-1908; Grace, Greensboro, 1908-1912; Asheboro 1913. Joined W. N. C. Conference 1913. Connelly Springs 1914; Cornelius 1915-1916; Murphy 1917-1918; Kernersville 1919-1920; Yadkinville 1921.

Brother Ogburn was ready to go when the summons came. He had no fear of death. For many years his attitude had been that of one who watched for his Lord. And although the call came swiftly, he was not taken unawares. More than six years ago he thought he might be treading near the border, and calmly wrote this testimony: "I am surprised that I can look death in the face, not with fear, but with pleasing expectation, as of a child about to journey along a pleasant path to a strange new country of indescribable happiness and beauty."

May God rest his soul, and raise up many among us who may be worthy to succeed him in the ranks of apostolic leadership.

J. H. BARNHARDT.

REV. SAMUEL E. RICHARDSON

Samuel E. H. Richardson, son of S. J. and Jane Richardson, was born in Union county, North Carolina, May 11, 1874.

He was educated in the Marshville high school, the Agricultural and Mechanical College and Trinity College. In these schools he acquired the habit of study which he kept up to the end of his life.

He was converted and joined the Methodist church at the age of fourteen.

On his first circuit he was happily married to Miss Selma Phillips, of Jonesville, North Carolina. To them were born five children, all of whom survive him.

He was admitted on trial into this Conference at Gastonia in 1901, and served with great acceptability until the Lord said it is enough. The charges served by him are as follows:

Jonesville 1902-1904; Murphy 1905; Cliffside 1906-1909; Carraway Memorial 1910-1911; Prospect 1912-1913; East Spencer and North Main 1914-1917; New London 1918-1920; China Grove 1921-1922.

On each of these charges he left an impress that abides and will continue to abide.

In his last illness he was conscious that the end was near and so began to set his house in order. He gave complete instructions concerning his funeral and spoke of the great change in the calm assurance which the Christian faith alone can give.

No finer spirit has lived among us—an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. His was a sunny spirit and his smile carried joy into many a troubled home.

He was pure in thought and upright in life—things low or vile were foreign to his nature. "Nothing against him" was the verdict at each annual conference and doubtless it is the same up yonder.

He was faithful in his work both as pastor and preacher. Salvation through Jesus Christ was the burden of his ministry and he believed that all men might come to God through Him and live. His sermons were full of hope and encouragement. He was a good preacher in the best sense of the word.

As a pastor he was faithful to those committed to his care. He visited from house to house that he might know the spiritual condition of his people and comfort them in their sorrows.

He was not spoiled by any unholy ambition. He was with us as one who served and was content with it. He was much more concerned about what he owed the church than what the church owed him.

He was great as a friend. His was a big heart, full of love for mankind in general and his brethren in the ministry in particular. I never heard an unkind criticism fall from his lips.

Any work assigned him was accepted without murmur or complaint and he could always be counted on to do his best.

In a hospital at High Point on June 12, 1923, the summons came and he departed to receive the reward of the faithful. In life he was brave, in death unafraid.

T. F. MARR.